DEADPOOL®
CLASSIC

DEADPOOL CORPS

Liefeld
YACKEY

MARVEL

Set a course for intergalactic adventure!

Deadpool blasts off — but to succeed on his mission in space, he'll need to assemble a crack team of special operatives! So naturally he recruits four other versions of himself! What could go wrong? Lady Deadpool, Kid Deadpool, Dogpool, Headpool and the original Merc With a Mouth form…the Deadpool Corps! The consciousness-sapping Awareness has wiped out the free will of millions of planets, and the Corps must stop it from destroying the galaxy! If they can keep the infighting and binge drinking to a minimum, they just might just stand a chance. Then, the Omega Confederation hires the Corps to stop a rebellion. But when Deadpool falls for Princess Teela, the group promptly switches sides — and incites a civil war! Will their meddling destroy an entire planet?

Collecting *Prelude To Deadpool Corps #1-5*, *Deadpool Corps #1-12* and *Deadpool Family #1* — written by Victor Gischler, Cullen Bunn, Mary HK Choi and James Asmus; and illustrated by Rob Liefeld, Whilce Portacio, Philip Bond, Paco Medina, Kyle Baker, Marat Mychaels, Dominike Stanton, Irene Strychalski and Darnell Johnson.

PARENTAL ADVISORY

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DEADPOOL®
CLASSIC
DEADPOOL CORPS
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LIMITED SERIES
1 OF 5

GISCHLER
LIEFELD

PRELUDE TO DEADPOOL® CORPS

START
JOHNSON
rico.
FOR A MILLION DOLLARS! READY, SET... CHEAT!!!

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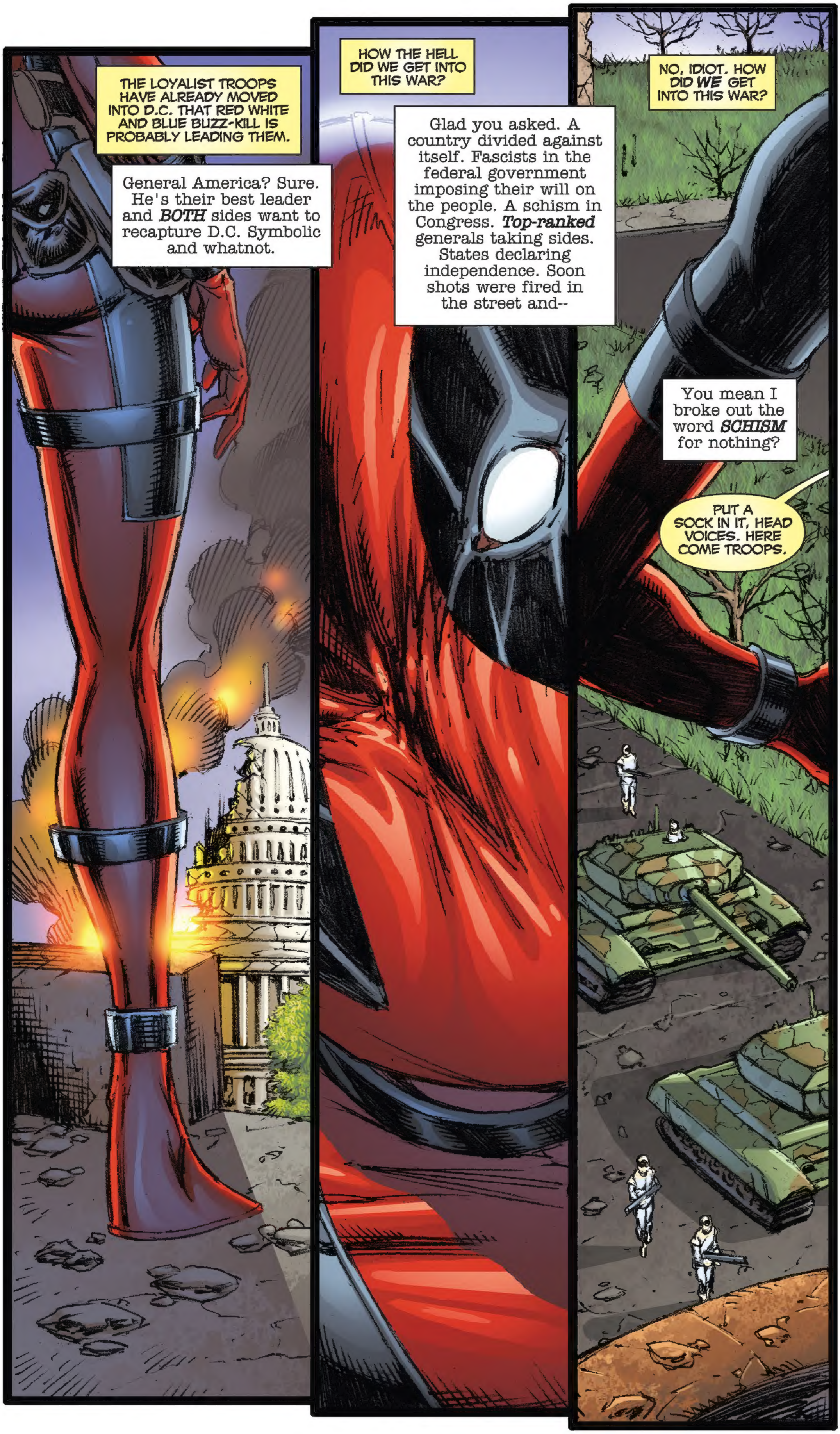
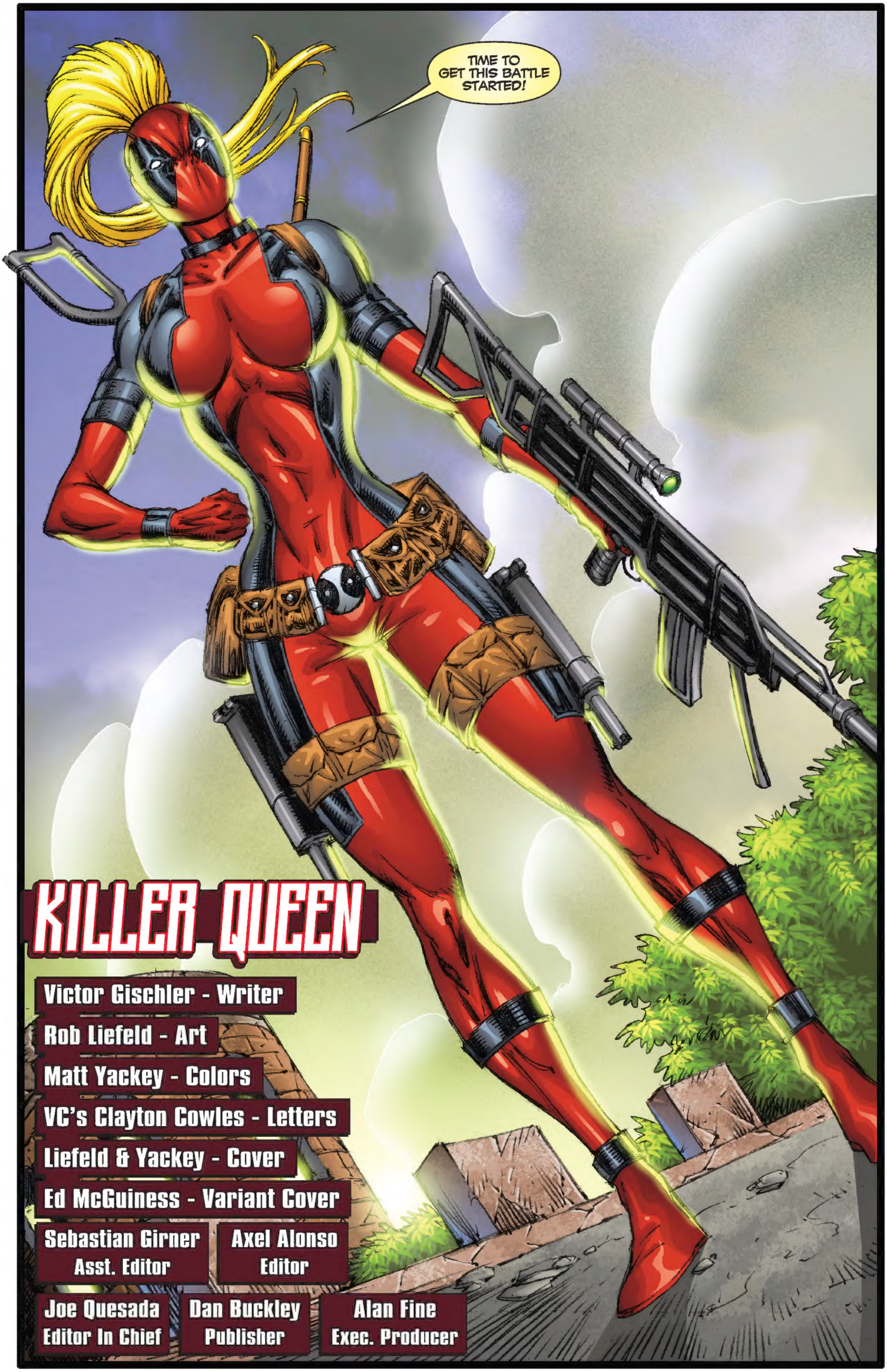

THE LOYALIST TROOPS HAVE ALREADY MOVED INTO D.C. THAT RED WHITE AND BLUE BUZZ-KILL IS PROBABLY LEADING THEM.
General America? Sure. He's their best leader and **BOTH** sides want to recapture D.C. Symbolic and whatnot.
HOW THE HELL DID WE GET INTO THIS WAR?
Glad you asked. A country divided against itself. Fascists in the federal government imposing their will on the people. A schism in Congress. ***Top-ranked*** generals taking sides. States declaring independence. Soon shots were fired in the street and--
NO, IDIOT. HOW DID ***WE*** GET INTO THIS WAR?
You mean I broke out the word ***SCHISM*** for nothing?
PUT A SOCK IN IT, HEAD VOICES. HERE COME TROOPS.


TIME TO GET THIS BATTLE STARTED!

KILLER QUEEN

Victor Gischler - Writer
Rob Liefeld - Art
Matt Yackey - Colors
VC's Clayton Cowles - Letters
Liefeld & Yackey - Cover
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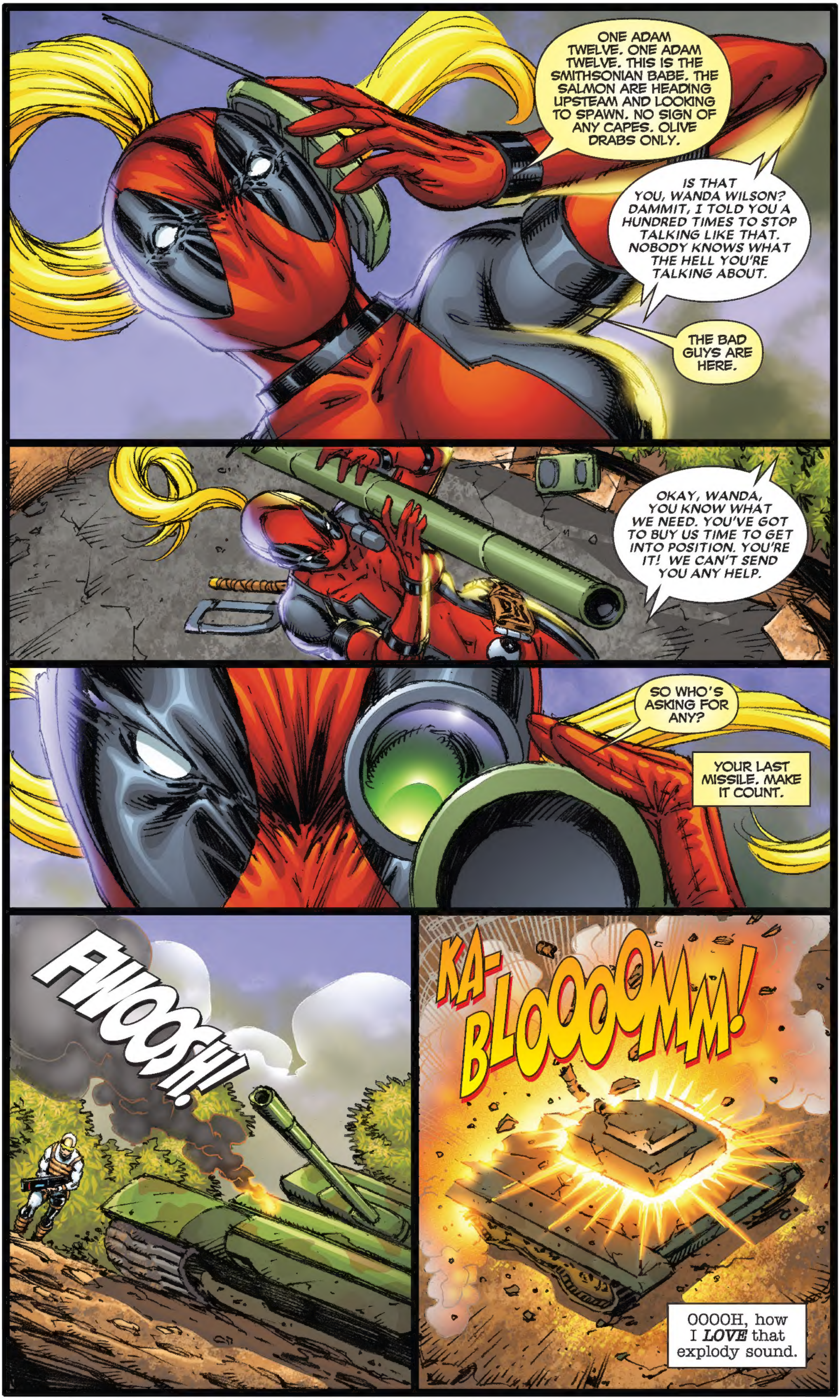
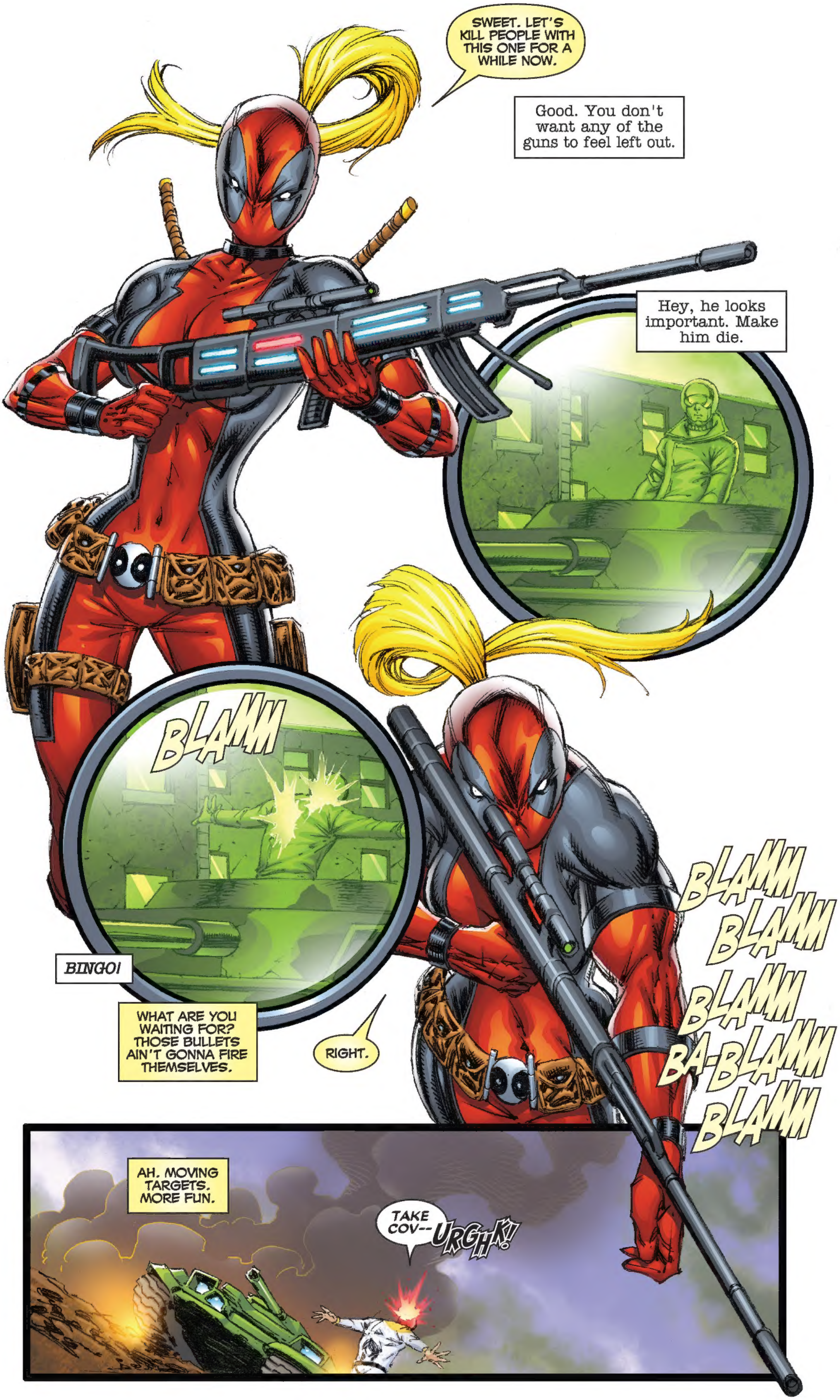
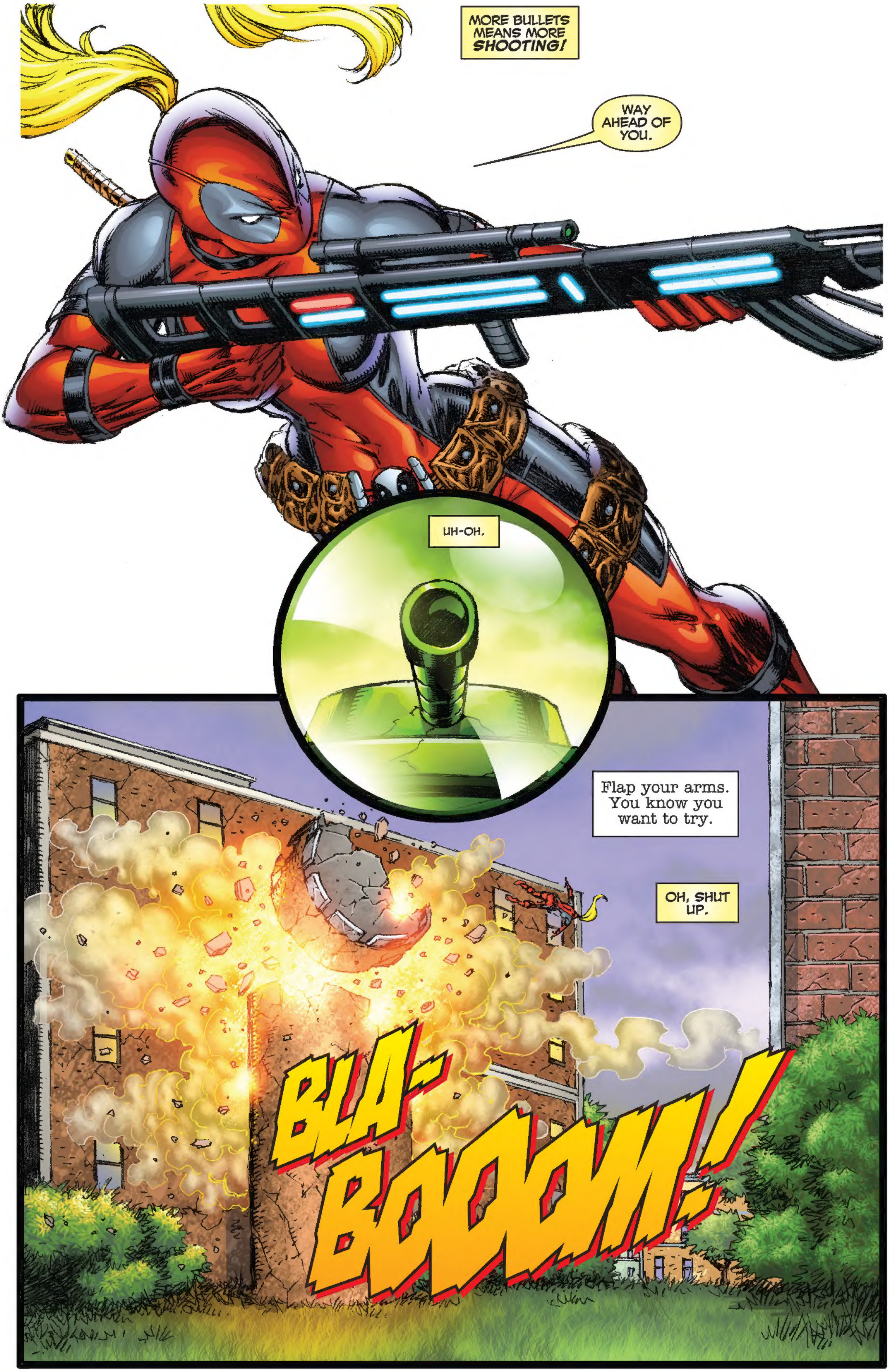
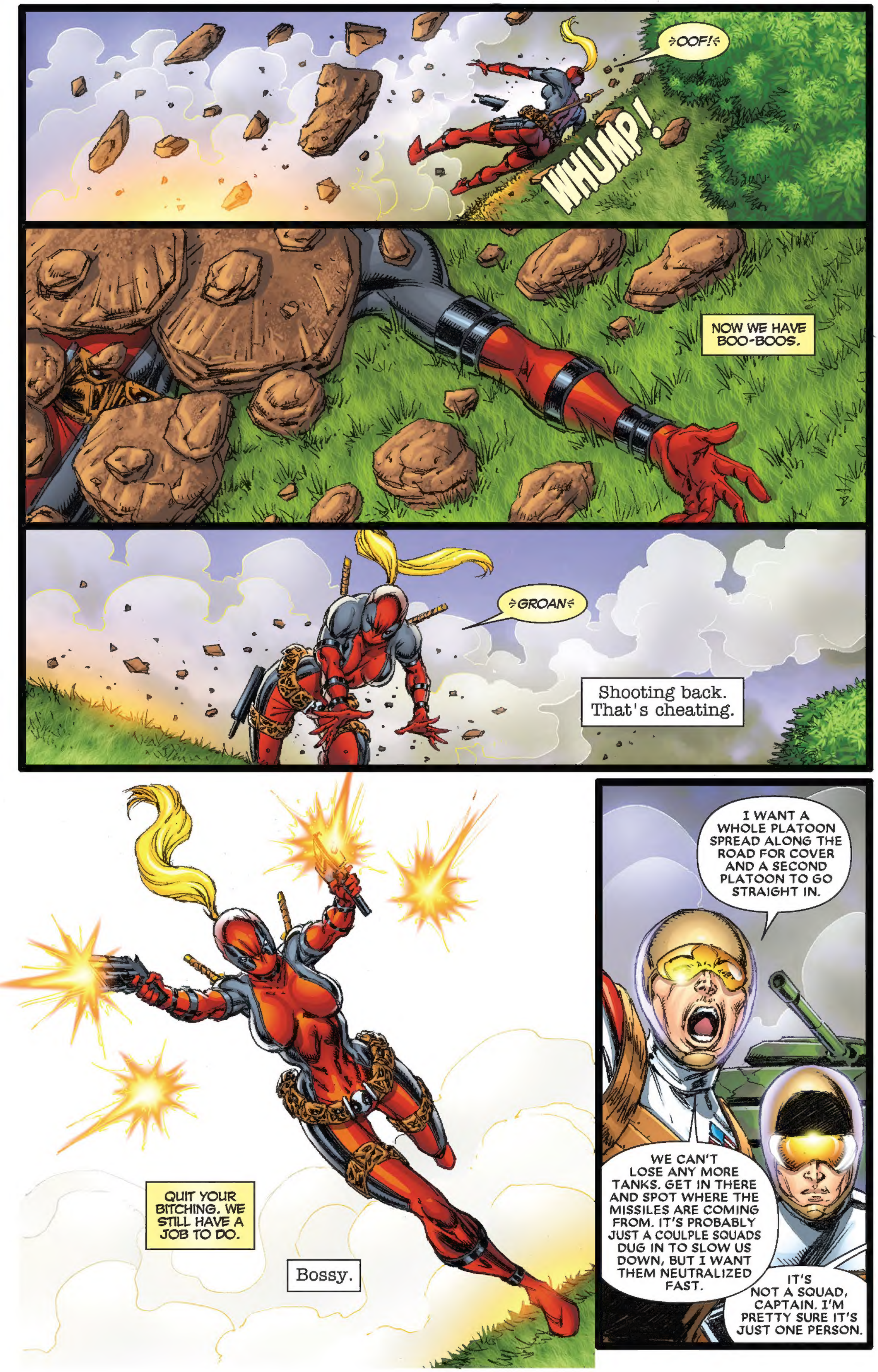
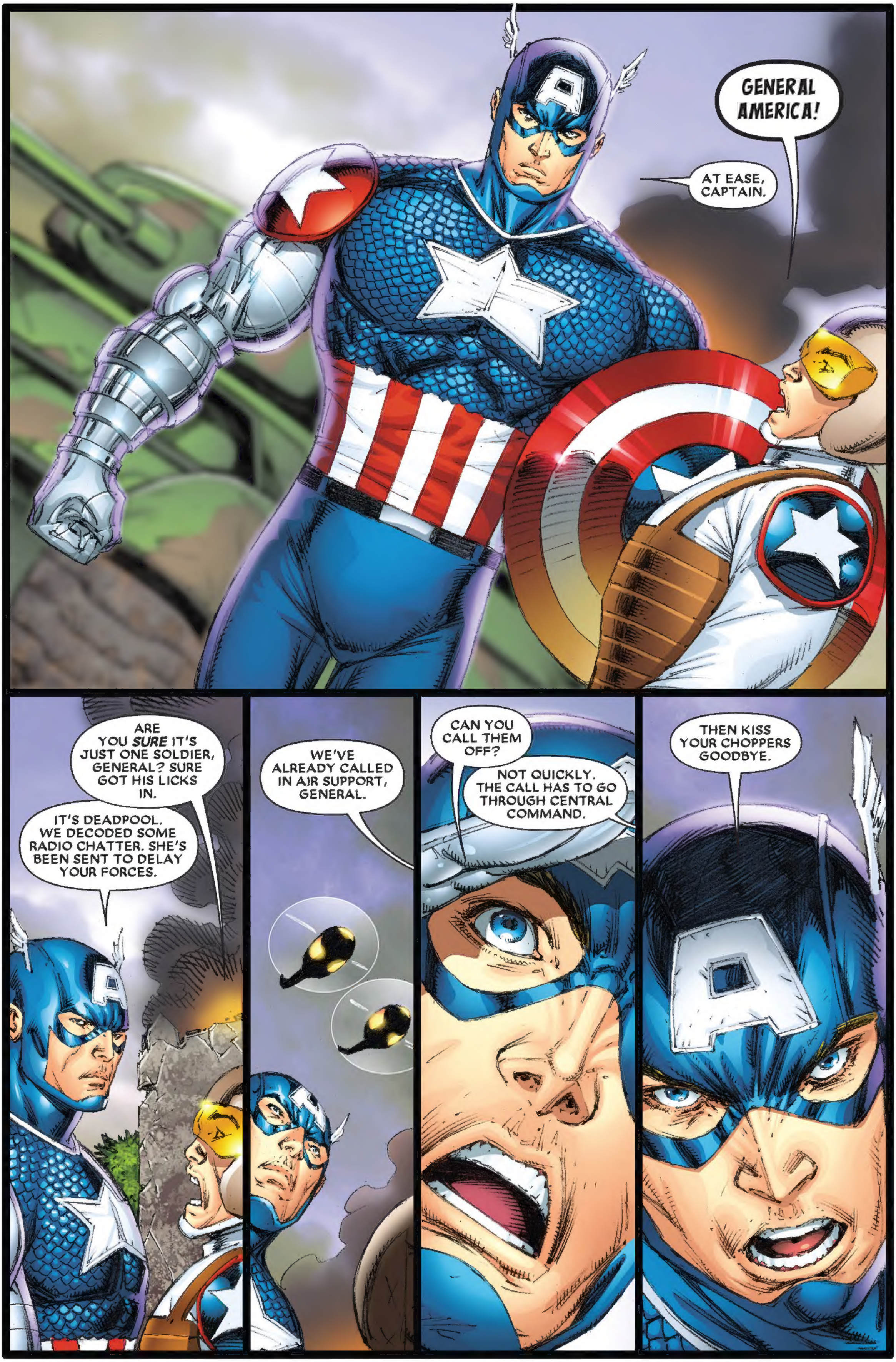
Axel Alonso Editor
Joe Quesada Editor In Chief
Dan Buckley Publisher
Alan Fine Exec. Producer

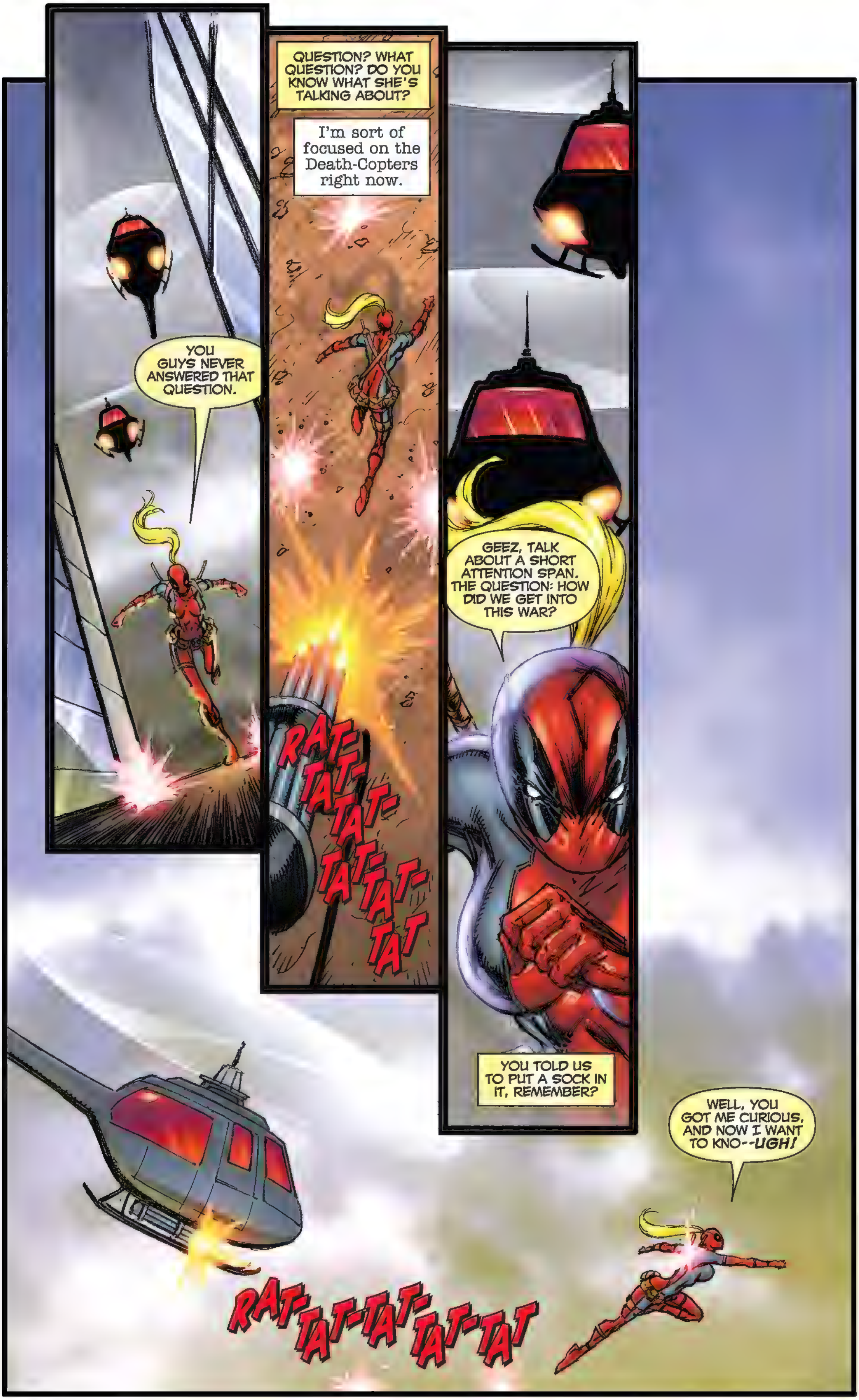

ONE ADAM TWELVE. ONE ADAM TWELVE. THIS IS THE SMITHSONIAN BABE. THE SALMON ARE HEADING UPSTEAM AND LOOKING TO SPAWN. NO SIGN OF ANY CAPES. OLIVE DRABS ONLY.
IS THAT YOU, WANDA WILSON? DAMMIT, I TOLD YOU A HUNDRED TIMES TO STOP TALKING LIKE THAT. NOBODY KNOWS WHAT THE HELL YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT.
THE BAD GUYS ARE HERE.
OKAY, WANDA, YOU KNOW WHAT WE NEED. YOU'VE GOT TO BUY US TIME TO GET INTO POSITION. YOU'RE IT! WE CAN'T SEND YOU ANY HELP.
SO WHO'S ASKING FOR ANY?
YOUR LAST MISSILE. MAKE IT COUNT.
FWOOSH!!
KA-BLOOOOMM!
OOOOH, how I *LOVE* that explody sound.

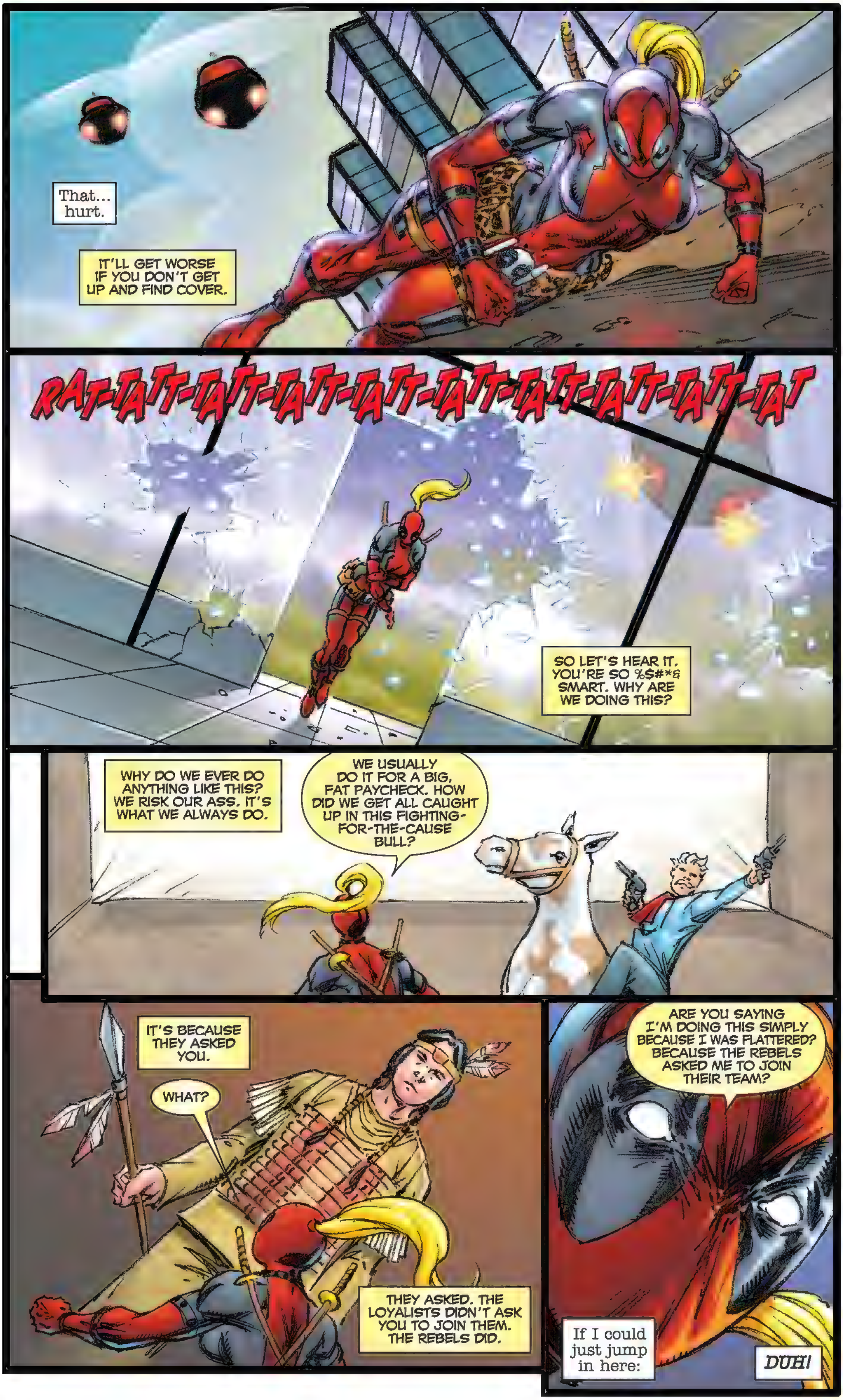

SWEET. LET'S KILL PEOPLE WITH THIS ONE FOR A WHILE NOW.
Good. You don't want any of the guns to feel left out.
Hey, he looks important. Make him die.
BLAMM
BINGO!
WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR? THOSE BULLETS AIN'T GONNA FIRE THEMSELVES.
RIGHT.
BLAMM BLAMM BLAMM BA-BLAMM BLAMM
AH. MOVING TARGETS. MORE FUN.
TAKE COV-- URGHK!

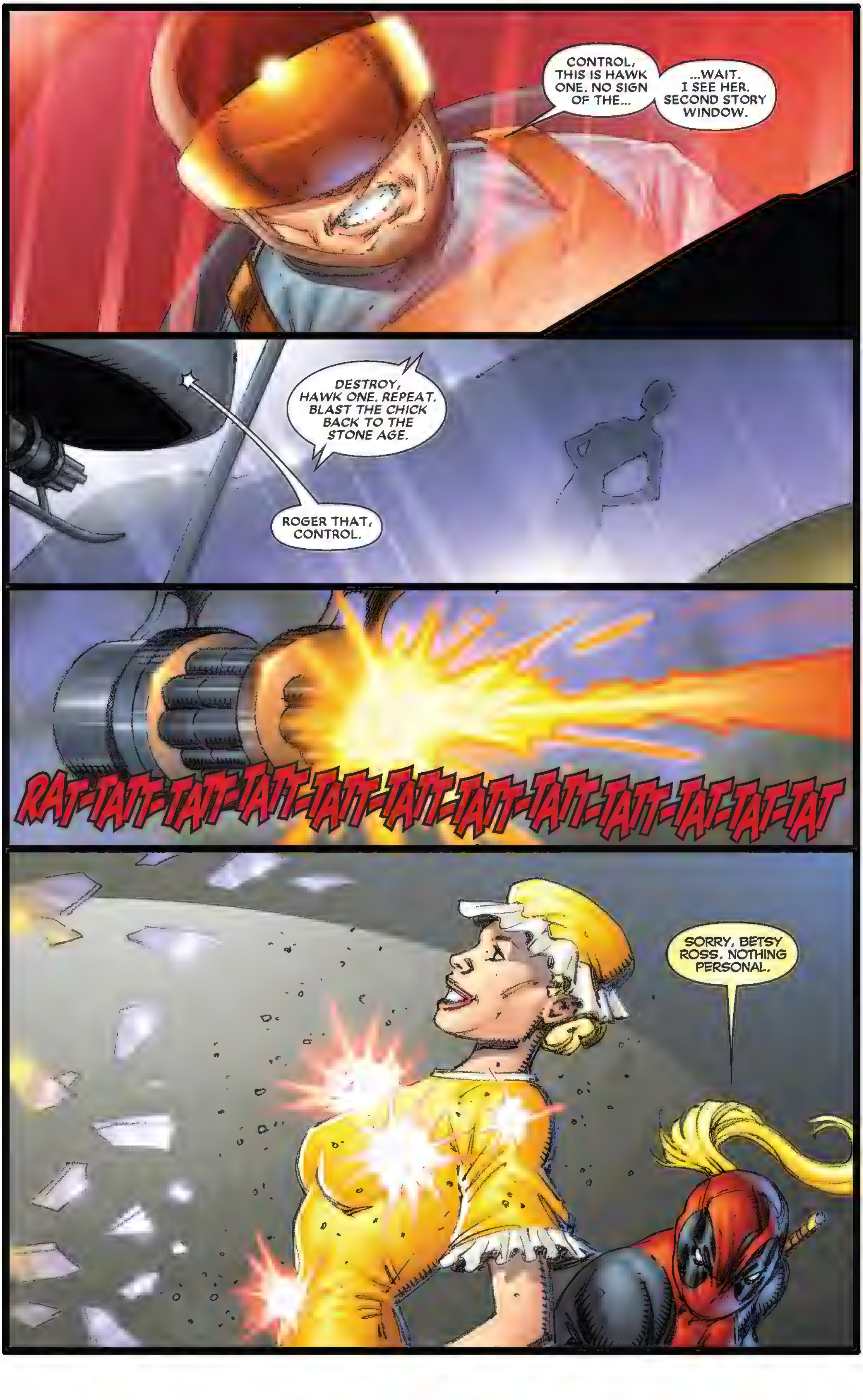

MORE BULLETS MEANS MORE *SHOOTING!*
WAY AHEAD OF YOU.
UH-OH.
Flap your arms. You know you want to try.
OH, SHUT UP.
BLA-BOOOM!

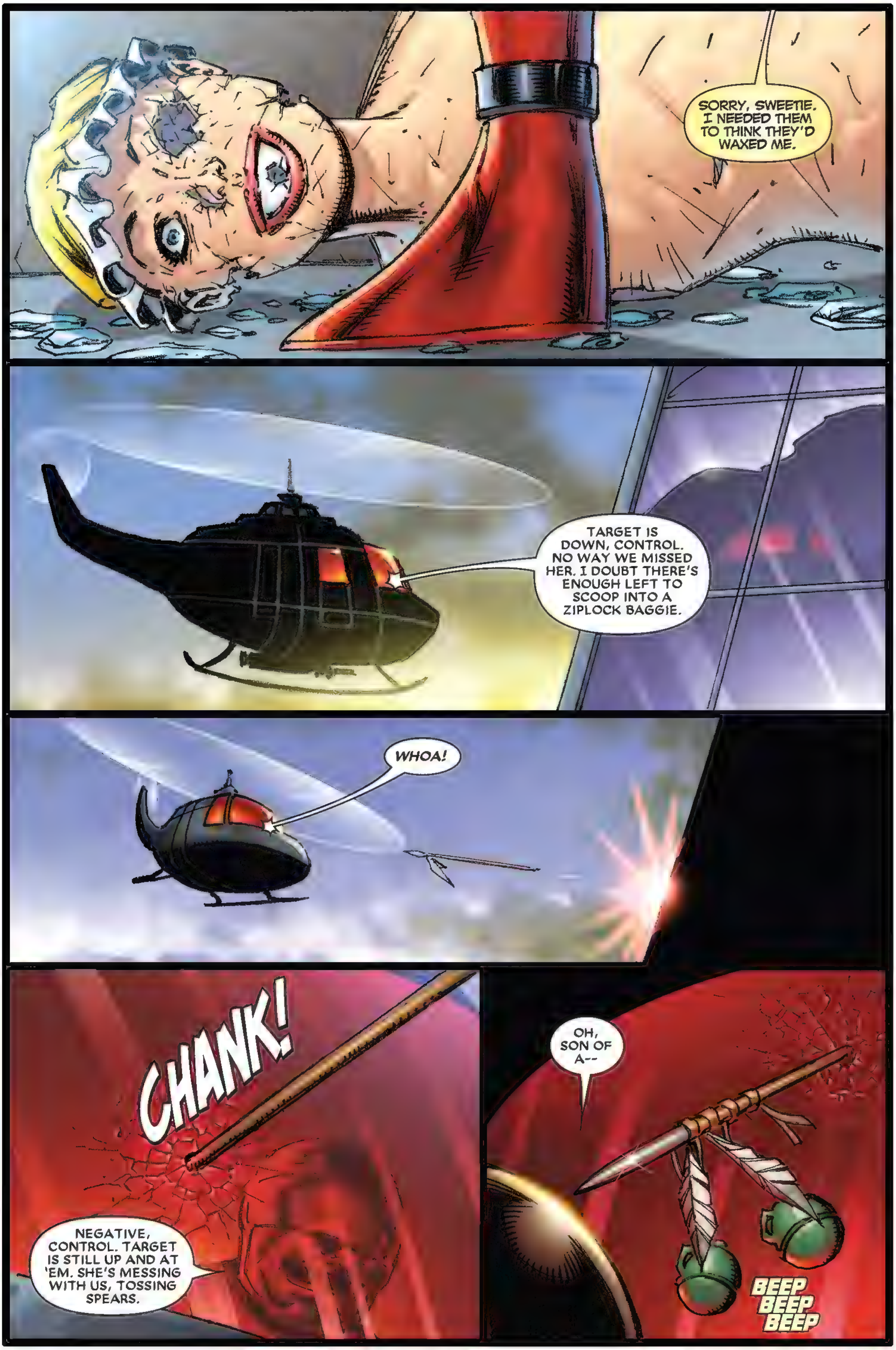

OOF!
WHUMP!
NOW WE HAVE BOO-BOOS.
GROAN
Shooting back. That's cheating.
QUIT YOUR BITCHING. WE STILL HAVE A JOB TO DO.
Bossy.
I WANT A WHOLE PLATOON SPREAD ALONG THE ROAD FOR COVER AND A SECOND PLATOON TO GO STRAIGHT IN.
WE CAN'T LOSE ANY MORE TANKS. GET IN THERE AND SPOT WHERE THE MISSILES ARE COMING FROM. IT'S PROBABLY JUST A COULPLE SQUADS DUG IN TO SLOW US DOWN, BUT I WANT THEM NEUTRALIZED FAST.
IT'S NOT A SQUAD, CAPTAIN. I'M PRETTY SURE IT'S JUST ONE PERSON.

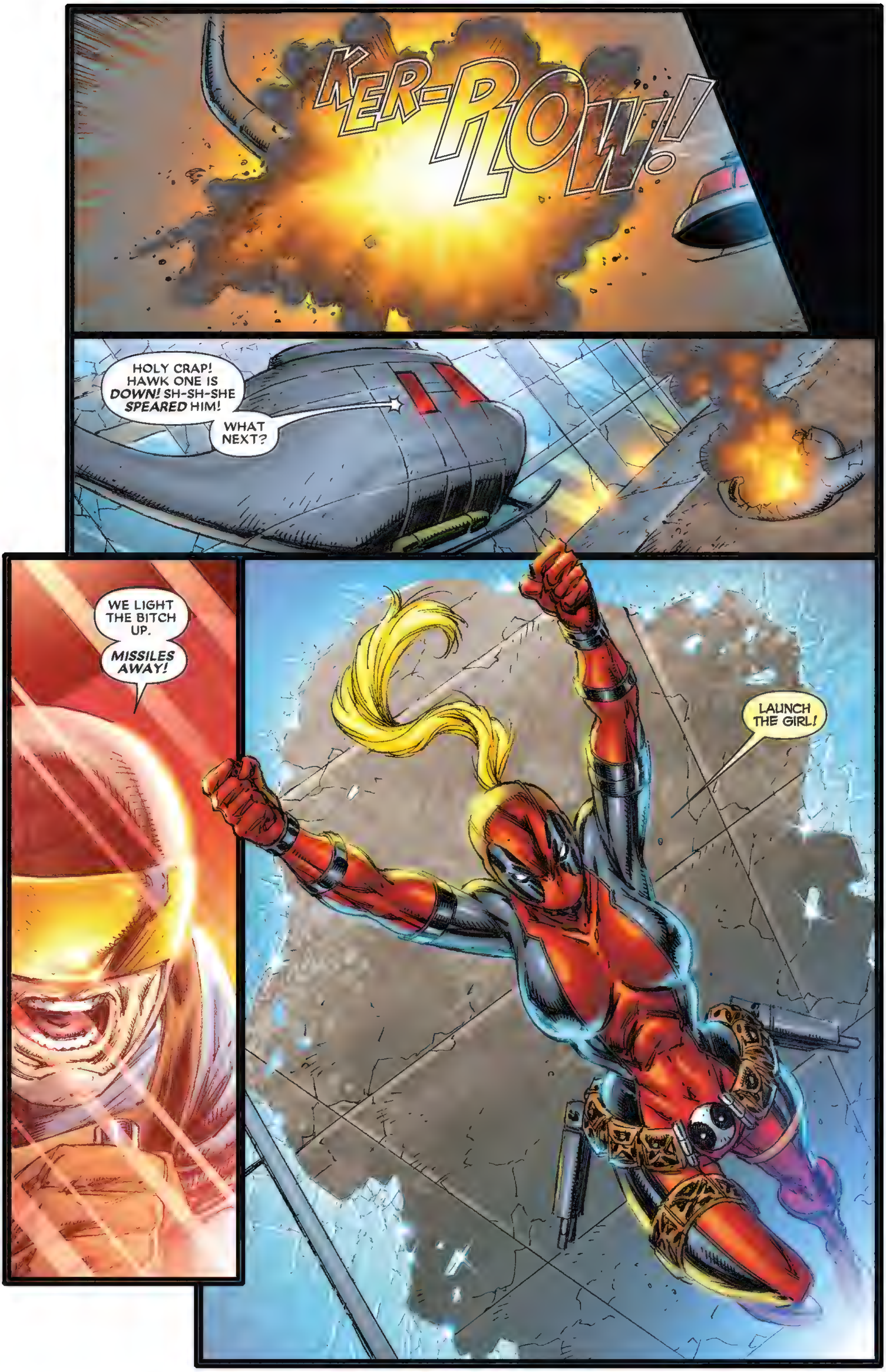

GENERAL AMERICA!
AT EASE, CAPTAIN.
ARE YOU *SURE* IT'S JUST ONE SOLDIER, GENERAL? SURE GOT HIS LICKS IN.
IT'S DEADPOOL. WE DECODED SOME RADIO CHATTER. SHE'S BEEN SENT TO DELAY YOUR FORCES.
WE'VE ALREADY CALLED IN AIR SUPPORT, GENERAL.
CAN YOU CALL THEM OFF?
NOT QUICKLY. THE CALL HAS TO GO THROUGH CENTRAL COMMAND.
THEN KISS YOUR CHOPPERS GOODBYE.

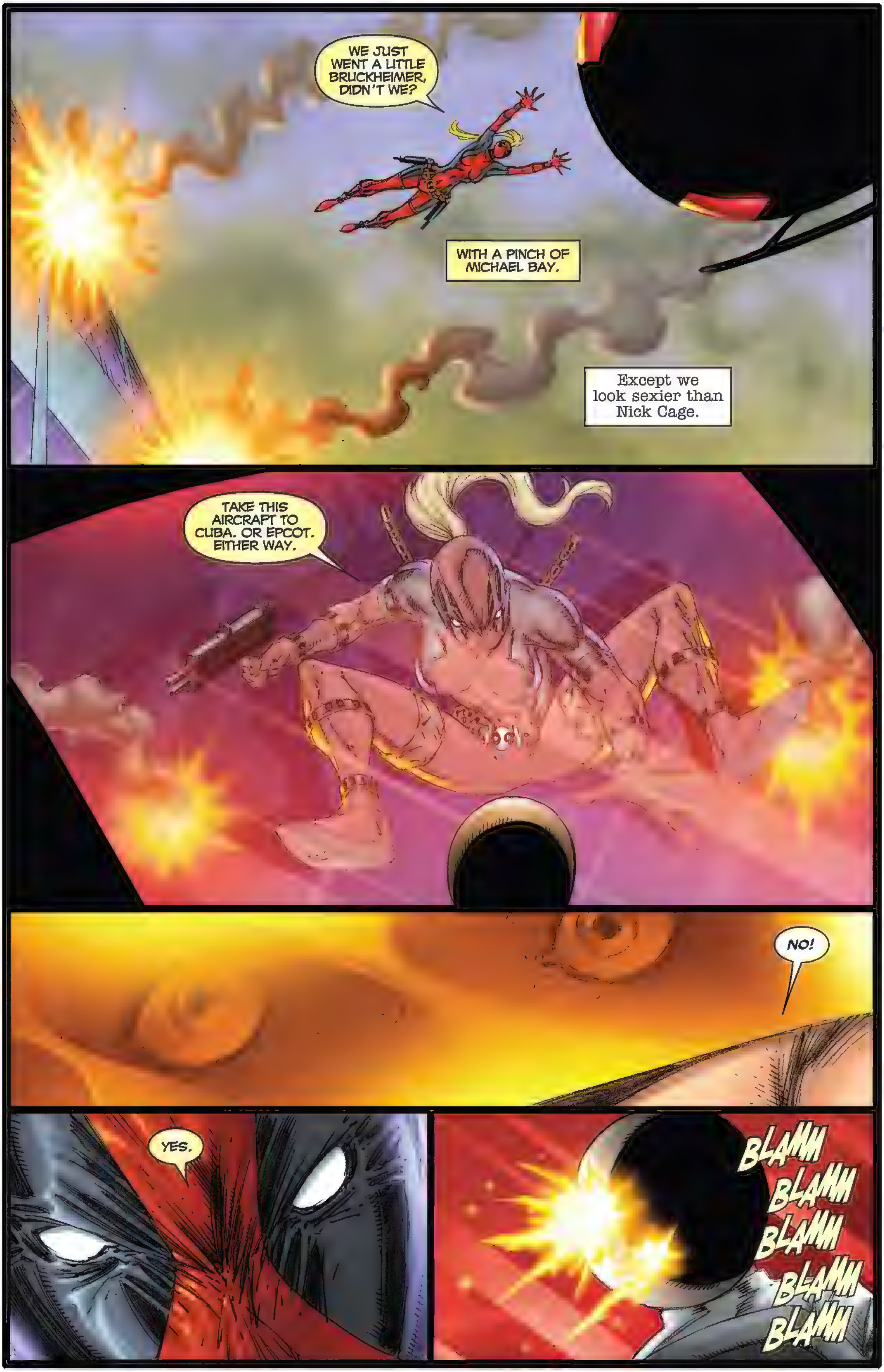

YOU GUYS NEVER ANSWERED THAT QUESTION.
QUESTION? WHAT QUESTION? DO YOU KNOW WHAT SHE'S TALKING ABOUT?
I'm sort of focused on the Death-Copters right now.
RAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT
GEEZ, TALK ABOUT A SHORT ATTENTION SPAN. THE QUESTION: HOW DID WE GET INTO THIS WAR?
YOU TOLD US TO PUT A SOCK IN IT, REMEMBER?
RAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT
WELL, YOU GOT ME CURIOUS, AND NOW I WANT TO KNO--*UGH!*

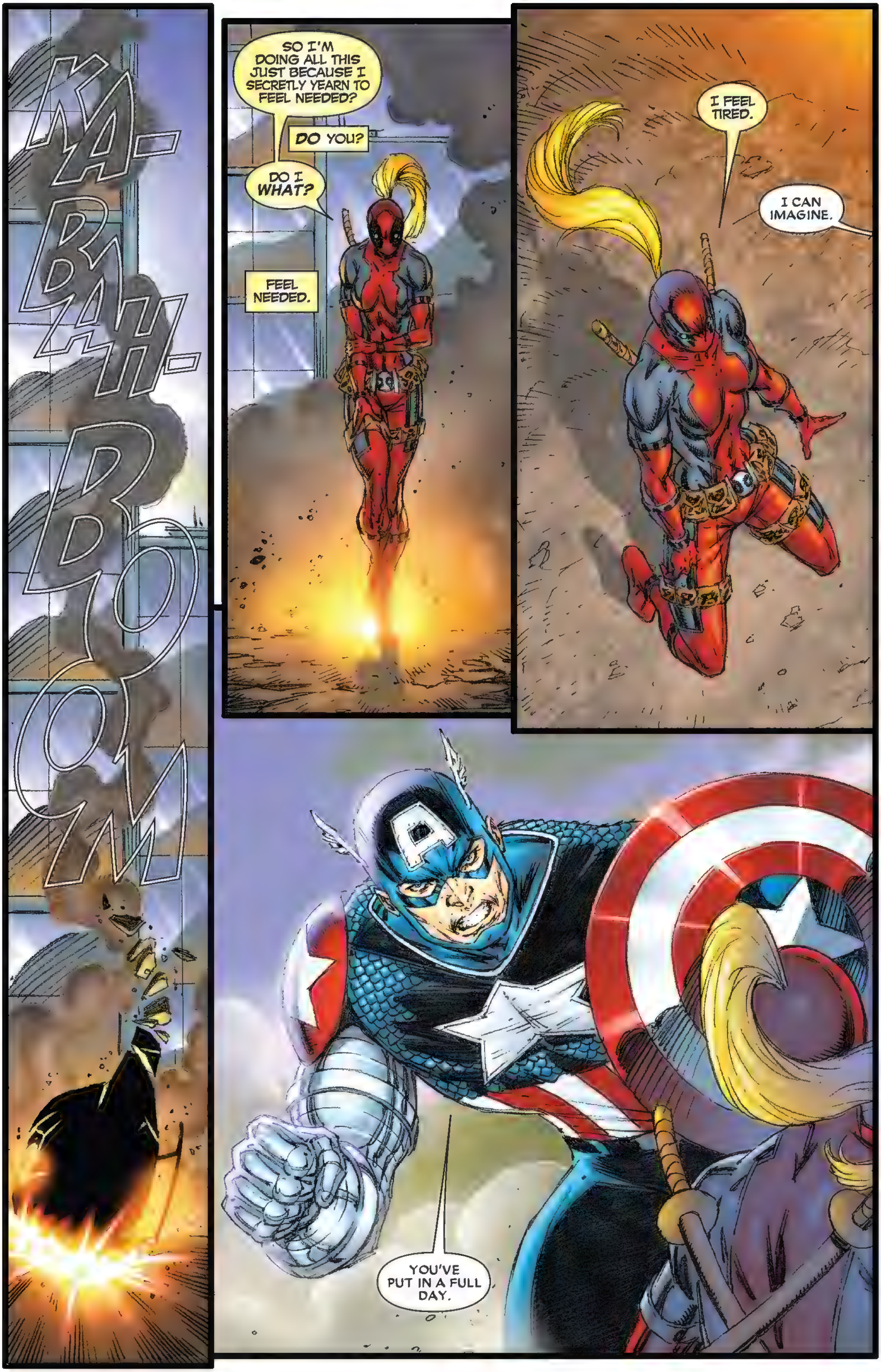

That... hurt.
IT'LL GET WORSE IF YOU DON'T GET UP AND FIND COVER.
RAT-TATT-TATT-TATT-TATT-TATT-TATT-TATT-TATT-TATT-TAT
SO LET'S HEAR IT. YOU'RE SO %$#*& SMART. WHY ARE WE DOING THIS?
WHY DO WE EVER DO ANYTHING LIKE THIS? WE RISK OUR ASS. IT'S WHAT WE ALWAYS DO.
WE USUALLY DO IT FOR A BIG, FAT PAYCHECK. HOW DID WE GET ALL CAUGHT UP IN THIS FIGHTING-FOR-THE-CAUSE BULL?
IT'S BECAUSE THEY ASKED YOU.
WHAT?
THEY ASKED. THE LOYALISTS DIDN'T ASK YOU TO JOIN THEM. THE REBELS DID.
ARE YOU SAYING I'M DOING THIS SIMPLY BECAUSE I WAS FLATTERED? BECAUSE THE REBELS ASKED ME TO JOIN THEIR TEAM?
If I could just jump in here:
DUH!

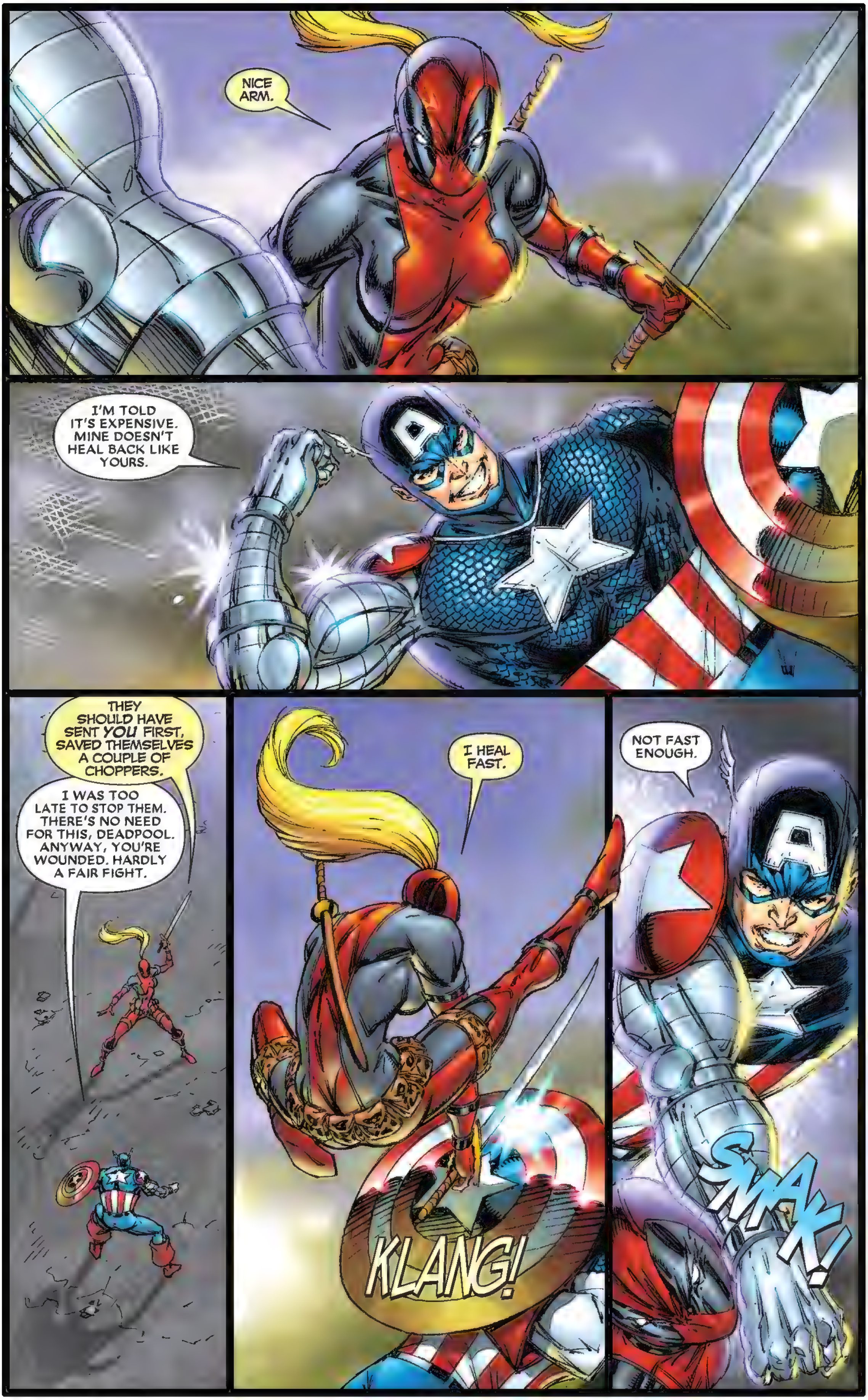

CONTROL, THIS IS HAWK ONE. NO SIGN OF THE...
...WAIT. I SEE HER. SECOND STORY WINDOW.
DESTROY, HAWK ONE. REPEAT. BLAST THE CHICK BACK TO THE STONE AGE.
ROGER THAT, CONTROL.
RAT-TATT-TATT-TATT-TATT-TATT-TATT-TATT-TATT-TAT-TAT-TAT
SORRY, BETSY ROSS. NOTHING PERSONAL.

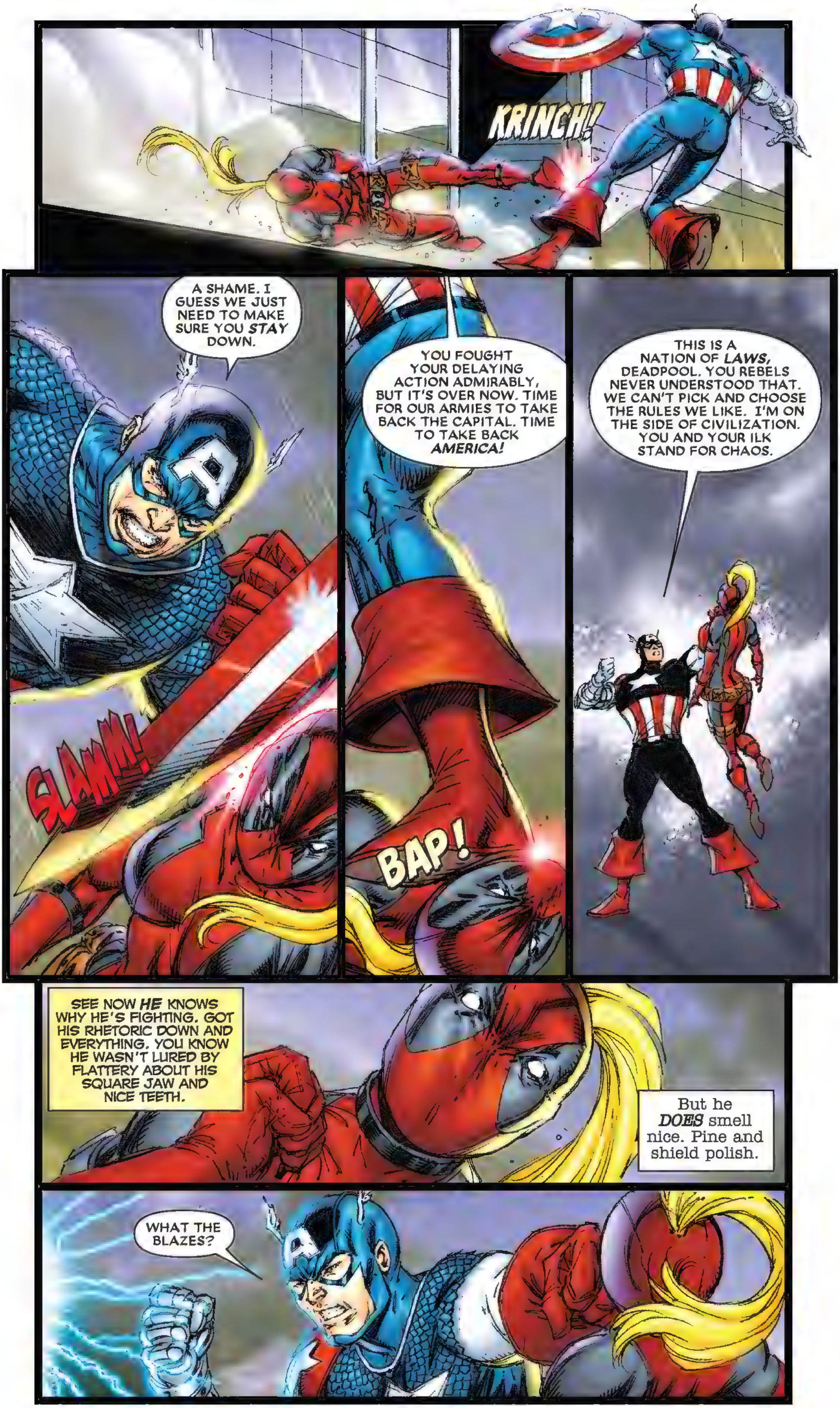

SORRY, SWEETIE. I NEEDED THEM TO THINK THEY'D WAXED ME.
TARGET IS DOWN, CONTROL. NO WAY WE MISSED HER. I DOUBT THERE'S ENOUGH LEFT TO SCOOP INTO A ZIPLOCK BAGGIE.
WHOA!
CHANK!
NEGATIVE, CONTROL. TARGET IS STILL UP AND AT 'EM. SHE'S MESSING WITH US, TOSSING SPEARS.
OH, SON OF A--
BEEP BEEP BEEP

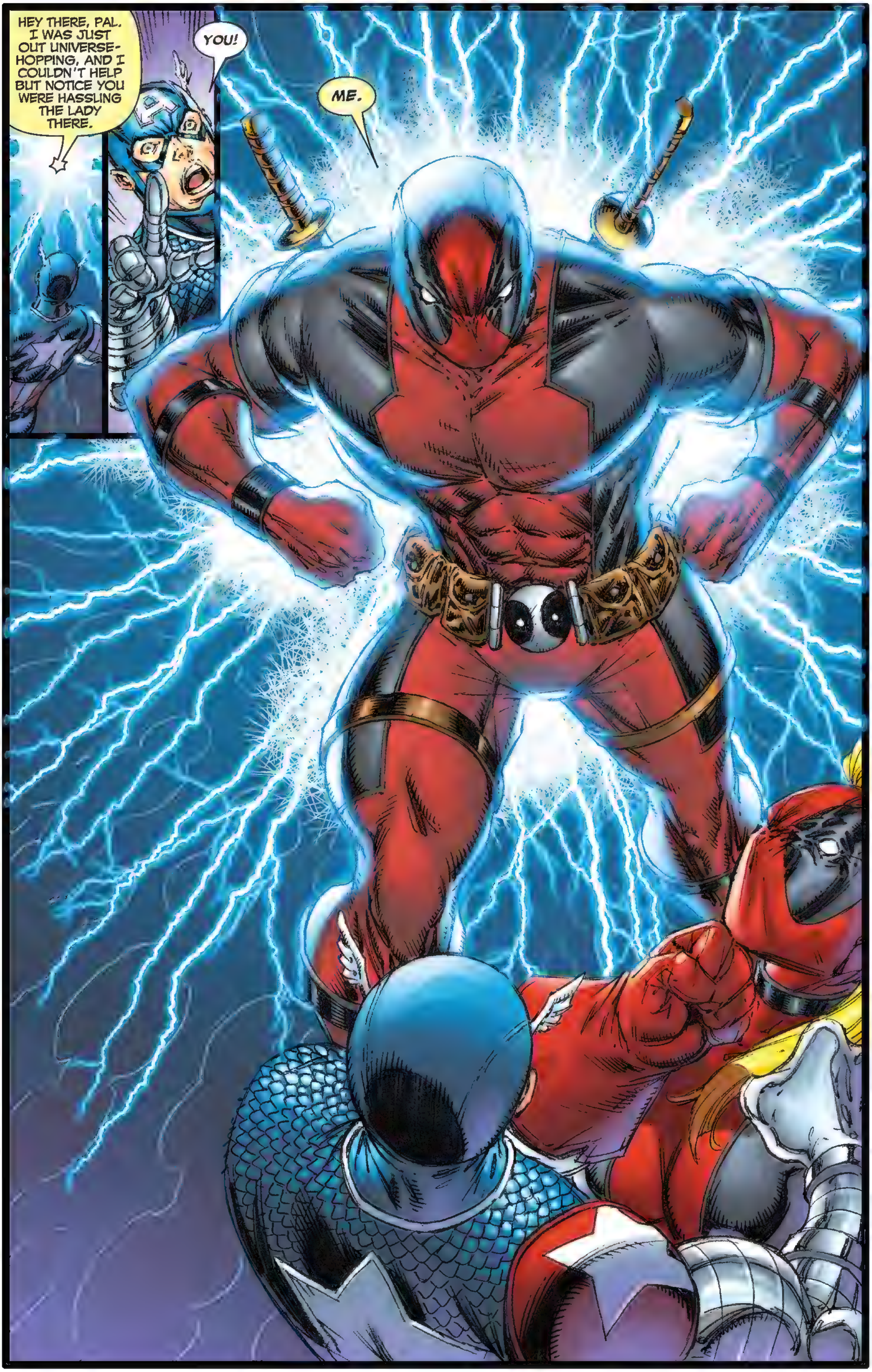

KER-PLOW!!
HOLY CRAP! HAWK ONE IS *DOWN!* SH-SH-SHE *SPEARED* HIM!
WHAT NEXT?
WE LIGHT THE BITCH UP.
MISSILES AWAY!
LAUNCH THE GIRL!

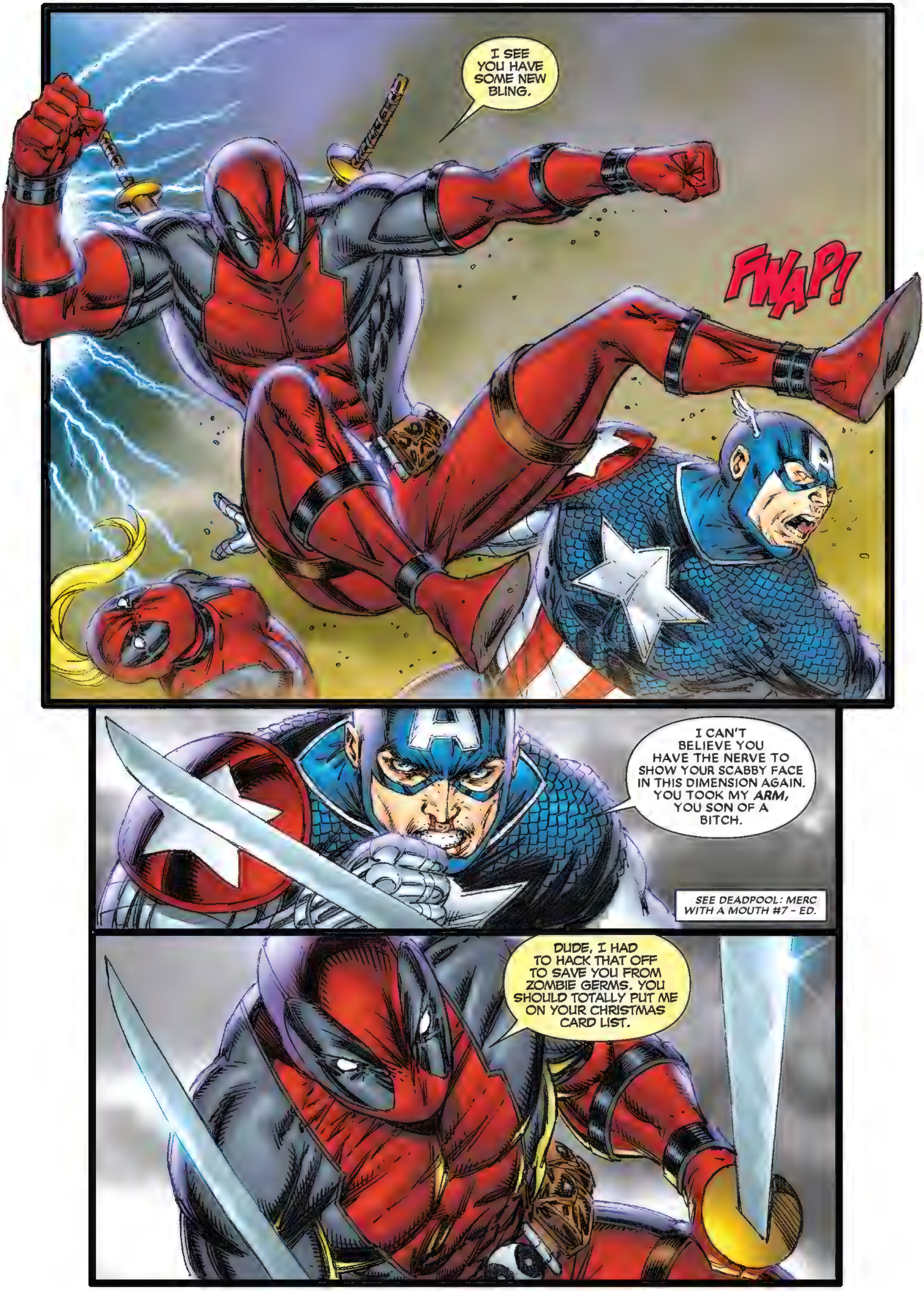

WE JUST WENT A LITTLE BRUCKHEIMER, DIDN'T WE?
WITH A PINCH OF MICHAEL BAY.
Except we look sexier than Nick Cage.
TAKE THIS AIRCRAFT TO CUBA. OR EPCOT. EITHER WAY.
NO!
YES.
BLAMM
BLAMM
BLAMM
BLAMM
BLAMM

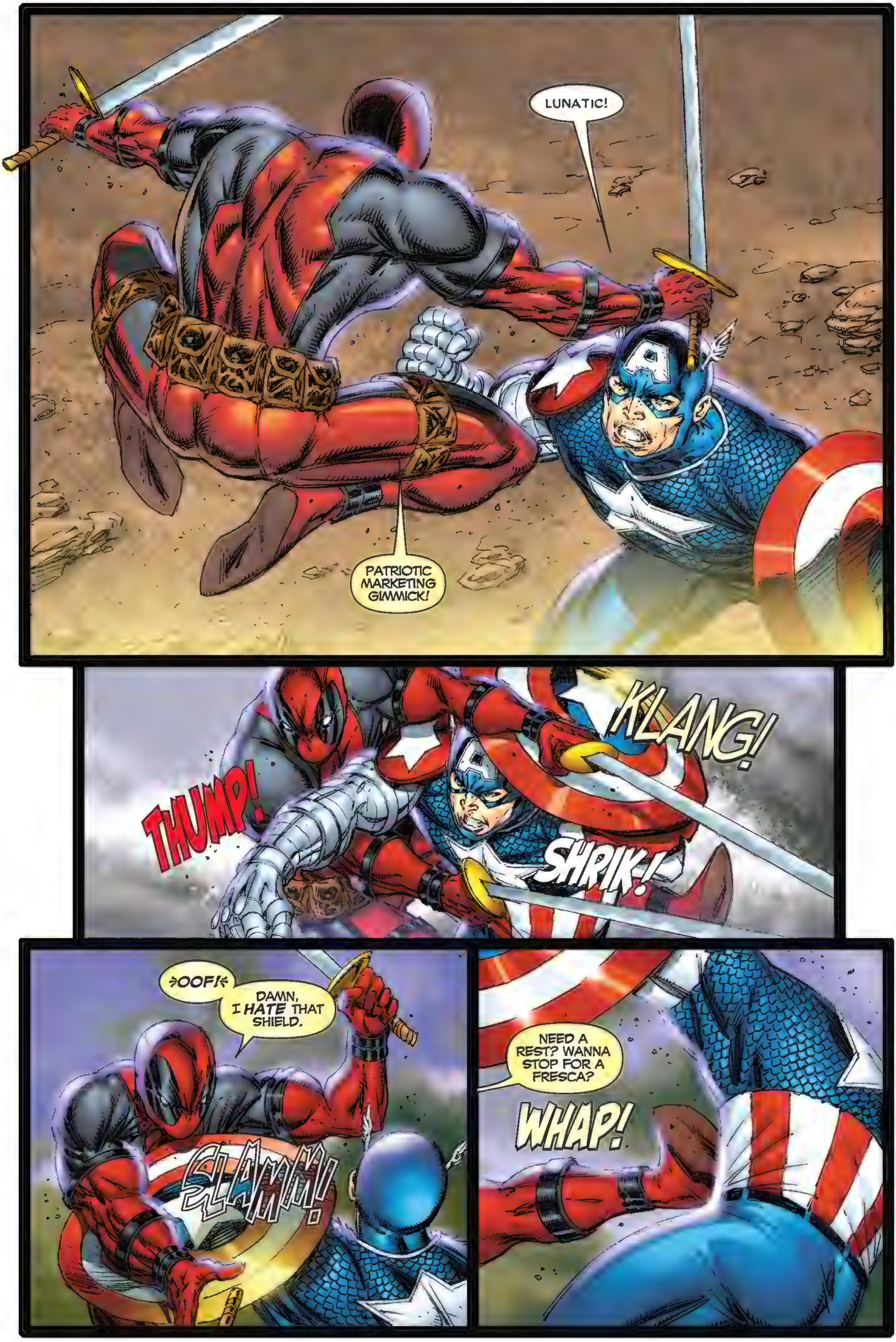

KA-BAH-BOOM
SO I'M DOING ALL THIS JUST BECAUSE I SECRETLY YEARN TO FEEL NEEDED?
DO YOU?
DO I WHAT?
FEEL NEEDED.
I FEEL TIRED.
I CAN IMAGINE.
YOU'VE PUT IN A FULL DAY.

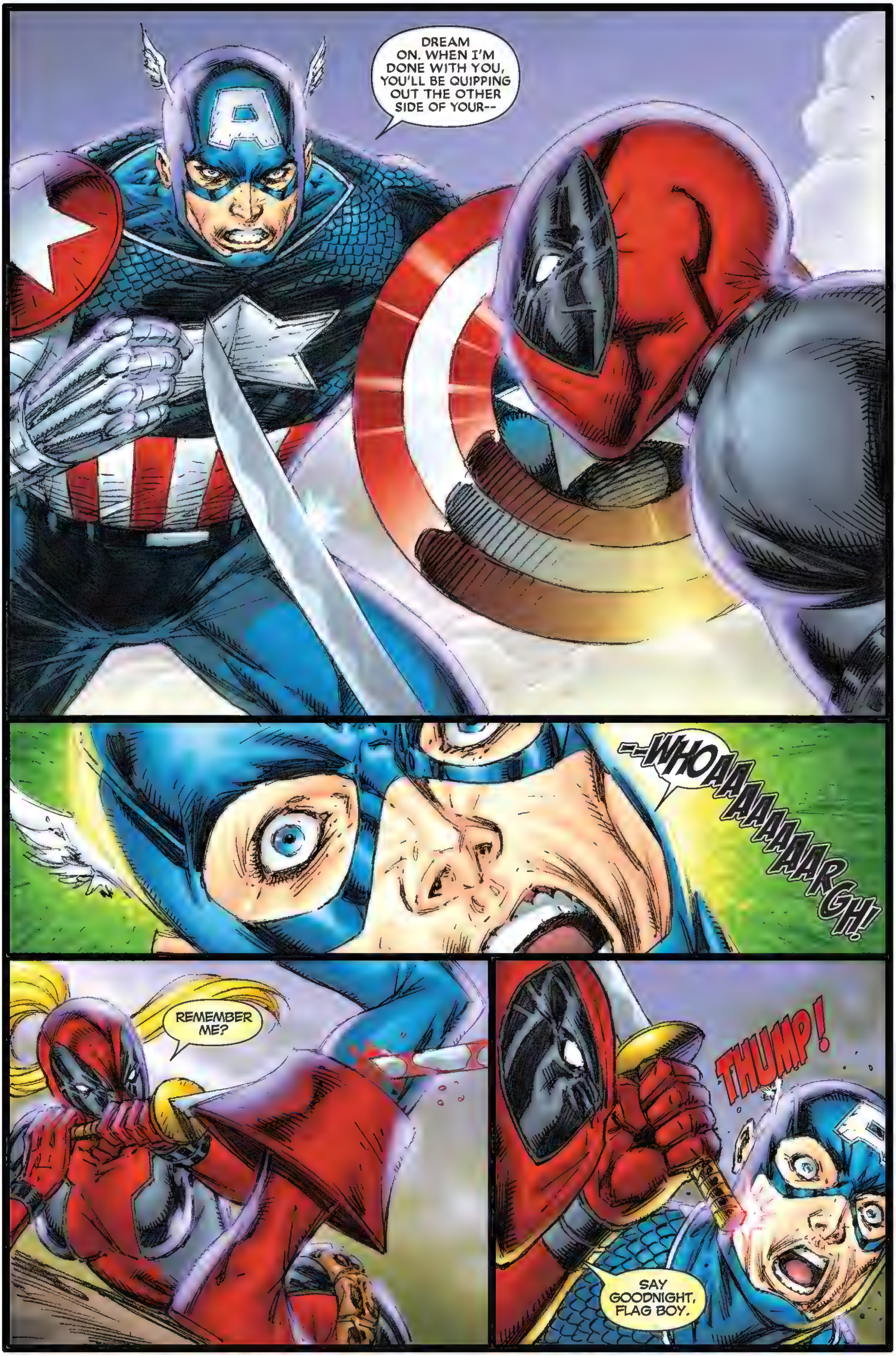

NICE ARM.
I'M TOLD IT'S EXPENSIVE. MINE DOESN'T HEAL BACK LIKE YOURS.
THEY SHOULD HAVE SENT *YOU* FIRST, SAVED THEMSELVES A COUPLE OF CHOPPERS.
I WAS TOO LATE TO STOP THEM. THERE'S NO NEED FOR THIS, DEADPOOL. ANYWAY, YOU'RE WOUNDED. HARDLY A FAIR FIGHT.
I HEAL FAST.
KLANG!
NOT FAST ENOUGH.
SMAK!

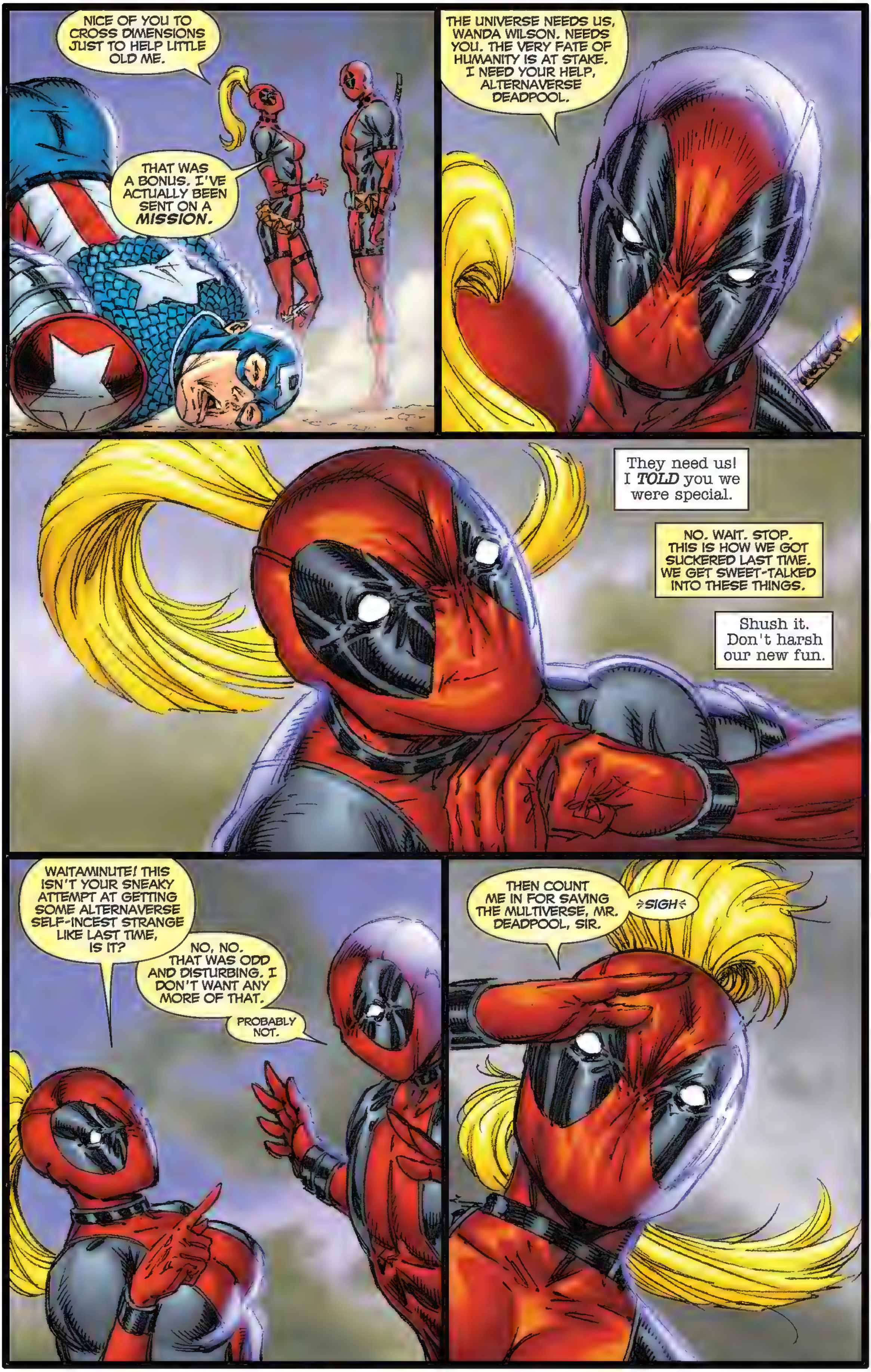

KRINCH!
A SHAME. I GUESS WE JUST NEED TO MAKE SURE YOU *STAY* DOWN.
SLAMM!
YOU FOUGHT YOUR DELAYING ACTION ADMIRABLY, BUT IT'S OVER NOW. TIME FOR OUR ARMIES TO TAKE BACK THE CAPITAL. TIME TO TAKE BACK *AMERICA!*
BAP!
THIS IS A NATION OF *LAWS,* DEADPOOL. YOU REBELS NEVER UNDERSTOOD THAT. WE CAN'T PICK AND CHOOSE THE RULES WE LIKE. I'M ON THE SIDE OF CIVILIZATION. YOU AND YOUR ILK STAND FOR CHAOS.
SEE NOW *HE* KNOWS WHY HE'S FIGHTING. GOT HIS RHETORIC DOWN AND EVERYTHING. YOU KNOW HE WASN'T LURED BY FLATTERY ABOUT HIS SQUARE JAW AND NICE TEETH.
But he *DOES* smell nice. Pine and shield polish.
WHAT THE BLAZES?

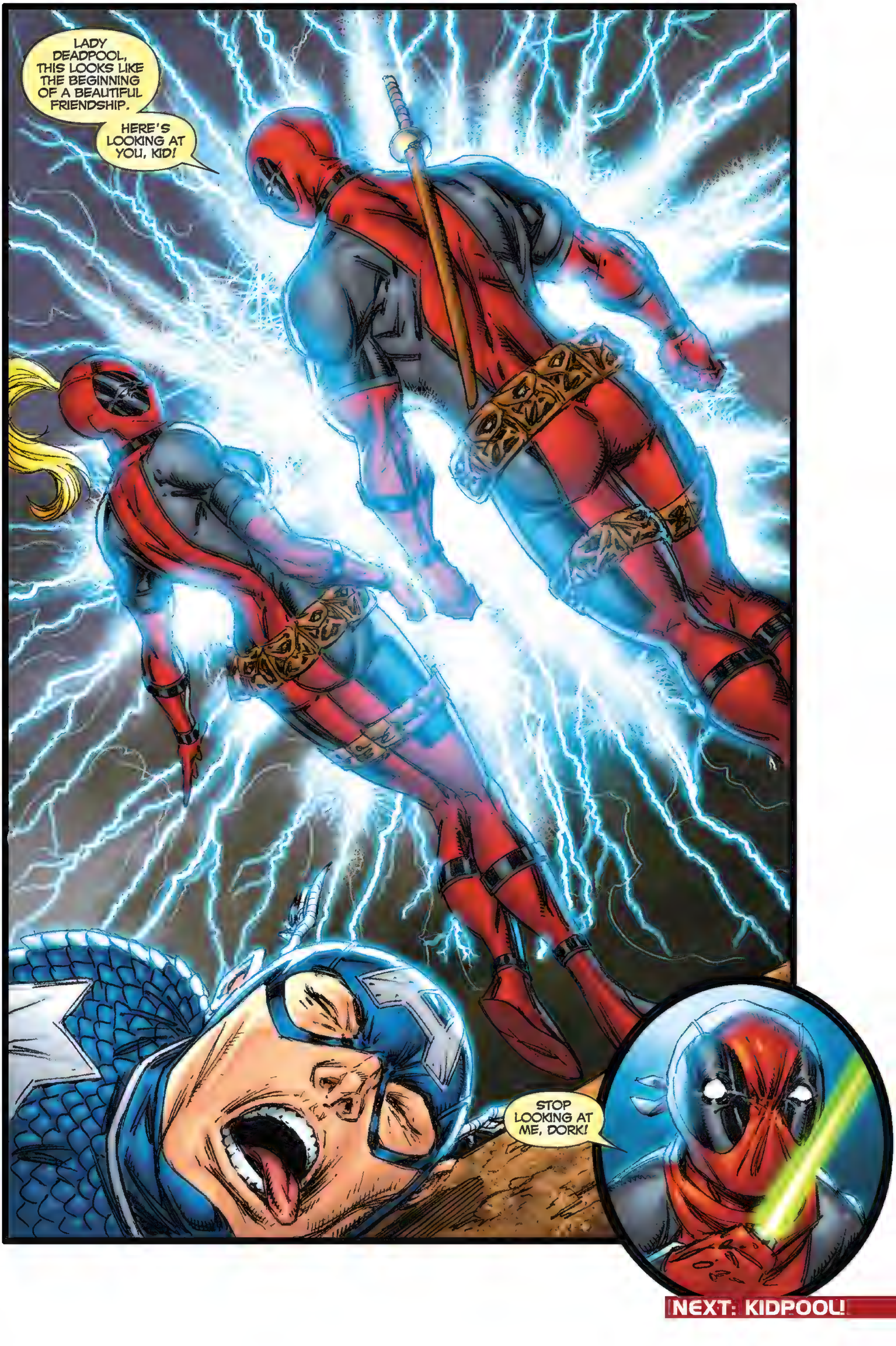

HEY THERE, PAL. I WAS JUST OUT UNIVERSE-HOPPING, AND I COULDN'T HELP BUT NOTICE YOU WERE HASSLING THE LADY THERE.
YOU!
ME.


I SEE YOU HAVE SOME NEW BLING.
FWAP!
I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU HAVE THE NERVE TO SHOW YOUR SCABBY FACE IN THIS DIMENSION AGAIN. YOU TOOK MY *ARM,* YOU SON OF A BITCH.
SEE DEADPOOL: MERC WITH A MOUTH #7 - ED.
DUDE, I HAD TO HACK THAT OFF TO SAVE YOU FROM ZOMBIE GERMS. YOU SHOULD TOTALLY PUT ME ON YOUR CHRISTMAS CARD LIST.


LUNATIC!
PATRIOTIC MARKETING GIMMICK!
THUMP!
KLANG!
SHRIK!
OOF!
DAMN, I *HATE* THAT SHIELD.
SLAMM!
NEED A REST? WANNA STOP FOR A FRESCA?
WHAP!

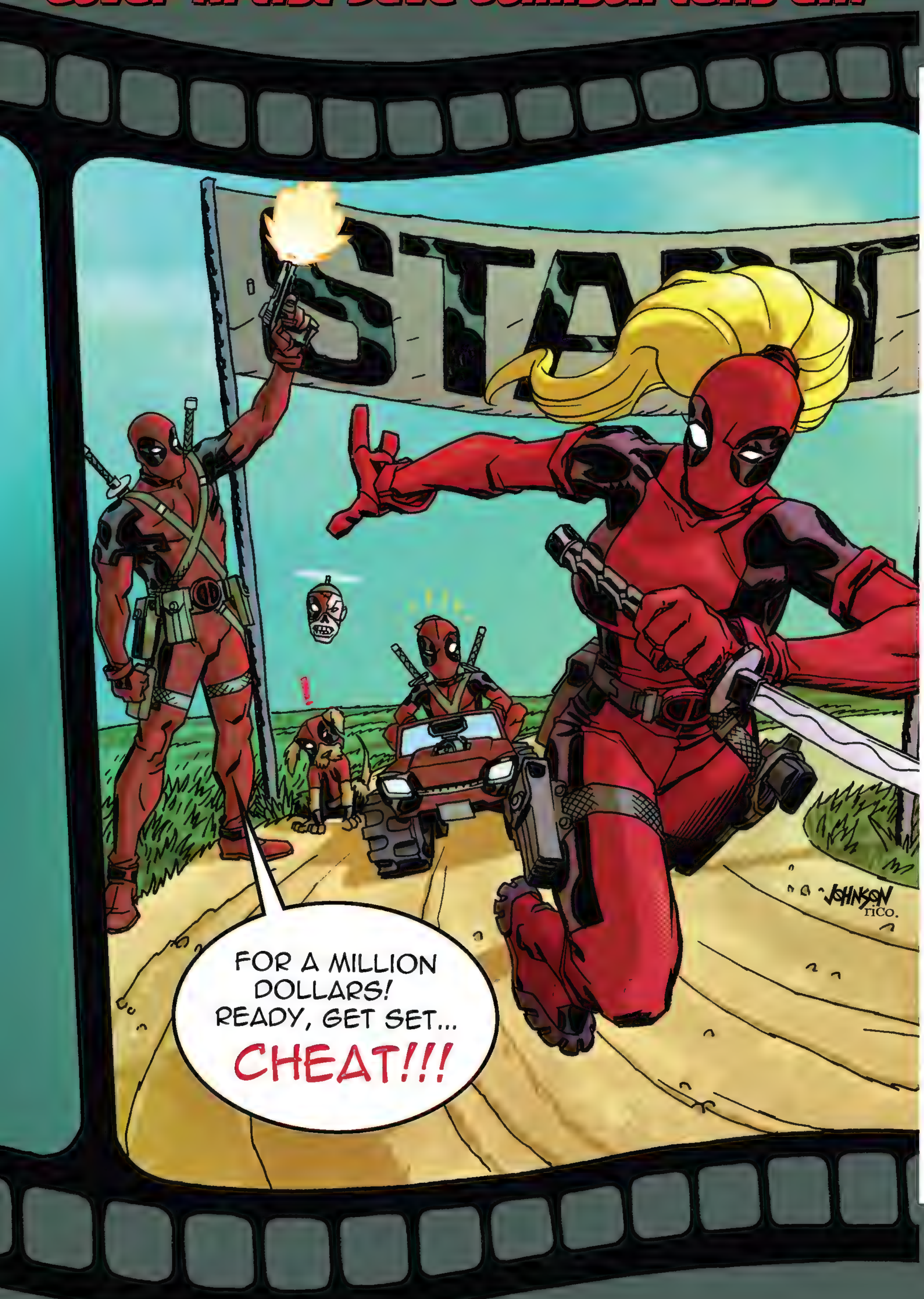

DREAM ON. WHEN I'M DONE WITH YOU, YOU'LL BE QUIPPING OUT THE OTHER SIDE OF YOUR--
--WHOAAAAAAAAARGH!
REMEMBER ME?
THUMP!
SAY GOODNIGHT, FLAG BOY.

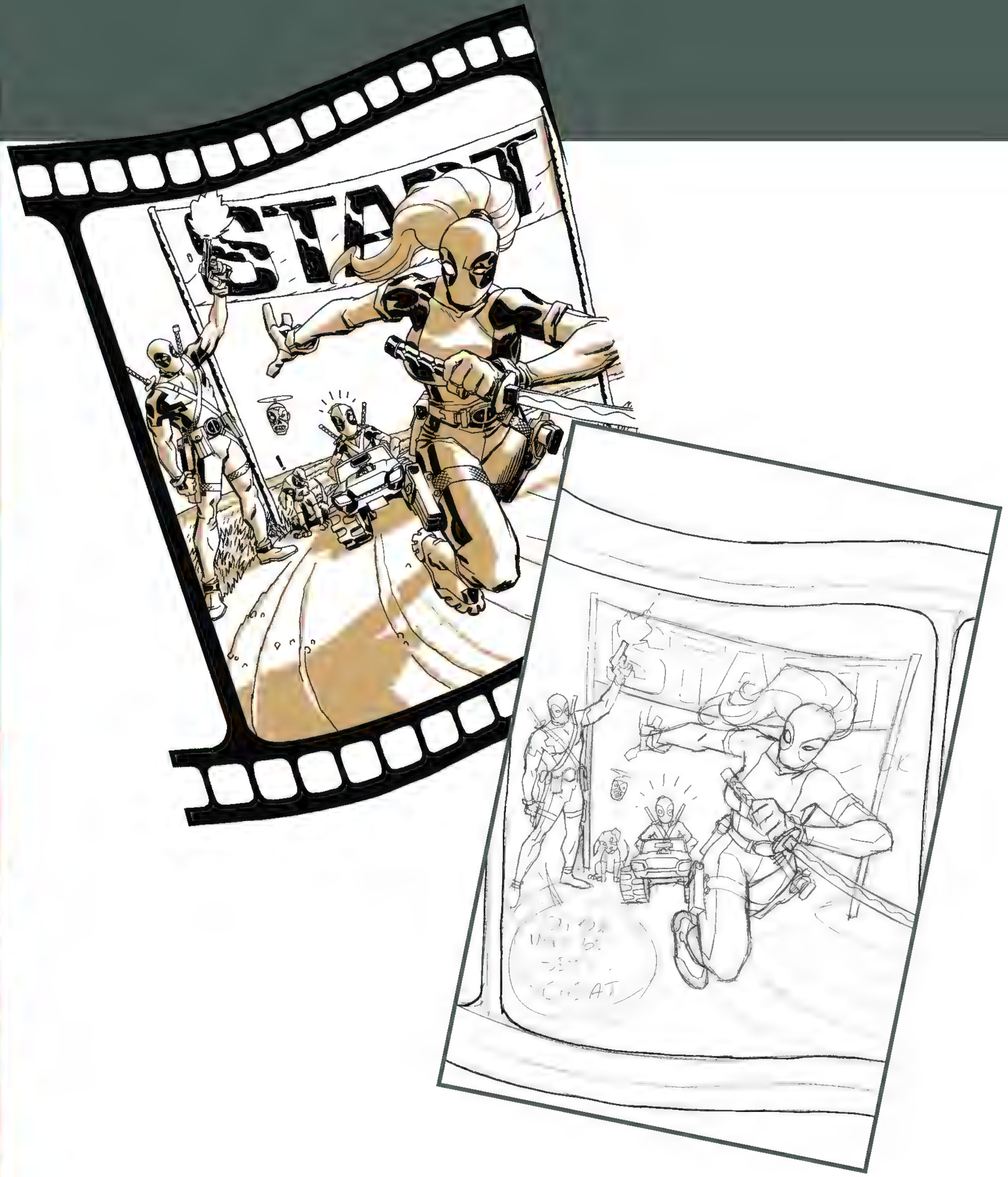

NICE OF YOU TO CROSS DIMENSIONS JUST TO HELP LITTLE OLD ME.
THAT WAS A BONUS. I'VE ACTUALLY BEEN SENT ON A *MISSION.*
THE UNIVERSE NEEDS US, WANDA WILSON. NEEDS YOU. THE VERY FATE OF HUMANITY IS AT STAKE. I NEED YOUR HELP, ALTERNAVERSE DEADPOOL.
They need us! I *TOLD* you we were special.
NO. WAIT. STOP. THIS IS HOW WE GOT SUCKERED LAST TIME. WE GET SWEET-TALKED INTO THESE THINGS.
Shush it. Don't harsh our new fun.
WAITAMINUTE! THIS ISN'T YOUR SNEAKY ATTEMPT AT GETTING SOME ALTERNAVERSE SELF-INCEST STRANGE LIKE LAST TIME, IS IT?
NO, NO. THAT WAS ODD AND DISTURBING. I DON'T WANT ANY MORE OF THAT.
PROBABLY NOT.
THEN COUNT ME IN FOR SAVING THE MULTIVERSE, MR. DEADPOOL, SIR.
SIGH


LADY DEADPOOL, THIS LOOKS LIKE THE BEGINNING OF A BEAUTIFUL FRIENDSHIP.
HERE'S LOOKING AT YOU, KID!
STOP LOOKING AT ME, DORK!

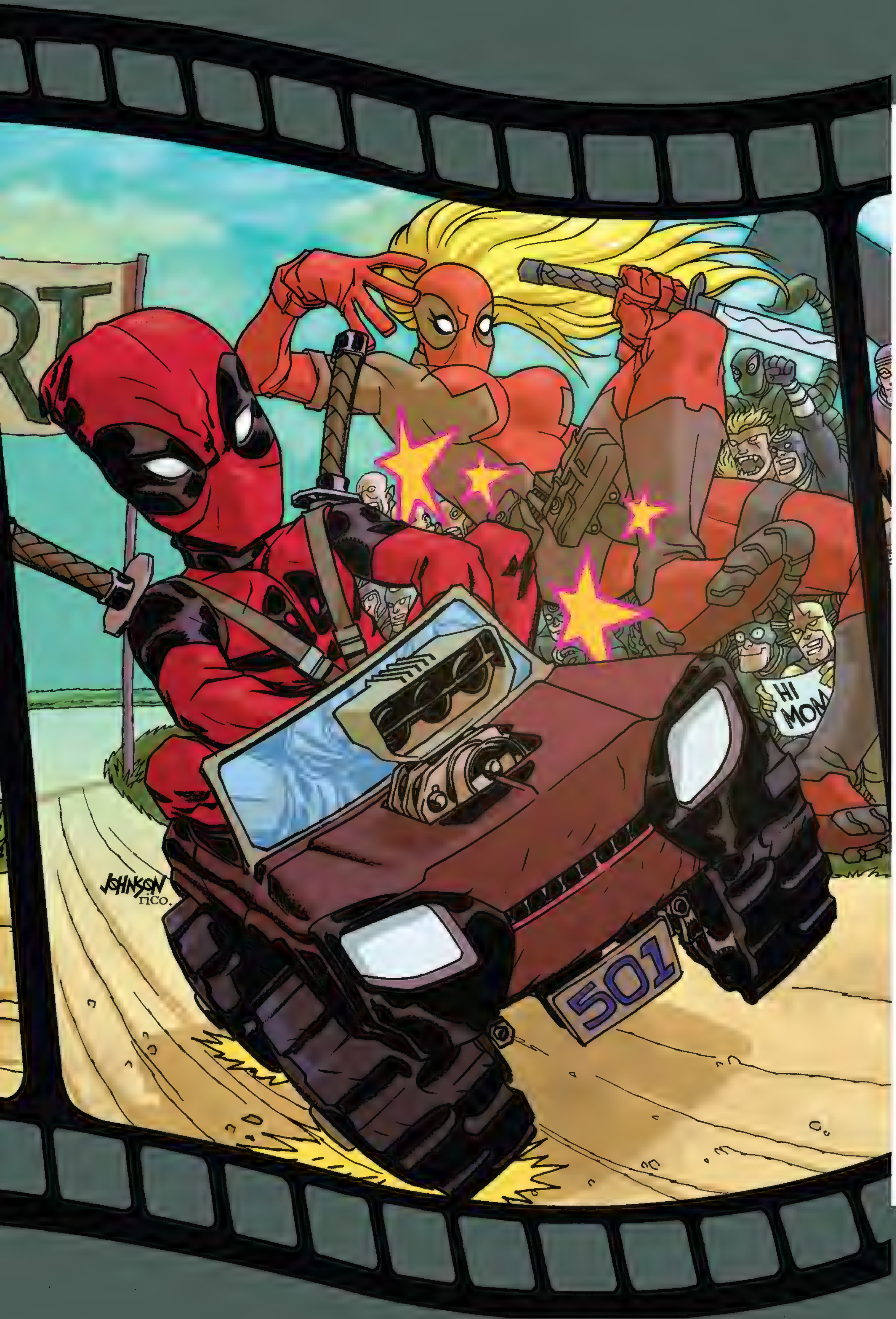
NEXT: KIDPOOL!

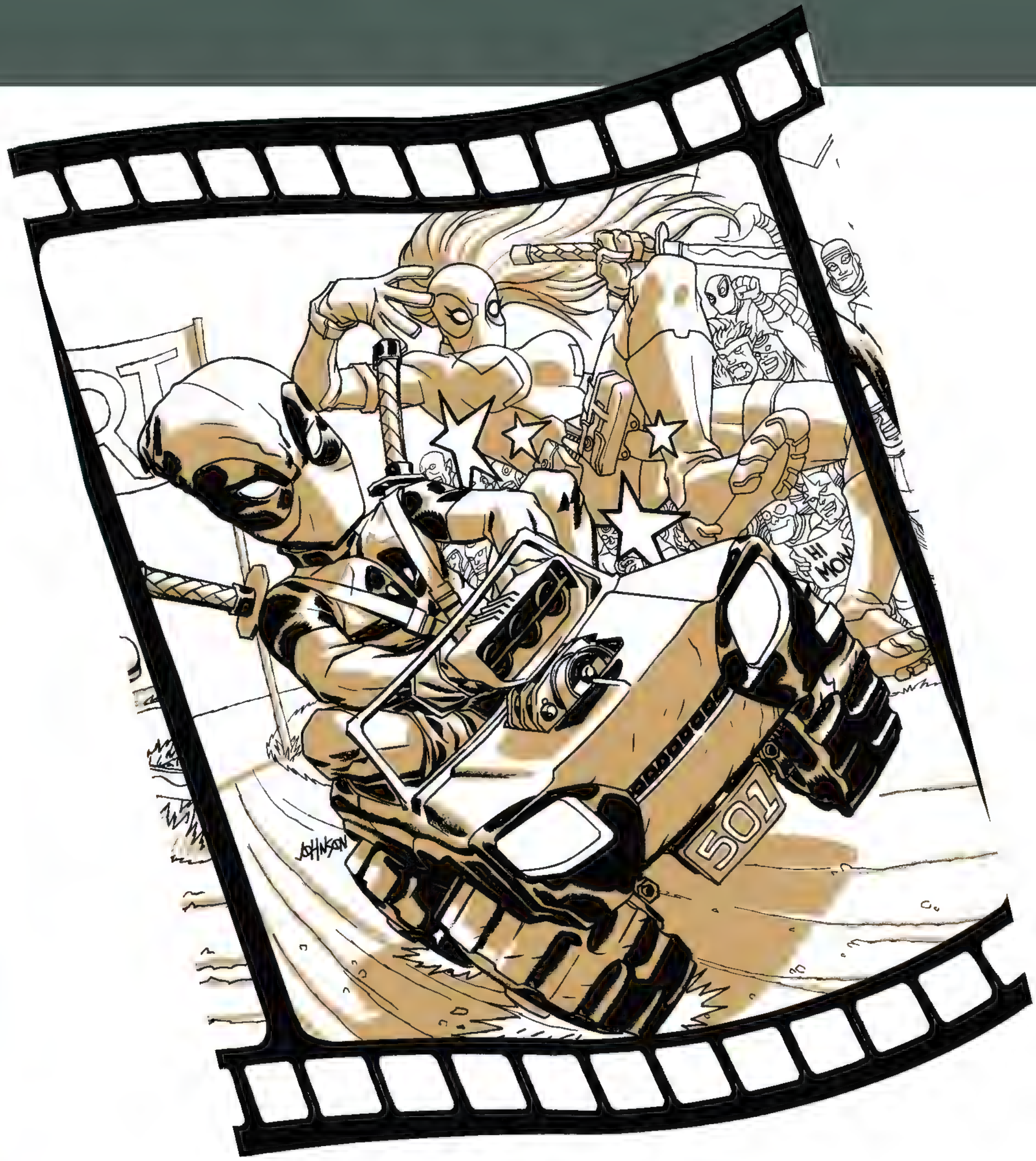
Cover Artist Dave Johnson tells all!


START
FOR A MILLION DOLLARS! READY, GET SET... CHEAT!!!
JOHNSON rico.

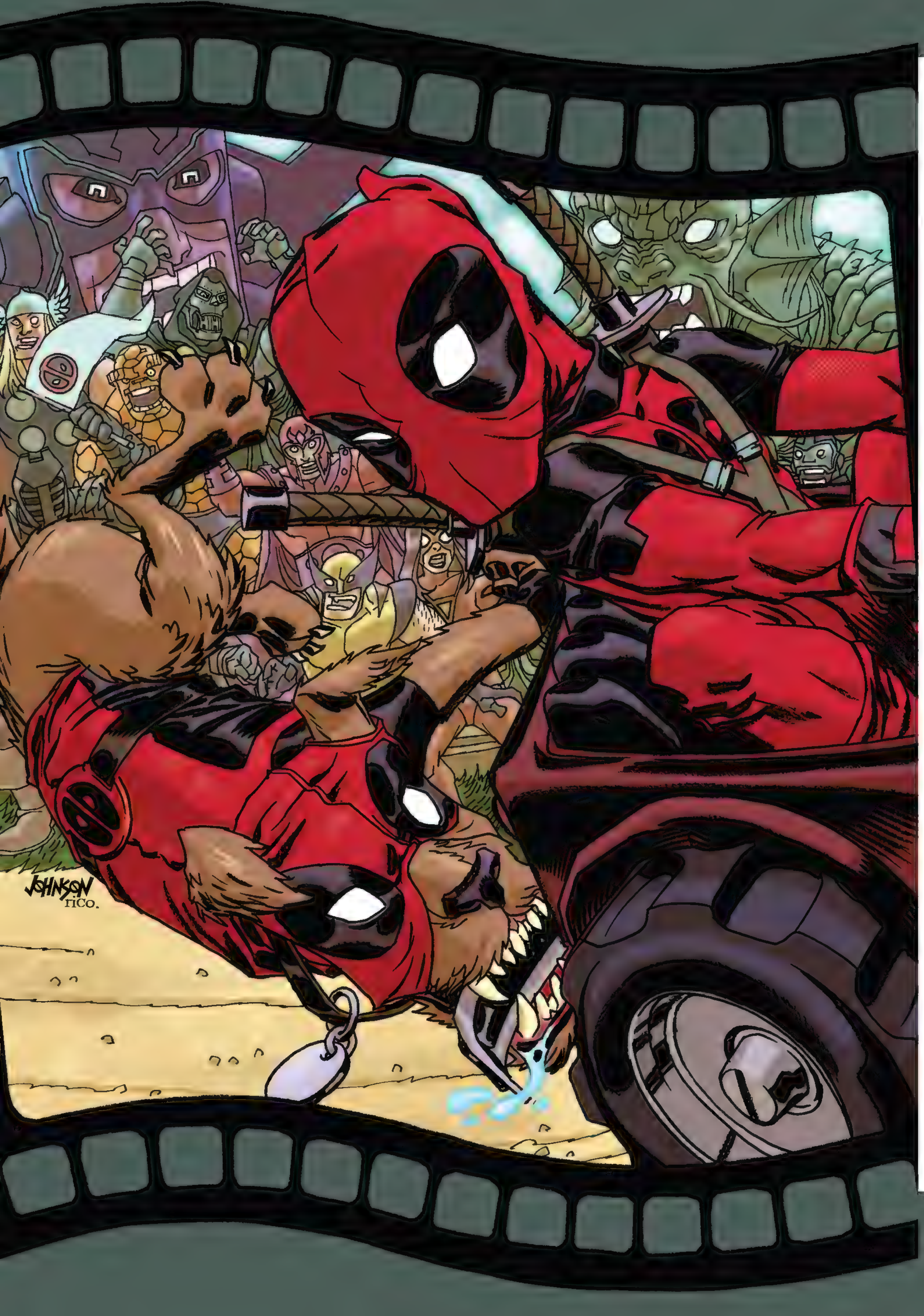


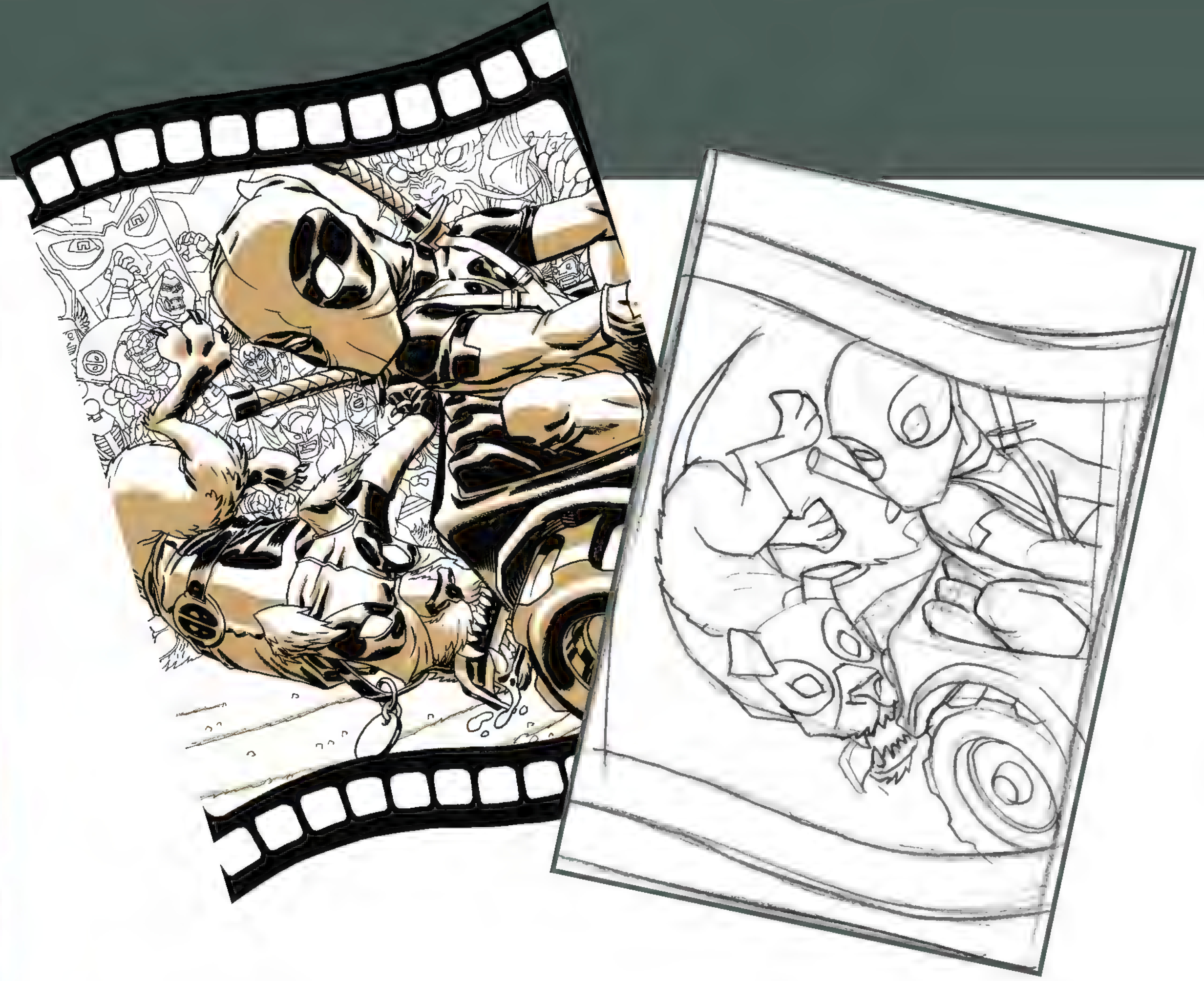
Hey, everybody. Reverend Dave “Cornelius” Johnson here to tell you how this series of covers came to be. So sit back on that old couch chair your parents didn’t want anymore and threw down in the basement (your room) and get ready for some intense boredom as I wax nostalgic about the artistic process.



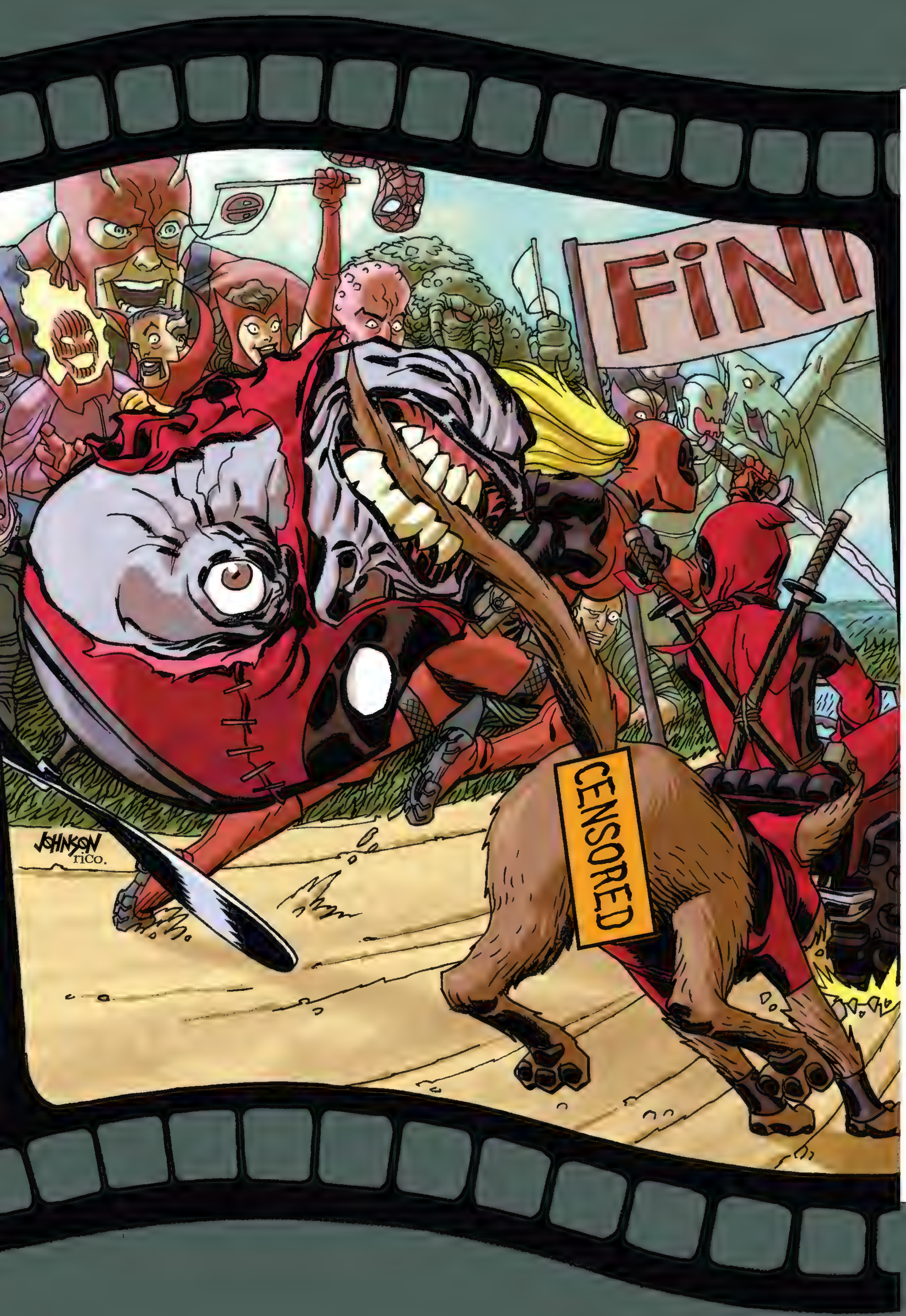


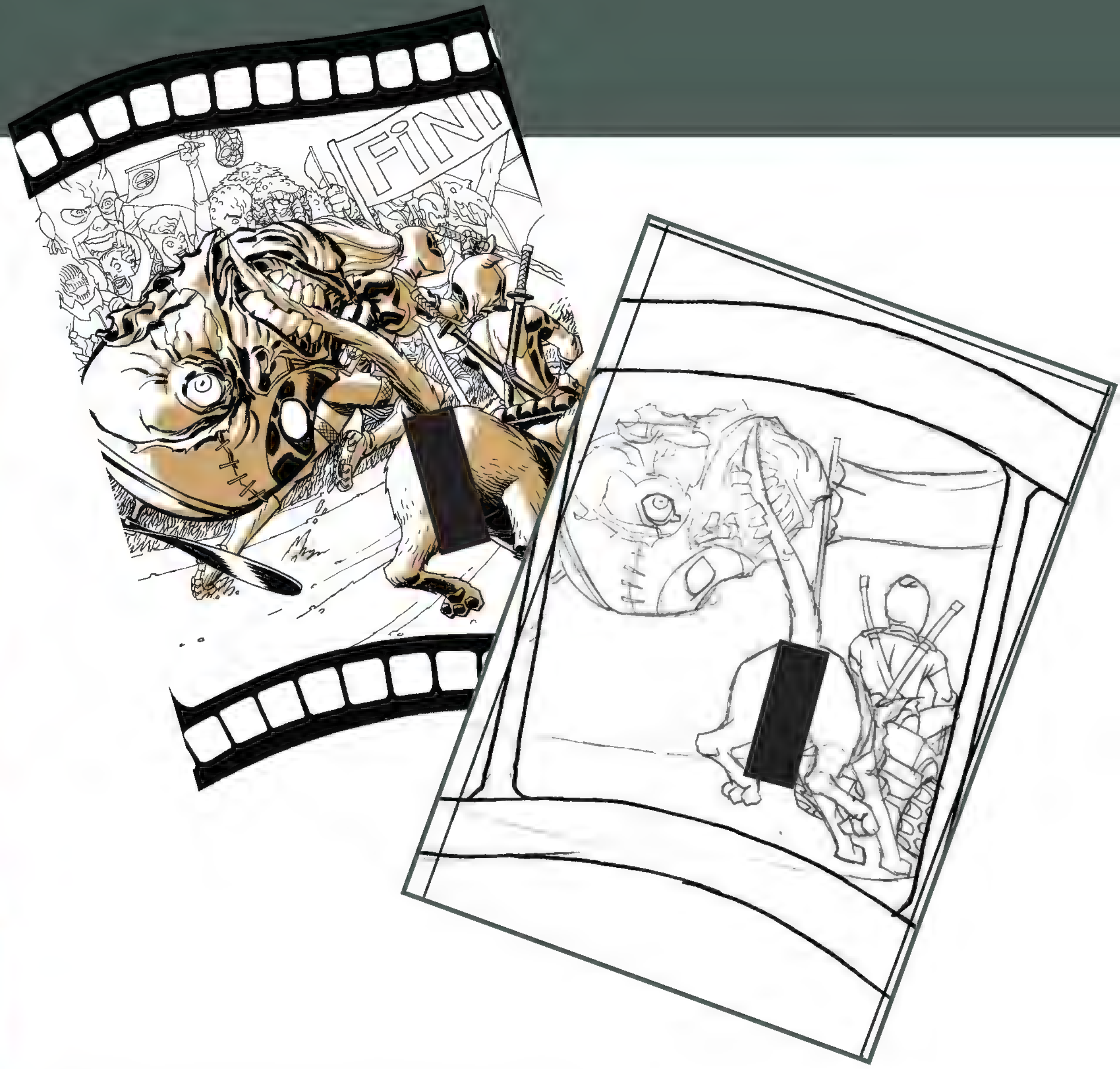
First, I get a call from my editor about an offer to do not one, but five Deadpool covers in a row all to be released in the same month. His first suggestion was that I just draw one figure of each Deadpool character for each issue. I said, "Nay" to that idea. It would have made my hectic life way too easy. No, I had to do the first (I think) 5-frame animated cover series. Easy, right? Well, he loved the idea, but now I had to back up my big talk and come through.





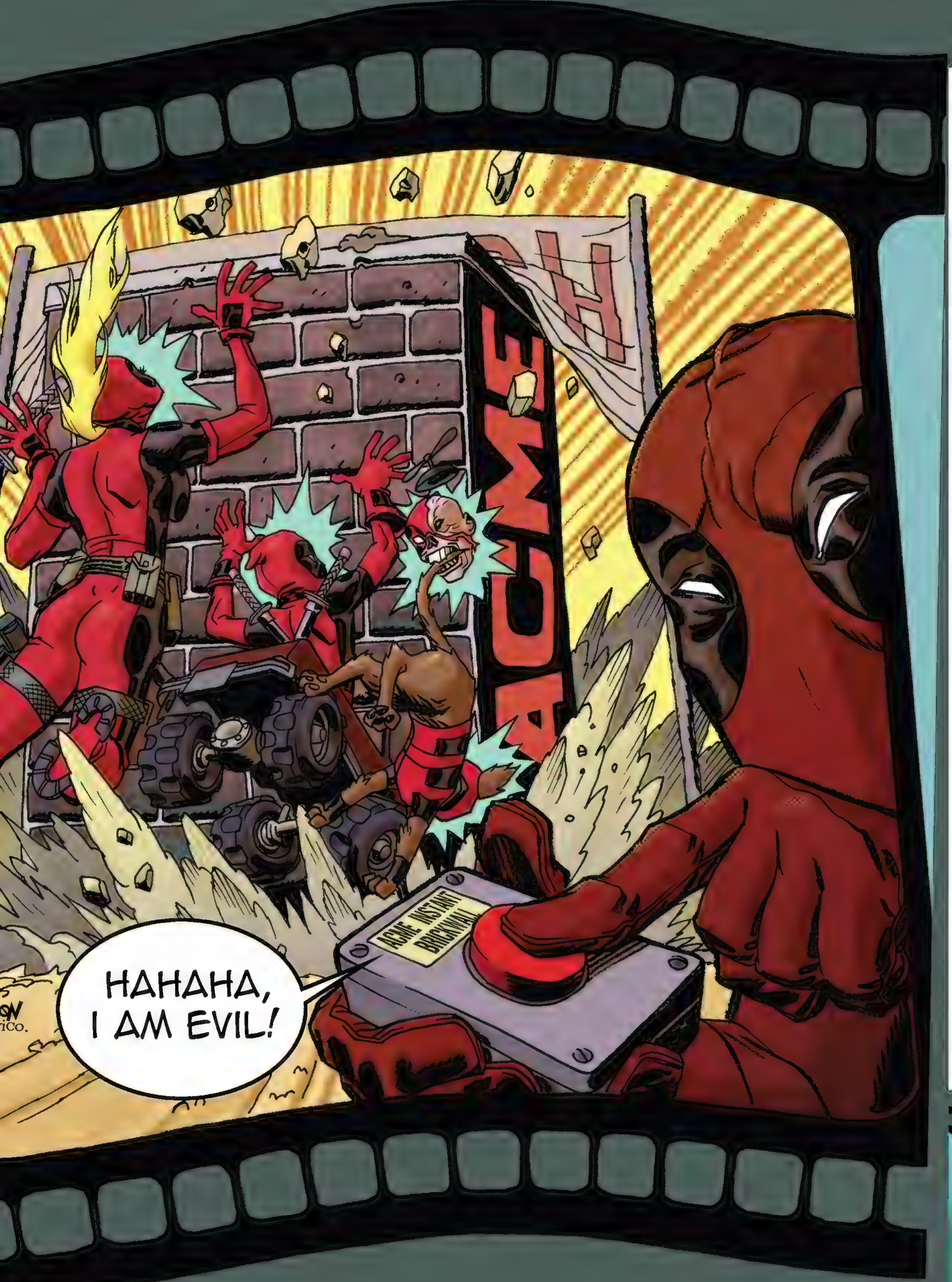
Figuring it out was the hardest part. I wanted motion, movement from left to right. But what could all five characters be doing? To make matters worse, they needed issue 2 right away. So out of desperation, I just drew Kid Deadpool clipping the legs out from under Lady Deadpool. No background, no clue as to what or why he was doing that for. From that, I had to figure out the rest of the covers from there. Then at the 11th hour, before all the rest of the covers were due, it hit me: A foot race between all of them with Deadpool being the race official offering a million dollars to the first one across the finish line. Only to throw an "Instant Brick wall" up in their path. Very old cartoonish humor going on here. Throw in some Marvel characters rooting for them in the background and you have a real party going on.

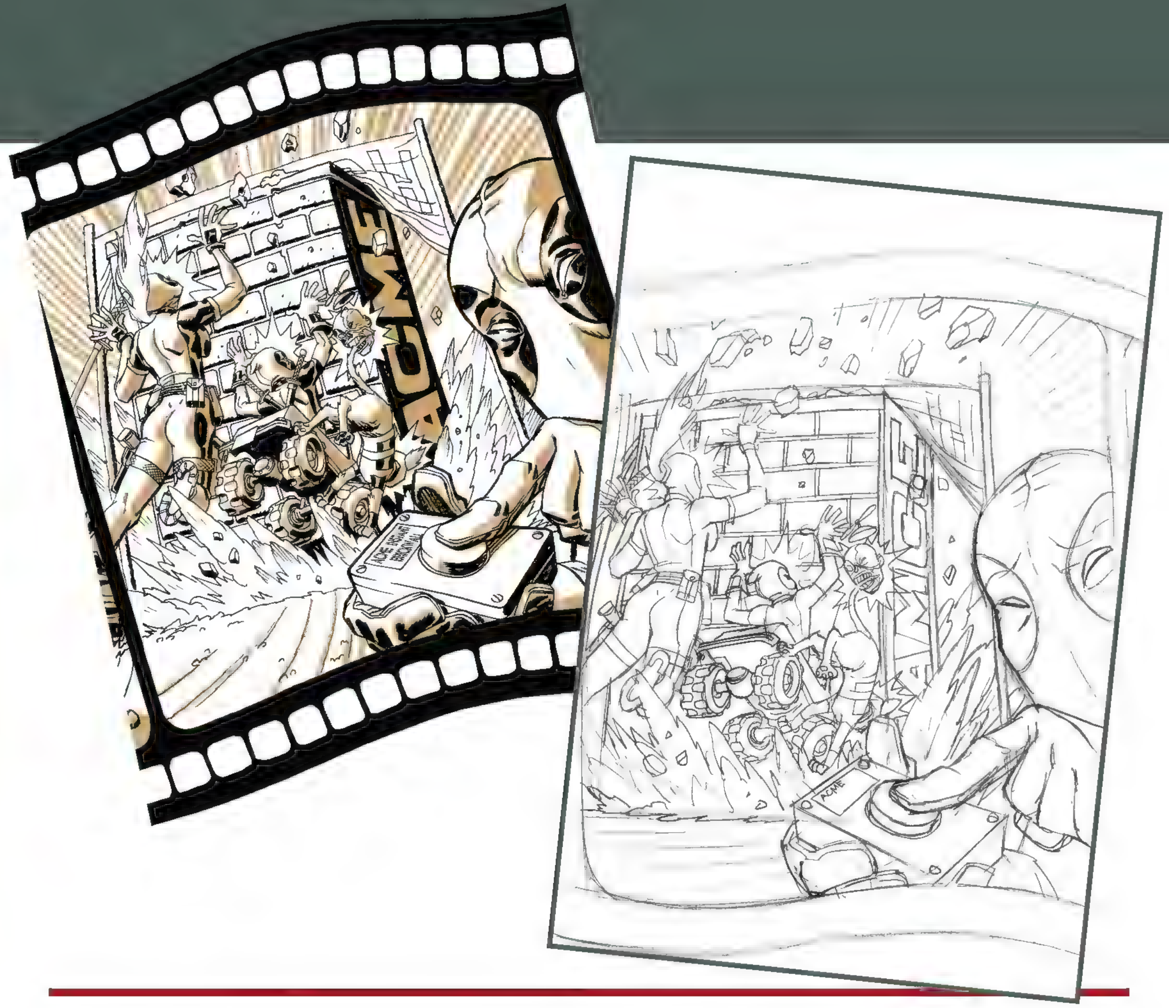




From there, sketches were done. Some of the sketches are more detailed than others. That's because some were done bigger than others. And sometimes I just work the rest of the detail on the actual board before I start inking.

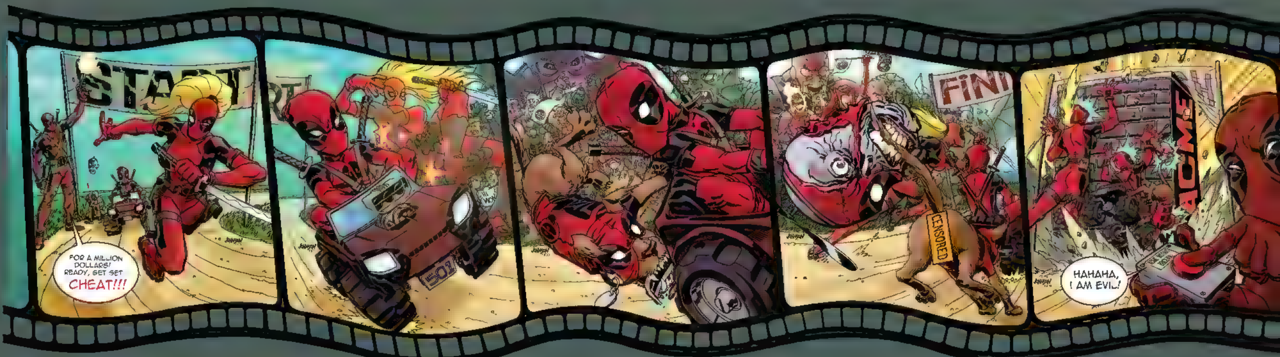
You might wonder where the pencils are. Well, there really aren't any. I work on a lightbox. So usually I just take my thumbnail, blow it up to the size I need, and trace it off or, if the thumbnail is tight enough, I go straight to inks.


ACME
ACME INSTANT BRICKWALL!
HAHAHA, I AM EVIL!

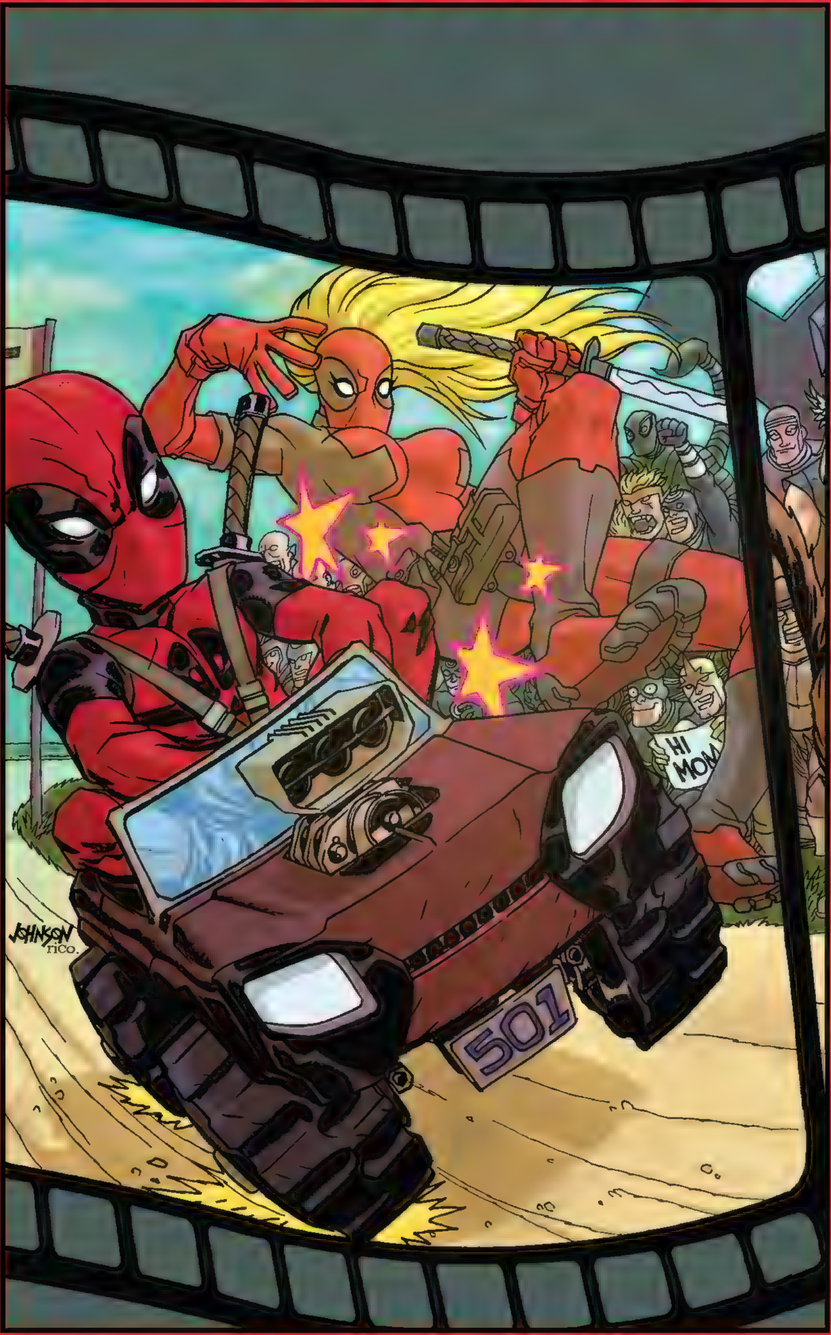


Here are the inks. Done on 5 pieces of Bristol Board at 10”x15” each. When taped together, they no longer even fit on my desk. Huge, I say! Then once that is done, I did a shadow layer in Photoshop for the colorist. His name is Rico Rensi. He’s a swell guy who really busted his hump to finish this job up on time. I think he did a great job in such a short time frame.

Anyway, there you have it. Hope you like the covers. If you don’t, well, then you’re a jerk.

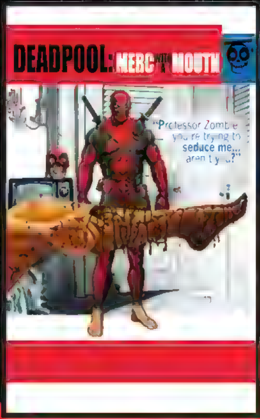

START
FOR A MILLION DOLLARS! READY, GET SET CHEAT!!!
FINI
ACME
HAHAHA, I AM EVIL!

NEXT ISSUE!

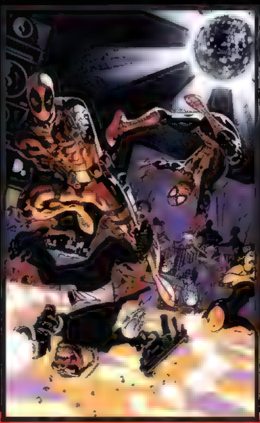

HI MOM
501
JOHNSON
rico.

KIDPOOL!

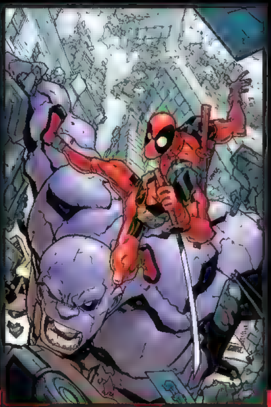
GET THESE!


DEADPOOL: MERC WITH A MOUTH
"Professor Zombie you're trying to seduce me... aren't you...?"

Deadpool Merc With a Mouth #9



Deadpool #21



Deadpool Team-Up On Sale Now!

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MARVEL

LIMITED SERIES
2 OF 5

PRELUDE TO
DEADPOOL
CORPS

GISCHLER
PORTACIO
MENDOZA
MASON

HI MOM
501
JOHNSON rico.

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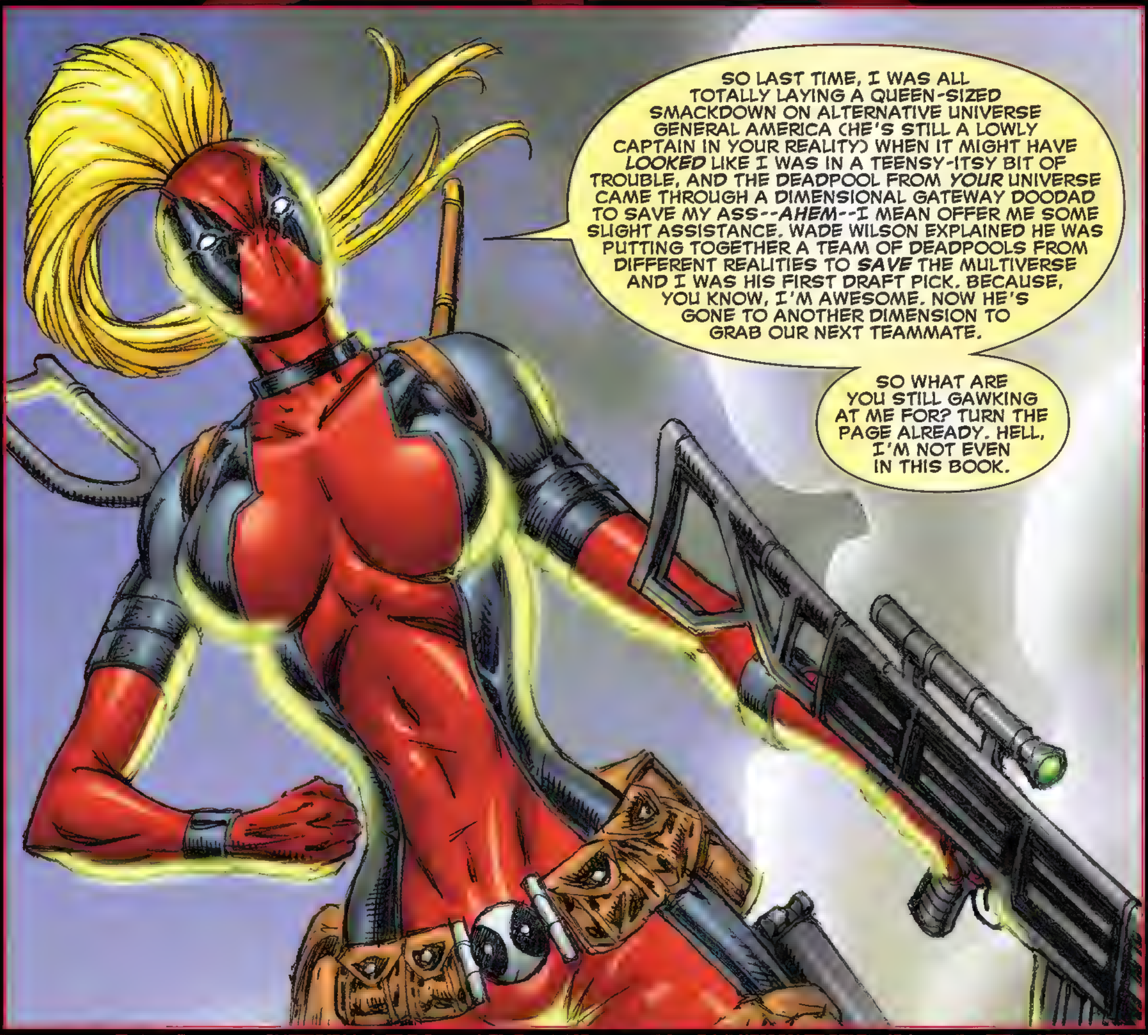
PRELUDE TO DEADPOOL CORPS


SO LAST TIME, I WAS ALL TOTALLY LAYING A QUEEN-SIZED SMACKDOWN ON ALTERNATIVE UNIVERSE GENERAL AMERICA (HE'S STILL A LOWLY CAPTAIN IN YOUR REALITY) WHEN IT MIGHT HAVE LOOKED LIKE I WAS IN A TEENSY-ITSY BIT OF TROUBLE, AND THE DEADPOOL FROM YOUR UNIVERSE CAME THROUGH A DIMENSIONAL GATEWAY DOODAD TO SAVE MY ASS--AHEM--I MEAN OFFER ME SOME SLIGHT ASSISTANCE. WADE WILSON EXPLAINED HE WAS PUTTING TOGETHER A TEAM OF DEADPOOLS FROM DIFFERENT REALITIES TO SAVE THE MULTIVERSE AND I WAS HIS FIRST DRAFT PICK. BECAUSE, YOU KNOW, I'M AWESOME. NOW HE'S GONE TO ANOTHER DIMENSION TO GRAB OUR NEXT TEAMMATE.
SO WHAT ARE YOU STILL GAWKING AT ME FOR? TURN THE PAGE ALREADY. HELL, I'M NOT EVEN IN THIS BOOK.

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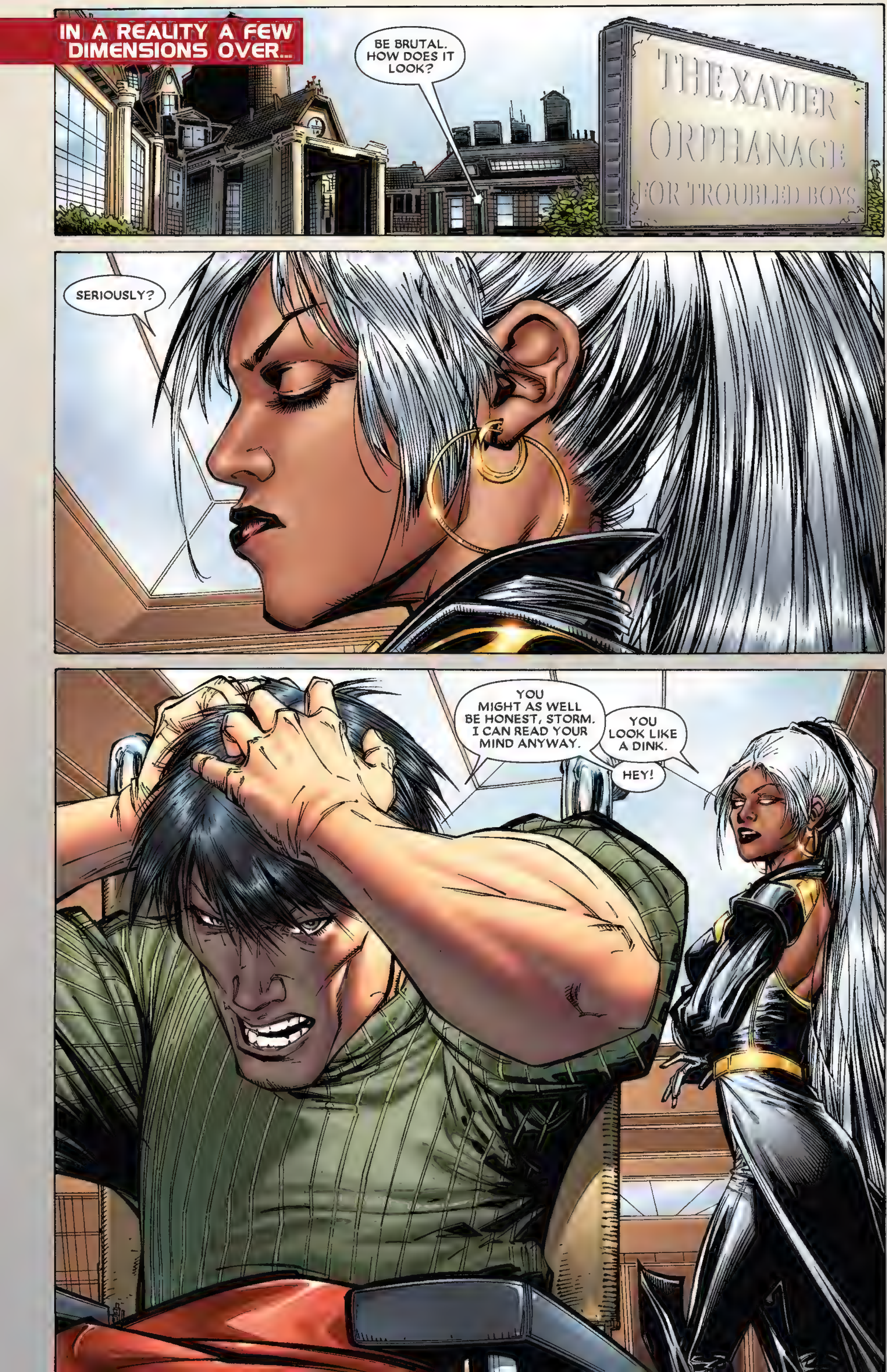
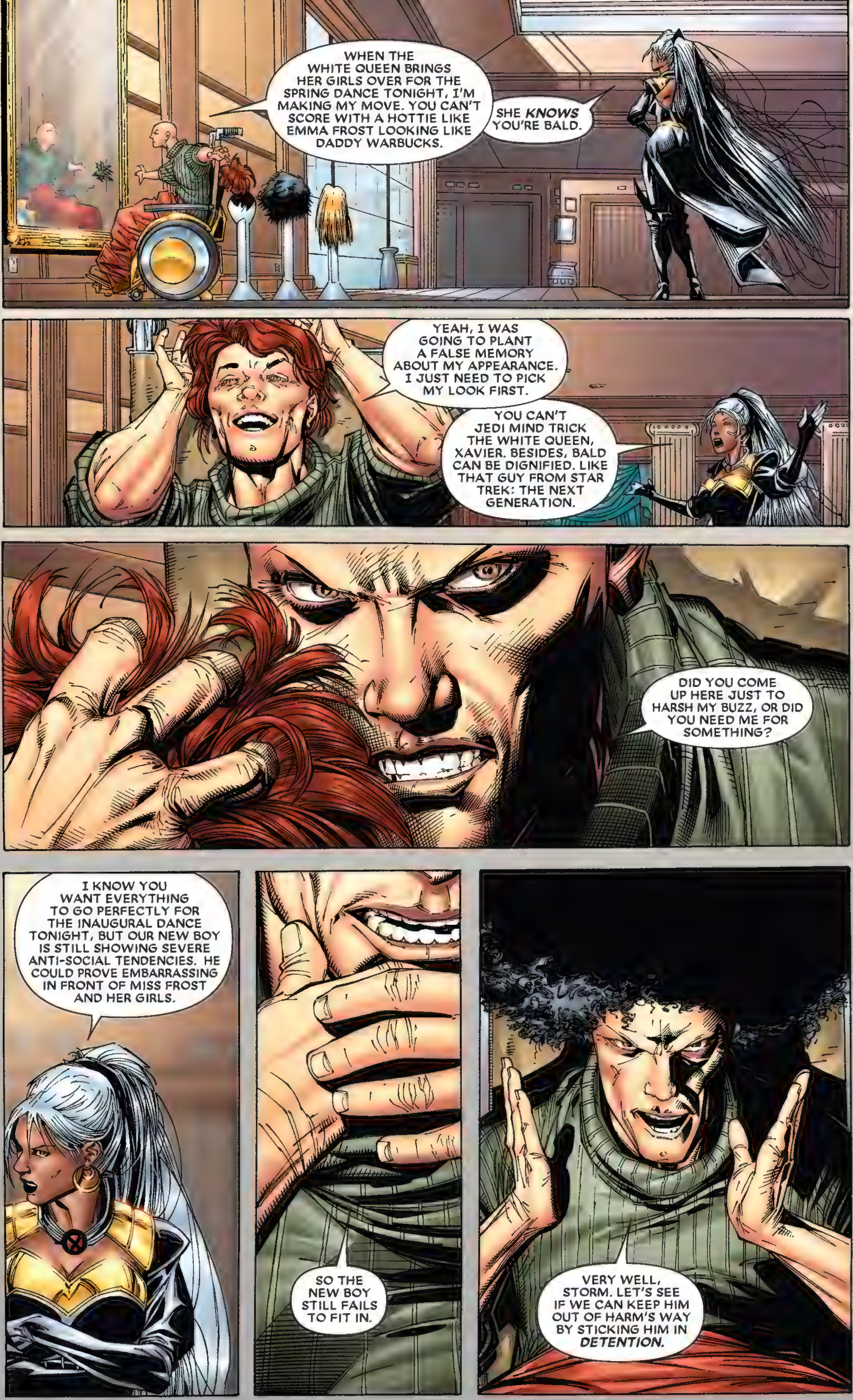
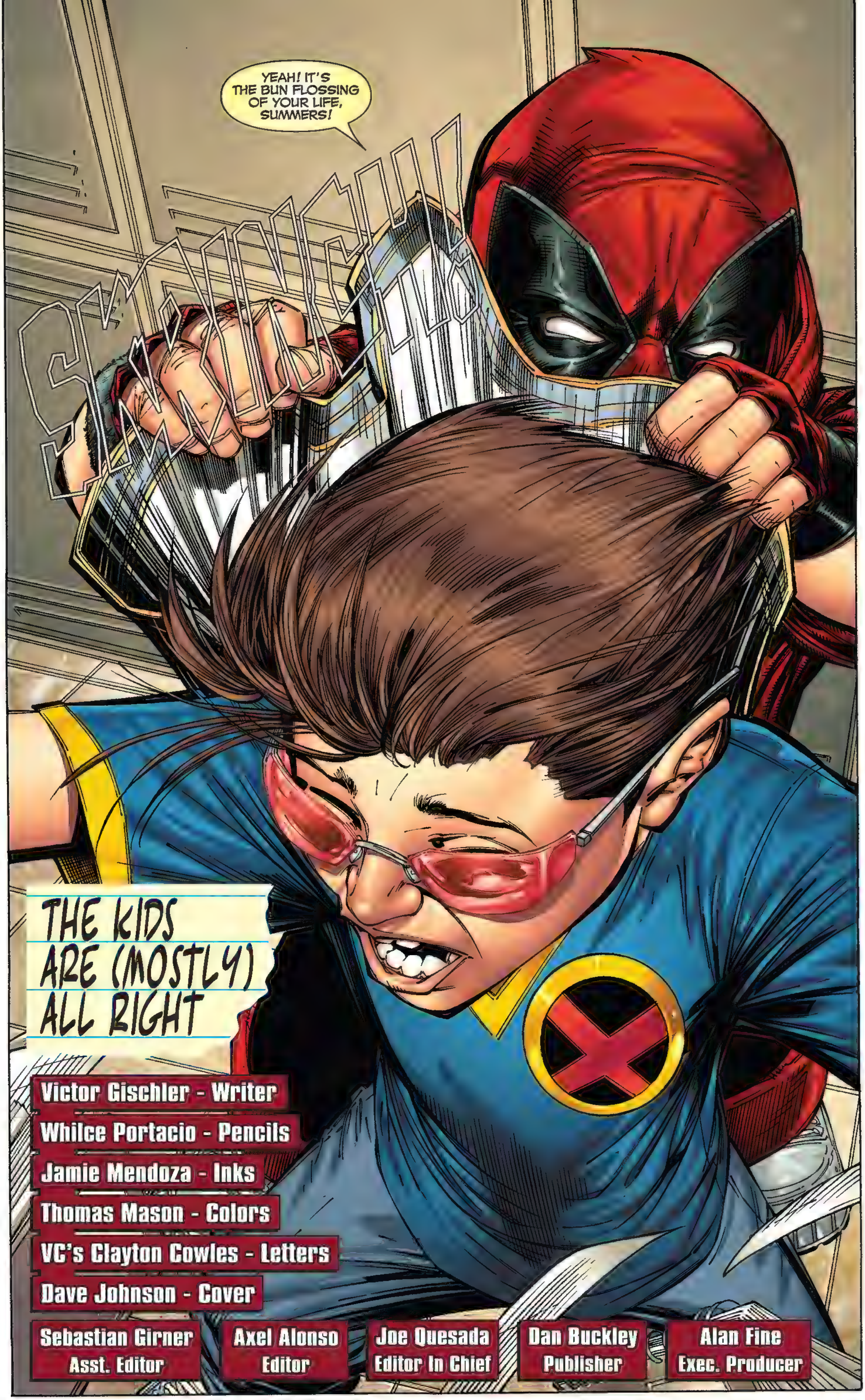
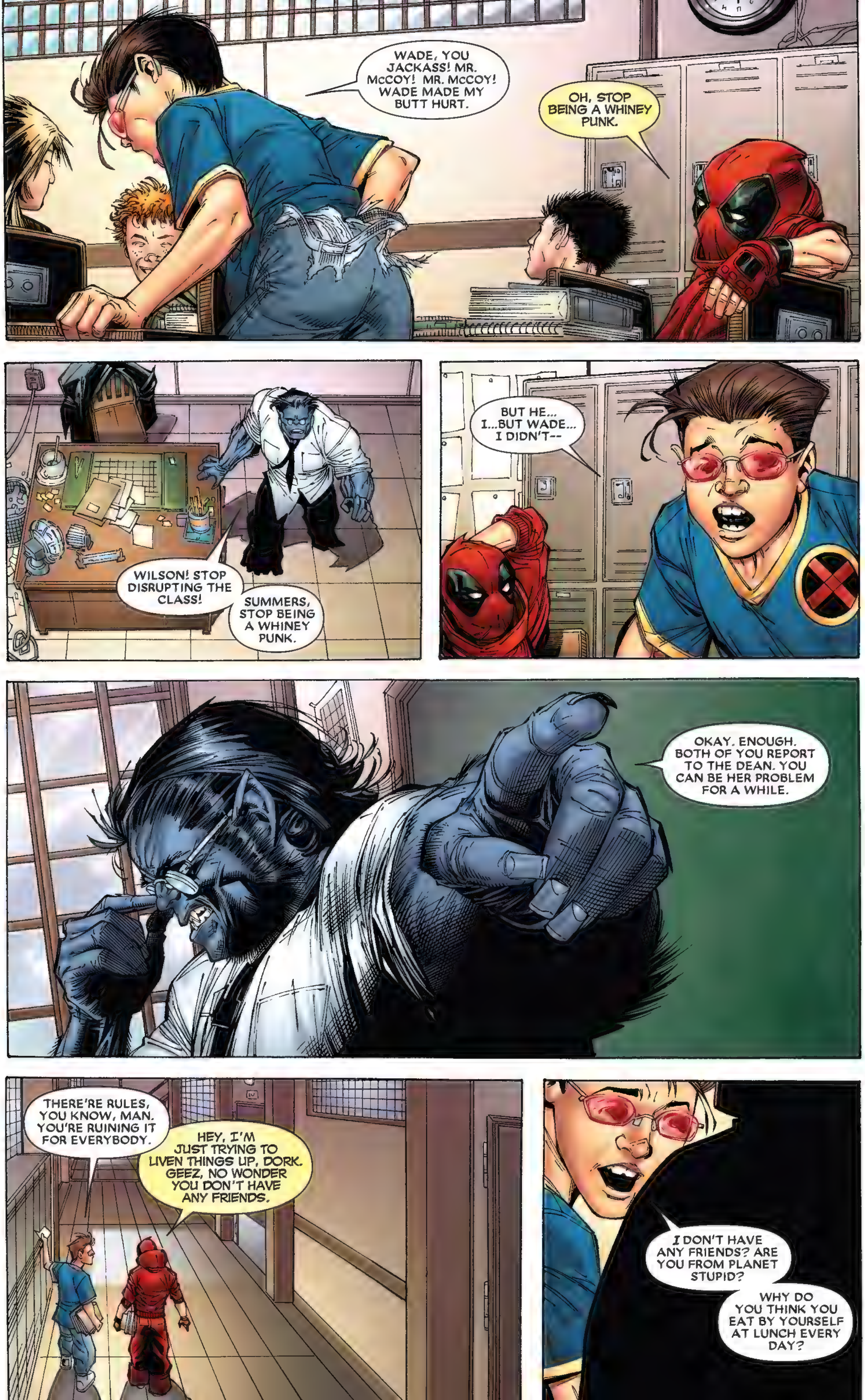

IN A REALITY A FEW DIMENSIONS OVER...
BE BRUTAL. HOW DOES IT LOOK?
THE XAVIER ORPHANAGE FOR TROUBLED BOYS
SERIOUSLY?
YOU MIGHT AS WELL BE HONEST, STORM. I CAN READ YOUR MIND ANYWAY.
YOU LOOK LIKE A DINK.
HEY!

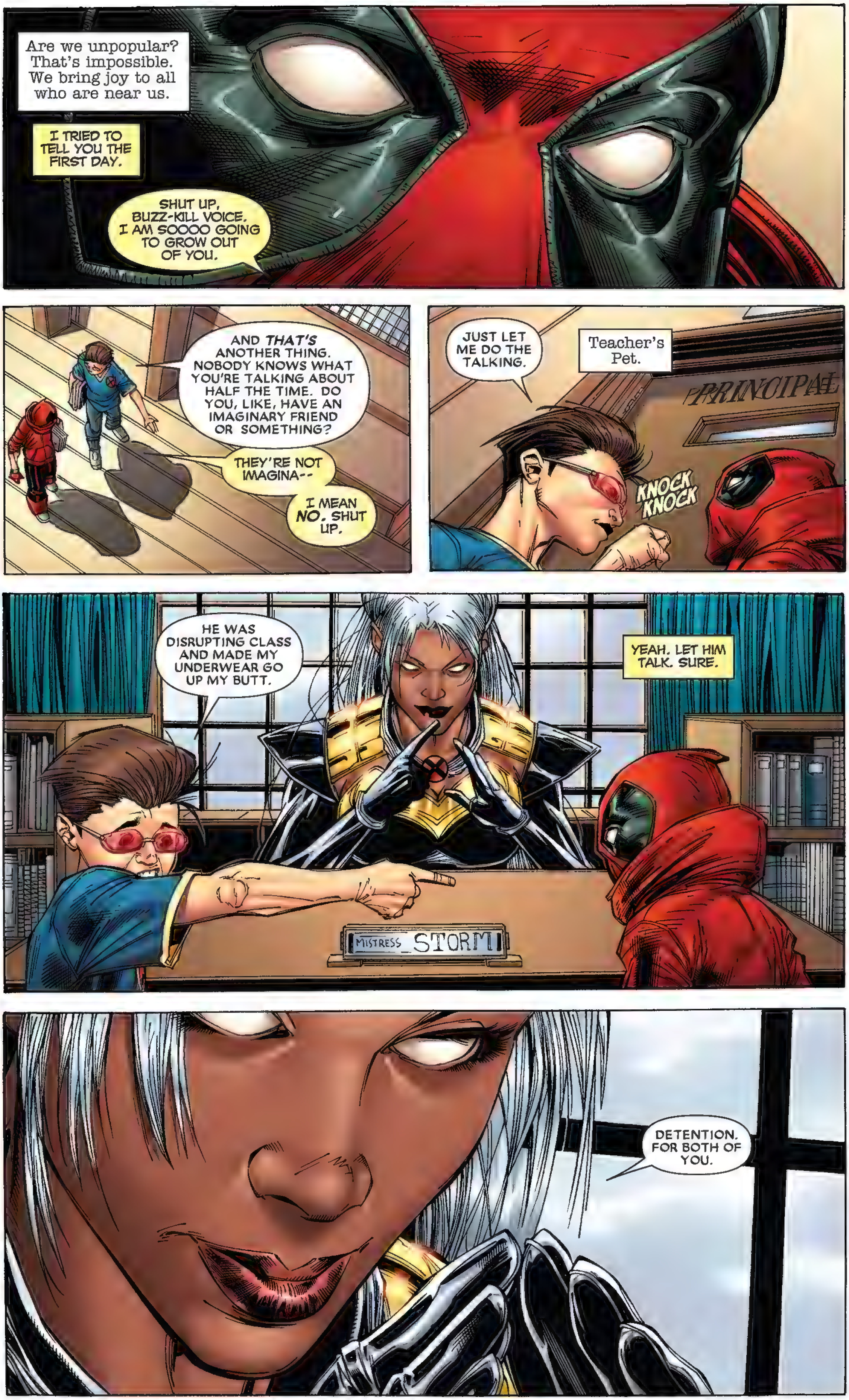

WHEN THE WHITE QUEEN BRINGS HER GIRLS OVER FOR THE SPRING DANCE TONIGHT, I'M MAKING MY MOVE. YOU CAN'T SCORE WITH A HOTTIE LIKE EMMA FROST LOOKING LIKE DADDY WARBUCKS.
SHE *KNOWS* YOU'RE BALD.
YEAH, I WAS GOING TO PLANT A FALSE MEMORY ABOUT MY APPEARANCE. I JUST NEED TO PICK MY LOOK FIRST.
YOU CAN'T JEDI MIND TRICK THE WHITE QUEEN, XAVIER. BESIDES, BALD CAN BE DIGNIFIED. LIKE THAT GUY FROM STAR TREK: THE NEXT GENERATION.
DID YOU COME UP HERE JUST TO HARSH MY BUZZ, OR DID YOU NEED ME FOR SOMETHING?
I KNOW YOU WANT EVERYTHING TO GO PERFECTLY FOR THE INAUGURAL DANCE TONIGHT, BUT OUR NEW BOY IS STILL SHOWING SEVERE ANTI-SOCIAL TENDENCIES. HE COULD PROVE EMBARRASSING IN FRONT OF MISS FROST AND HER GIRLS.
SO THE NEW BOY STILL FAILS TO FIT IN.
VERY WELL, STORM. LET'S SEE IF WE CAN KEEP HIM OUT OF HARM'S WAY BY STICKING HIM IN *DETENTION.*

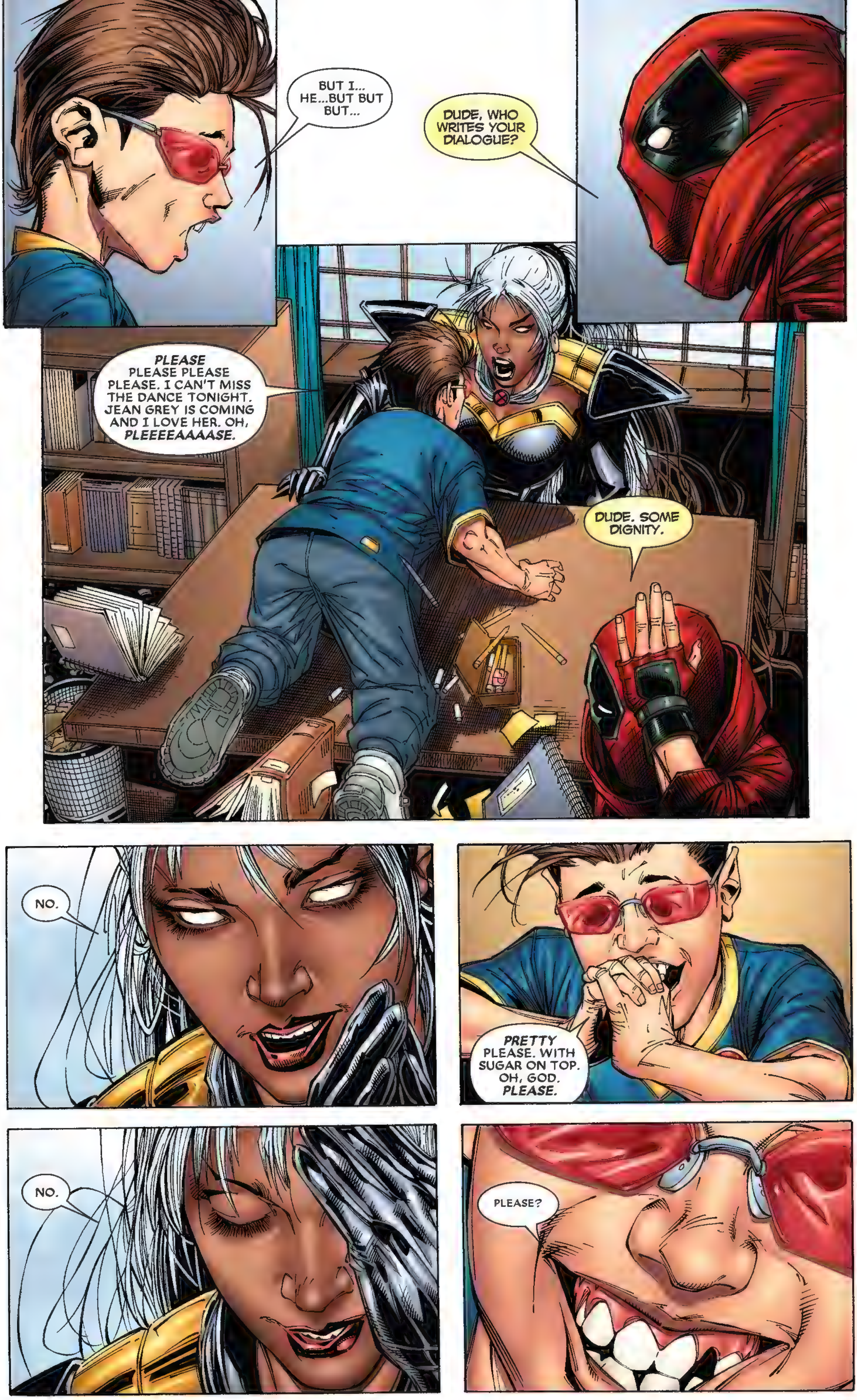

YEAH! IT'S THE BUN FLOSSING OF YOUR LIFE, SUMMERS!
SKWOOOCH!!

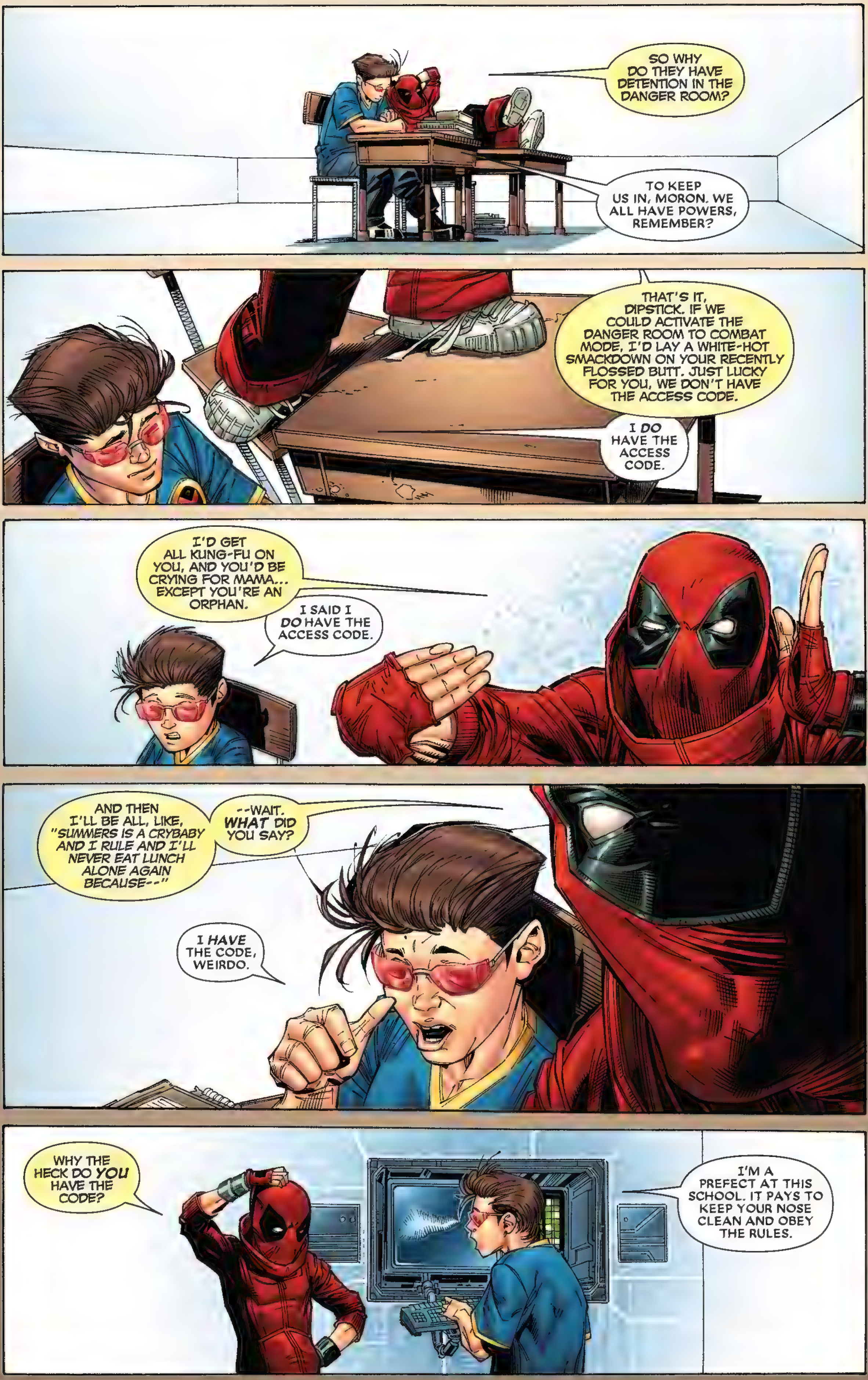
THE KIDS ARE (MOSTLY) ALL RIGHT

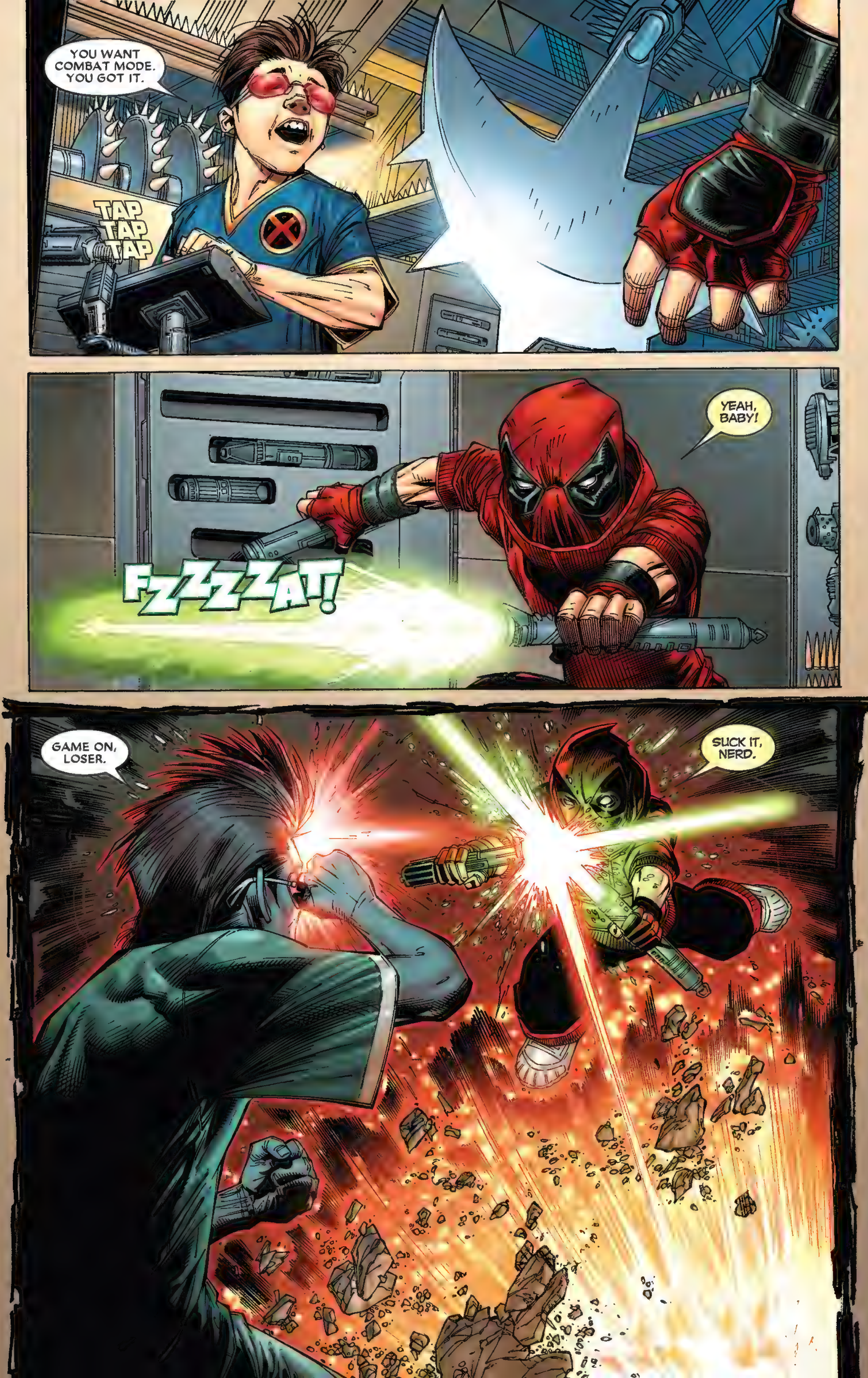
Victor Gischler - Writer
Whilce Portacio - Pencils
Jamie Mendoza - Inks
Thomas Mason - Colors
VC's Clayton Cowles - Letters
Dave Johnson - Cover
Sebastian Girner Asst. Editor
Axel Alonso Editor
Joe Quesada Editor In Chief
Dan Buckley Publisher
Alan Fine Exec. Producer

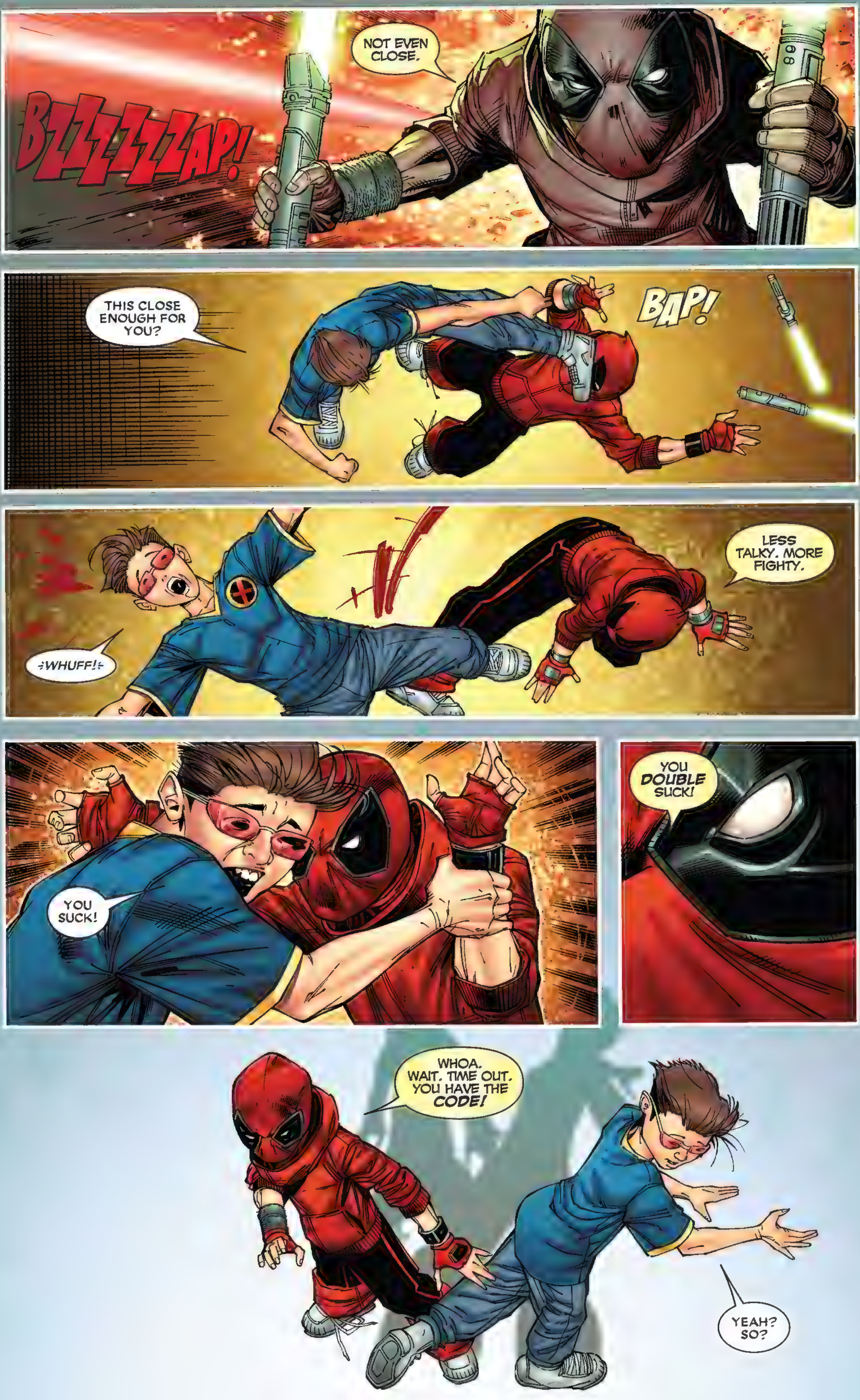

WADE, YOU JACKASS! MR. McCOY! MR. McCOY! WADE MADE MY BUTT HURT.
OH, STOP BEING A WHINEY PUNK.
WILSON! STOP DISRUPTING THE CLASS!
SUMMERS, STOP BEING A WHINEY PUNK.
BUT HE... I...BUT WADE... I DIDN'T--
OKAY. ENOUGH. BOTH OF YOU REPORT TO THE DEAN. YOU CAN BE HER PROBLEM FOR A WHILE.
THERE'RE RULES, YOU KNOW, MAN. YOU'RE RUINING IT FOR EVERYBODY.
HEY, I'M JUST TRYING TO LIVEN THINGS UP, DORK. GEEZ, NO WONDER YOU DON'T HAVE ANY FRIENDS.
I DON'T HAVE ANY FRIENDS? ARE YOU FROM PLANET STUPID?
WHY DO YOU THINK YOU EAT BY YOURSELF AT LUNCH EVERY DAY?

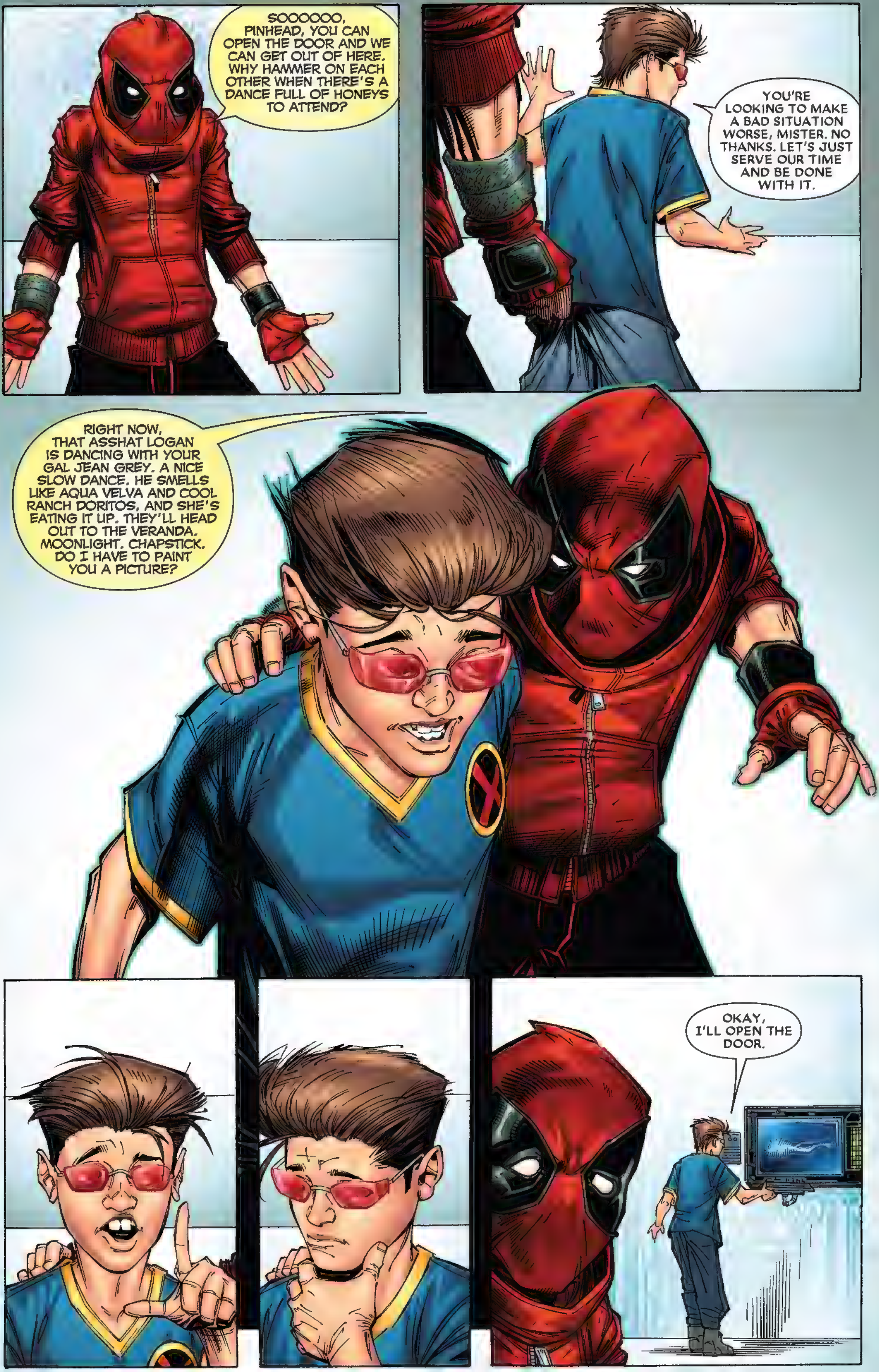

Are we unpopular? That's impossible. We bring joy to all who are near us.
I TRIED TO TELL YOU THE FIRST DAY.
SHUT UP, BUZZ-KILL VOICE. I AM SOOOO GOING TO GROW OUT OF YOU.
AND *THAT'S* ANOTHER THING. NOBODY KNOWS WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT HALF THE TIME. DO YOU, LIKE, HAVE AN IMAGINARY FRIEND OR SOMETHING?
THEY'RE NOT IMAGINA--
I MEAN *NO*. SHUT UP.
JUST LET ME DO THE TALKING.
Teacher's Pet.
PRINCIPAL
KNOCK KNOCK
HE WAS DISRUPTING CLASS AND MADE MY UNDERWEAR GO UP MY BUTT.
YEAH. LET HIM TALK. SURE.
MISTRESS STORM
DETENTION. FOR BOTH OF YOU.

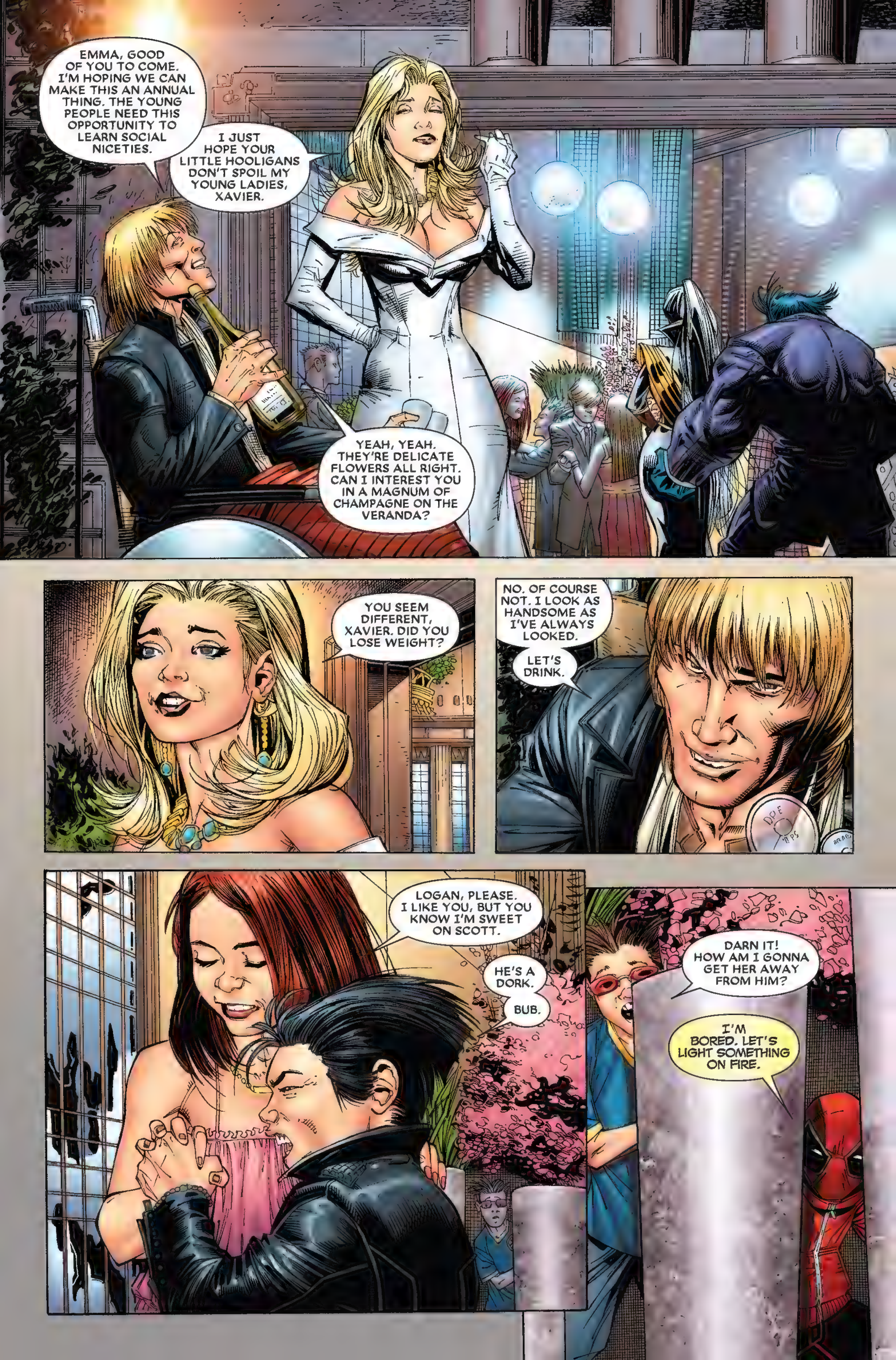

BUT I... HE...BUT BUT BUT...
DUDE, WHO WRITES YOUR DIALOGUE?
PLEASE PLEASE PLEASE PLEASE. I CAN'T MISS THE DANCE TONIGHT. JEAN GREY IS COMING AND I LOVE HER. OH, *PLEEEEAAAASE.*
DUDE. SOME DIGNITY.
NO.
PRETTY PLEASE. WITH SUGAR ON TOP. OH, GOD. *PLEASE.*
NO.
PLEASE?

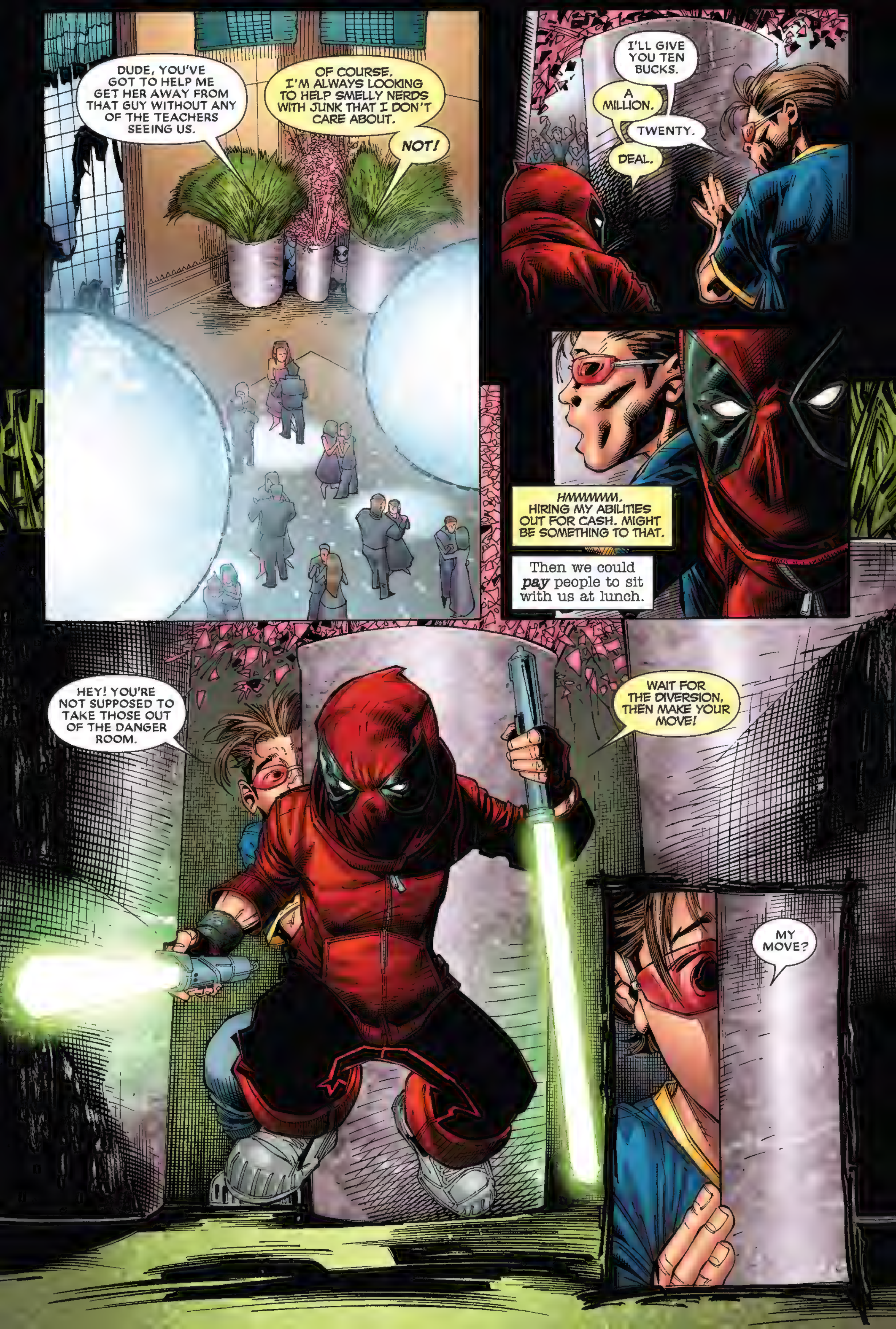

SO WHY DO THEY HAVE DETENTION IN THE DANGER ROOM?
TO KEEP US IN, MORON. WE ALL HAVE POWERS, REMEMBER?
THAT'S IT, DIPSTICK. IF WE COULD ACTIVATE THE DANGER ROOM TO COMBAT MODE, I'D LAY A WHITE-HOT SMACKDOWN ON YOUR RECENTLY FLOSSED BUTT. JUST LUCKY FOR YOU, WE DON'T HAVE THE ACCESS CODE.
I *DO* HAVE THE ACCESS CODE.
I'D GET ALL KUNG-FU ON YOU, AND YOU'D BE CRYING FOR MAMA... EXCEPT YOU'RE AN ORPHAN.
I SAID I *DO* HAVE THE ACCESS CODE.
AND THEN I'LL BE ALL, LIKE, *"SUMMERS IS A CRYBABY AND I RULE AND I'LL NEVER EAT LUNCH ALONE AGAIN BECAUSE--"*
--WAIT. *WHAT* DID YOU SAY?
I *HAVE* THE CODE, WEIRDO.
WHY THE HECK DO *YOU* HAVE THE CODE?
I'M A PREFECT AT THIS SCHOOL. IT PAYS TO KEEP YOUR NOSE CLEAN AND OBEY THE RULES.

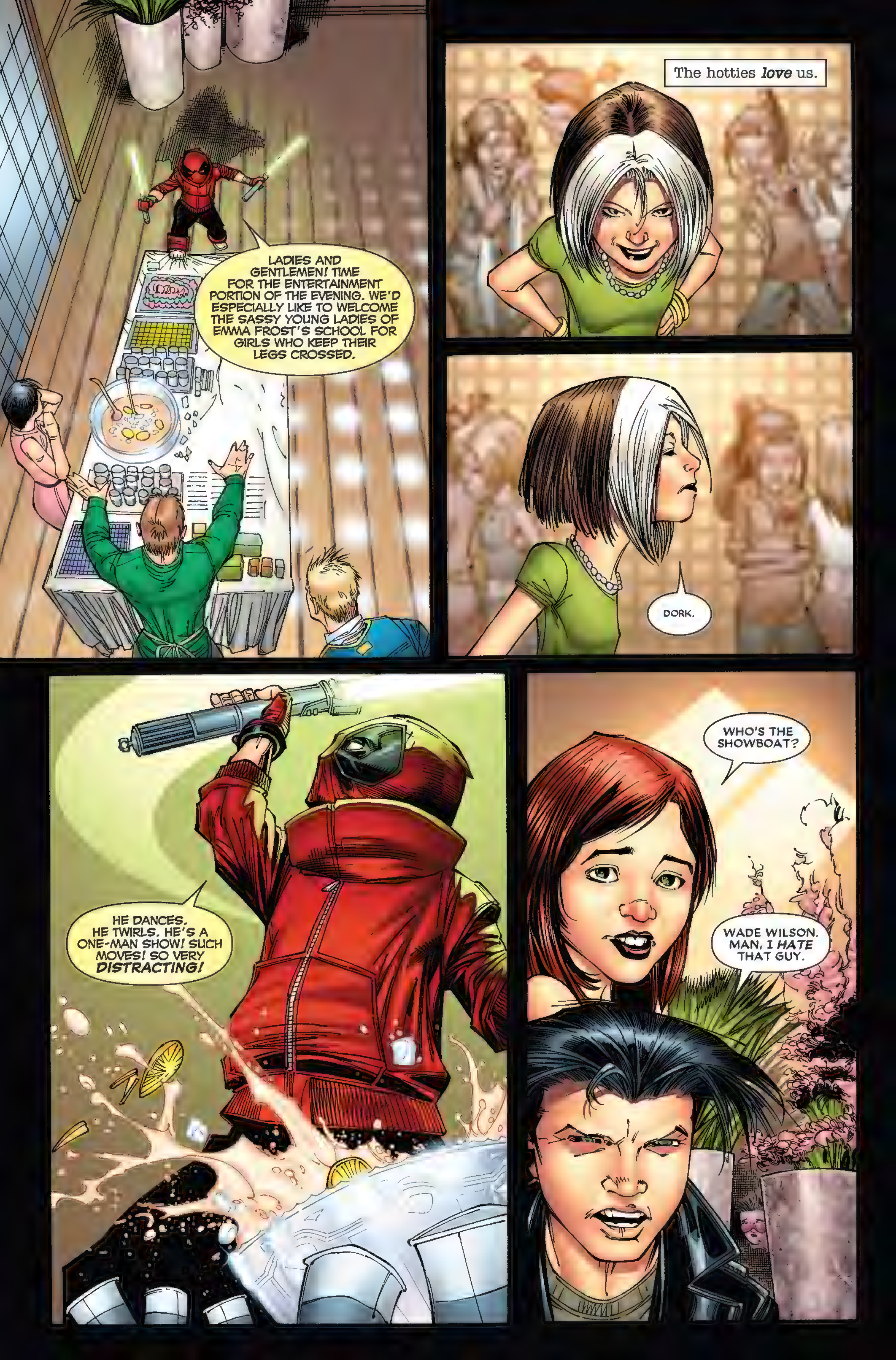

YOU WANT COMBAT MODE. YOU GOT IT.
TAP TAP TAP
YEAH, BABY!
FZZZZAT!
GAME ON, LOSER.
SUCK IT, NERD.

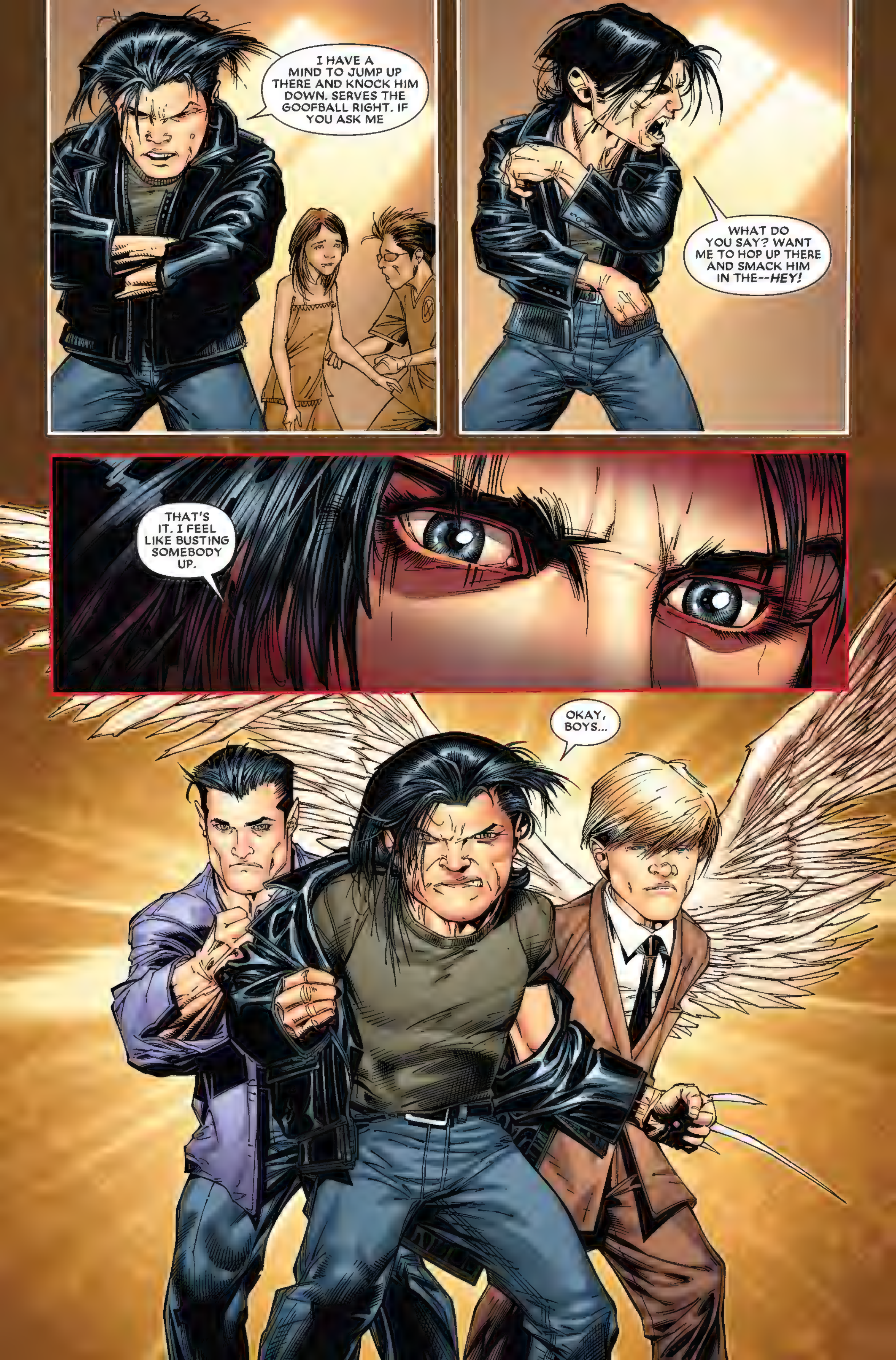

BZZZZZZZAP!
NOT EVEN CLOSE.
THIS CLOSE ENOUGH FOR YOU?
BAP!
LESS TALKY. MORE FIGHTY.
=WHUFF!=
YOU SUCK!
YOU *DOUBLE* SUCK!
WHOA. WAIT. TIME OUT. YOU HAVE THE *CODE!*
YEAH? SO?

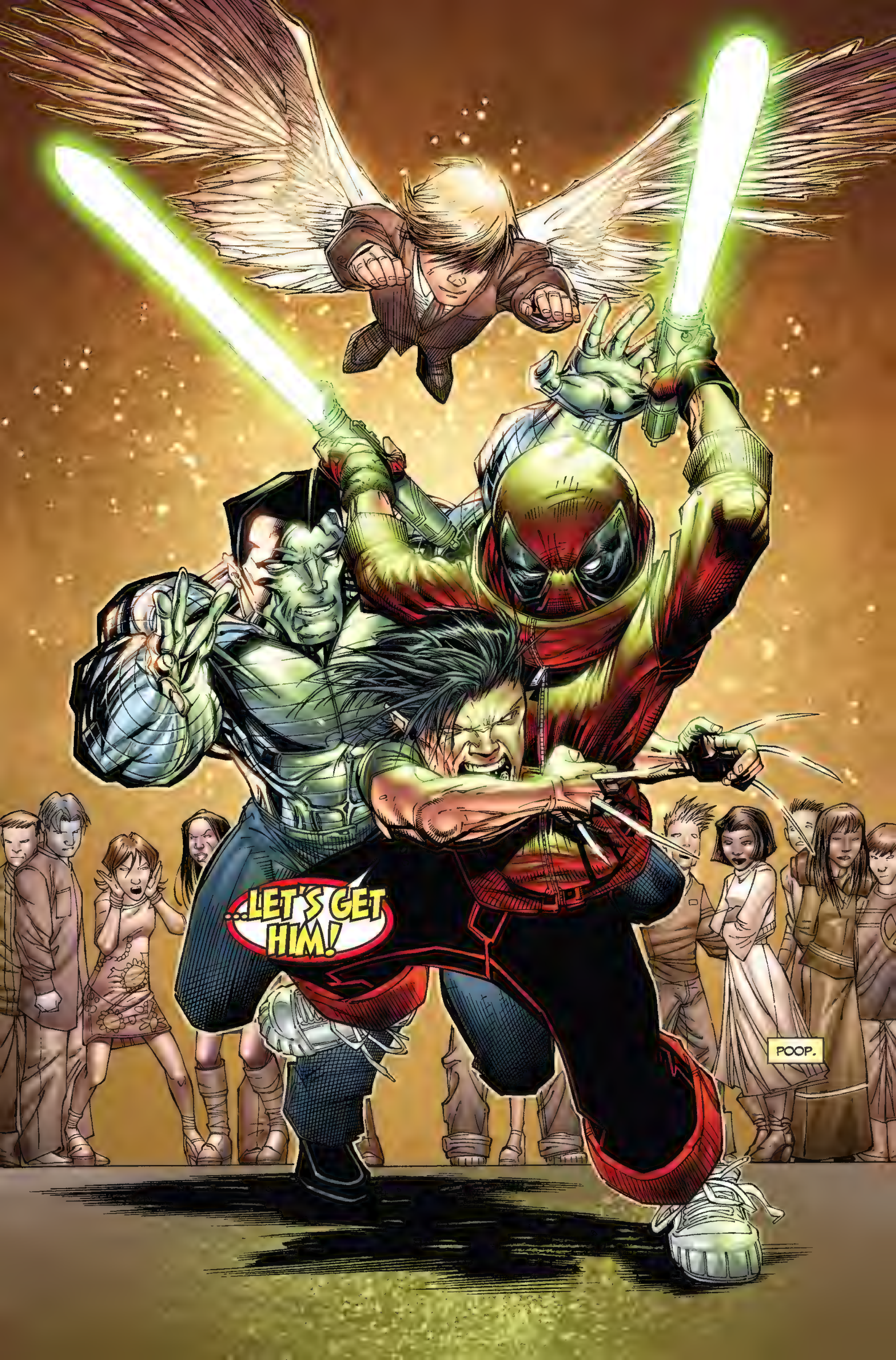

SOOOOOO, PINHEAD, YOU CAN OPEN THE DOOR AND WE CAN GET OUT OF HERE. WHY HAMMER ON EACH OTHER WHEN THERE'S A DANCE FULL OF HONEYS TO ATTEND?
YOU'RE LOOKING TO MAKE A BAD SITUATION WORSE, MISTER. NO THANKS. LET'S JUST SERVE OUR TIME AND BE DONE WITH IT.
RIGHT NOW, THAT ASSHAT LOGAN IS DANCING WITH YOUR GAL JEAN GREY. A NICE SLOW DANCE. HE SMELLS LIKE AQUA VELVA AND COOL RANCH DORITOS, AND SHE'S EATING IT UP. THEY'LL HEAD OUT TO THE VERANDA. MOONLIGHT. CHAPSTICK. DO I HAVE TO PAINT YOU A PICTURE?
OKAY, I'LL OPEN THE DOOR.

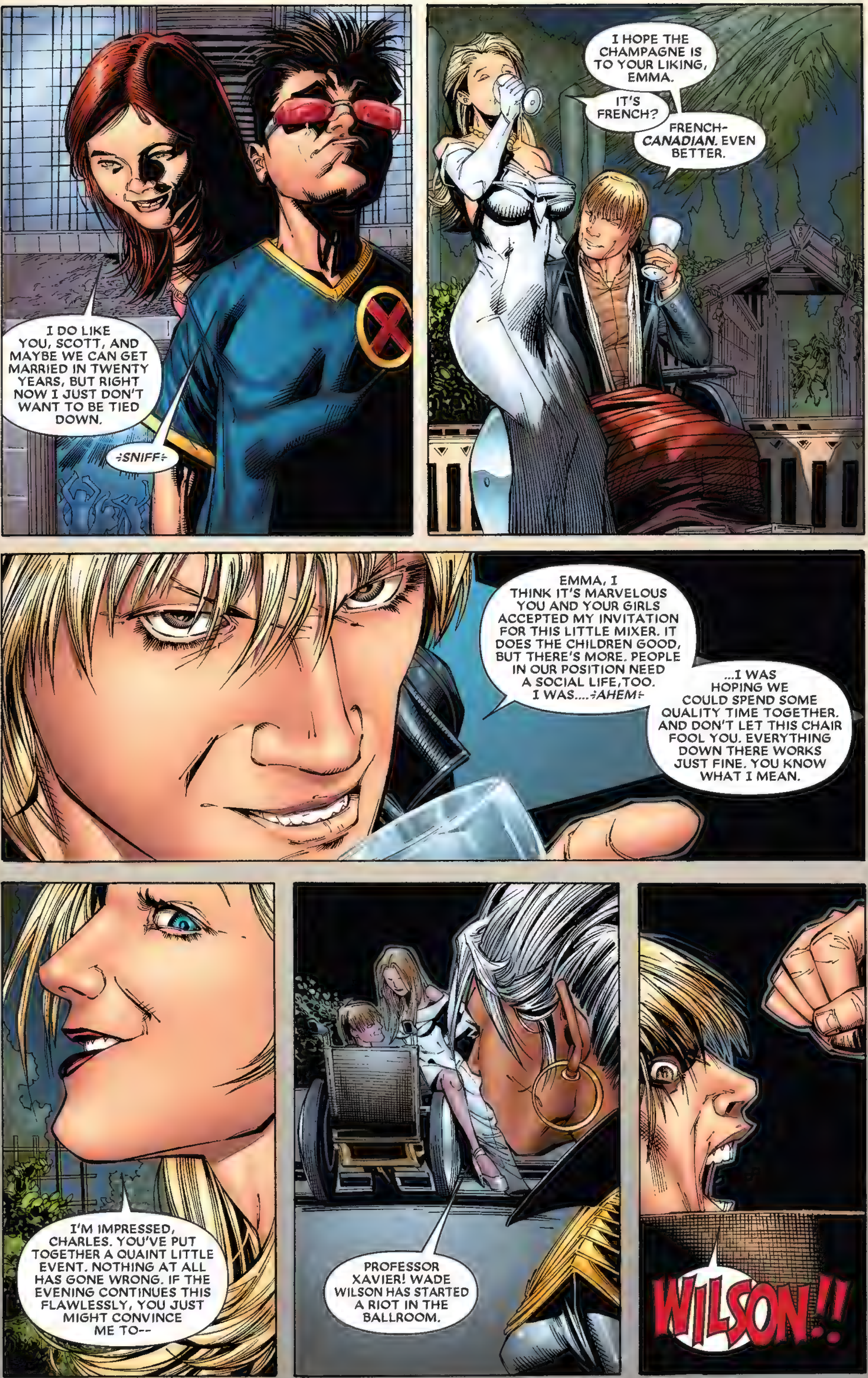

EMMA, GOOD OF YOU TO COME. I'M HOPING WE CAN MAKE THIS AN ANNUAL THING. THE YOUNG PEOPLE NEED THIS OPPORTUNITY TO LEARN SOCIAL NICETIES.
I JUST HOPE YOUR LITTLE HOOLIGANS DON'T SPOIL MY YOUNG LADIES, XAVIER.
YEAH, YEAH. THEY'RE DELICATE FLOWERS ALL RIGHT. CAN I INTEREST YOU IN A MAGNUM OF CHAMPAGNE ON THE VERANDA?
YOU SEEM DIFFERENT, XAVIER. DID YOU LOSE WEIGHT?
NO. OF COURSE NOT. I LOOK AS HANDSOME AS I'VE ALWAYS LOOKED.
LET'S DRINK.
LOGAN, PLEASE. I LIKE YOU, BUT YOU KNOW I'M SWEET ON SCOTT.
HE'S A DORK.
BUB.
DARN IT! HOW AM I GONNA GET HER AWAY FROM HIM?
I'M BORED. LET'S LIGHT SOMETHING ON FIRE.

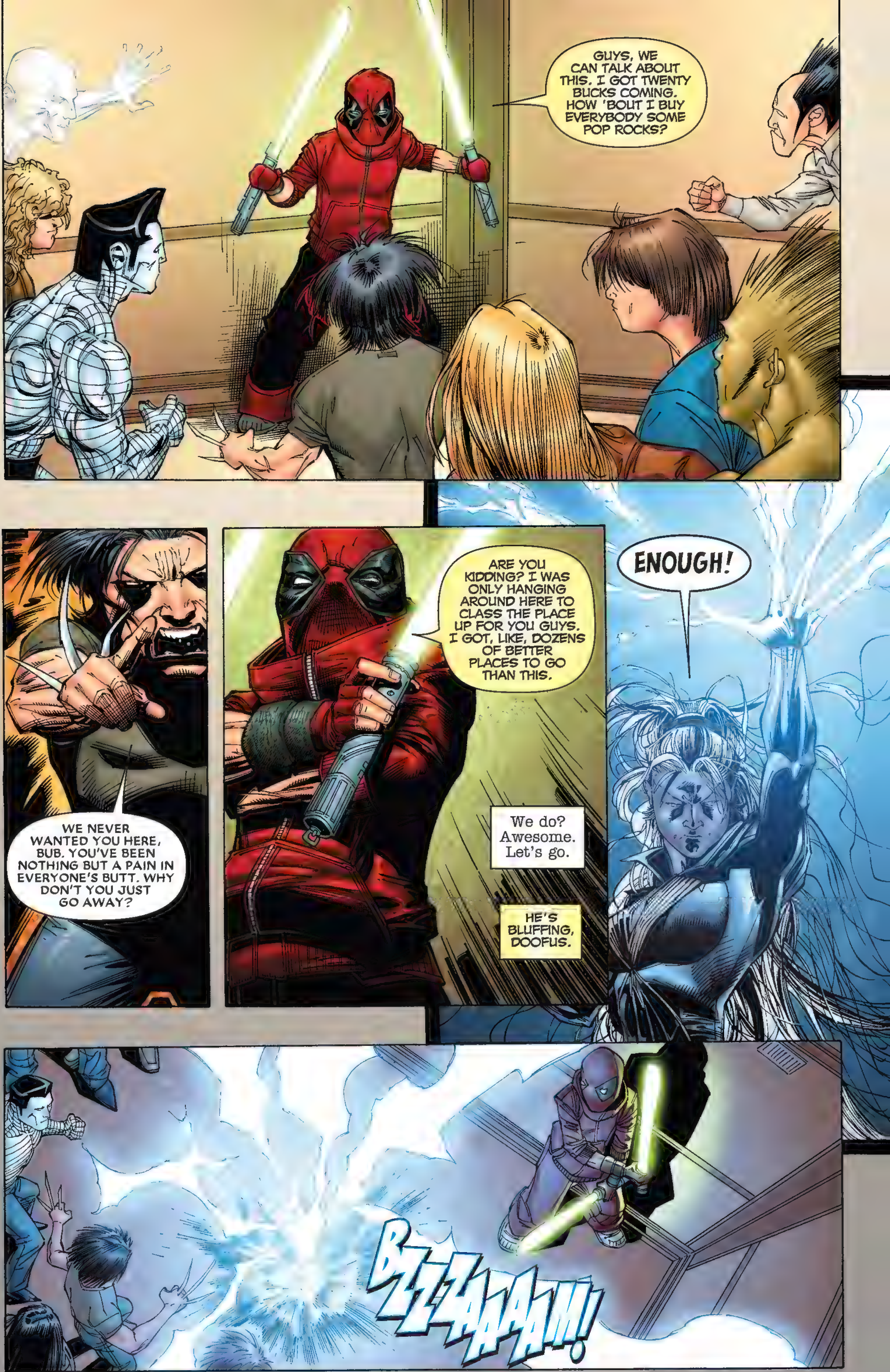

DUDE, YOU'VE GOT TO HELP ME GET HER AWAY FROM THAT GUY WITHOUT ANY OF THE TEACHERS SEEING US.
OF COURSE. I'M ALWAYS LOOKING TO HELP SMELLY NERDS WITH JUNK THAT I DON'T CARE ABOUT.
NOT!
I'LL GIVE YOU TEN BUCKS.
A MILLION.
TWENTY.
DEAL.
HMMMMM. HIRING MY ABILITIES OUT FOR CASH. MIGHT BE SOMETHING TO THAT.
Then we could *pay* people to sit with us at lunch.
HEY! YOU'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO TAKE THOSE OUT OF THE DANGER ROOM.
WAIT FOR THE DIVERSION, THEN MAKE YOUR MOVE!
MY MOVE?

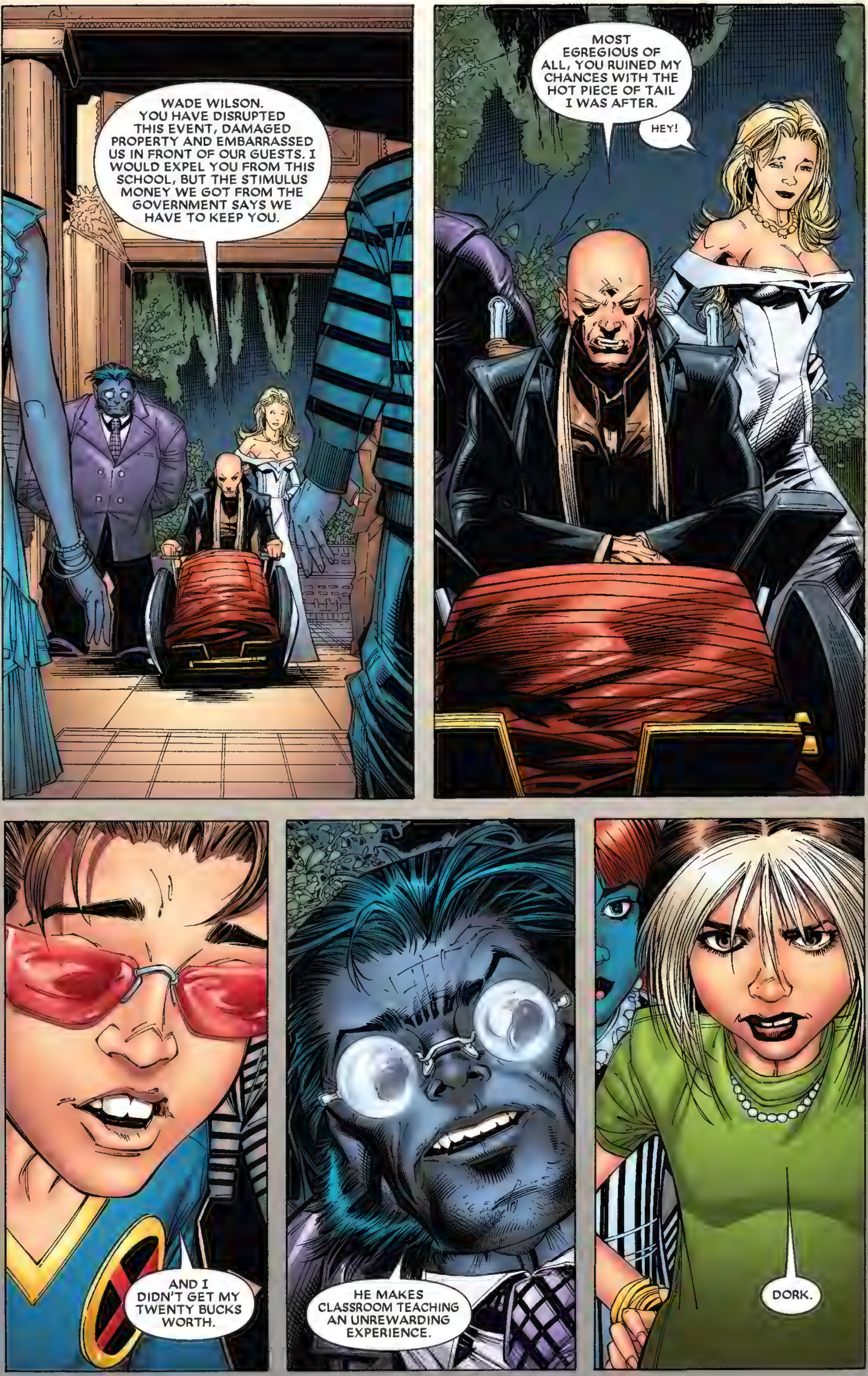

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! TIME FOR THE ENTERTAINMENT PORTION OF THE EVENING. WE'D ESPECIALLY LIKE TO WELCOME THE SASSY YOUNG LADIES OF EMMA FROST'S SCHOOL FOR GIRLS WHO KEEP THEIR LEGS CROSSED.
The hotties *love* us.
DORK.
HE DANCES. HE TWIRLS. HE'S A ONE-MAN SHOW! SUCH MOVES! SO VERY ***DISTRACTING!***
WHO'S THE SHOWBOAT?
WADE WILSON. MAN, I *HATE* THAT GUY.

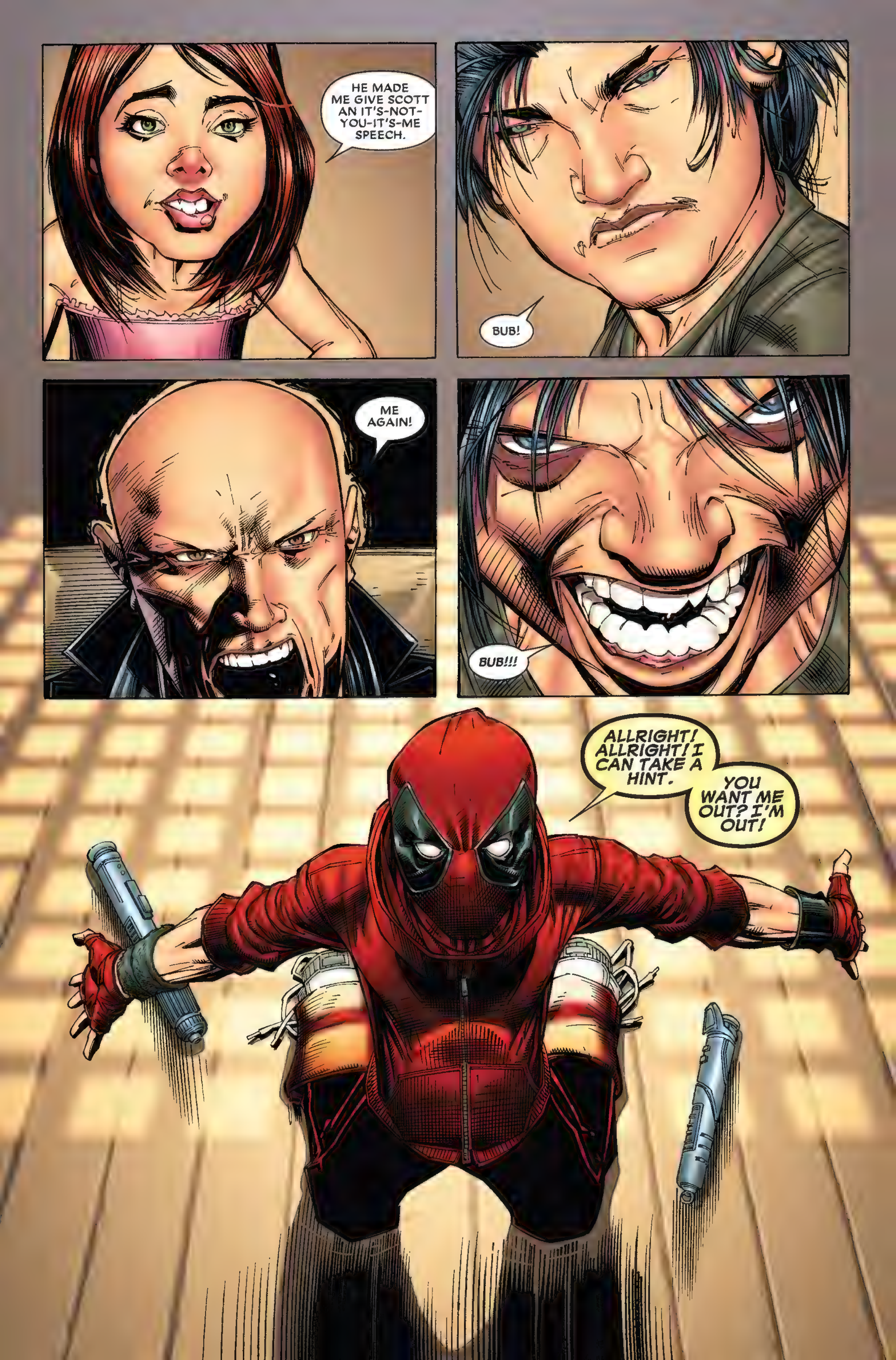

I HAVE A MIND TO JUMP UP THERE AND KNOCK HIM DOWN. SERVES THE GOOFBALL RIGHT. IF YOU ASK ME
WHAT DO YOU SAY? WANT ME TO HOP UP THERE AND SMACK HIM IN THE--*HEY!*
THAT'S IT. I FEEL LIKE BUSTING SOMEBODY UP.
OKAY, BOYS...

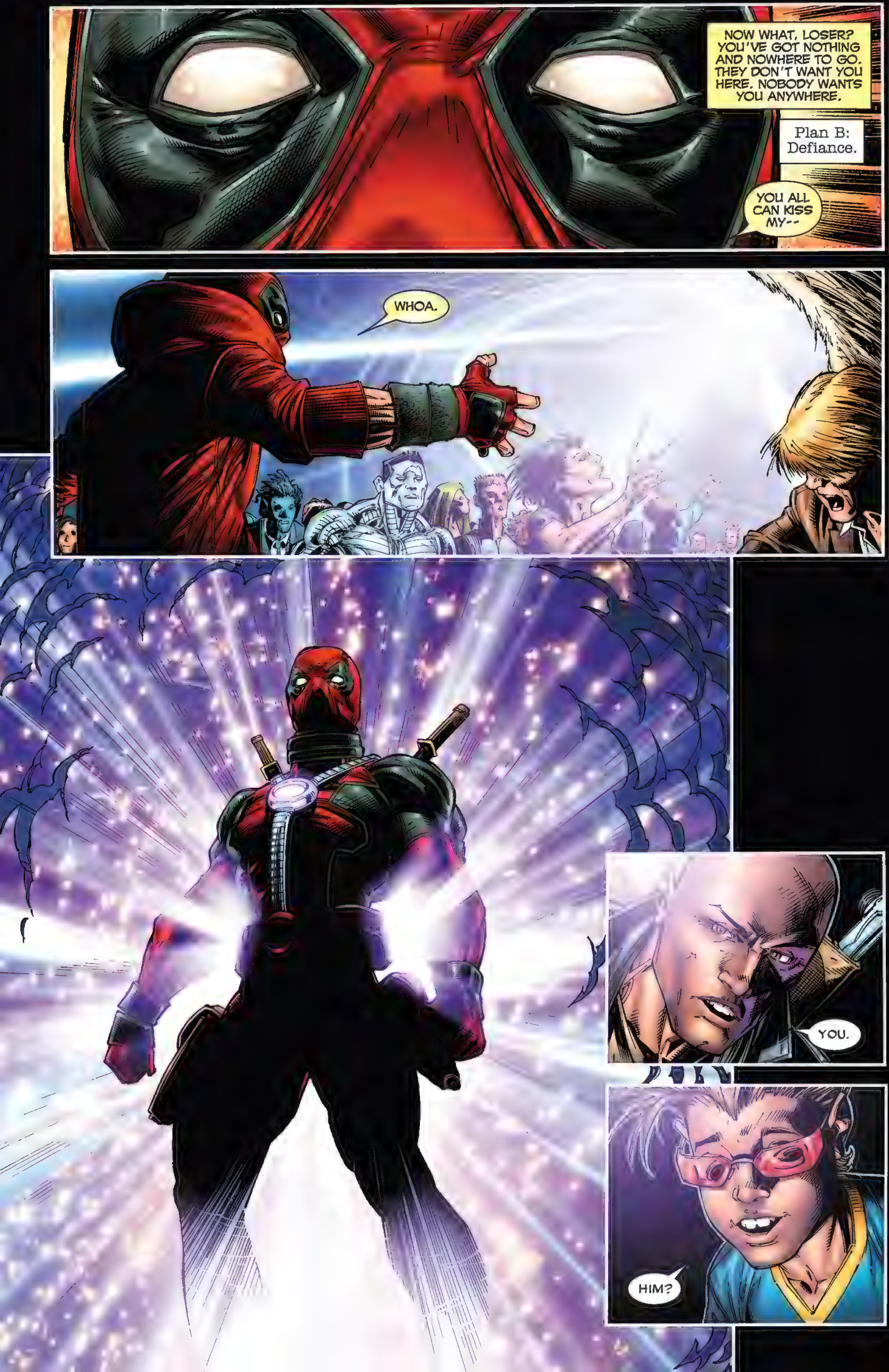

...LET'S GET HIM!
POOP.

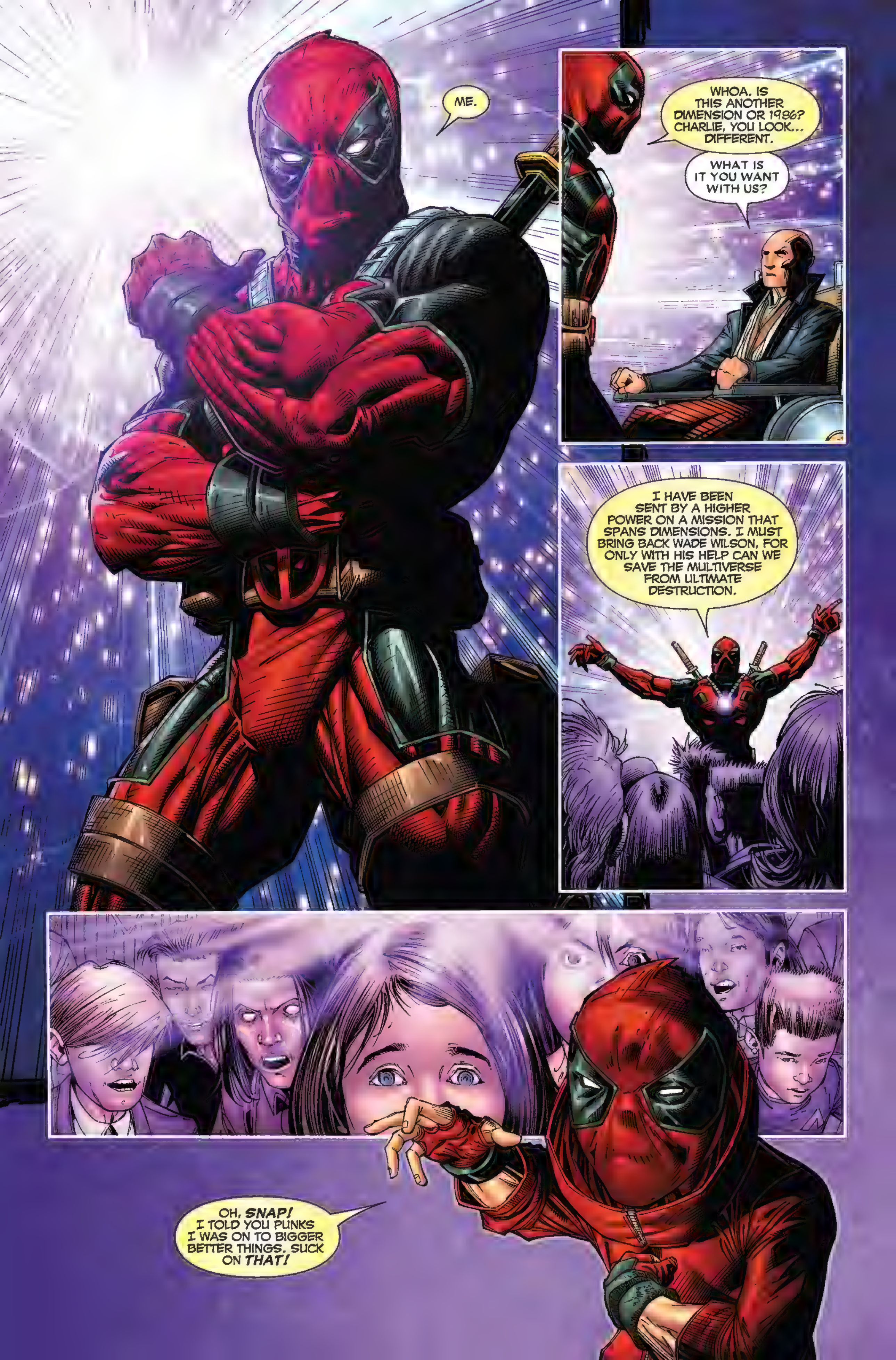

I DO LIKE YOU, SCOTT, AND MAYBE WE CAN GET MARRIED IN TWENTY YEARS, BUT RIGHT NOW I JUST DON'T WANT TO BE TIED DOWN.
÷SNIFF÷
I HOPE THE CHAMPAGNE IS TO YOUR LIKING, EMMA.
IT'S FRENCH?
FRENCH-*CANADIAN.* EVEN BETTER.
EMMA, I THINK IT'S MARVELOUS YOU AND YOUR GIRLS ACCEPTED MY INVITATION FOR THIS LITTLE MIXER. IT DOES THE CHILDREN GOOD, BUT THERE'S MORE. PEOPLE IN OUR POSITION NEED A SOCIAL LIFE, TOO. I WAS.... ÷*AHEM*÷
...I WAS HOPING WE COULD SPEND SOME QUALITY TIME TOGETHER. AND DON'T LET THIS CHAIR FOOL YOU. EVERYTHING DOWN THERE WORKS JUST FINE. YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN.
I'M IMPRESSED, CHARLES. YOU'VE PUT TOGETHER A QUAINT LITTLE EVENT. NOTHING AT ALL HAS GONE WRONG. IF THE EVENING CONTINUES THIS FLAWLESSLY, YOU JUST MIGHT CONVINCE ME TO--
PROFESSOR XAVIER! WADE WILSON HAS STARTED A RIOT IN THE BALLROOM.
WILSON!!

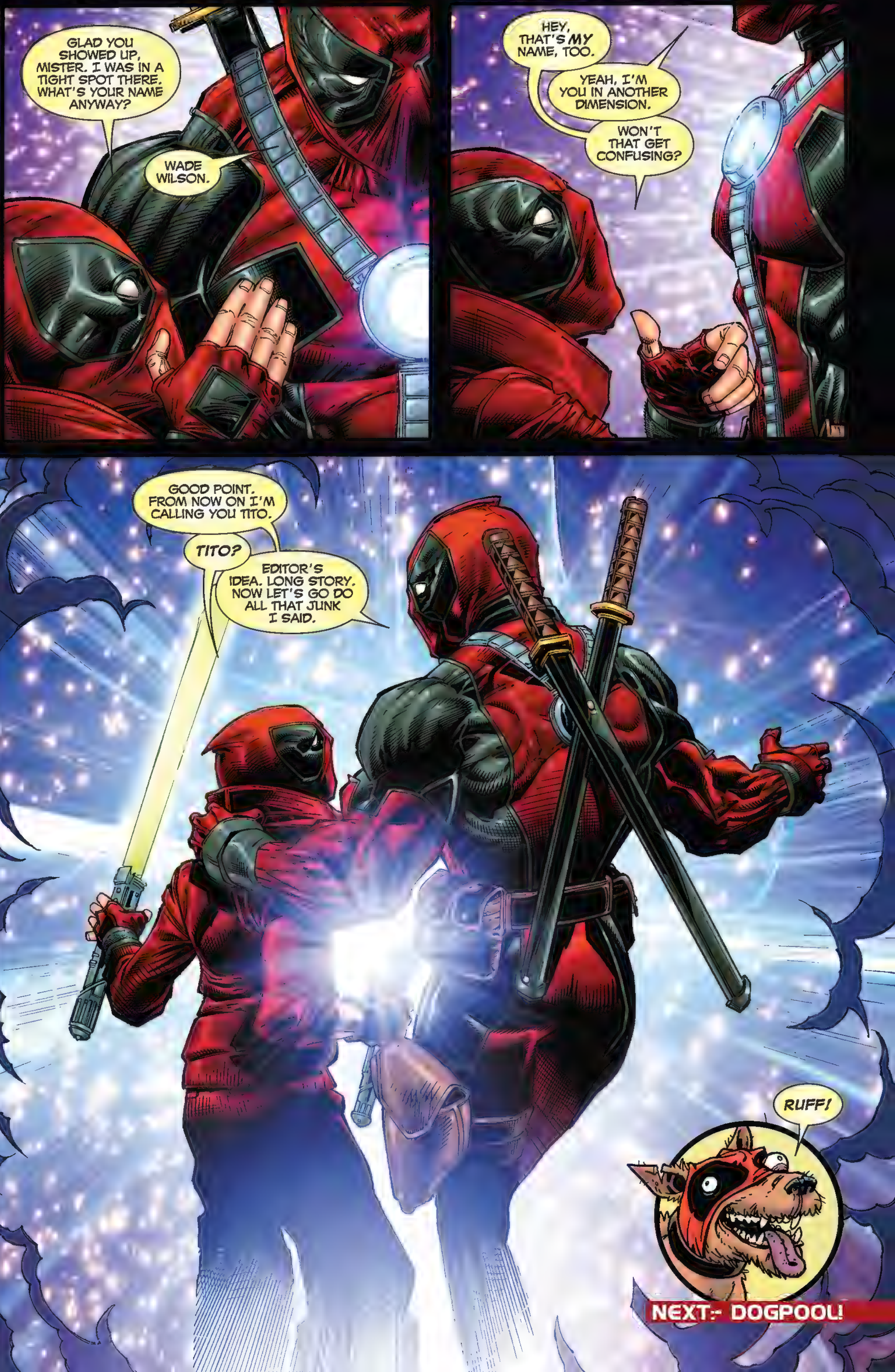

GUYS, WE CAN TALK ABOUT THIS. I GOT TWENTY BUCKS COMING. HOW 'BOUT I BUY EVERYBODY SOME POP ROCKS?
WE NEVER WANTED YOU HERE, BUB. YOU'VE BEEN NOTHING BUT A PAIN IN EVERYONE'S BUTT. WHY DON'T YOU JUST GO AWAY?
ARE YOU KIDDING? I WAS ONLY HANGING AROUND HERE TO CLASS THE PLACE UP FOR YOU GUYS. I GOT, LIKE, DOZENS OF BETTER PLACES TO GO THAN THIS.
We do? Awesome. Let's go.
HE'S BLUFFING, DOOFUS.
ENOUGH!
BZZZAAAAM!


WADE WILSON. YOU HAVE DISRUPTED THIS EVENT, DAMAGED PROPERTY AND EMBARRASSED US IN FRONT OF OUR GUESTS. I WOULD EXPEL YOU FROM THIS SCHOOL, BUT THE STIMULUS MONEY WE GOT FROM THE GOVERNMENT SAYS WE HAVE TO KEEP YOU.
MOST EGREGIOUS OF ALL, YOU RUINED MY CHANCES WITH THE HOT PIECE OF TAIL I WAS AFTER.
HEY!
AND I DIDN'T GET MY TWENTY BUCKS WORTH.
HE MAKES CLASSROOM TEACHING AN UNREWARDING EXPERIENCE.
DORK.


HE MADE ME GIVE SCOTT AN IT'S-NOT-YOU-IT'S-ME SPEECH.
BUB!
ME AGAIN!
BUB!!!
ALLRIGHT! ALLRIGHT! I CAN TAKE A HINT.
YOU WANT ME OUT? I'M OUT!


NOW WHAT, LOSER? YOU'VE GOT NOTHING AND NOWHERE TO GO. THEY DON'T WANT YOU HERE. NOBODY WANTS YOU ANYWHERE.
Plan B: Defiance.
YOU ALL CAN KISS MY--
WHOA.
YOU.
HIM?


ME.
WHOA. IS THIS ANOTHER DIMENSION OR 1986? CHARLIE, YOU LOOK... DIFFERENT.
WHAT IS IT YOU WANT WITH US?
I HAVE BEEN SENT BY A HIGHER POWER ON A MISSION THAT SPANS DIMENSIONS. I MUST BRING BACK WADE WILSON, FOR ONLY WITH HIS HELP CAN WE SAVE THE MULTIVERSE FROM ULTIMATE DESTRUCTION.
OH, *SNAP!* I TOLD YOU PUNKS I WAS ON TO BIGGER BETTER THINGS. SUCK ON *THAT!*


GLAD YOU SHOWED UP, MISTER. I WAS IN A TIGHT SPOT THERE. WHAT'S YOUR NAME ANYWAY?
WADE WILSON.
HEY, THAT'S *MY* NAME, TOO.
YEAH, I'M YOU IN ANOTHER DIMENSION.
WON'T THAT GET CONFUSING?
GOOD POINT. FROM NOW ON I'M CALLING YOU TITO.
TITO?
EDITOR'S IDEA. LONG STORY. NOW LET'S GO DO ALL THAT JUNK I SAID.
RUFF!
NEXT:- DOGPOOL!

NEXT ISSUE

DOGPOOL

JOHNSON
rico.

MARVEL

LIMITED SERIES
3 OF 5

PRELUDE TO DEADPOOL CORPS

GISCHLER
BOND
TIKULIN

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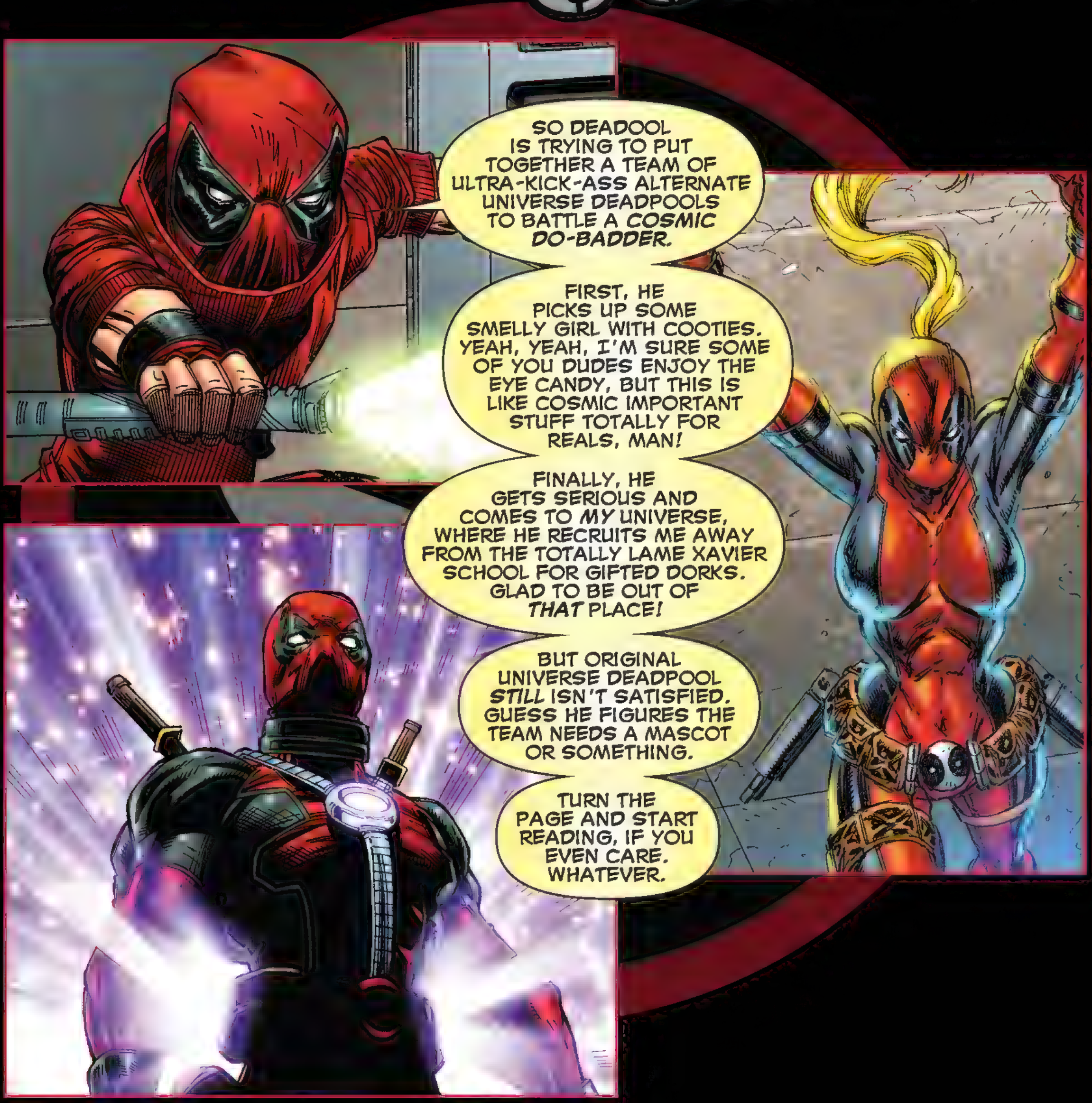
SO DEADOOL IS TRYING TO PUT TOGETHER A TEAM OF ULTRA-KICK-ASS ALTERNATE UNIVERSE DEADPOOLS TO BATTLE A *COSMIC DO-BADDER.*
FIRST, HE PICKS UP SOME SMELLY GIRL WITH COOTIES. YEAH, YEAH, I'M SURE SOME OF YOU DUDES ENJOY THE EYE CANDY, BUT THIS IS LIKE COSMIC IMPORTANT STUFF TOTALLY FOR REALS, MAN!
FINALLY, HE GETS SERIOUS AND COMES TO *MY* UNIVERSE, WHERE HE RECRUITS ME AWAY FROM THE TOTALLY LAME XAVIER SCHOOL FOR GIFTED DORKS. GLAD TO BE OUT OF *THAT* PLACE!
BUT ORIGINAL UNIVERSE DEADPOOL *STILL* ISN'T SATISFIED. GUESS HE FIGURES THE TEAM NEEDS A MASCOT OR SOMETHING.
TURN THE PAGE AND START READING, IF YOU EVEN CARE. WHATEVER.

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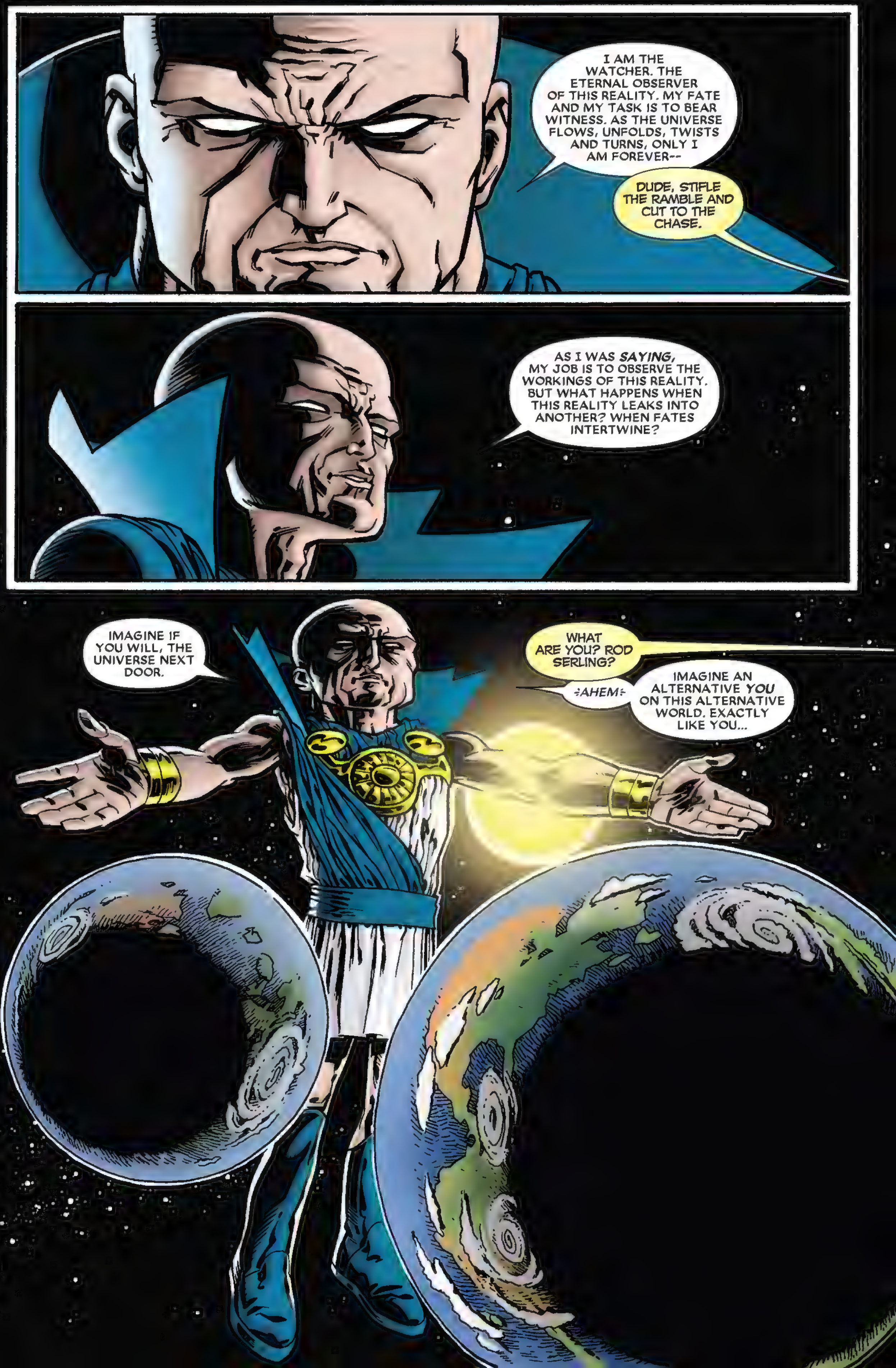
I AM THE WATCHER. THE ETERNAL OBSERVER OF THIS REALITY. MY FATE AND MY TASK IS TO BEAR WITNESS. AS THE UNIVERSE FLOWS, UNFOLDS, TWISTS AND TURNS, ONLY I AM FOREVER--
DUDE, STIFLE THE RAMBLE AND CUT TO THE CHASE.
AS I WAS *SAYING*, MY JOB IS TO OBSERVE THE WORKINGS OF THIS REALITY. BUT WHAT HAPPENS WHEN THIS REALITY LEAKS INTO ANOTHER? WHEN FATES INTERTWINE?
IMAGINE IF YOU WILL, THE UNIVERSE NEXT DOOR.
WHAT ARE YOU? ROD SERLING?
-AHEM-
IMAGINE AN ALTERNATIVE *YOU* ON THIS ALTERNATIVE WORLD. EXACTLY LIKE YOU...

How Much For That Doggy In The Dumpster?

VICTOR GISCHLER WRITER
PHILLIP BOND ART
TOMISLAV TIKULIN COLOR
VC'S CLAYTON COWLES LETTERS
DAVE JOHNSON and RICO RENZI COVER
VC's JOE SABINO PRODUCTION
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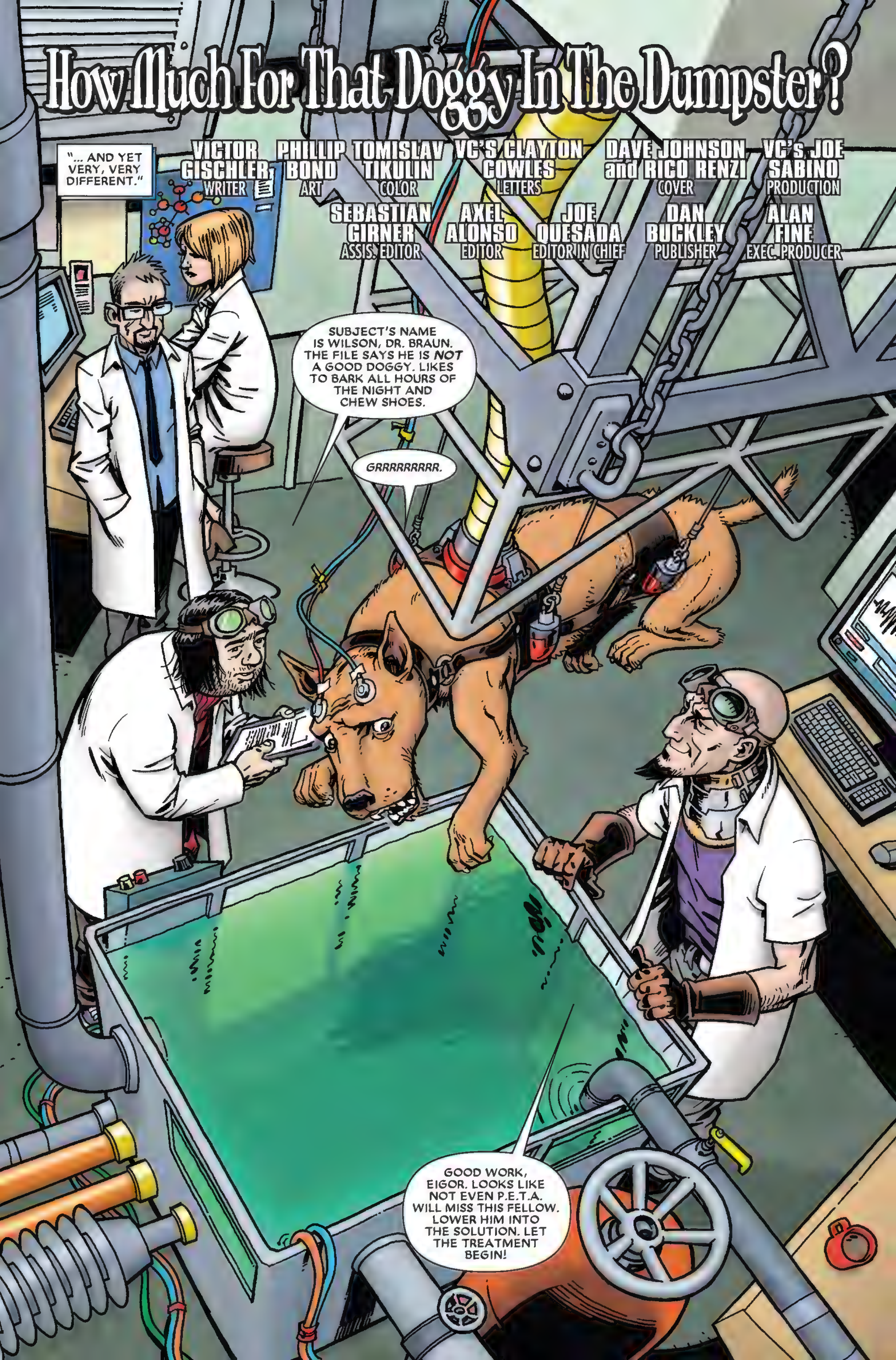
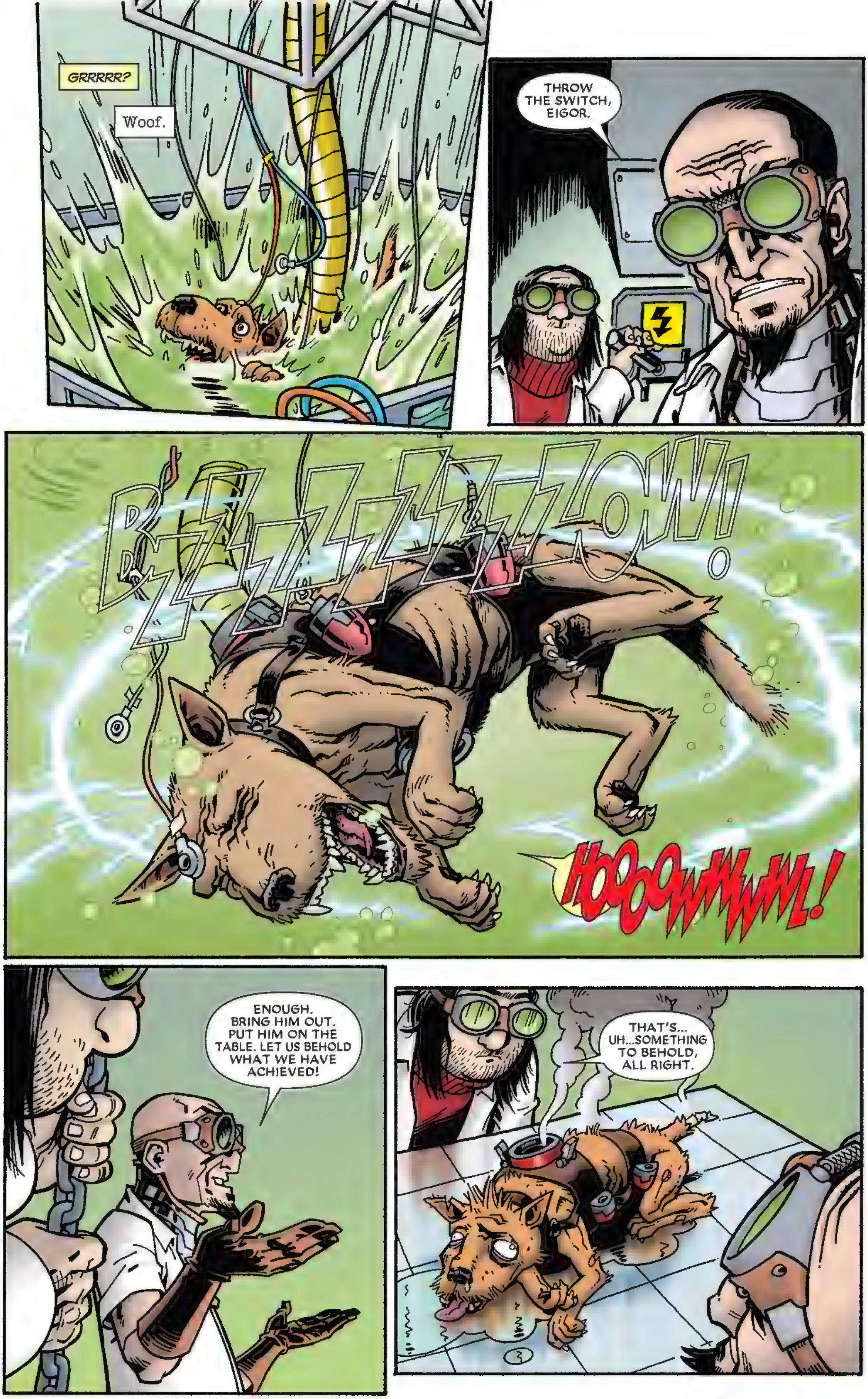
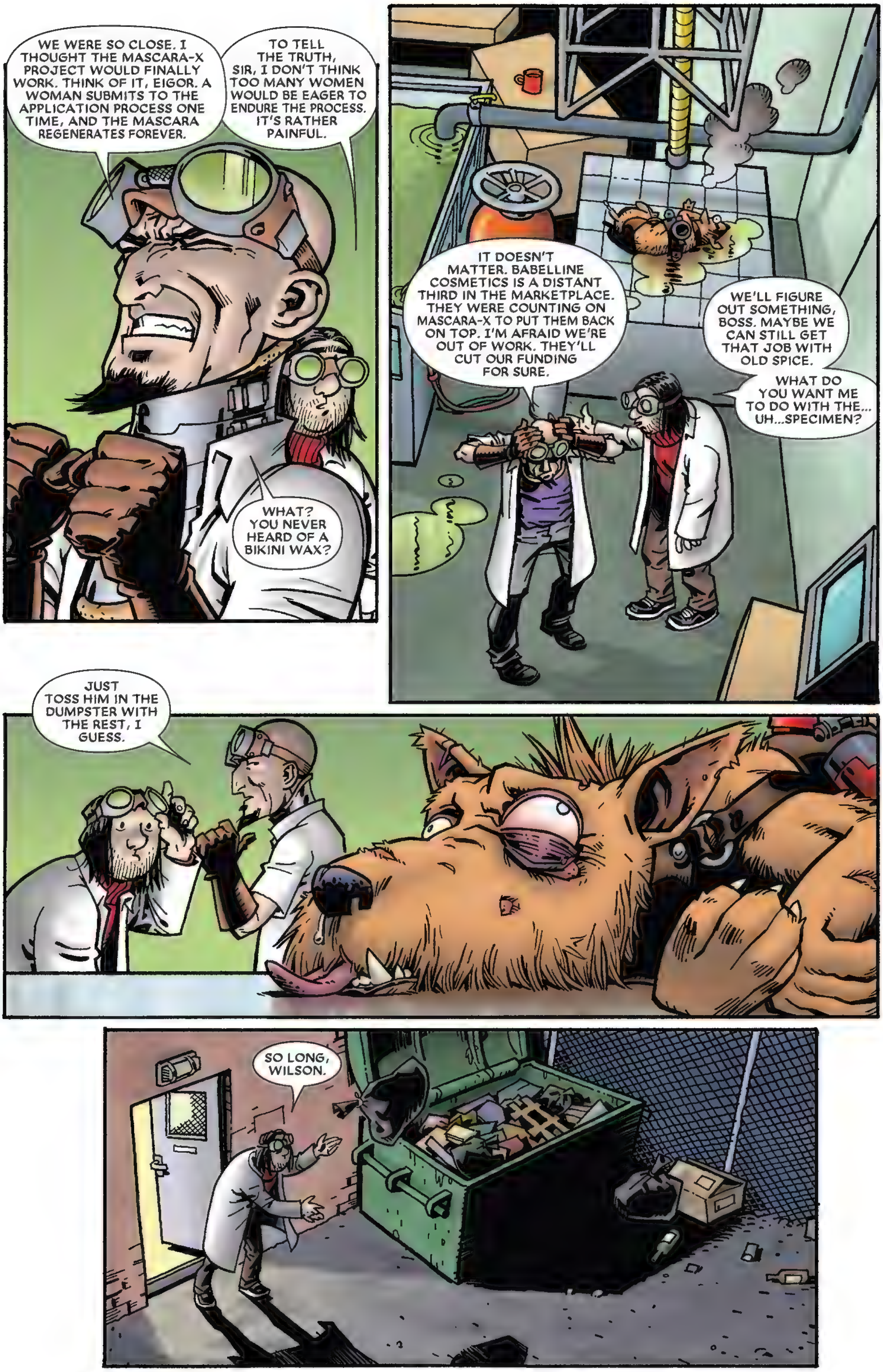
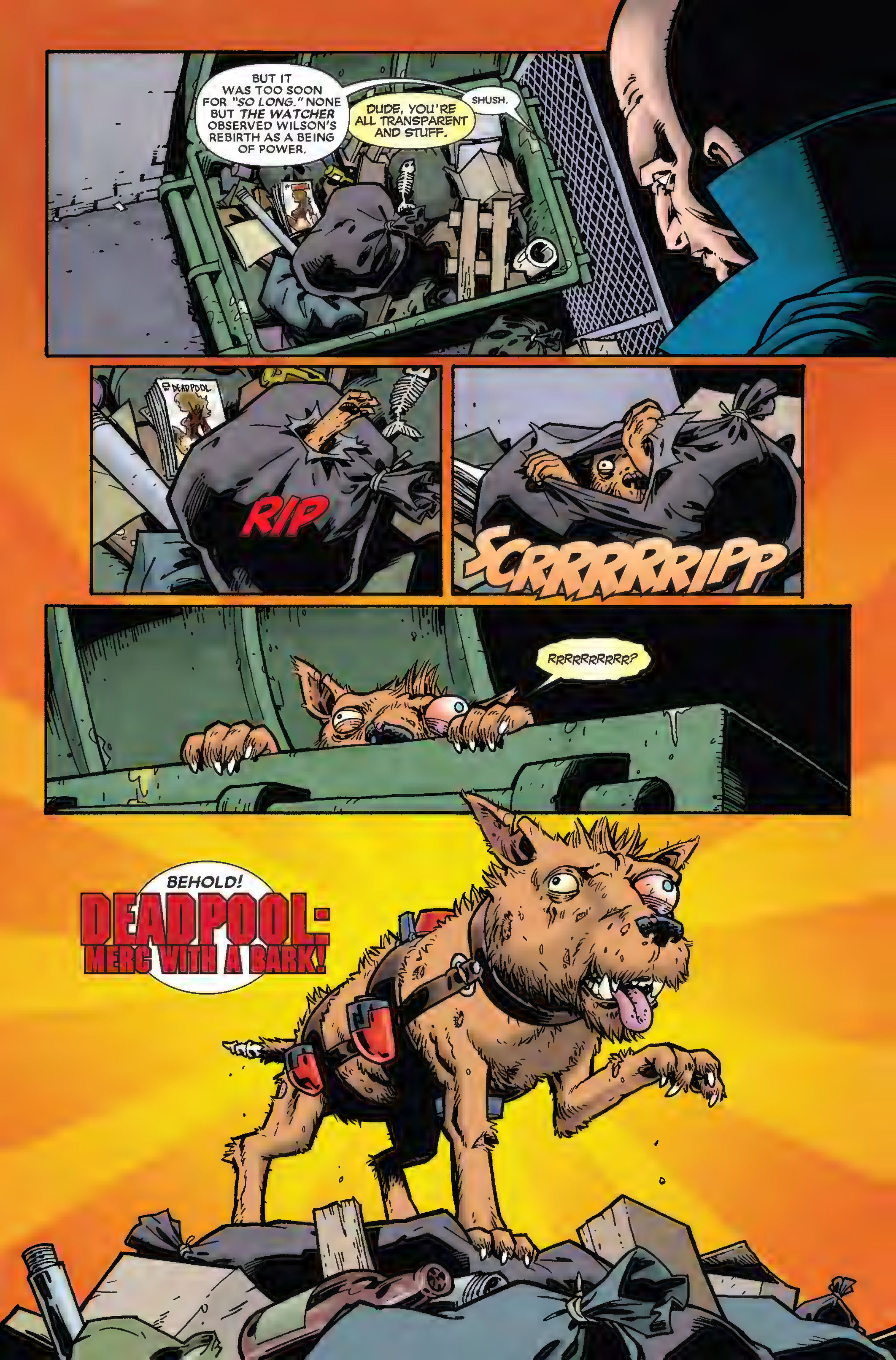
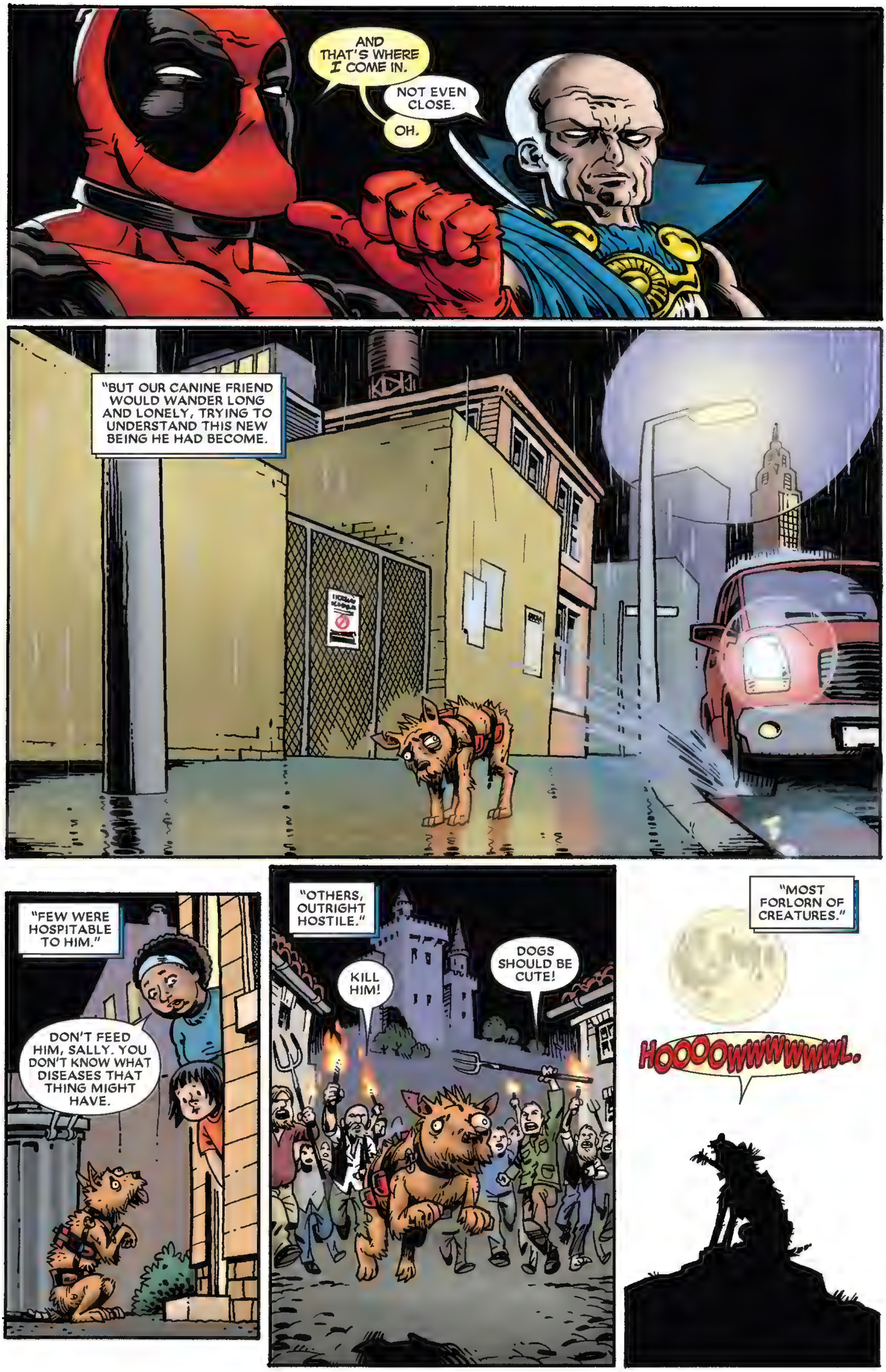
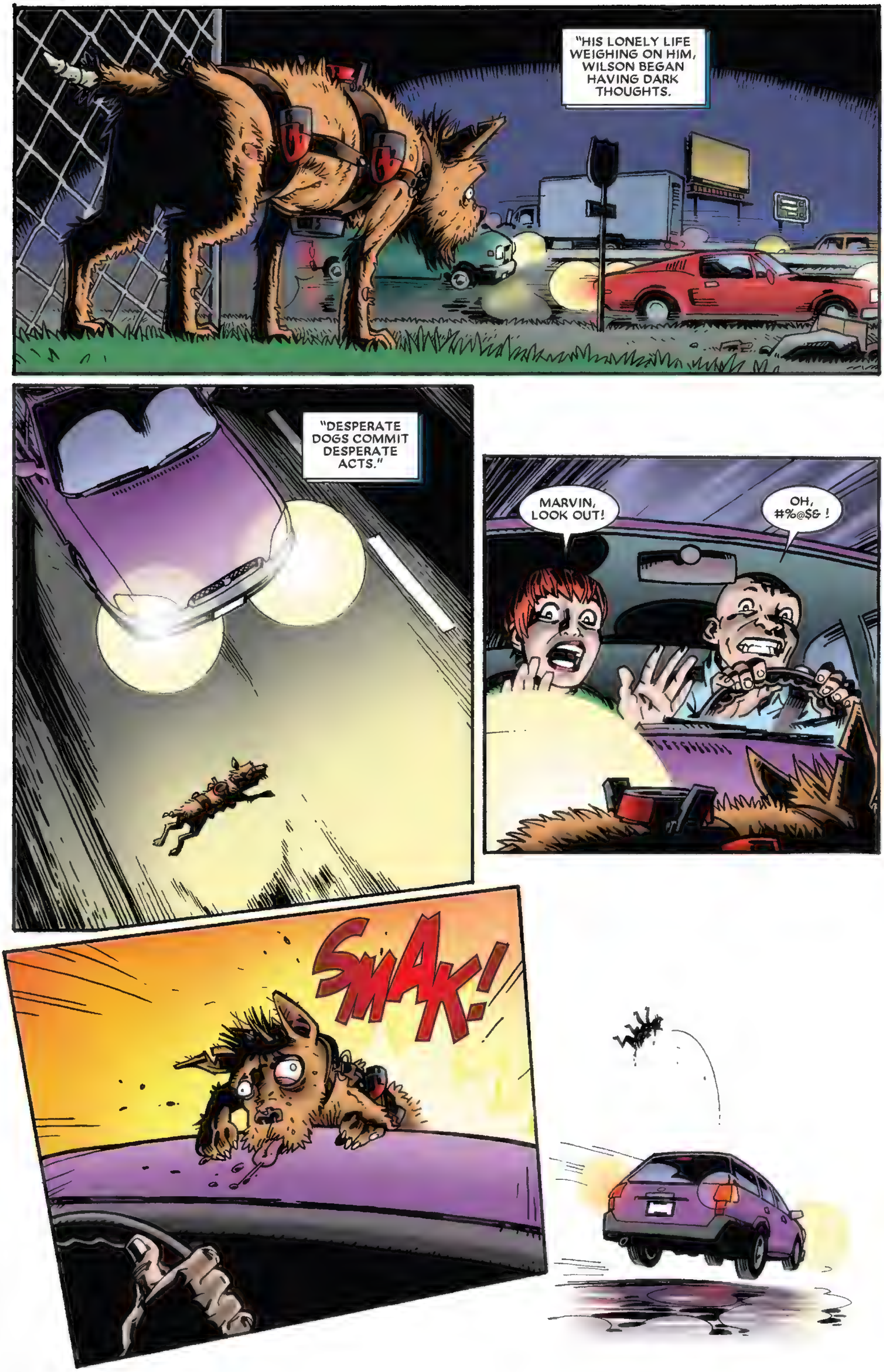

"... AND YET VERY, VERY DIFFERENT."
SUBJECT'S NAME IS WILSON, DR. BRAUN. THE FILE SAYS HE IS *NOT* A GOOD DOGGY. LIKES TO BARK ALL HOURS OF THE NIGHT AND CHEW SHOES.
GRRRRRRRRR.
GOOD WORK, EIGOR. LOOKS LIKE NOT EVEN P.E.T.A. WILL MISS THIS FELLOW. LOWER HIM INTO THE SOLUTION. LET THE TREATMENT BEGIN!

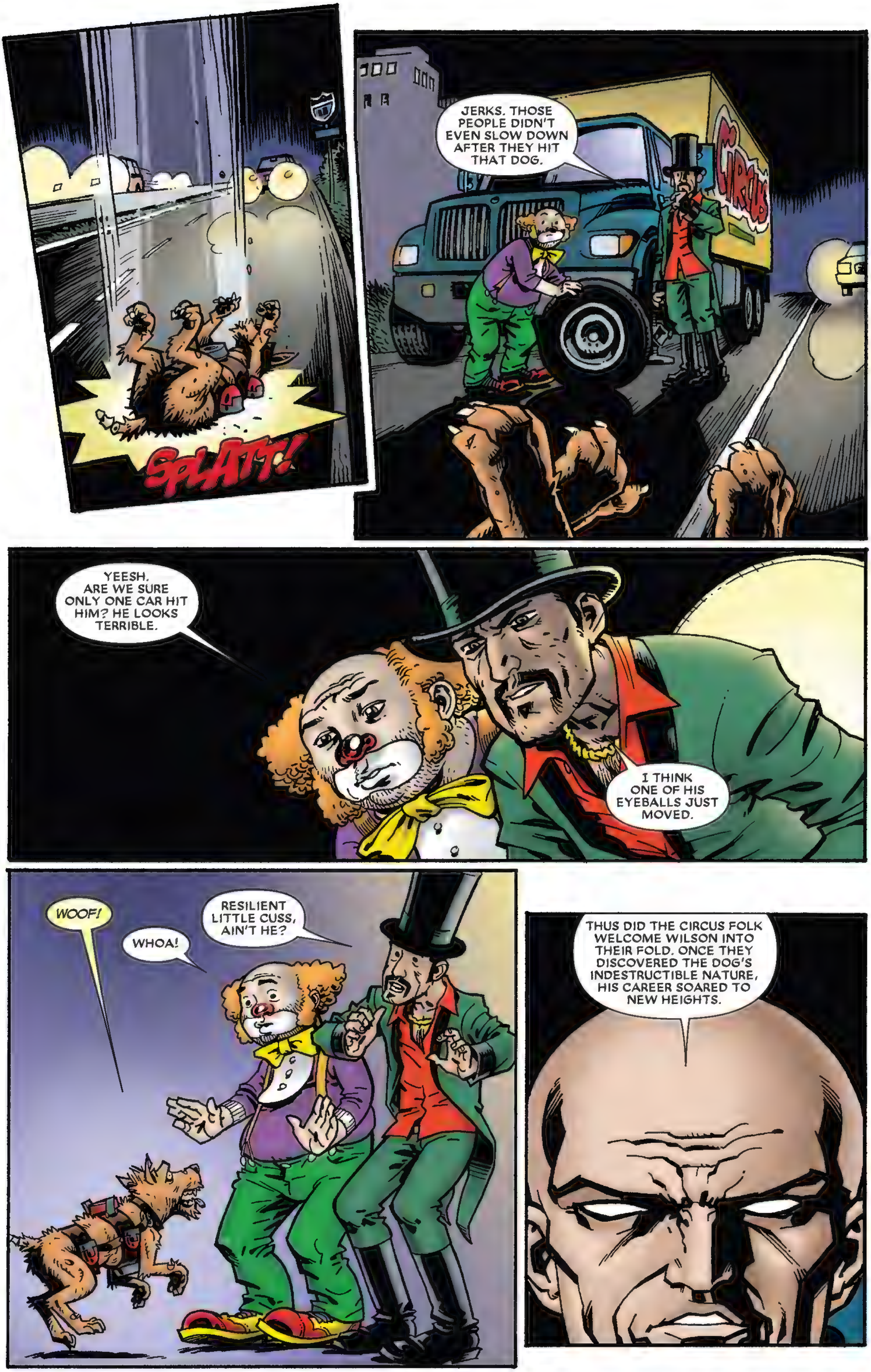

GRRRRR?
Woof.
THROW THE SWITCH, EIGOR.
BZZZZZZZZOW!
HOOOWWWWL!
ENOUGH. BRING HIM OUT. PUT HIM ON THE TABLE. LET US BEHOLD WHAT WE HAVE ACHIEVED!
THAT'S... UH...SOMETHING TO BEHOLD, ALL RIGHT.

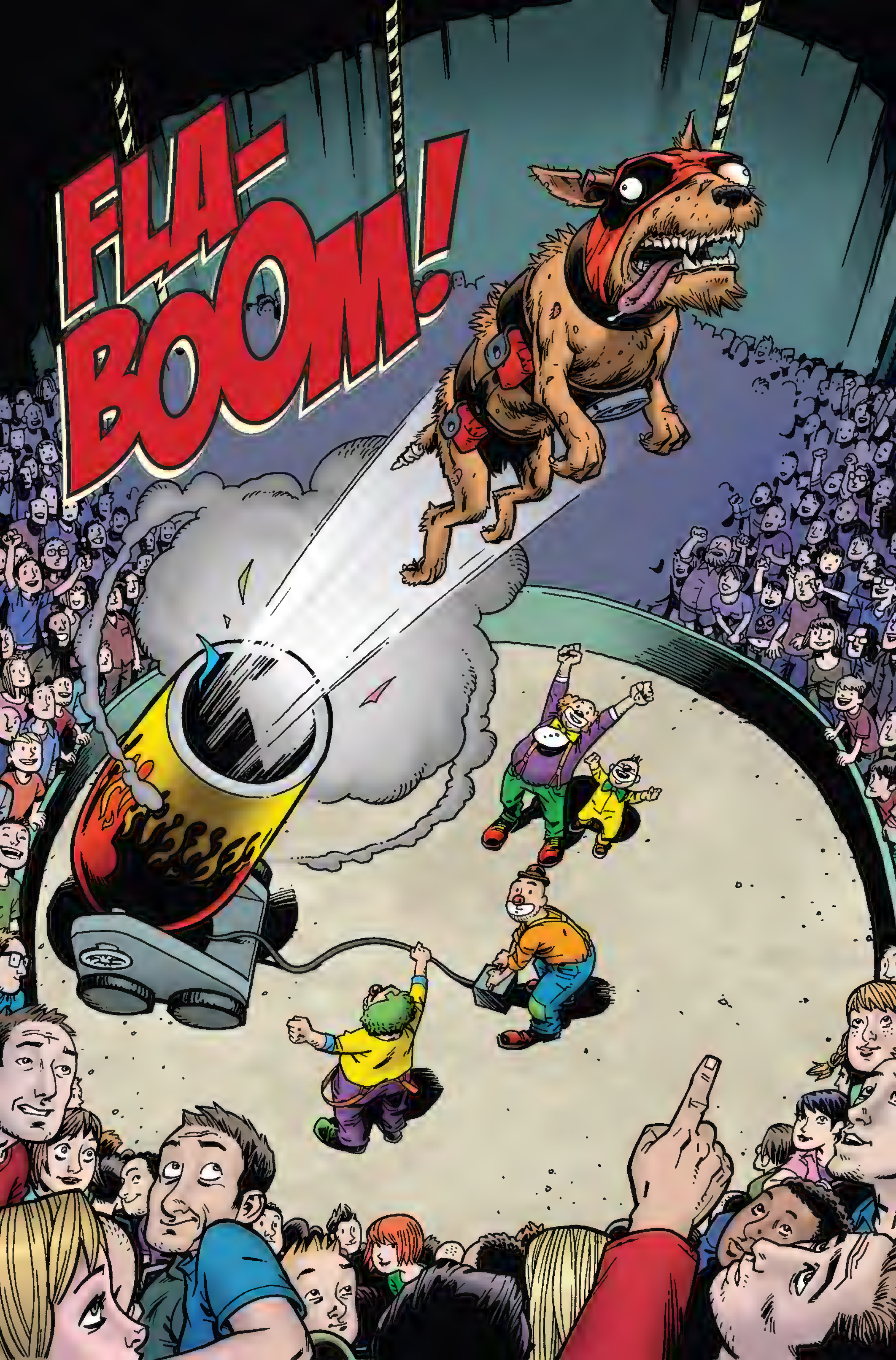

WE WERE SO CLOSE. I THOUGHT THE MASCARA-X PROJECT WOULD FINALLY WORK. THINK OF IT, EIGOR. A WOMAN SUBMITS TO THE APPLICATION PROCESS ONE TIME, AND THE MASCARA REGENERATES FOREVER.
TO TELL THE TRUTH, SIR, I DON'T THINK TOO MANY WOMEN WOULD BE EAGER TO ENDURE THE PROCESS. IT'S RATHER PAINFUL.
WHAT? YOU NEVER HEARD OF A BIKINI WAX?
IT DOESN'T MATTER. BABELLINE COSMETICS IS A DISTANT THIRD IN THE MARKETPLACE. THEY WERE COUNTING ON MASCARA-X TO PUT THEM BACK ON TOP. I'M AFRAID WE'RE OUT OF WORK. THEY'LL CUT OUR FUNDING FOR SURE.
WE'LL FIGURE OUT SOMETHING, BOSS. MAYBE WE CAN STILL GET THAT JOB WITH OLD SPICE.
WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO DO WITH THE... UH...SPECIMEN?
JUST TOSS HIM IN THE DUMPSTER WITH THE REST, I GUESS.
SO LONG, WILSON.

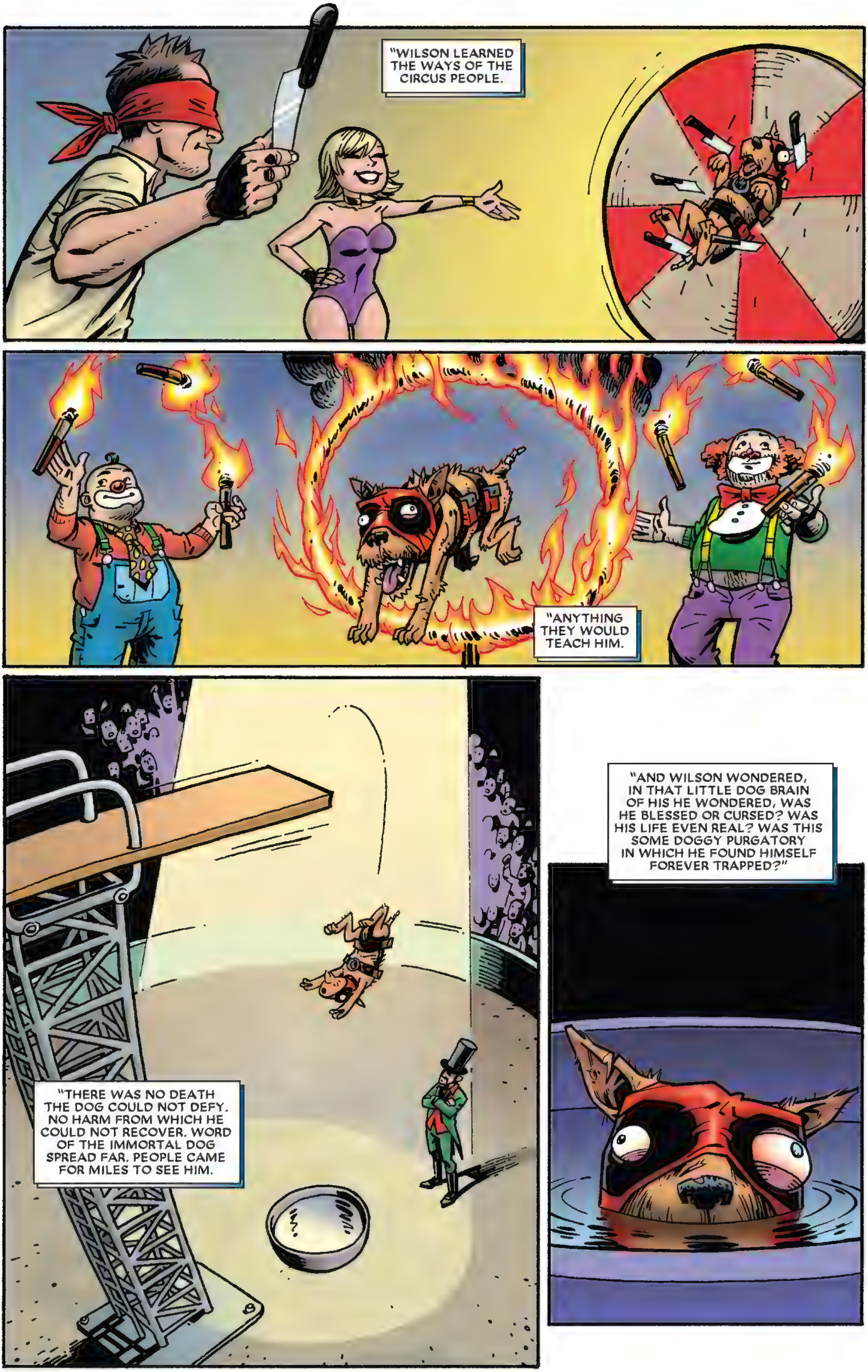

BUT IT WAS TOO SOON FOR "SO LONG." NONE BUT THE WATCHER OBSERVED WILSON'S REBIRTH AS A BEING OF POWER.
DUDE, YOU'RE ALL TRANSPARENT AND STUFF.
SHUSH.
DEADPOOL
RIP
SCRRRRRRIPP
RRRRRRRRR?
BEHOLD!
DEADPOOL: MERC WITH A BARK!

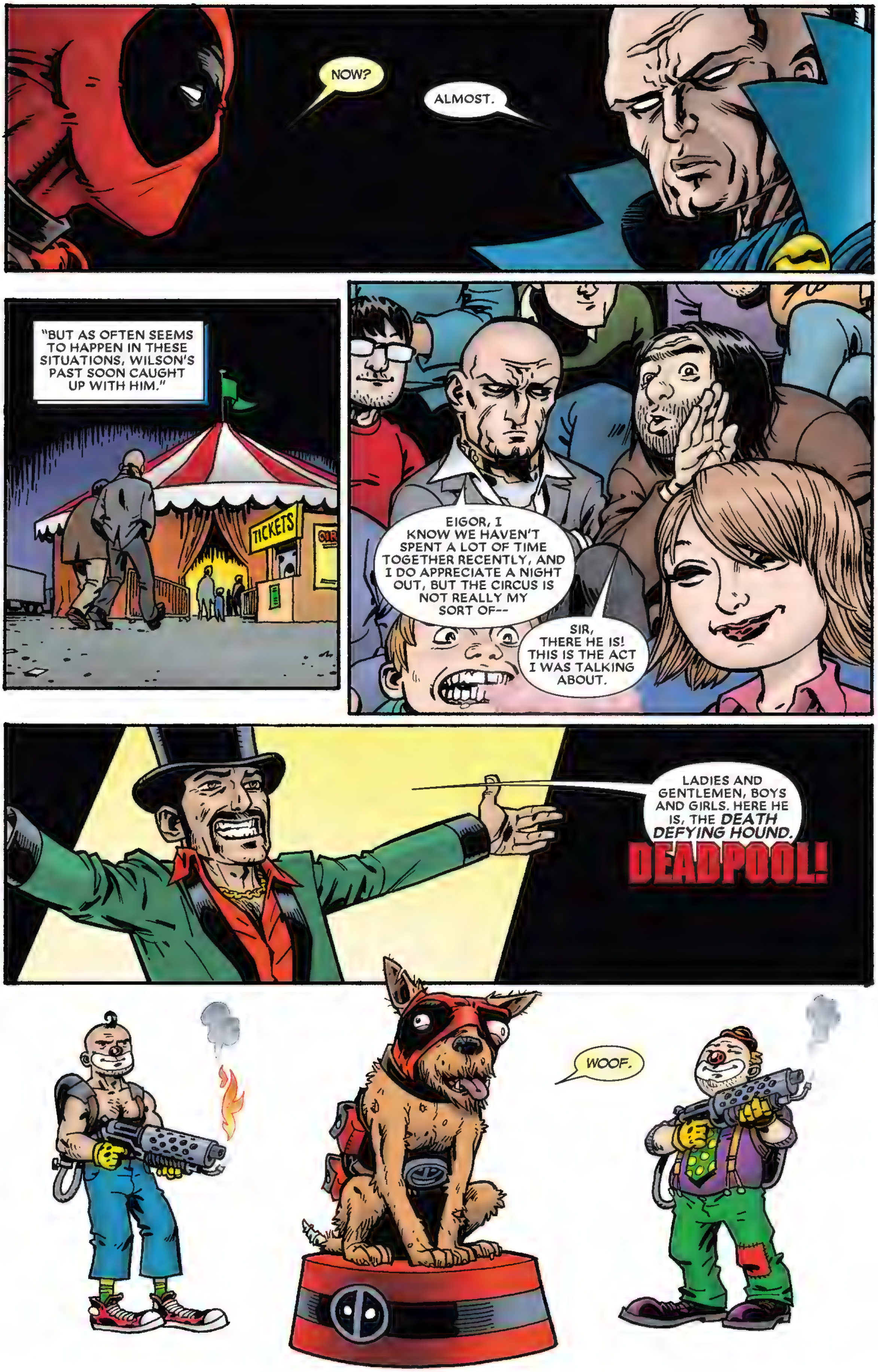

AND THAT'S WHERE I COME IN.
NOT EVEN CLOSE.
OH.
"BUT OUR CANINE FRIEND WOULD WANDER LONG AND LONELY, TRYING TO UNDERSTAND THIS NEW BEING HE HAD BECOME.
"FEW WERE HOSPITABLE TO HIM."
DON'T FEED HIM, SALLY. YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT DISEASES THAT THING MIGHT HAVE.
"OTHERS, OUTRIGHT HOSTILE."
KILL HIM!
DOGS SHOULD BE CUTE!
"MOST FORLORN OF CREATURES."
HOOOOWWWWWWL.

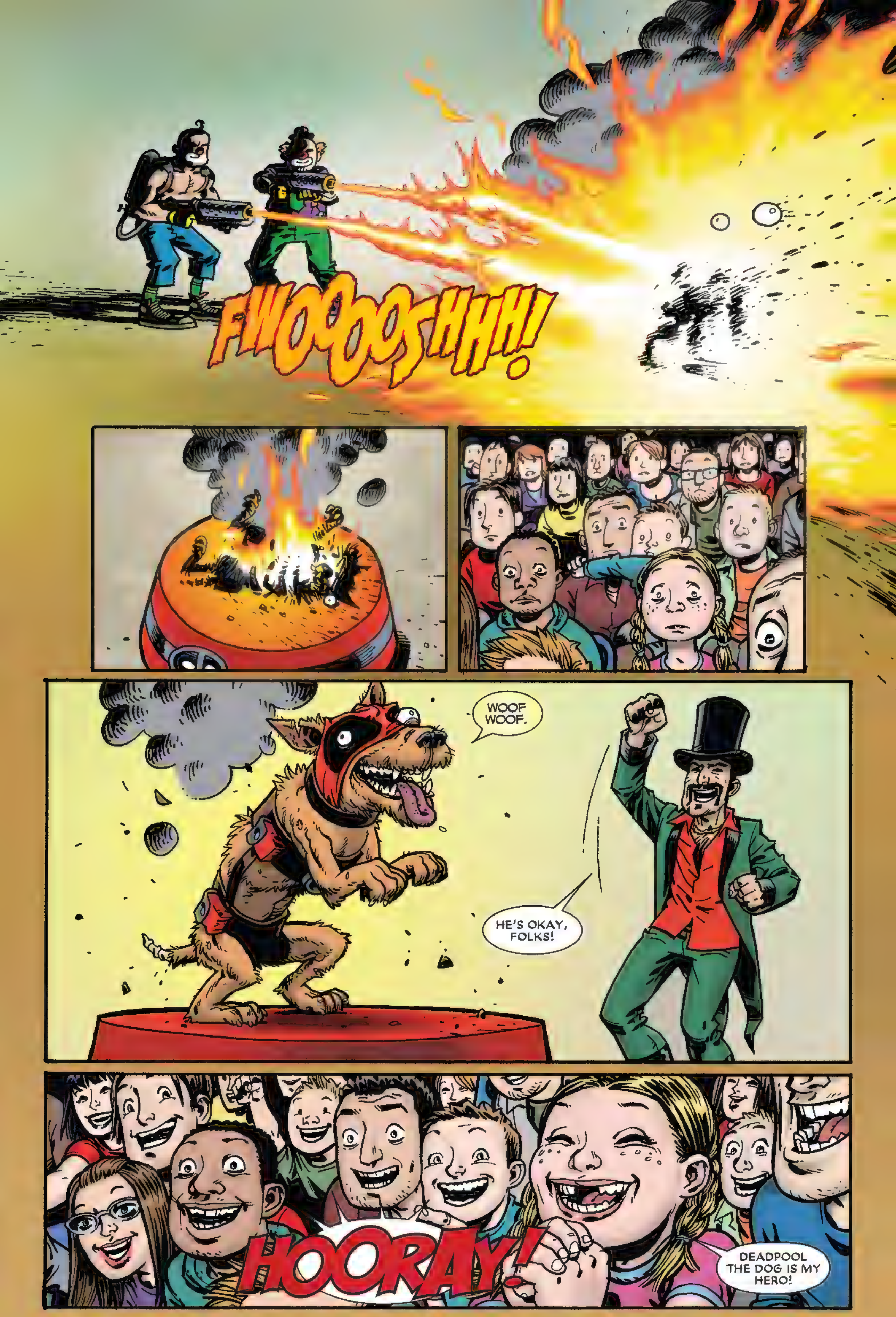

"HIS LONELY LIFE WEIGHING ON HIM, WILSON BEGAN HAVING DARK THOUGHTS.
"DESPERATE DOGS COMMIT DESPERATE ACTS."
MARVIN, LOOK OUT!
OH, #%@$& !
SMAK!

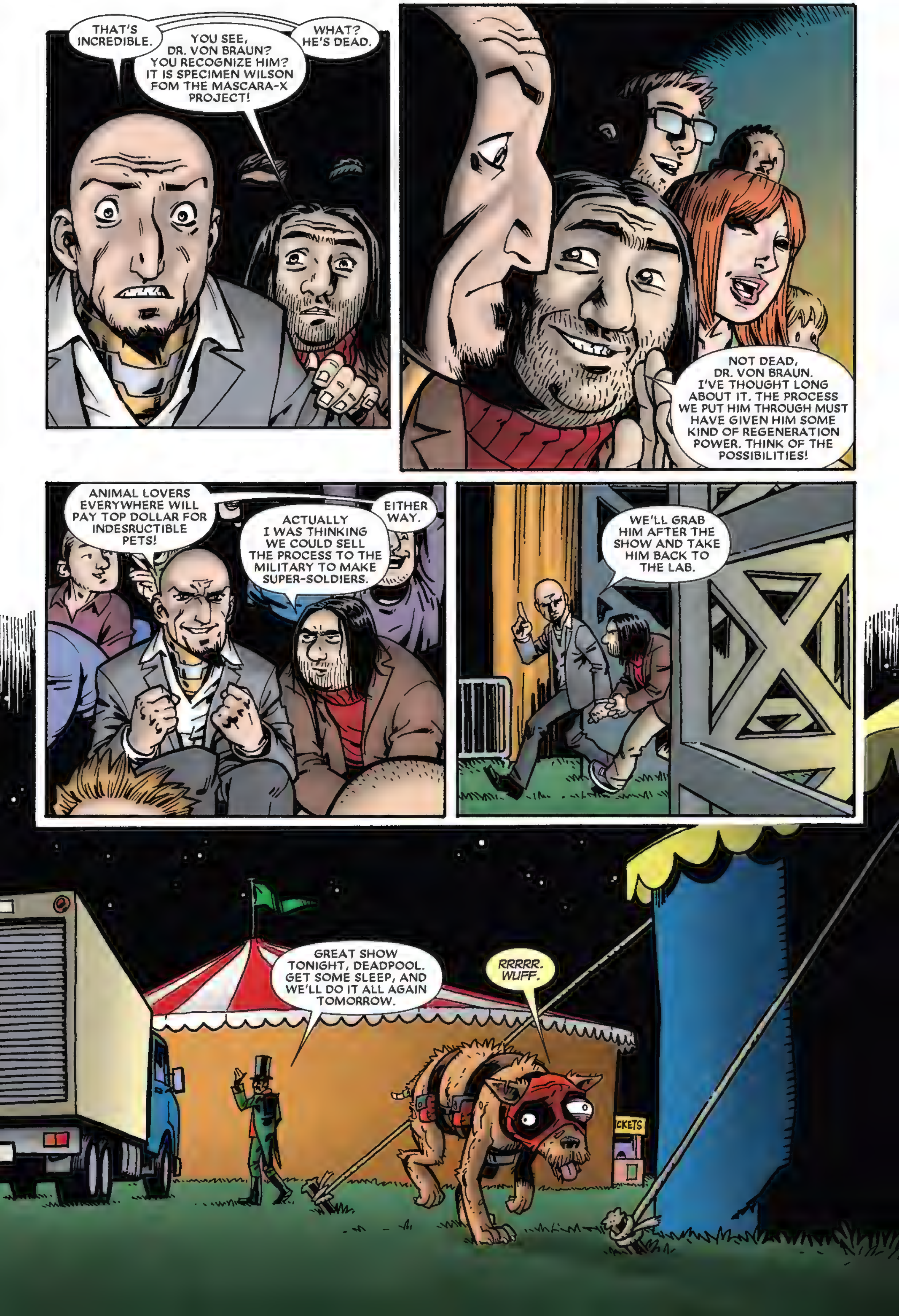

SPLATT!
JERKS. THOSE PEOPLE DIDN'T EVEN SLOW DOWN AFTER THEY HIT THAT DOG.
CIRCUS
YEESH. ARE WE SURE ONLY ONE CAR HIT HIM? HE LOOKS TERRIBLE.
I THINK ONE OF HIS EYEBALLS JUST MOVED.
WOOF!
WHOA!
RESILIENT LITTLE CUSS, AIN'T HE?
THUS DID THE CIRCUS FOLK WELCOME WILSON INTO THEIR FOLD. ONCE THEY DISCOVERED THE DOG'S INDESTRUCTIBLE NATURE, HIS CAREER SOARED TO NEW HEIGHTS.

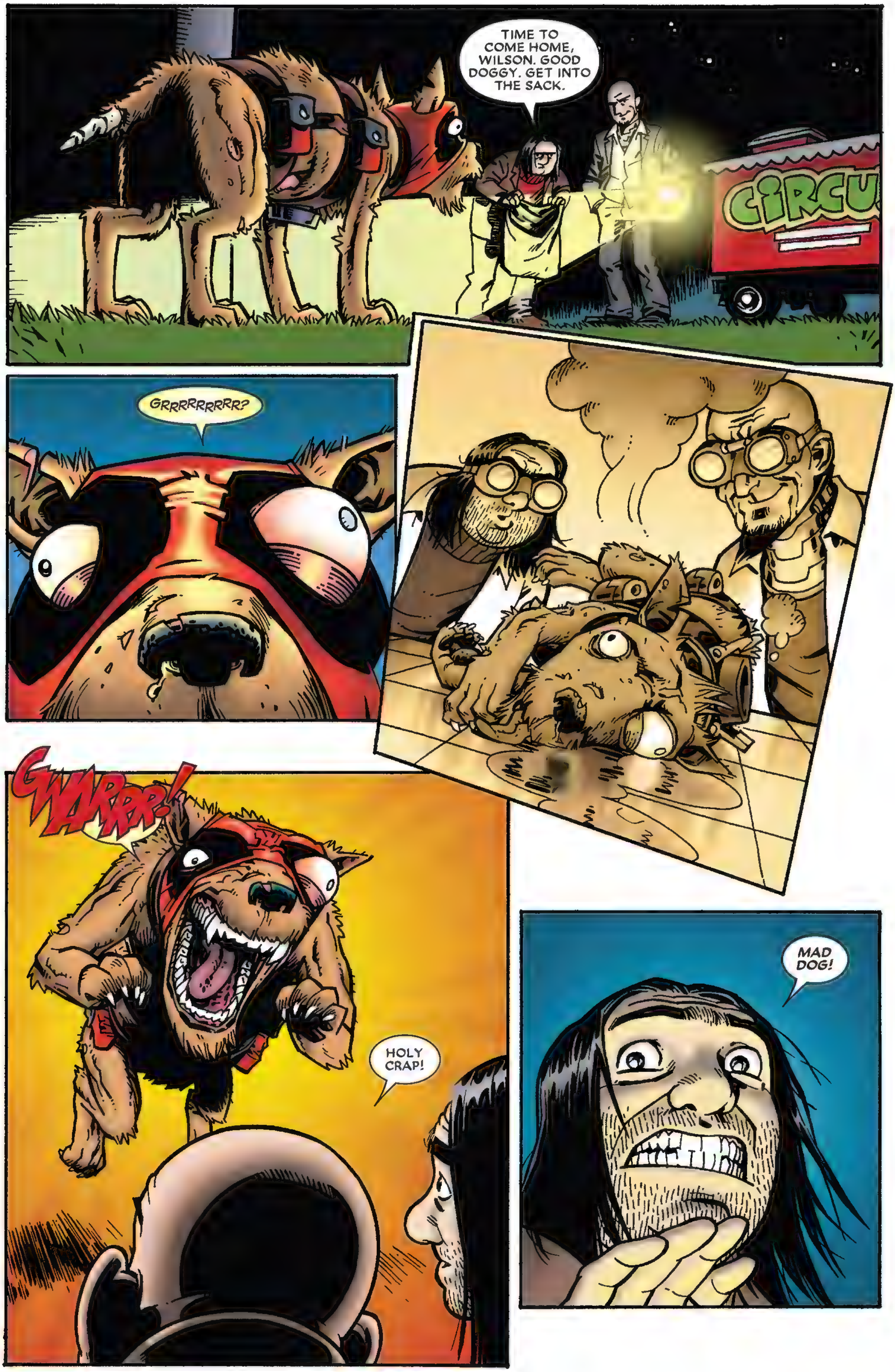

FLA-BOOM!

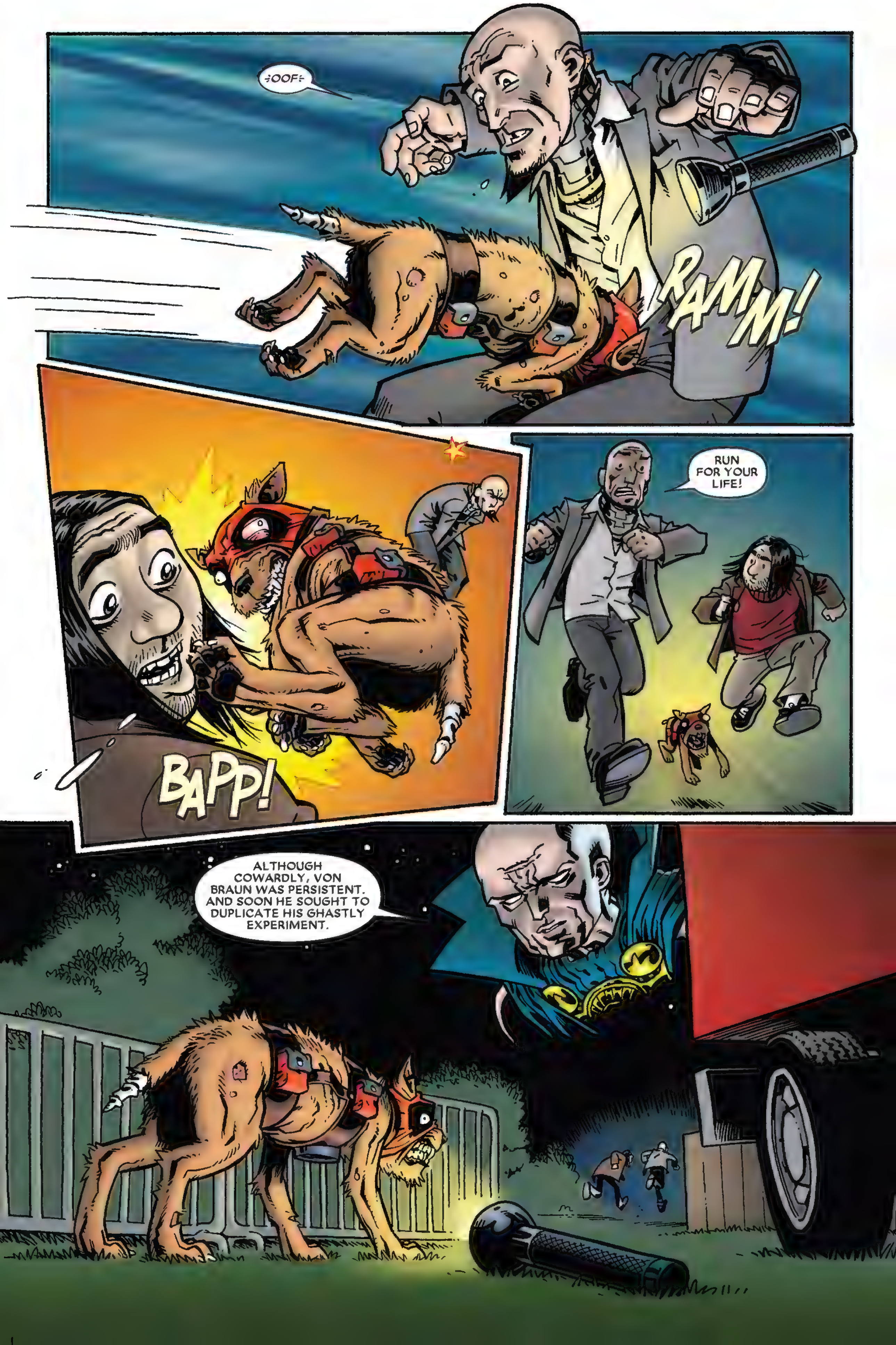

"WILSON LEARNED THE WAYS OF THE CIRCUS PEOPLE.
"ANYTHING THEY WOULD TEACH HIM.
"THERE WAS NO DEATH THE DOG COULD NOT DEFY. NO HARM FROM WHICH HE COULD NOT RECOVER. WORD OF THE IMMORTAL DOG SPREAD FAR. PEOPLE CAME FOR MILES TO SEE HIM.
"AND WILSON WONDERED, IN THAT LITTLE DOG BRAIN OF HIS HE WONDERED, WAS HE BLESSED OR CURSED? WAS HIS LIFE EVEN REAL? WAS THIS SOME DOGGY PURGATORY IN WHICH HE FOUND HIMSELF FOREVER TRAPPED?"

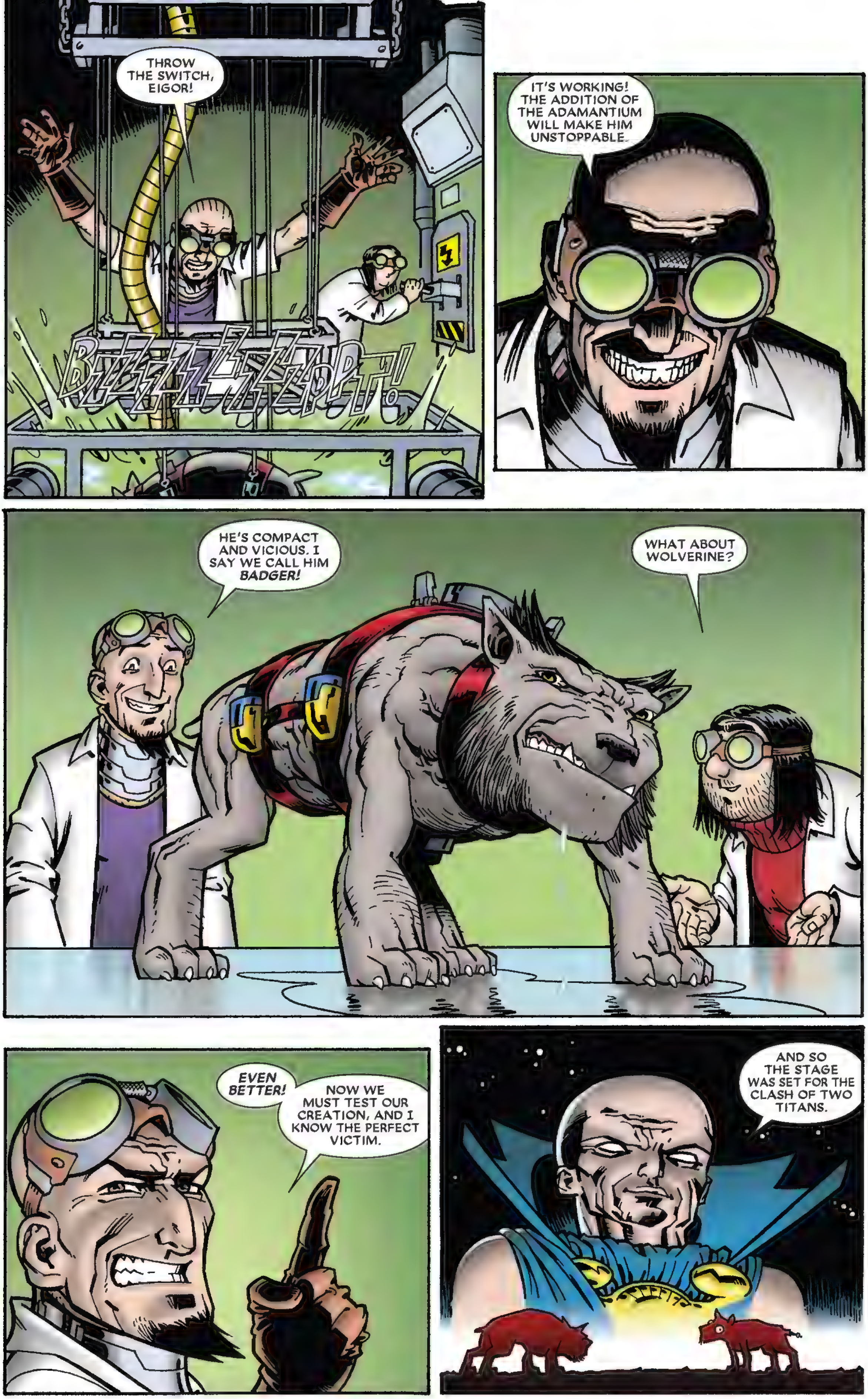

NOW?
ALMOST.
"BUT AS OFTEN SEEMS TO HAPPEN IN THESE SITUATIONS, WILSON'S PAST SOON CAUGHT UP WITH HIM."
TICKETS
EIGOR, I KNOW WE HAVEN'T SPENT A LOT OF TIME TOGETHER RECENTLY, AND I DO APPRECIATE A NIGHT OUT, BUT THE CIRCUS IS NOT REALLY MY SORT OF--
SIR, THERE HE IS! THIS IS THE ACT I WAS TALKING ABOUT.
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, BOYS AND GIRLS. HERE HE IS, THE *DEATH DEFYING HOUND.*
DEADPOOL!
WOOF.

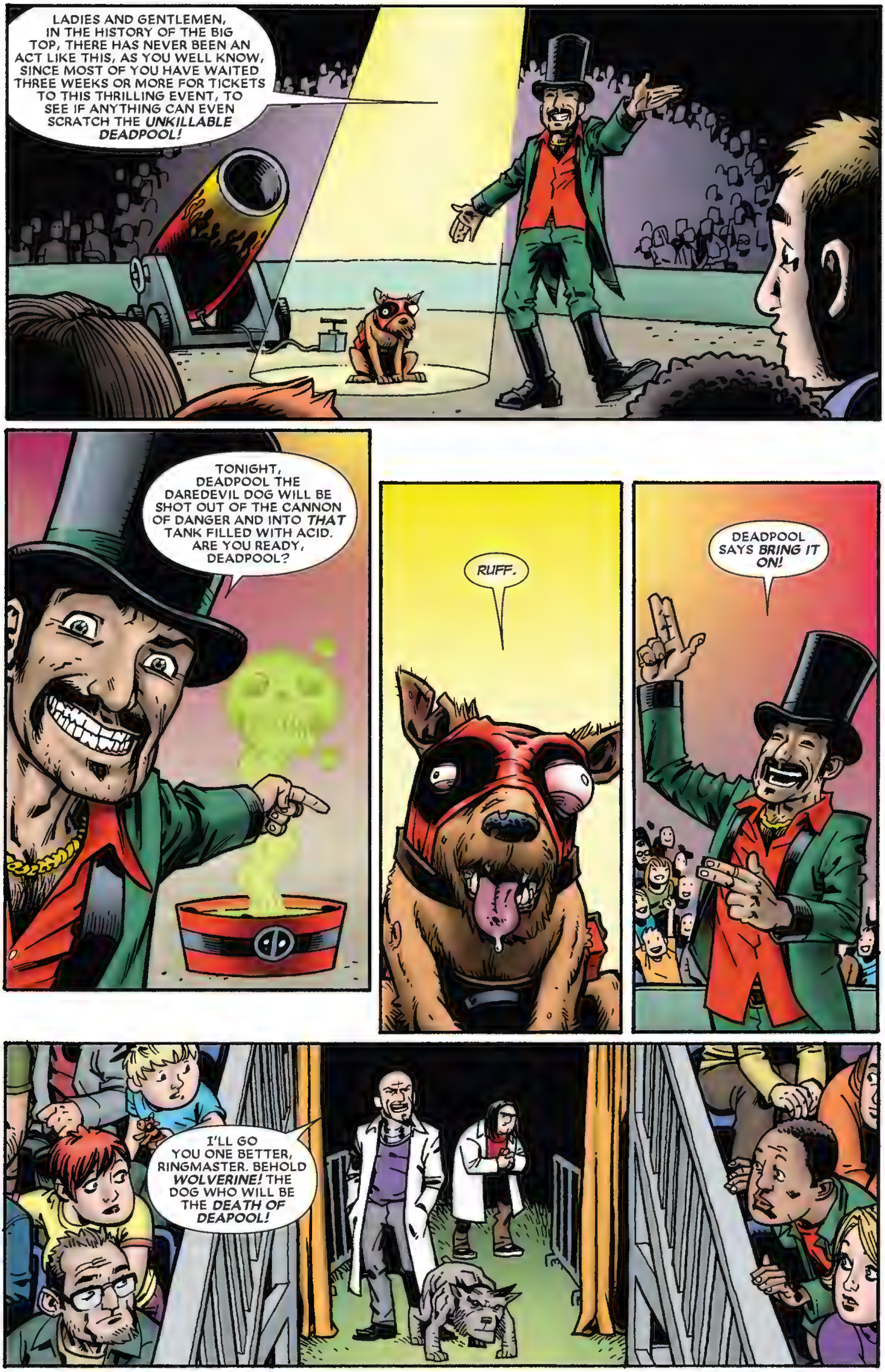

FWOOOOSHHH!
WOOF WOOF.
HE'S OKAY, FOLKS!
HOORAY!
DEADPOOL THE DOG IS MY HERO!

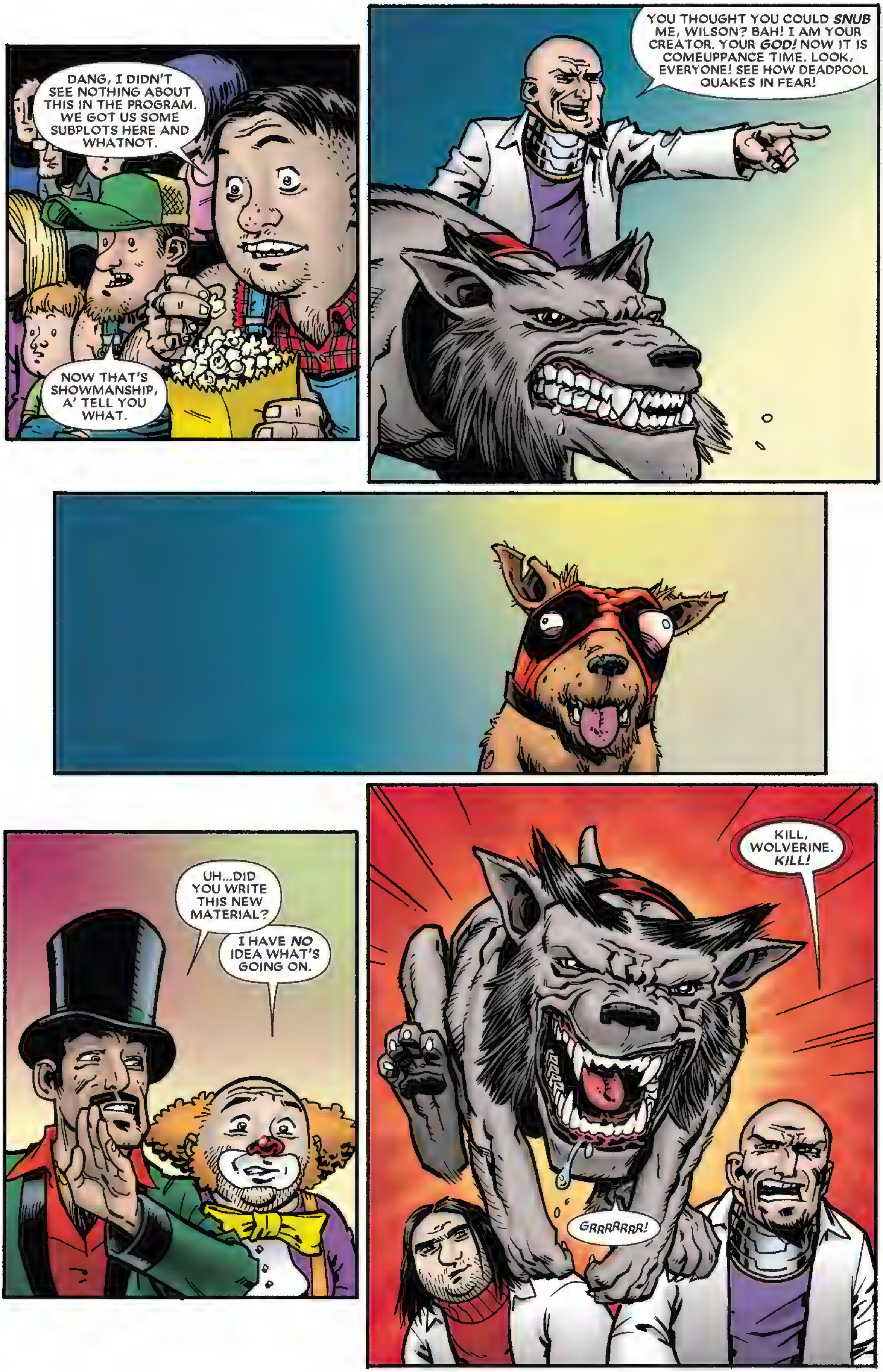

THAT'S INCREDIBLE.
YOU SEE, DR. VON BRAUN? YOU RECOGNIZE HIM? IT IS SPECIMEN WILSON FOM THE MASCARA-X PROJECT!
WHAT? HE'S DEAD.
NOT DEAD, DR. VON BRAUN. I'VE THOUGHT LONG ABOUT IT. THE PROCESS WE PUT HIM THROUGH MUST HAVE GIVEN HIM SOME KIND OF REGENERATION POWER. THINK OF THE POSSIBILITIES!
ANIMAL LOVERS EVERYWHERE WILL PAY TOP DOLLAR FOR INDESRUCTIBLE PETS!
ACTUALLY I WAS THINKING WE COULD SELL THE PROCESS TO THE MILITARY TO MAKE SUPER-SOLDIERS.
EITHER WAY.
WE'LL GRAB HIM AFTER THE SHOW AND TAKE HIM BACK TO THE LAB.
GREAT SHOW TONIGHT, DEADPOOL. GET SOME SLEEP, AND WE'LL DO IT ALL AGAIN TOMORROW.
RRRRR. WUFF.
CKETS

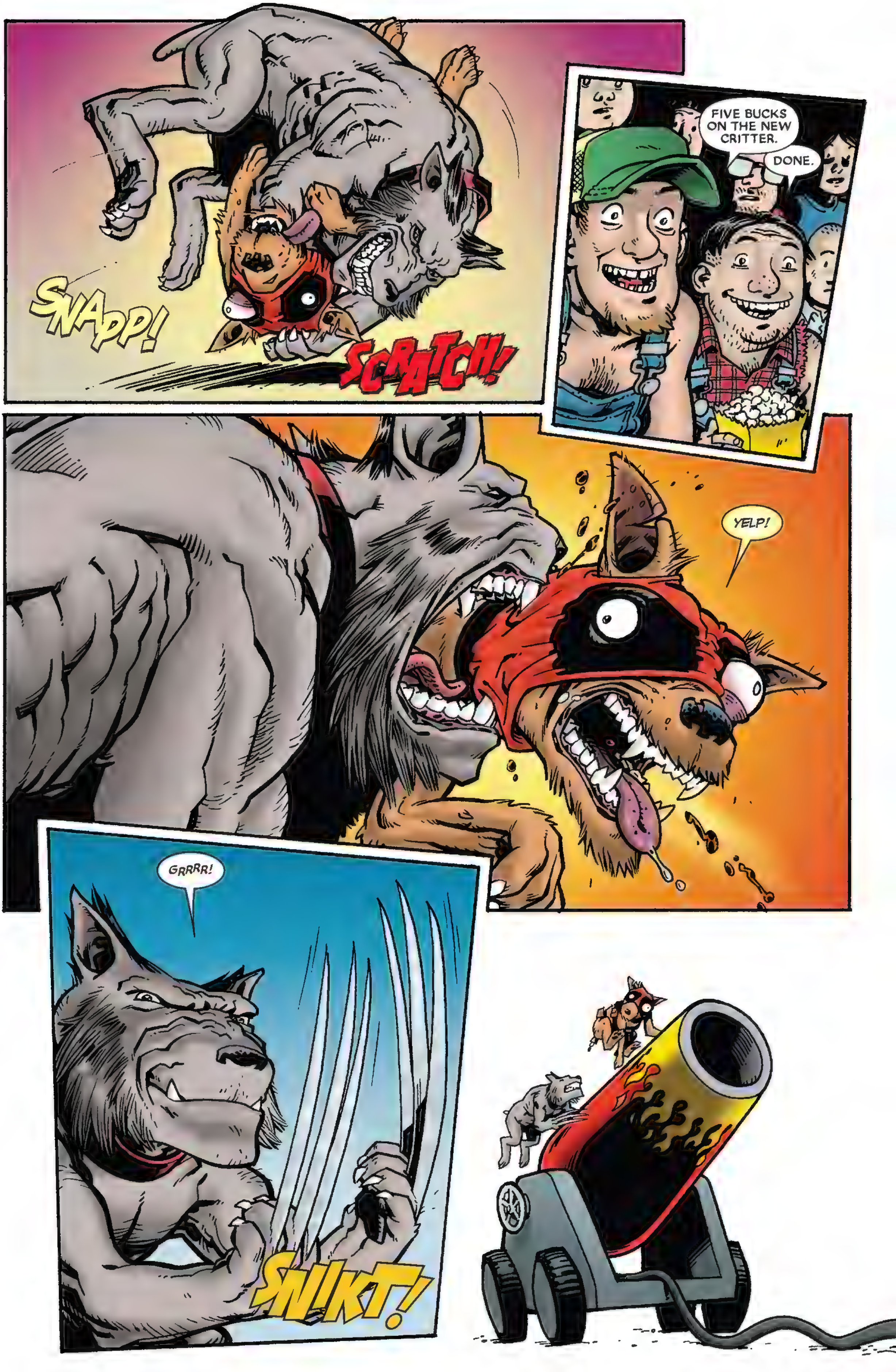

TIME TO COME HOME, WILSON. GOOD DOGGY. GET INTO THE SACK.
CIRCU
GRRRRRRRRR?
GWARRR!
HOLY CRAP!
MAD DOG!

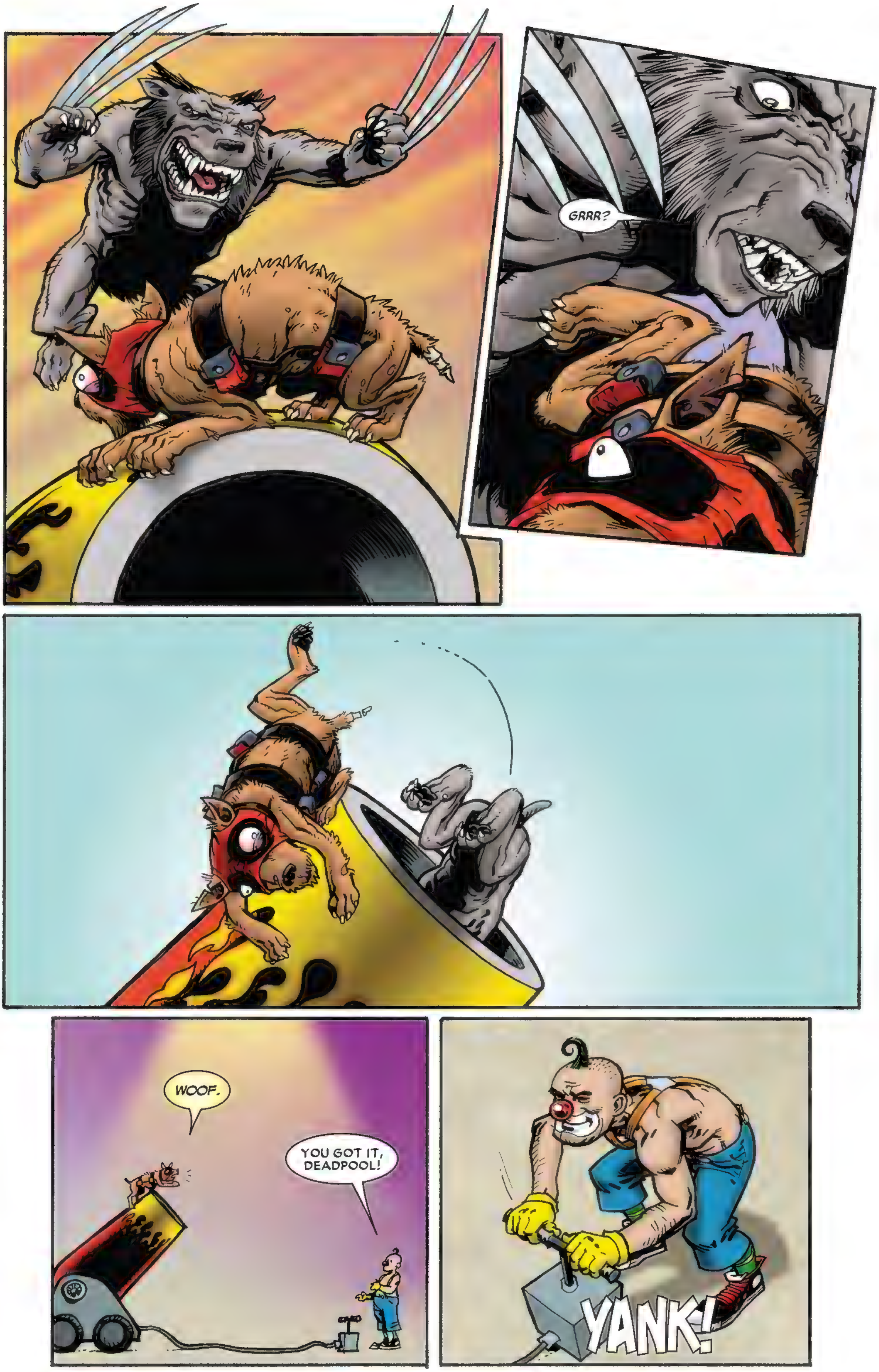

OOF
RAMM!
BAPP!
RUN FOR YOUR LIFE!
ALTHOUGH COWARDLY, VON BRAUN WAS PERSISTENT. AND SOON HE SOUGHT TO DUPLICATE HIS GHASTLY EXPERIMENT.

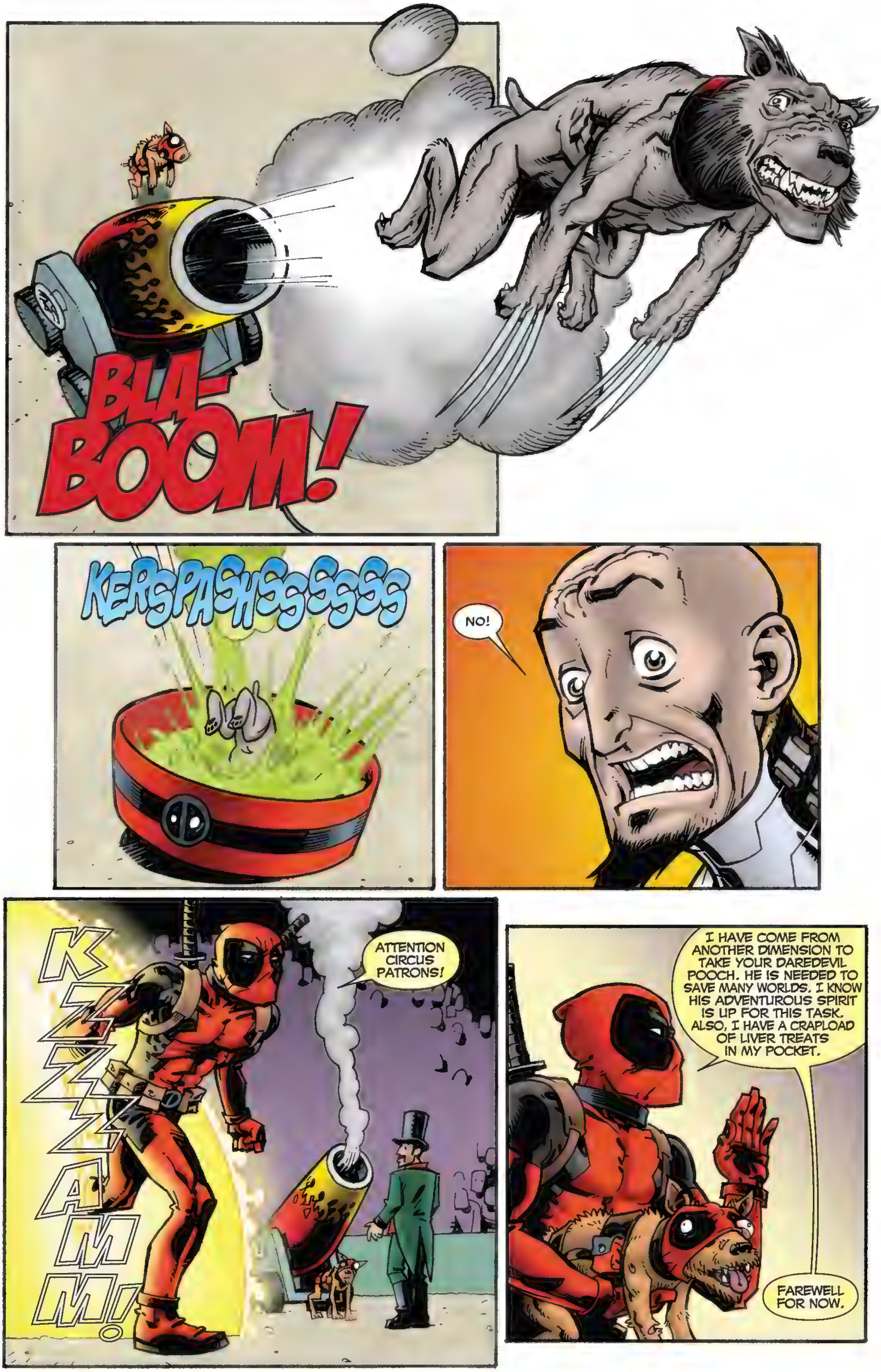

THROW THE SWITCH, EIGOR!
BZZZZZZZAPT!
IT'S WORKING! THE ADDITION OF THE ADAMANTIUM WILL MAKE HIM UNSTOPPABLE.
HE'S COMPACT AND VICIOUS. I SAY WE CALL HIM *BADGER!*
WHAT ABOUT WOLVERINE?
EVEN BETTER!
NOW WE MUST TEST OUR CREATION, AND I KNOW THE PERFECT VICTIM.
AND SO THE STAGE WAS SET FOR THE CLASH OF TWO TITANS.

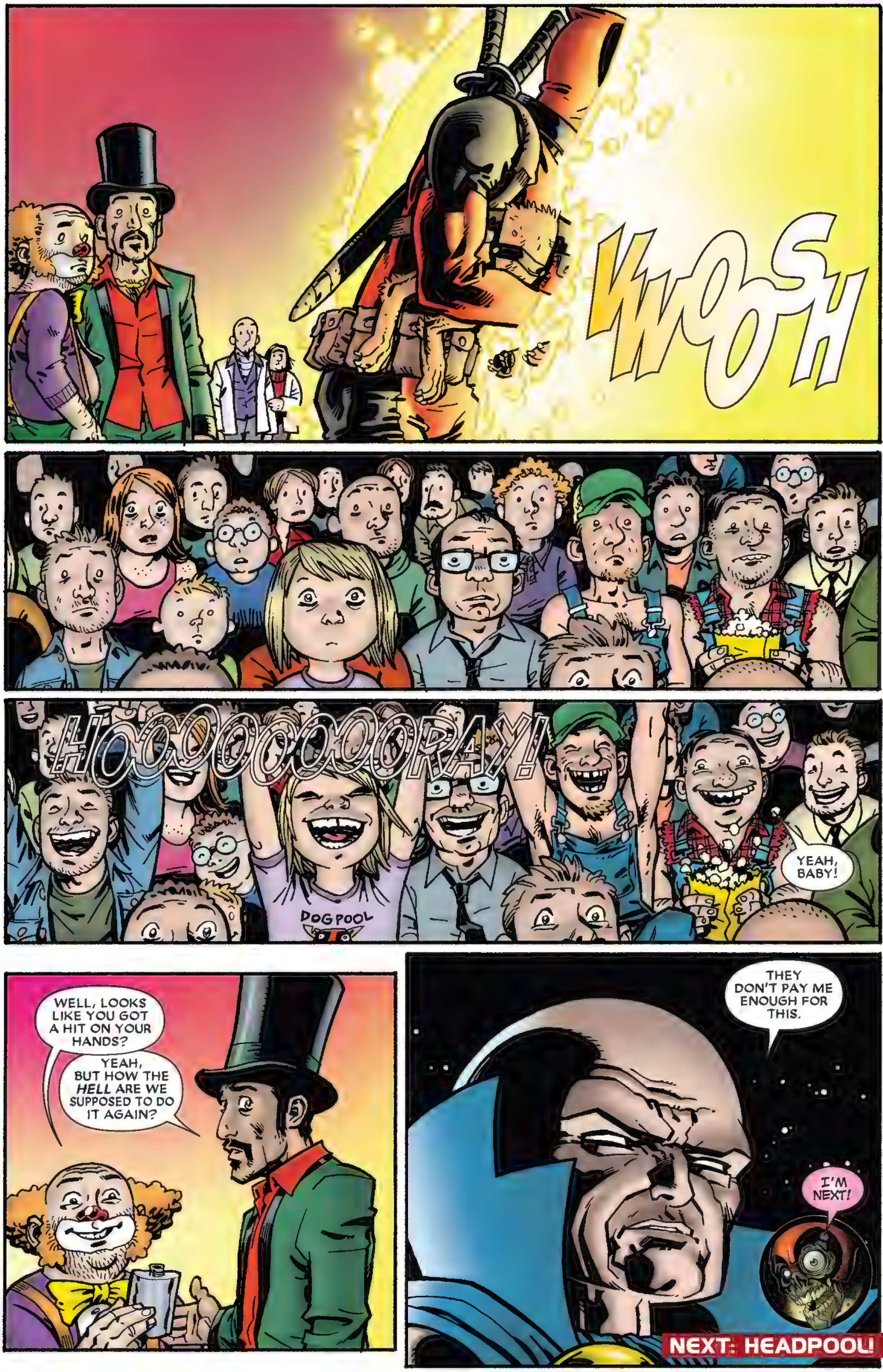

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, IN THE HISTORY OF THE BIG TOP, THERE HAS NEVER BEEN AN ACT LIKE THIS, AS YOU WELL KNOW, SINCE MOST OF YOU HAVE WAITED THREE WEEKS OR MORE FOR TICKETS TO THIS THRILLING EVENT, TO SEE IF ANYTHING CAN EVEN SCRATCH THE *UNKILLABLE DEADPOOL!*
TONIGHT, DEADPOOL THE DAREDEVIL DOG WILL BE SHOT OUT OF THE CANNON OF DANGER AND INTO *THAT* TANK FILLED WITH ACID. ARE YOU READY, DEADPOOL?
RUFF.
DEADPOOL SAYS *BRING IT ON!*
I'LL GO YOU ONE BETTER, RINGMASTER. BEHOLD *WOLVERINE!* THE DOG WHO WILL BE THE *DEATH OF DEAPOOL!*


DANG, I DIDN'T SEE NOTHING ABOUT THIS IN THE PROGRAM. WE GOT US SOME SUBPLOTS HERE AND WHATNOT.
NOW THAT'S SHOWMANSHIP, A' TELL YOU WHAT.
YOU THOUGHT YOU COULD *SNUB* ME, WILSON? BAH! I AM YOUR CREATOR. YOUR *GOD!* NOW IT IS COMEUPPANCE TIME. LOOK, EVERYONE! SEE HOW DEADPOOL QUAKES IN FEAR!
UH...DID YOU WRITE THIS NEW MATERIAL?
I HAVE *NO* IDEA WHAT'S GOING ON.
KILL, WOLVERINE. *KILL!*
GRRRRRRR!

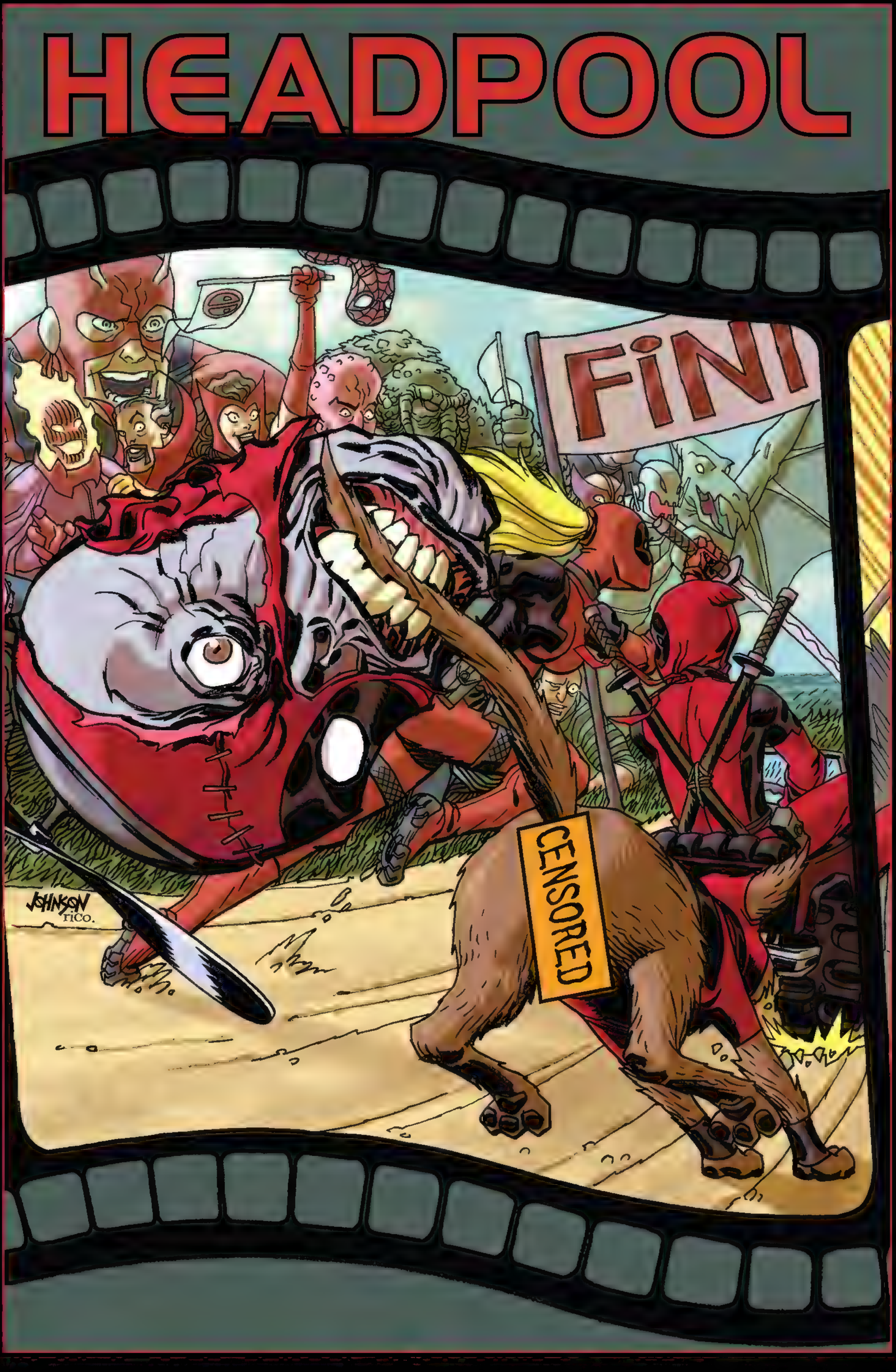

SNAPP!
SCRATCH!
FIVE BUCKS ON THE NEW CRITTER.
DONE.
YELP!
GRRRR!
SNIKT!


GRRR?
WOOF.
YOU GOT IT, DEADPOOL!
YANK!


BLA-BOOM!
KERSPASHSSSSSS
NO!
KZZZZAMM!
ATTENTION CIRCUS PATRONS!
I HAVE COME FROM ANOTHER DIMENSION TO TAKE YOUR DAREDEVIL POOCH. HE IS NEEDED TO SAVE MANY WORLDS. I KNOW HIS ADVENTUROUS SPIRIT IS UP FOR THIS TASK. ALSO, I HAVE A CRAPLOAD OF LIVER TREATS IN MY POCKET.
FAREWELL FOR NOW.


WWOOSH
HOOOOOOOORAY!
DOGPOOL
YEAH, BABY!
WELL, LOOKS LIKE YOU GOT A HIT ON YOUR HANDS?
YEAH, BUT HOW THE *HELL* ARE WE SUPPOSED TO DO IT AGAIN?
THEY DON'T PAY ME ENOUGH FOR THIS.
I'M NEXT!
NEXT: HEADPOOL!

NEXT ISSUE


HEADPOOL
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PRELUDE TO DEADPOOL CORPS

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PRELUDE TO
DEADPOOL
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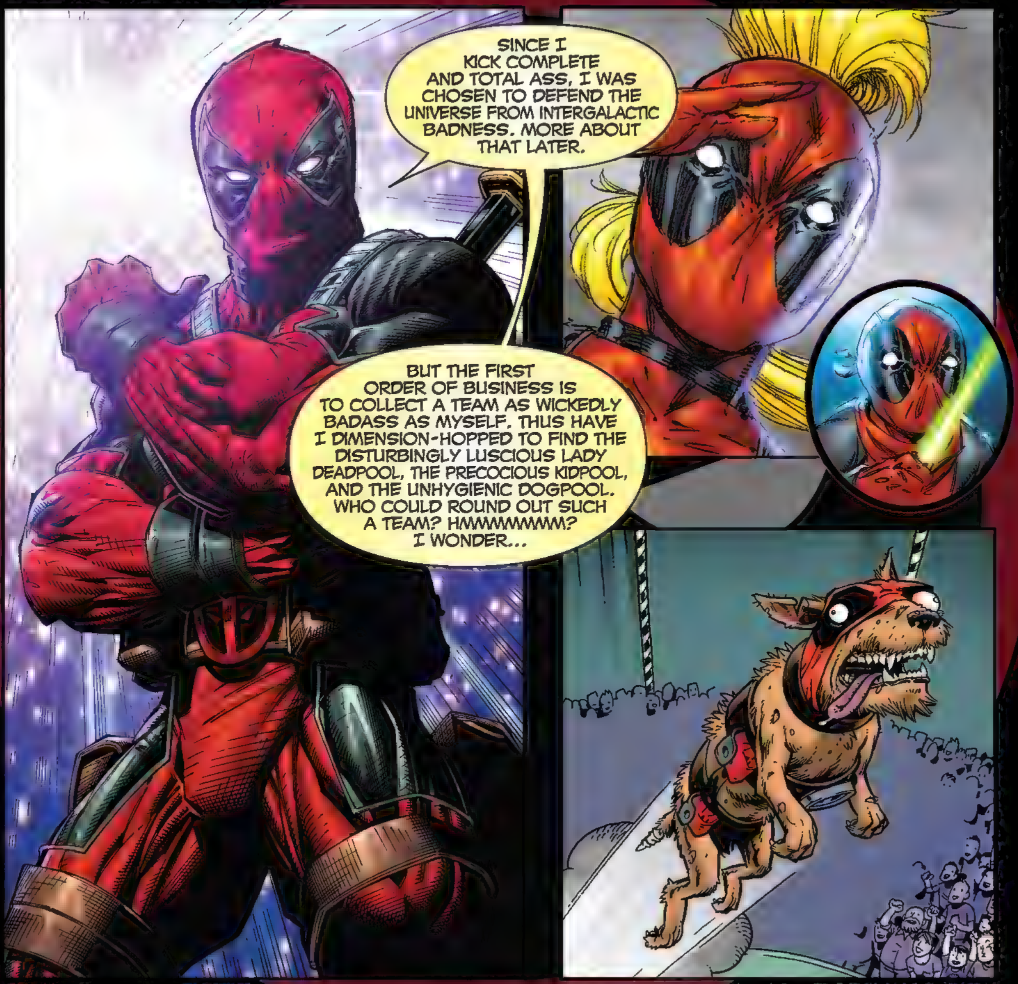
SINCE I KICK COMPLETE AND TOTAL ASS, I WAS CHOSEN TO DEFEND THE UNIVERSE FROM INTERGALACTIC BADNESS. MORE ABOUT THAT LATER.
BUT THE FIRST ORDER OF BUSINESS IS TO COLLECT A TEAM AS WICKEDLY BADASS AS MYSELF. THUS HAVE I DIMENSION-HOPPED TO FIND THE DISTURBINGLY LUSCIOUS LADY DEADPOOL, THE PRECOCIOUS KIDPOOL, AND THE UNHYGIENIC DOGPOOL. WHO COULD ROUND OUT SUCH A TEAM? HMMMMMMMM? I WONDER...

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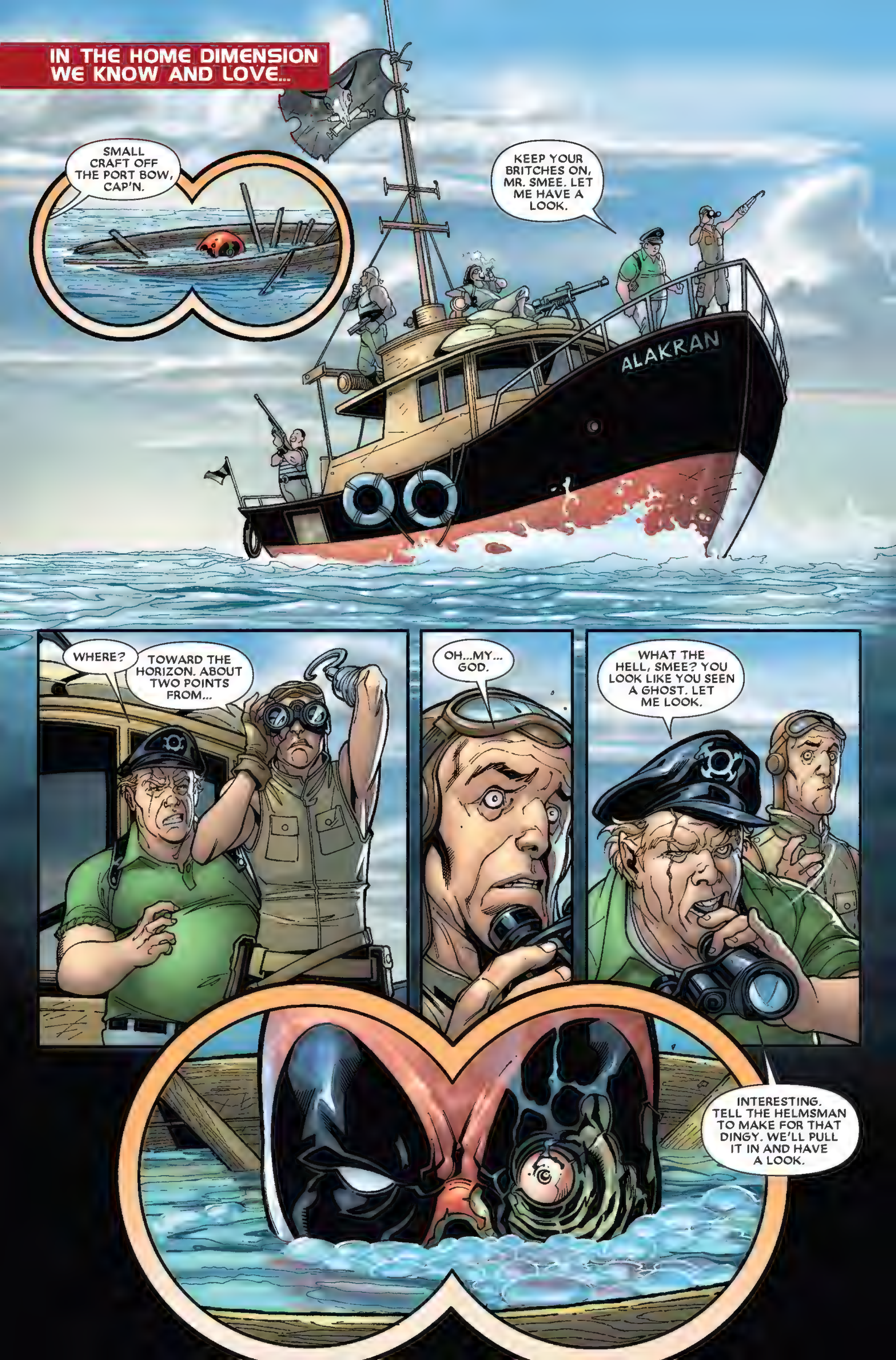
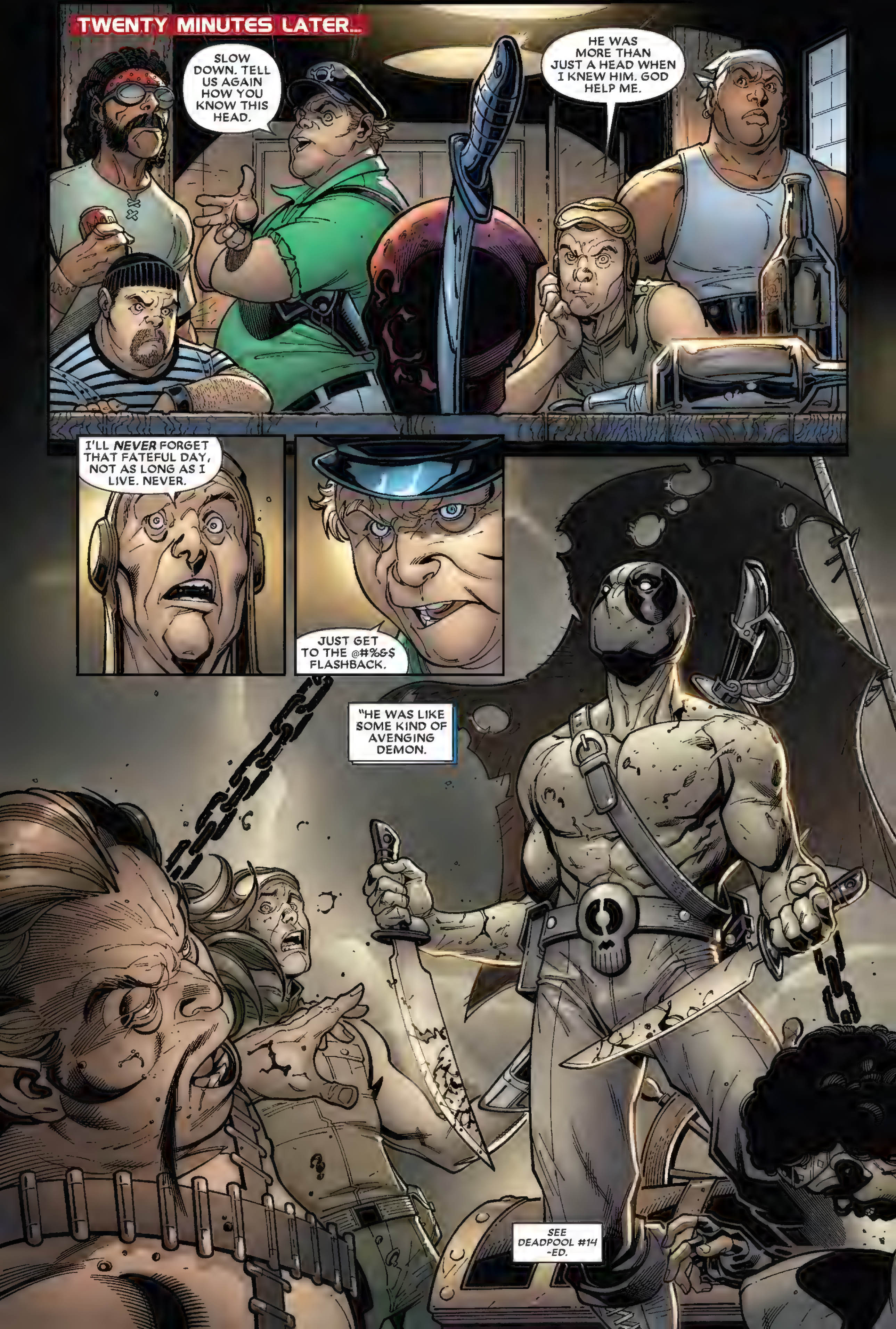
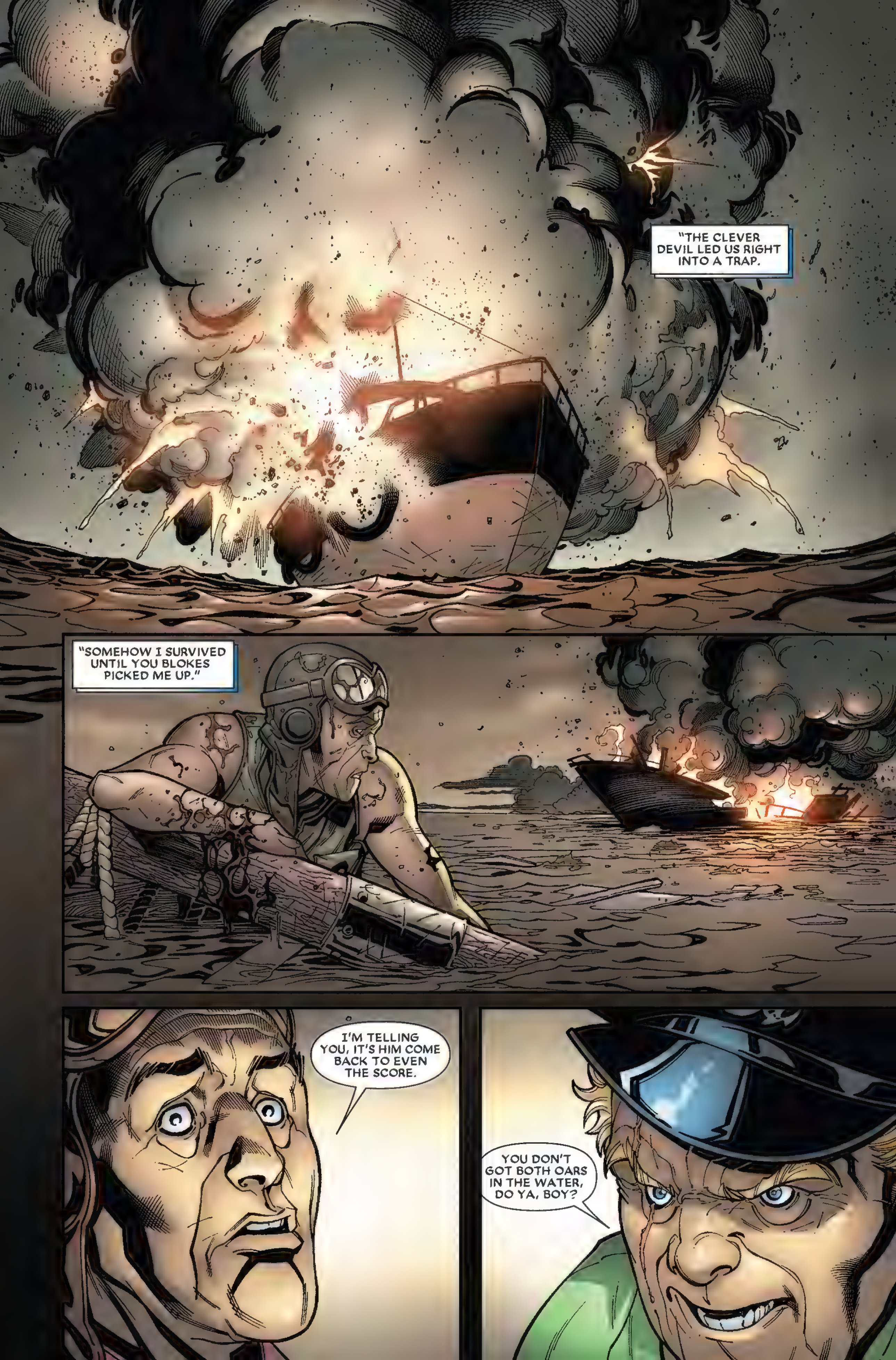
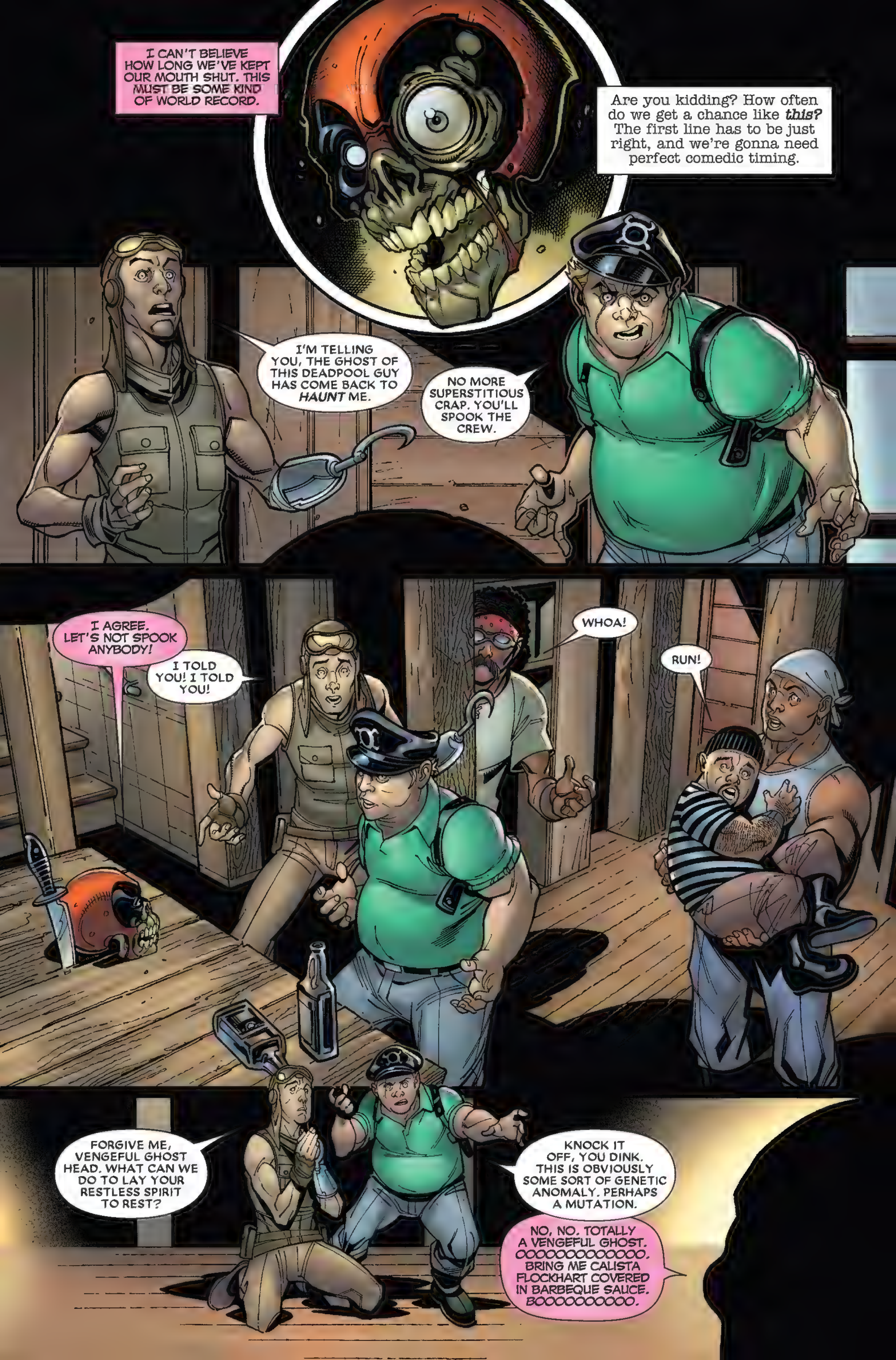
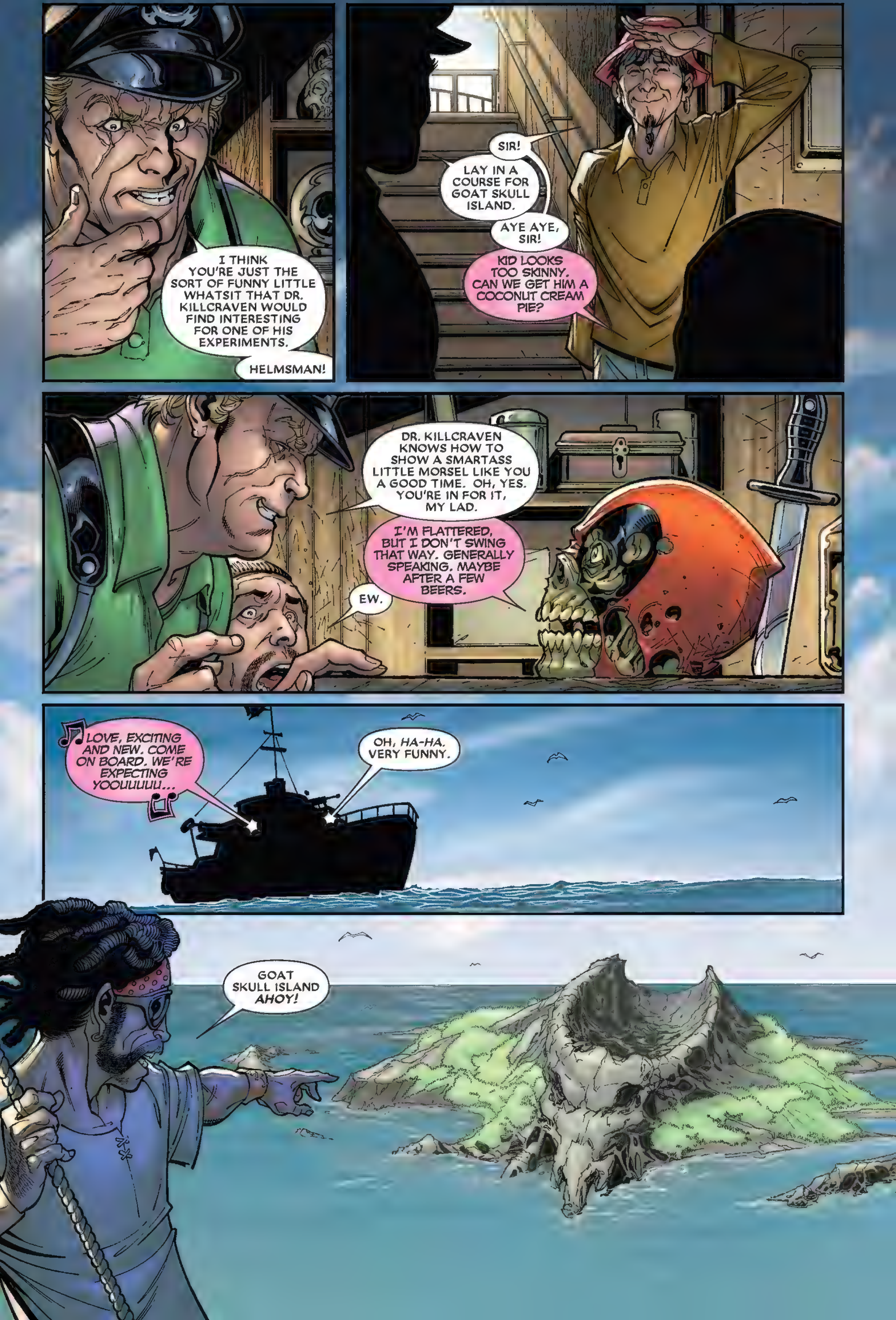
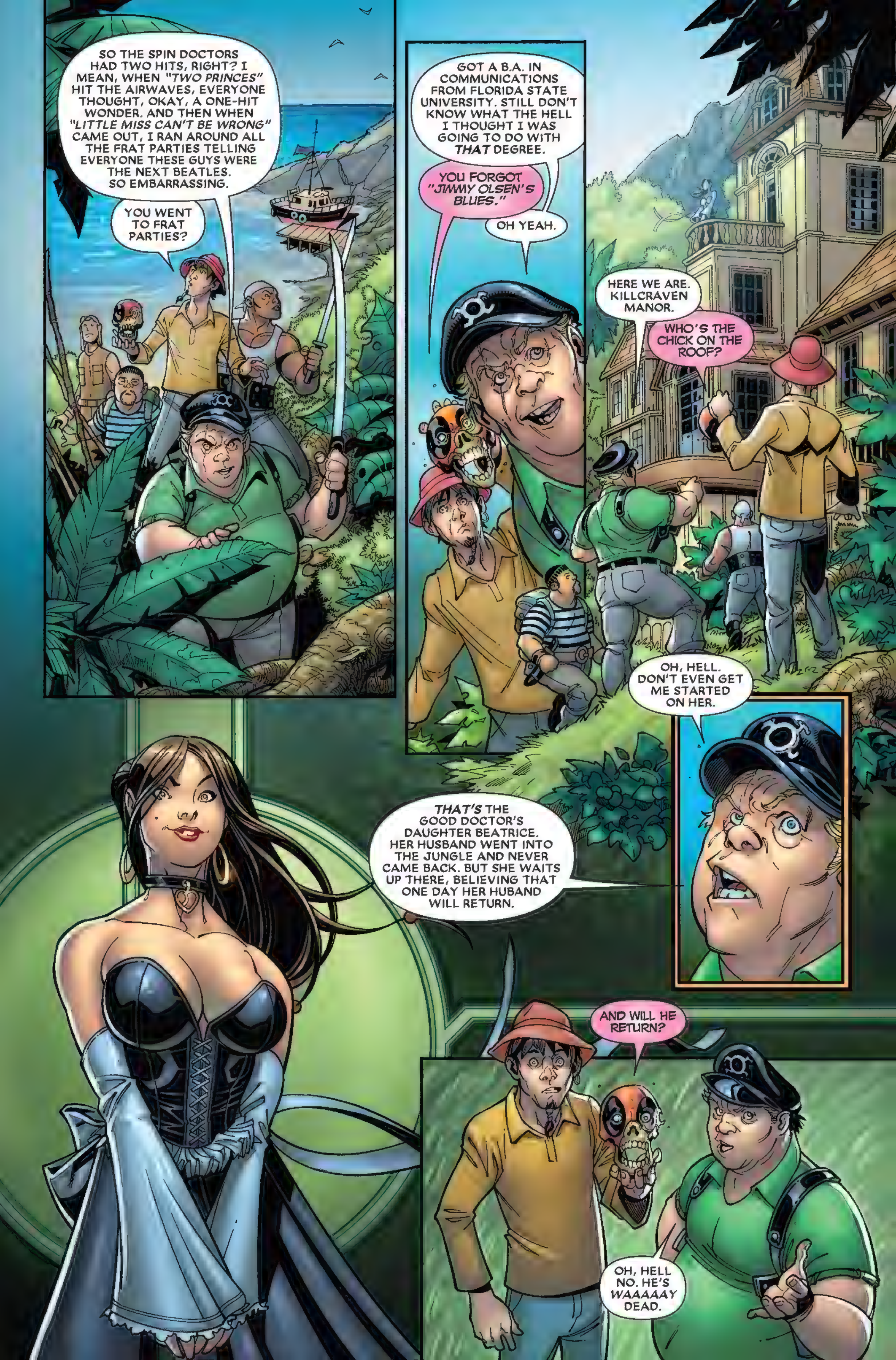

IN THE HOME DIMENSION WE KNOW AND LOVE...
SMALL CRAFT OFF THE PORT BOW, CAP'N.
KEEP YOUR BRITCHES ON, MR. SMEE. LET ME HAVE A LOOK.
ALAKRAN
WHERE?
TOWARD THE HORIZON. ABOUT TWO POINTS FROM...
OH...MY... GOD.
WHAT THE HELL, SMEE? YOU LOOK LIKE YOU SEEN A GHOST. LET ME LOOK.
INTERESTING. TELL THE HELMSMAN TO MAKE FOR THAT DINGY. WE'LL PULL IT IN AND HAVE A LOOK.

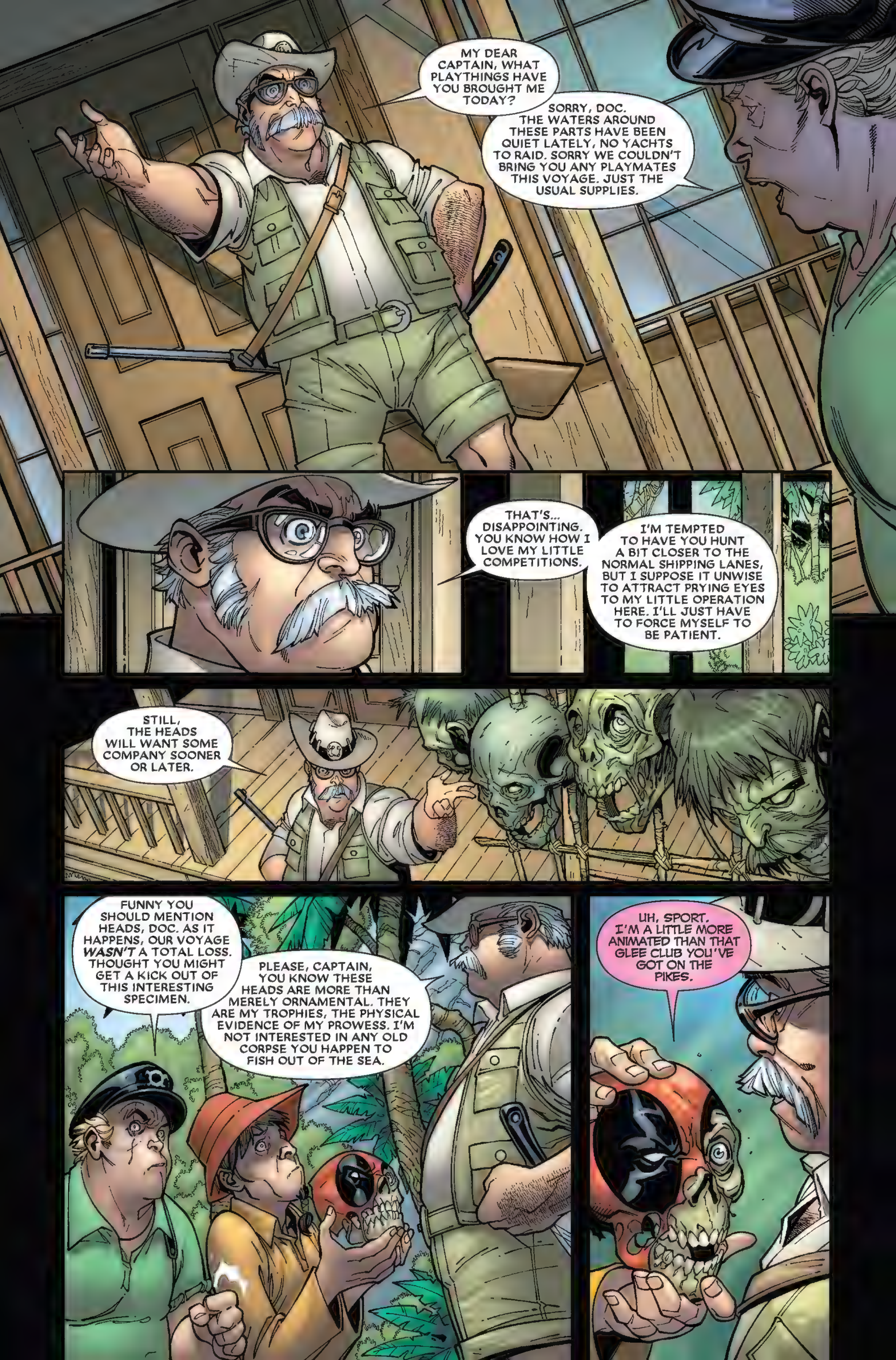

TWENTY MINUTES LATER...
SLOW DOWN. TELL US AGAIN HOW YOU KNOW THIS HEAD.
HE WAS MORE THAN JUST A HEAD WHEN I KNEW HIM. GOD HELP ME.
I'LL *NEVER* FORGET THAT FATEFUL DAY, NOT AS LONG AS I LIVE. NEVER.
JUST GET TO THE @#%&$ FLASHBACK.
"HE WAS LIKE SOME KIND OF AVENGING DEMON.
SEE DEADPOOL #14 -ED.

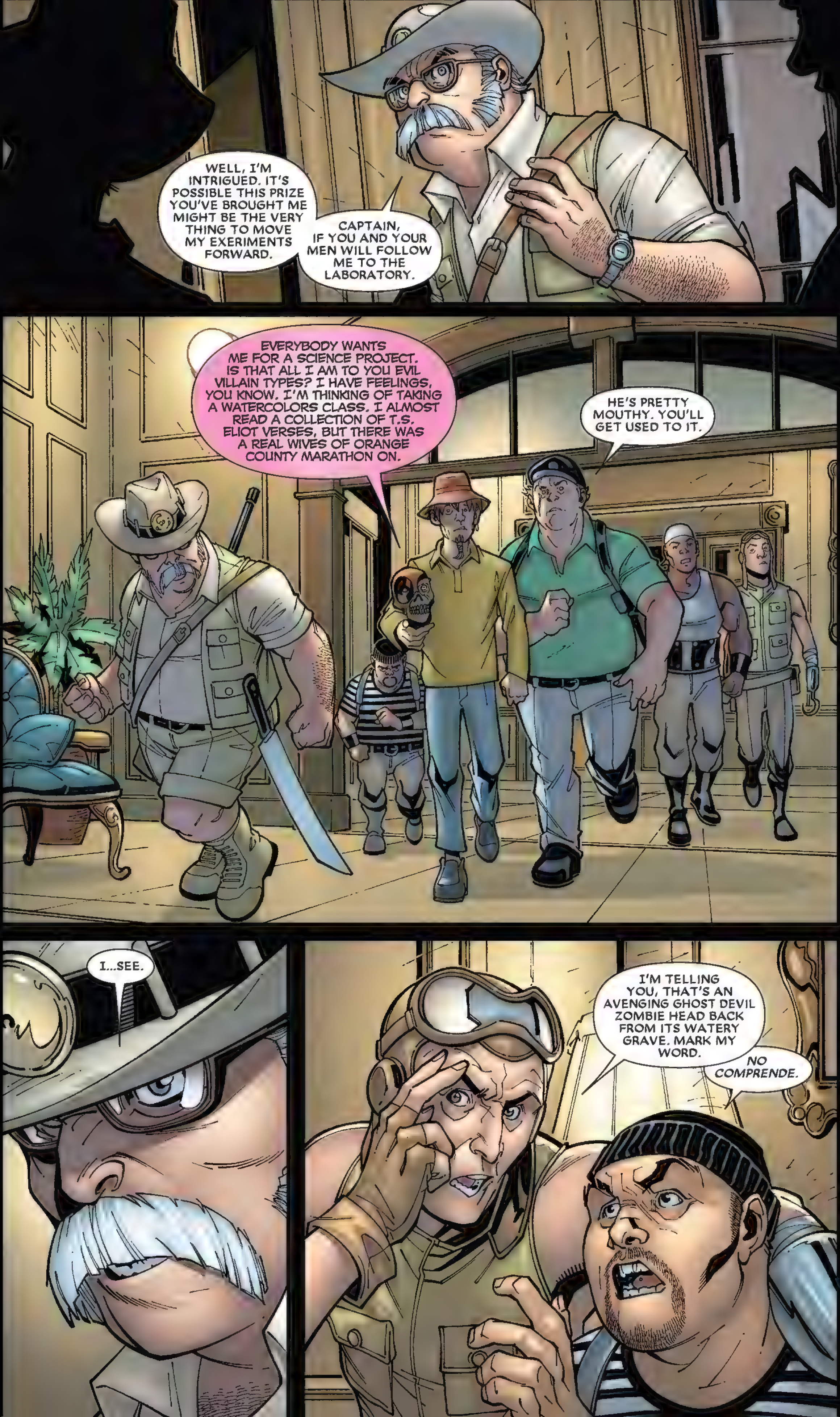

"THE CLEVER DEVIL LED US RIGHT INTO A TRAP.
"SOMEHOW I SURVIVED UNTIL YOU BLOKES PICKED ME UP."
I'M TELLING YOU, IT'S HIM COME BACK TO EVEN THE SCORE.
YOU DON'T GOT BOTH OARS IN THE WATER, DO YA, BOY?

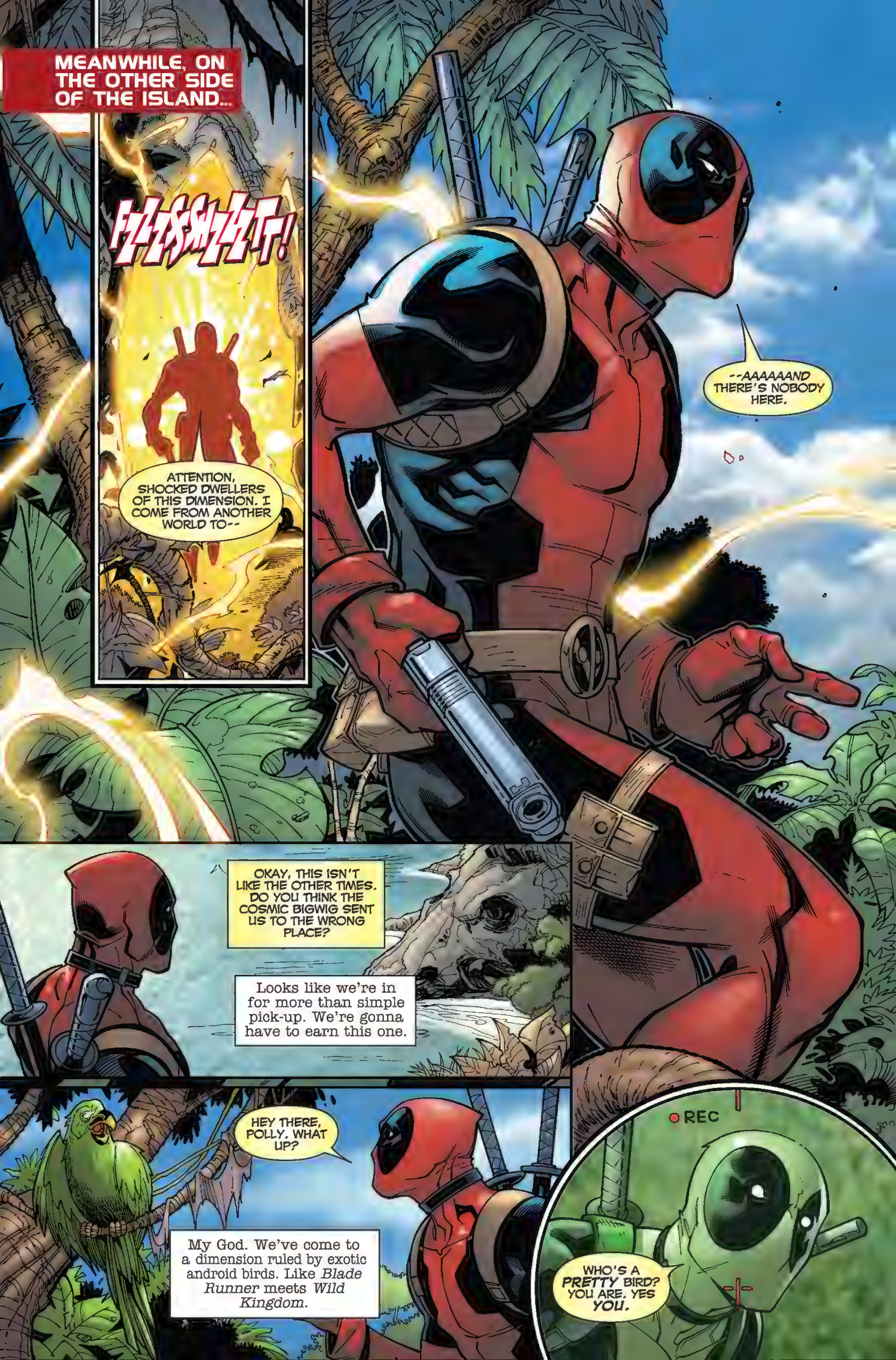

I CAN'T BELIEVE HOW LONG WE'VE KEPT OUR MOUTH SHUT. THIS MUST BE SOME KIND OF WORLD RECORD.
Are you kidding? How often do we get a chance like *this?* The first line has to be just right, and we're gonna need perfect comedic timing.
I'M TELLING YOU, THE GHOST OF THIS DEADPOOL GUY HAS COME BACK TO *HAUNT* ME.
NO MORE SUPERSTITIOUS CRAP. YOU'LL SPOOK THE CREW.
I AGREE. LET'S NOT SPOOK ANYBODY!
I TOLD YOU! I TOLD YOU!
WHOA!
RUN!
FORGIVE ME, VENGEFUL GHOST HEAD. WHAT CAN WE DO TO LAY YOUR RESTLESS SPIRIT TO REST?
KNOCK IT OFF, YOU DINK. THIS IS OBVIOUSLY SOME SORT OF GENETIC ANOMALY. PERHAPS A MUTATION.
NO, NO. TOTALLY A VENGEFUL GHOST. OOOOOOOOOOOOOO. BRING ME CALISTA FLOCKHART COVERED IN BARBEQUE SAUCE. BOOOOOOOOOOO.

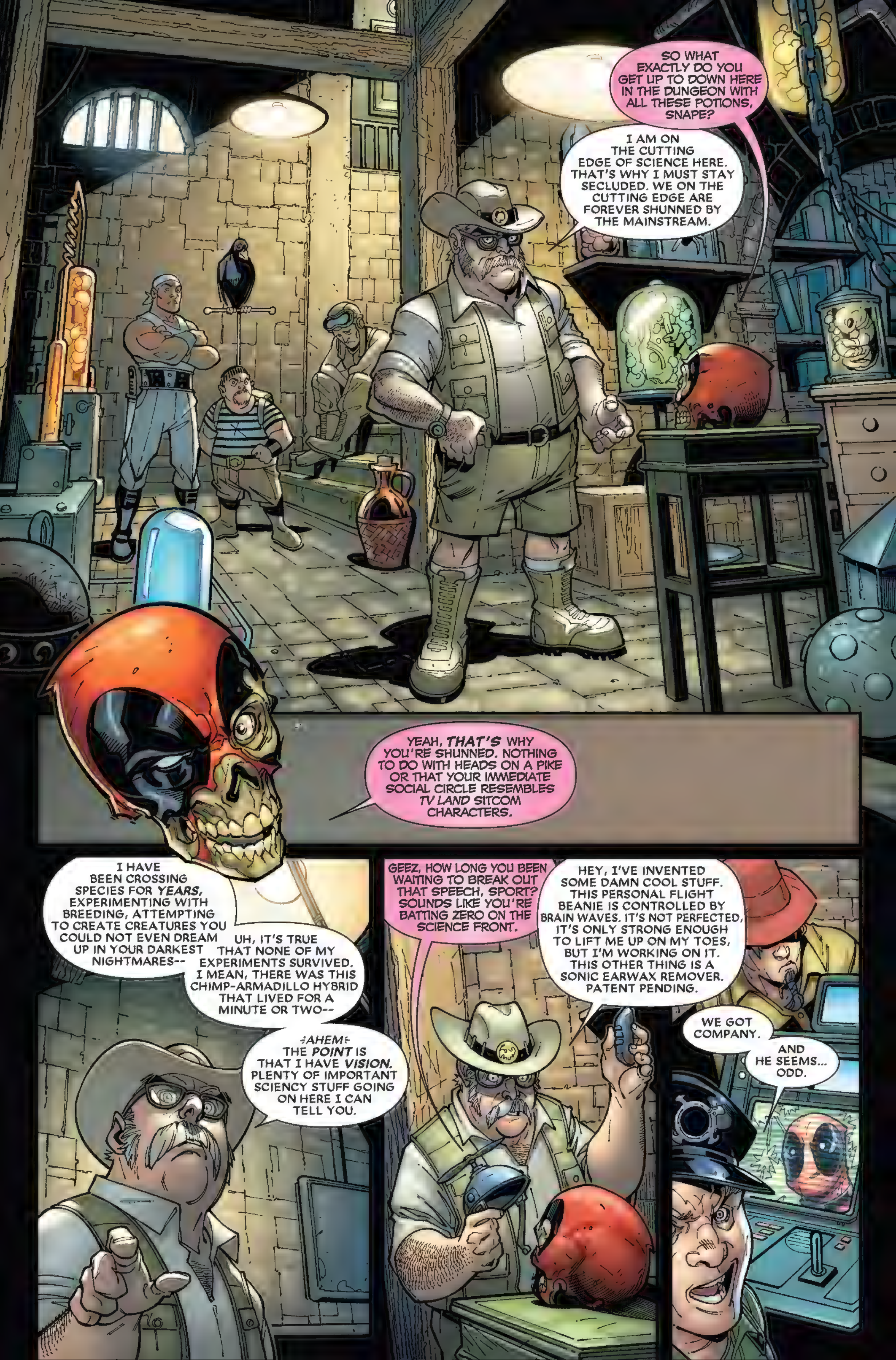

I THINK YOU'RE JUST THE SORT OF FUNNY LITTLE WHATSIT THAT DR. KILLCRAVEN WOULD FIND INTERESTING FOR ONE OF HIS EXPERIMENTS.
HELMSMAN!
SIR!
LAY IN A COURSE FOR GOAT SKULL ISLAND.
AYE AYE, SIR!
KID LOOKS TOO SKINNY. CAN WE GET HIM A COCONUT CREAM PIE?
DR. KILLCRAVEN KNOWS HOW TO SHOW A SMARTASS LITTLE MORSEL LIKE YOU A GOOD TIME. OH, YES. YOU'RE IN FOR IT, MY LAD.
I'M FLATTERED, BUT I DON'T SWING THAT WAY. GENERALLY SPEAKING. MAYBE AFTER A FEW BEERS.
EW.
♫ LOVE, EXCITING AND NEW. COME ON BOARD. WE'RE EXPECTING YOOUUUUU... ♫
OH, *HA-HA.* VERY FUNNY.
GOAT SKULL ISLAND *AHOY!*

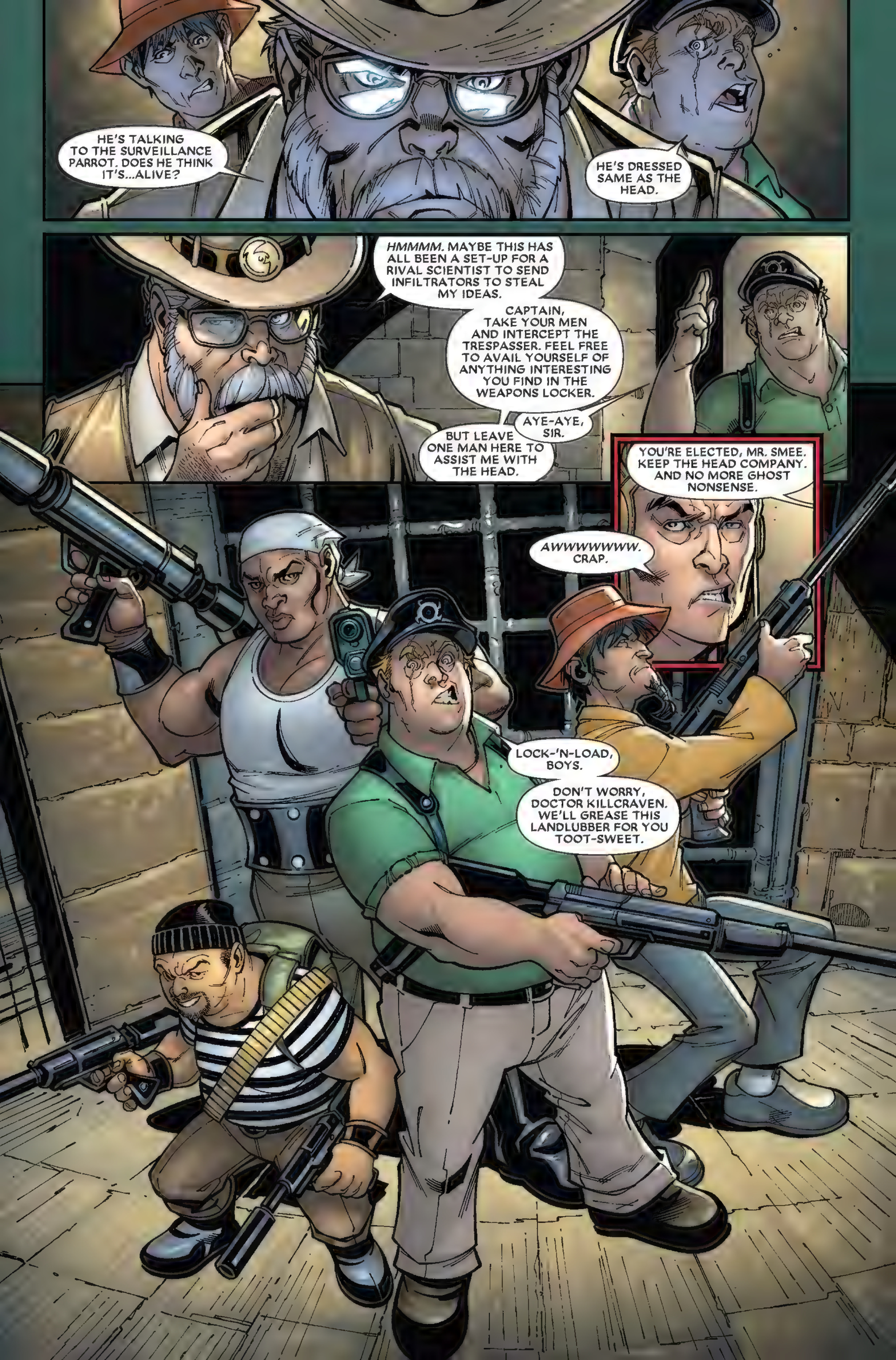

SO THE SPIN DOCTORS HAD TWO HITS, RIGHT? I MEAN, WHEN *"TWO PRINCES"* HIT THE AIRWAVES, EVERYONE THOUGHT, OKAY, A ONE-HIT WONDER. AND THEN WHEN *"LITTLE MISS CAN'T BE WRONG"* CAME OUT, I RAN AROUND ALL THE FRAT PARTIES TELLING EVERYONE THESE GUYS WERE THE NEXT BEATLES. SO EMBARRASSING.
YOU WENT TO FRAT PARTIES?
GOT A B.A. IN COMMUNICATIONS FROM FLORIDA STATE UNIVERSITY. STILL DON'T KNOW WHAT THE HELL I THOUGHT I WAS GOING TO DO WITH *THAT* DEGREE.
YOU FORGOT *"JIMMY OLSEN'S BLUES."*
OH YEAH.
HERE WE ARE. KILLCRAVEN MANOR.
WHO'S THE CHICK ON THE ROOF?
OH, HELL. DON'T EVEN GET ME STARTED ON HER.
THAT'S THE GOOD DOCTOR'S DAUGHTER BEATRICE. HER HUSBAND WENT INTO THE JUNGLE AND NEVER CAME BACK. BUT SHE WAITS UP THERE, BELIEVING THAT ONE DAY HER HUBAND WILL RETURN.
AND WILL HE RETURN?
OH, HELL NO. HE'S *WAAAAAY* DEAD.

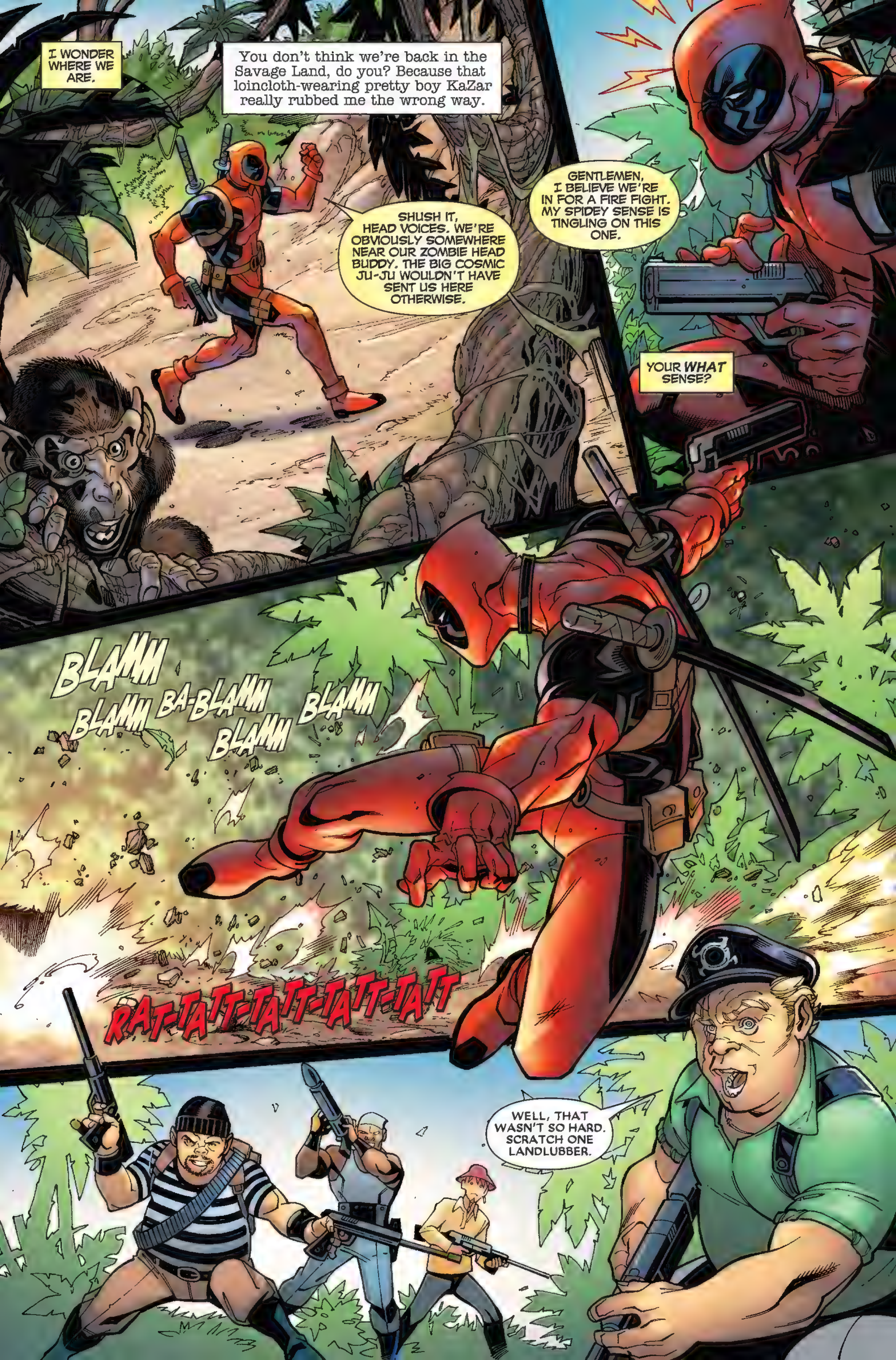

MY DEAR CAPTAIN, WHAT PLAYTHINGS HAVE YOU BROUGHT ME TODAY?
SORRY, DOC. THE WATERS AROUND THESE PARTS HAVE BEEN QUIET LATELY, NO YACHTS TO RAID. SORRY WE COULDN'T BRING YOU ANY PLAYMATES THIS VOYAGE. JUST THE USUAL SUPPLIES.
THAT'S... DISAPPOINTING. YOU KNOW HOW I LOVE MY LITTLE COMPETITIONS.
I'M TEMPTED TO HAVE YOU HUNT A BIT CLOSER TO THE NORMAL SHIPPING LANES, BUT I SUPPOSE IT UNWISE TO ATTRACT PRYING EYES TO MY LITTLE OPERATION HERE. I'LL JUST HAVE TO FORCE MYSELF TO BE PATIENT.
STILL, THE HEADS WILL WANT SOME COMPANY SOONER OR LATER.
FUNNY YOU SHOULD MENTION HEADS, DOC. AS IT HAPPENS, OUR VOYAGE *WASN'T* A TOTAL LOSS. THOUGHT YOU MIGHT GET A KICK OUT OF THIS INTERESTING SPECIMEN.
PLEASE, CAPTAIN, YOU KNOW THESE HEADS ARE MORE THAN MERELY ORNAMENTAL. THEY ARE MY TROPHIES, THE PHYSICAL EVIDENCE OF MY PROWESS. I'M NOT INTERESTED IN ANY OLD CORPSE YOU HAPPEN TO FISH OUT OF THE SEA.
UH, SPORT. I'M A LITTLE MORE ANIMATED THAN THAT GLEE CLUB YOU'VE GOT ON THE PIKES.

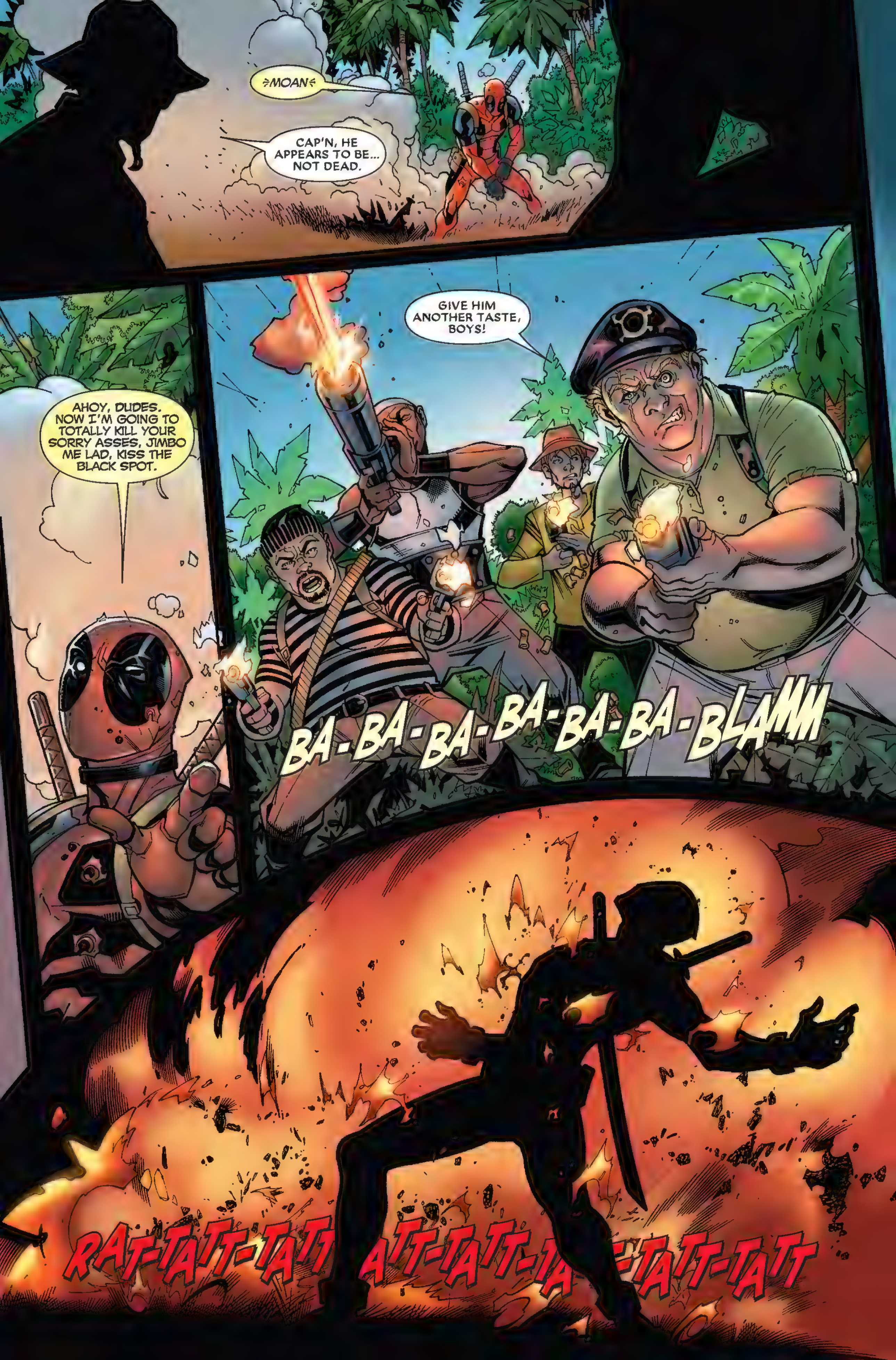

WELL, I'M INTRIGUED. IT'S POSSIBLE THIS PRIZE YOU'VE BROUGHT ME MIGHT BE THE VERY THING TO MOVE MY EXERIMENTS FORWARD.
CAPTAIN, IF YOU AND YOUR MEN WILL FOLLOW ME TO THE LABORATORY.
EVERYBODY WANTS ME FOR A SCIENCE PROJECT. IS THAT ALL I AM TO YOU EVIL VILLAIN TYPES? I HAVE FEELINGS, YOU KNOW. I'M THINKING OF TAKING A WATERCOLORS CLASS. I ALMOST READ A COLLECTION OF T.S. ELIOT VERSES, BUT THERE WAS A REAL WIVES OF ORANGE COUNTY MARATHON ON.
HE'S PRETTY MOUTHY. YOU'LL GET USED TO IT.
I...SEE.
I'M TELLING YOU, THAT'S AN AVENGING GHOST DEVIL ZOMBIE HEAD BACK FROM ITS WATERY GRAVE. MARK MY WORD.
NO COMPRENDE.

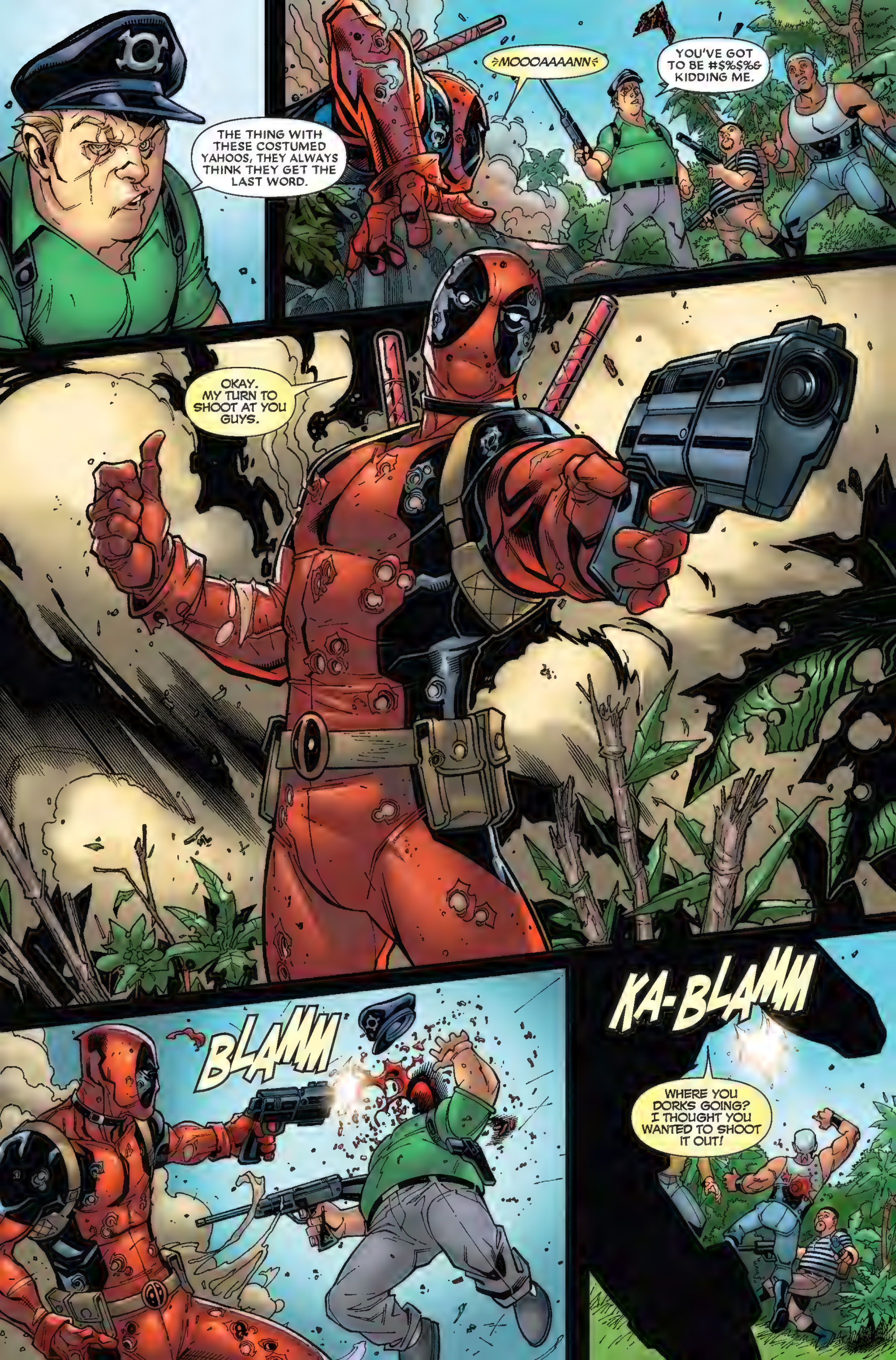

MEANWHILE, ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ISLAND...
FZZZSHZZZTT!
ATTENTION, SHOCKED DWELLERS OF THIS DIMENSION. I COME FROM ANOTHER WORLD TO--
--AAAAAAND THERE'S NOBODY HERE.
OKAY, THIS ISN'T LIKE THE OTHER TIMES. DO YOU THINK THE COSMIC BIGWIG SENT US TO THE WRONG PLACE?
Looks like we're in for more than simple pick-up. We're gonna have to earn this one.
HEY THERE, POLLY. WHAT UP?
My God. We've come to a dimension ruled by exotic android birds. Like *Blade Runner* meets *Wild Kingdom*.
REC
WHO'S A *PRETTY* BIRD? YOU ARE, YES *YOU*.

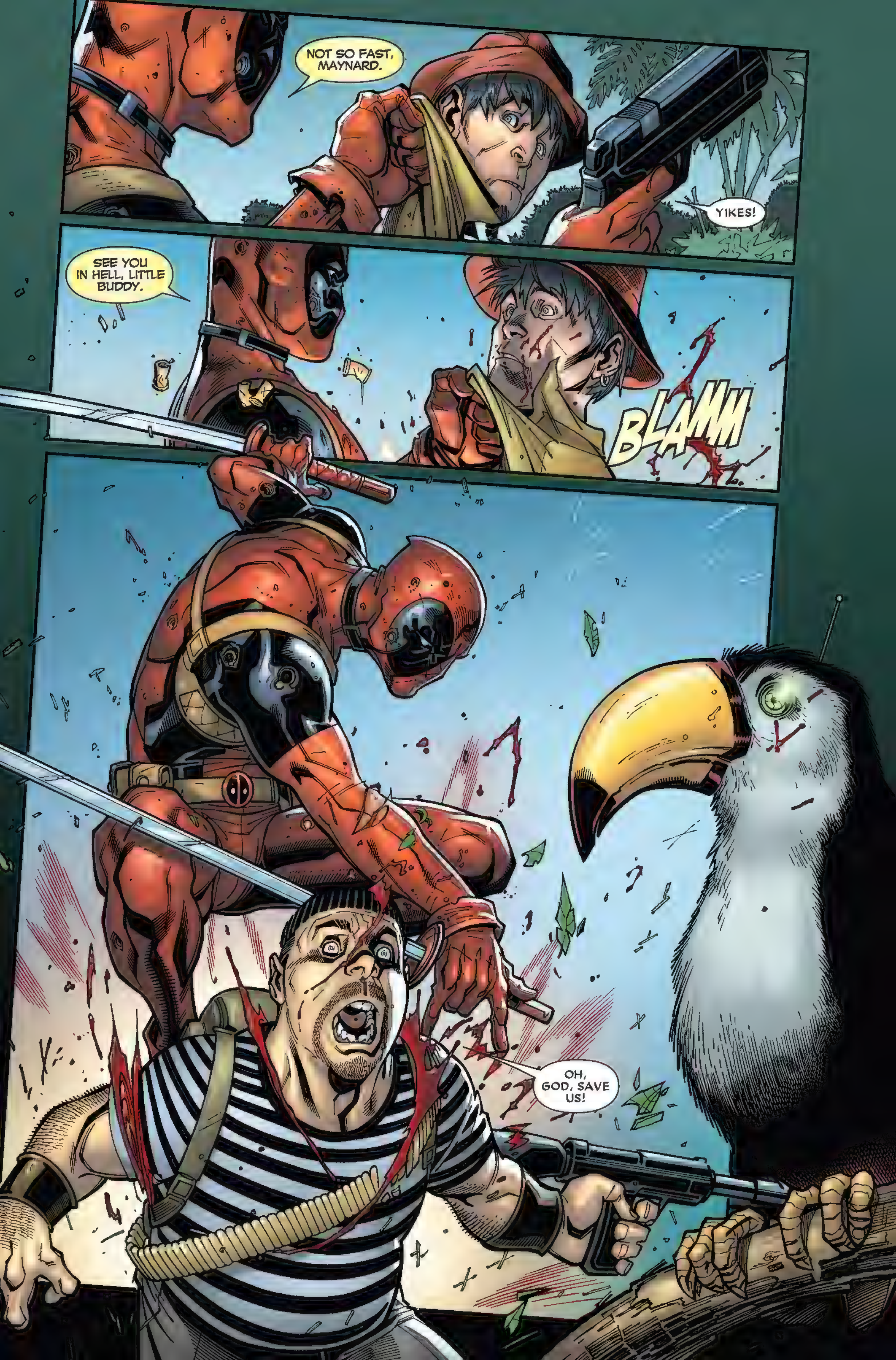

SO WHAT EXACTLY DO YOU GET UP TO DOWN HERE IN THE DUNGEON WITH ALL THESE POTIONS, SNAPE?
I AM ON THE CUTTING EDGE OF SCIENCE HERE. THAT'S WHY I MUST STAY SECLUDED. WE ON THE CUTTING EDGE ARE FOREVER SHUNNED BY THE MAINSTREAM.
YEAH, *THAT'S* WHY YOU'RE SHUNNED. NOTHING TO DO WITH HEADS ON A PIKE OR THAT YOUR IMMEDIATE SOCIAL CIRCLE RESEMBLES *TV LAND* SITCOM CHARACTERS.
I HAVE BEEN CROSSING SPECIES FOR *YEARS*, EXPERIMENTING WITH BREEDING, ATTEMPTING TO CREATE CREATURES YOU COULD NOT EVEN DREAM UP IN YOUR DARKEST NIGHTMARES--
UH, IT'S TRUE THAT NONE OF MY EXPERIMENTS SURVIVED. I MEAN, THERE WAS THIS CHIMP-ARMADILLO HYBRID THAT LIVED FOR A MINUTE OR TWO--
-*AHEM*- THE *POINT* IS THAT I HAVE *VISION*. PLENTY OF IMPORTANT SCIENCY STUFF GOING ON HERE I CAN TELL YOU.
GEEZ, HOW LONG YOU BEEN WAITING TO BREAK OUT THAT SPEECH, SPORT? SOUNDS LIKE YOU'RE BATTING ZERO ON THE SCIENCE FRONT.
HEY, I'VE INVENTED SOME DAMN COOL STUFF. THIS PERSONAL FLIGHT BEANIE IS CONTROLLED BY BRAIN WAVES. IT'S NOT PERFECTED, IT'S ONLY STRONG ENOUGH TO LIFT ME UP ON MY TOES, BUT I'M WORKING ON IT. THIS OTHER THING IS A SONIC EARWAX REMOVER. PATENT PENDING.
WE GOT COMPANY.
AND HE SEEMS... ODD.

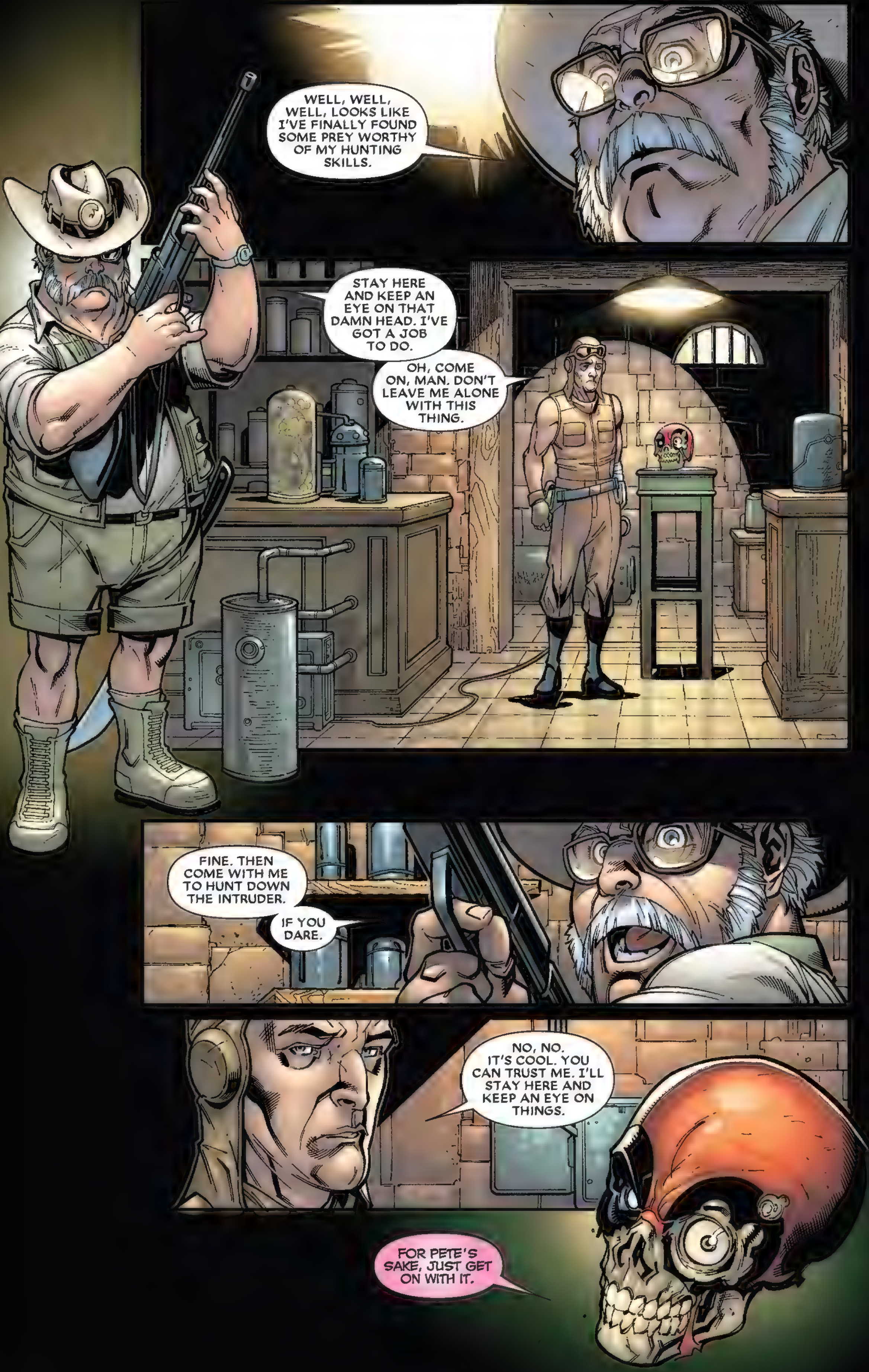

HE'S TALKING TO THE SURVEILLANCE PARROT. DOES HE THINK IT'S...ALIVE?
HE'S DRESSED SAME AS THE HEAD.
HMMMM. MAYBE THIS HAS ALL BEEN A SET-UP FOR A RIVAL SCIENTIST TO SEND INFILTRATORS TO STEAL MY IDEAS.
CAPTAIN, TAKE YOUR MEN AND INTERCEPT THE TRESPASSER. FEEL FREE TO AVAIL YOURSELF OF ANYTHING INTERESTING YOU FIND IN THE WEAPONS LOCKER.
BUT LEAVE ONE MAN HERE TO ASSIST ME WITH THE HEAD.
AYE-AYE, SIR.
YOU'RE ELECTED, MR. SMEE. KEEP THE HEAD COMPANY. AND NO MORE GHOST NONSENSE.
AWWWWWWW. CRAP.
LOCK-'N-LOAD, BOYS.
DON'T WORRY, DOCTOR KILLCRAVEN. WE'LL GREASE THIS LANDLUBBER FOR YOU TOOT-SWEET.

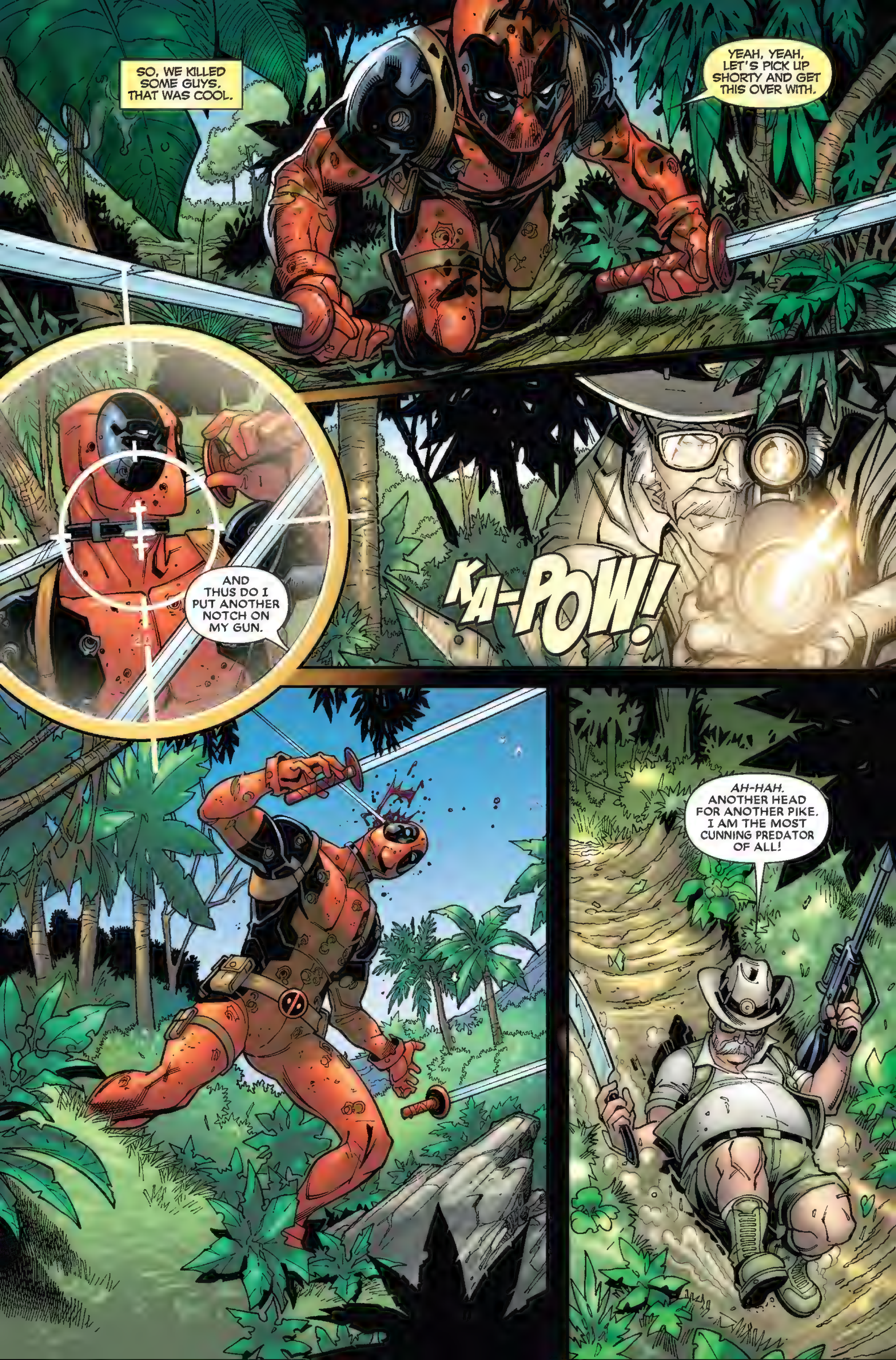

I WONDER WHERE WE ARE.
You don't think we're back in the Savage Land, do you? Because that loincloth-wearing pretty boy KaZar really rubbed me the wrong way.
SHUSH IT, HEAD VOICES. WE'RE OBVIOUSLY SOMEWHERE NEAR OUR ZOMBIE HEAD BUDDY. THE BIG COSMIC JU-JU WOULDN'T HAVE SENT US HERE OTHERWISE.
GENTLEMEN, I BELIEVE WE'RE IN FOR A FIRE FIGHT. MY SPIDEY SENSE IS TINGLING ON THIS ONE.
YOUR *WHAT* SENSE?
BLAMM
BLAMM BA-BLAMM
BLAMM
BLAMM
RAT-TATT-TATT-TATT-TATT
WELL, THAT WASN'T SO HARD. SCRATCH ONE LANDLUBBER.

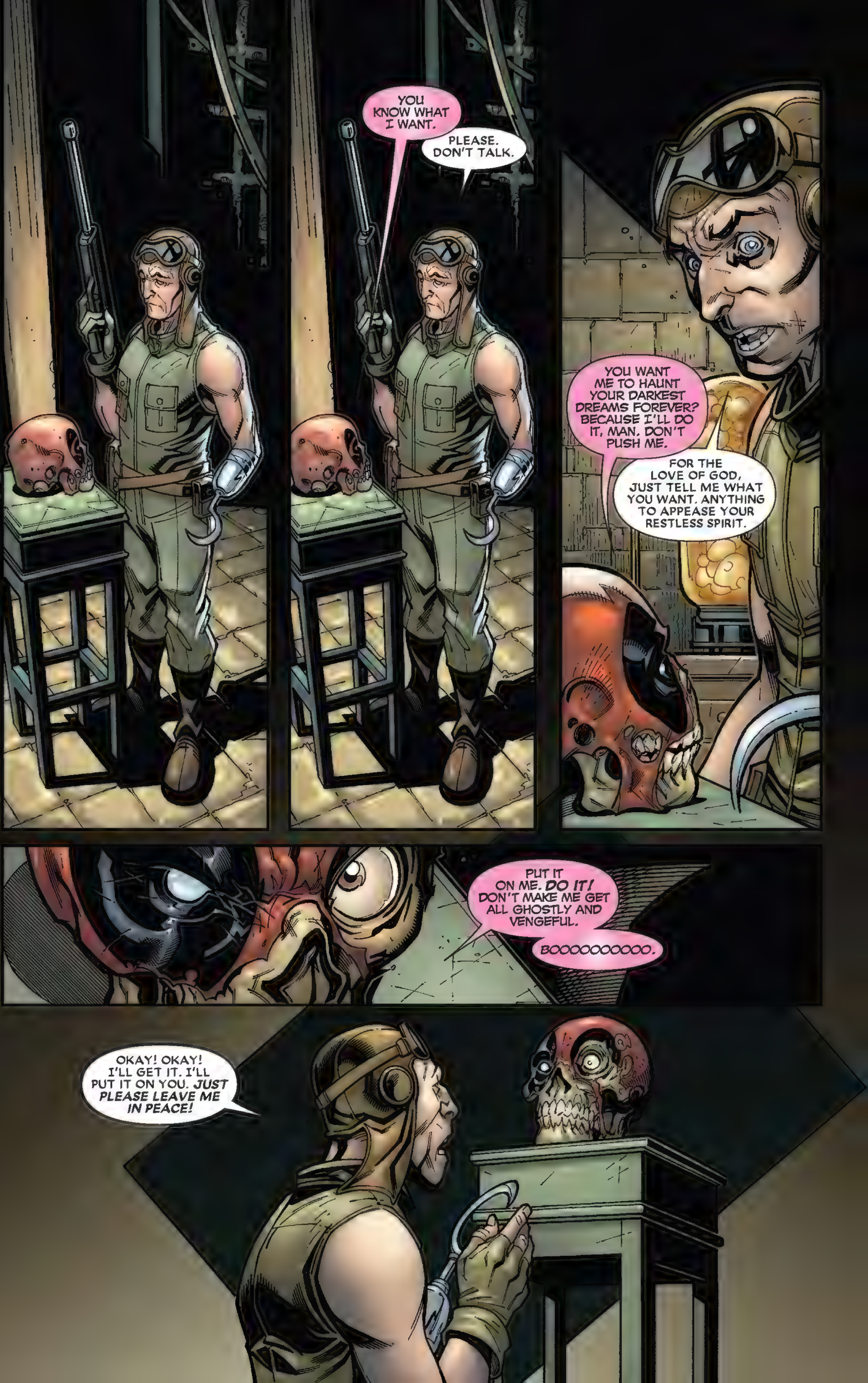

MOAN
CAP'N, HE APPEARS TO BE... NOT DEAD.
GIVE HIM ANOTHER TASTE, BOYS!
AHOY, DUDES. NOW I'M GOING TO TOTALLY KILL YOUR SORRY ASSES, JIMBO ME LAD, KISS THE BLACK SPOT.
BA-BA-BA-BA-BA-BA-BLAMM
RAT-TATT-TATT ATT-TATT-TA -TATT-TATT

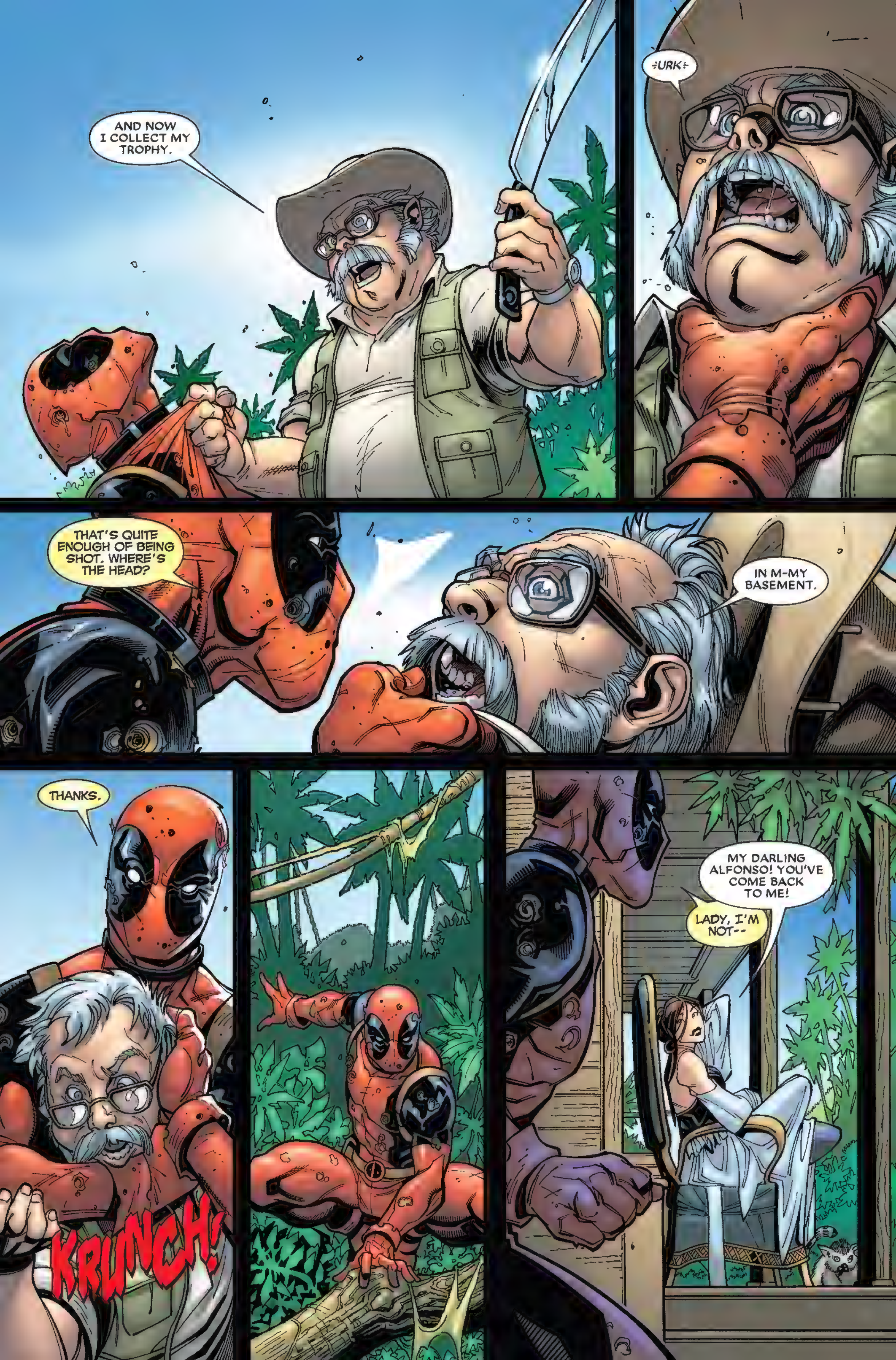

THE THING WITH THESE COSTUMED YAHOOS, THEY ALWAYS THINK THEY GET THE LAST WORD.
MOOOAAAANN
YOU'VE GOT TO BE #$%$%& KIDDING ME.
OKAY. MY TURN TO SHOOT AT YOU GUYS.
BLAMM
KA-BLAMM
WHERE YOU DORKS GOING? I THOUGHT YOU WANTED TO SHOOT IT OUT!

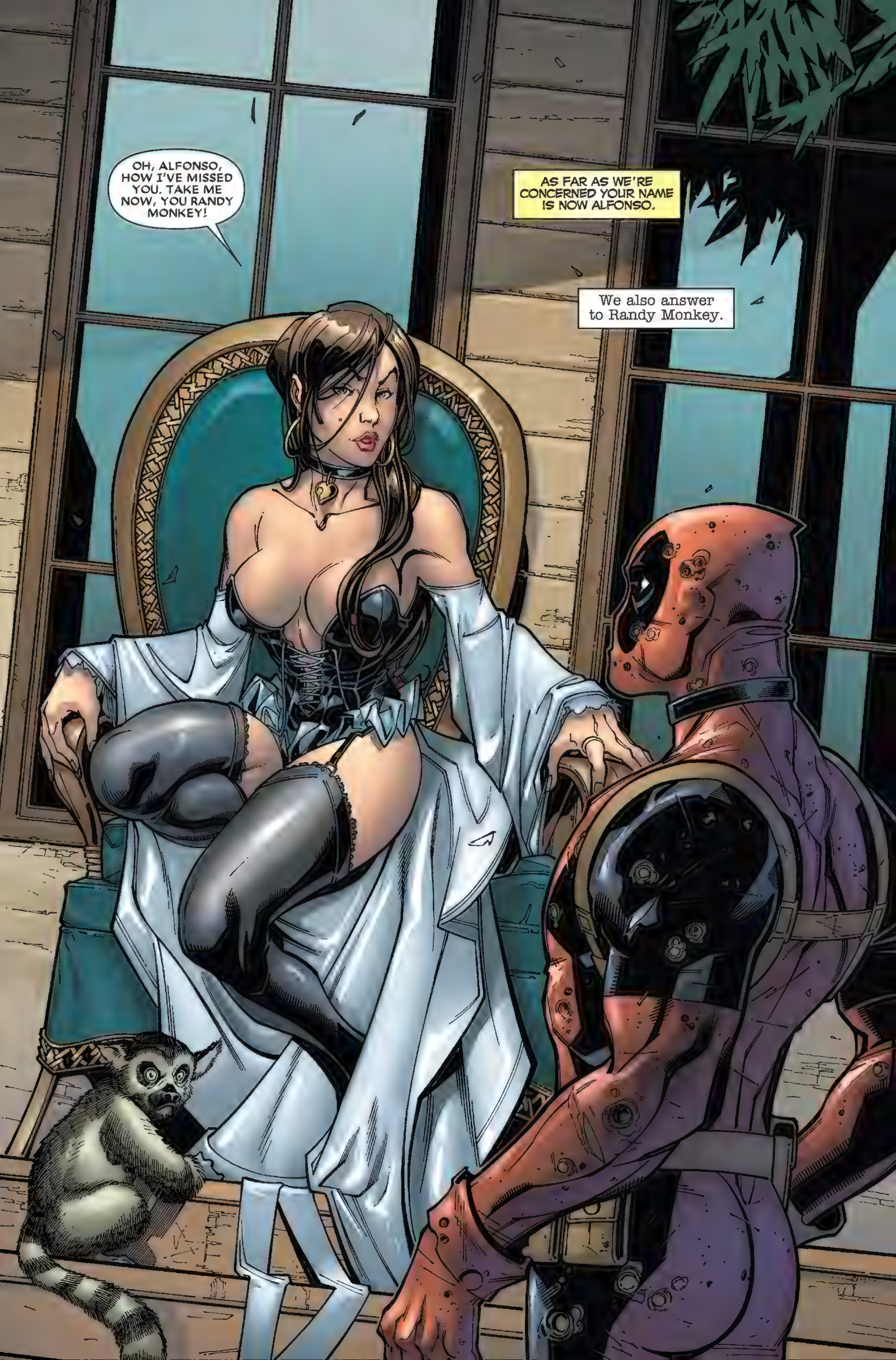

NOT SO FAST, MAYNARD.
YIKES!
SEE YOU IN HELL, LITTLE BUDDY.
BLAMM
OH, GOD, SAVE US!

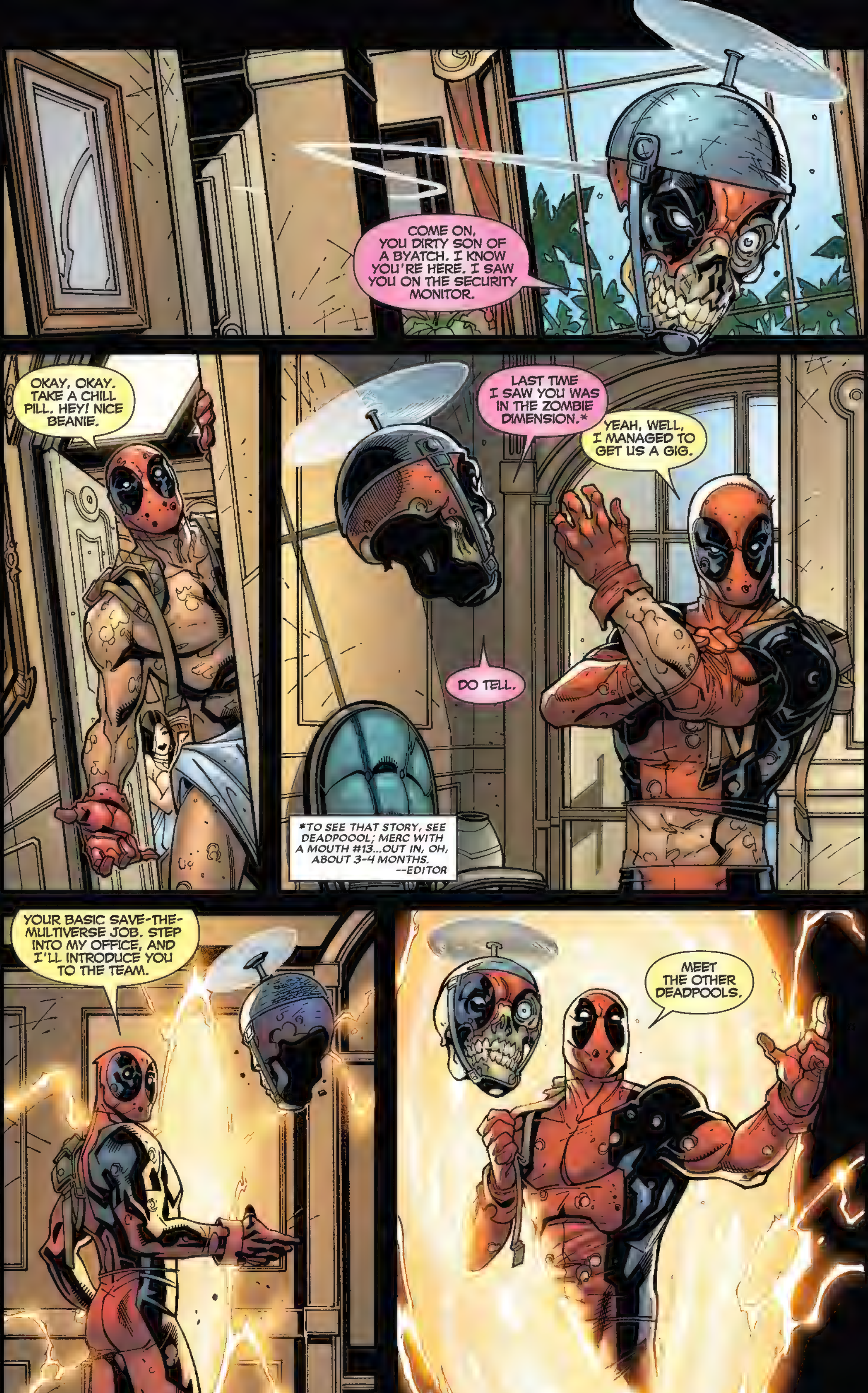

WELL, WELL, WELL, LOOKS LIKE I'VE FINALLY FOUND SOME PREY WORTHY OF MY HUNTING SKILLS.
STAY HERE AND KEEP AN EYE ON THAT DAMN HEAD. I'VE GOT A JOB TO DO.
OH, COME ON, MAN. DON'T LEAVE ME ALONE WITH THIS THING.
FINE. THEN COME WITH ME TO HUNT DOWN THE INTRUDER.
IF YOU DARE.
NO, NO. IT'S COOL. YOU CAN TRUST ME. I'LL STAY HERE AND KEEP AN EYE ON THINGS.
FOR PETE'S SAKE, JUST GET ON WITH IT.

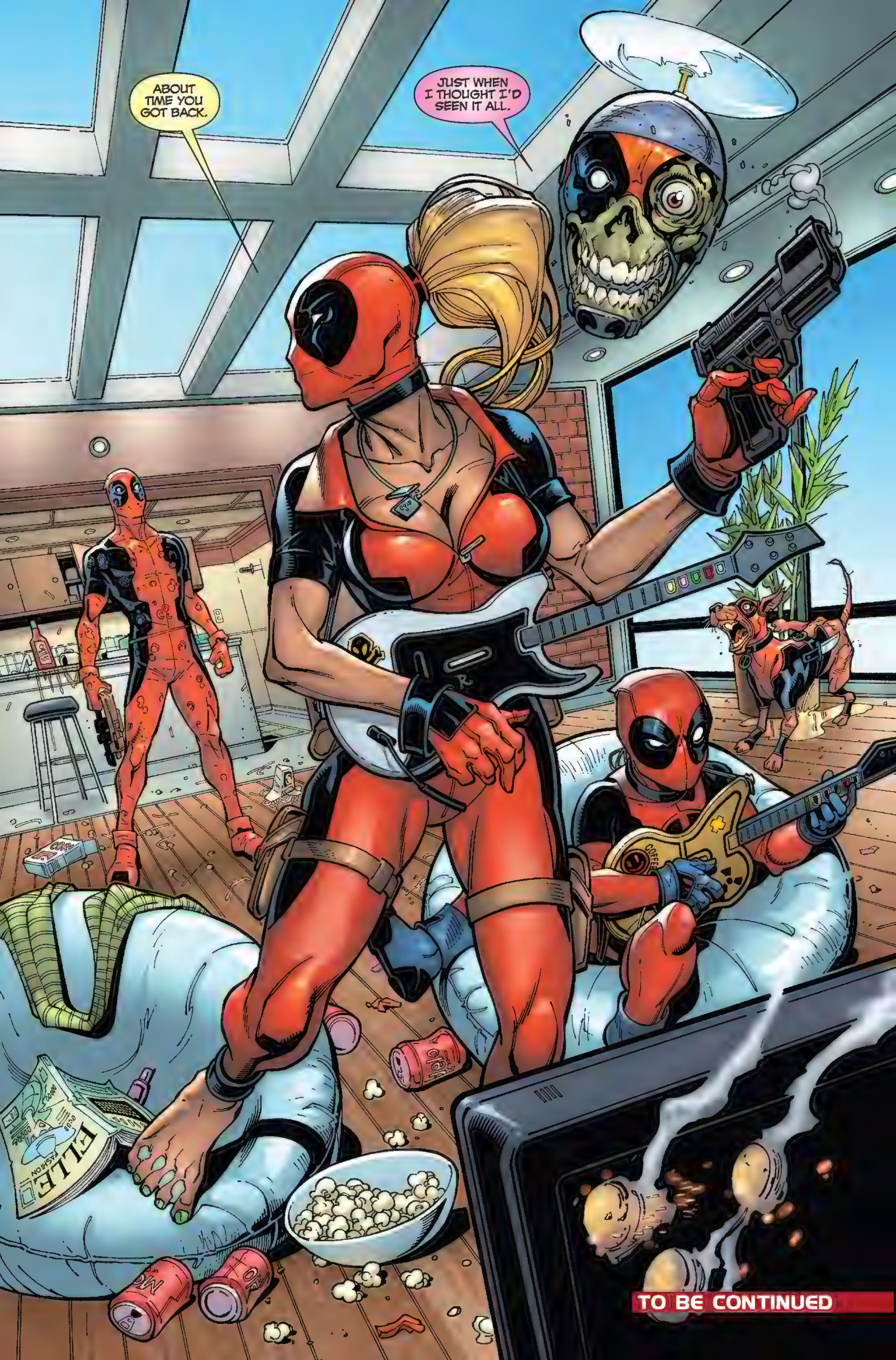

SO, WE KILLED SOME GUYS. THAT WAS COOL.
YEAH, YEAH, LET'S PICK UP SHORTY AND GET THIS OVER WITH.
AND THUS DO I PUT ANOTHER NOTCH ON MY GUN.
KA-POW!
AH-HAH. ANOTHER HEAD FOR ANOTHER PIKE. I AM THE MOST CUNNING PREDATOR OF ALL!


YOU KNOW WHAT I WANT.
PLEASE. DON'T TALK.
YOU WANT ME TO HAUNT YOUR DARKEST DREAMS FOREVER? BECAUSE I'LL DO IT, MAN. DON'T PUSH ME.
FOR THE LOVE OF GOD, JUST TELL ME WHAT YOU WANT. ANYTHING TO APPEASE YOUR RESTLESS SPIRIT.
PUT IT ON ME. ***DO IT!*** DON'T MAKE ME GET ALL GHOSTLY AND VENGEFUL.
BOOOOOOOOOOO.
OKAY! OKAY! I'LL GET IT. I'LL PUT IT ON YOU. *JUST PLEASE LEAVE ME IN PEACE!*

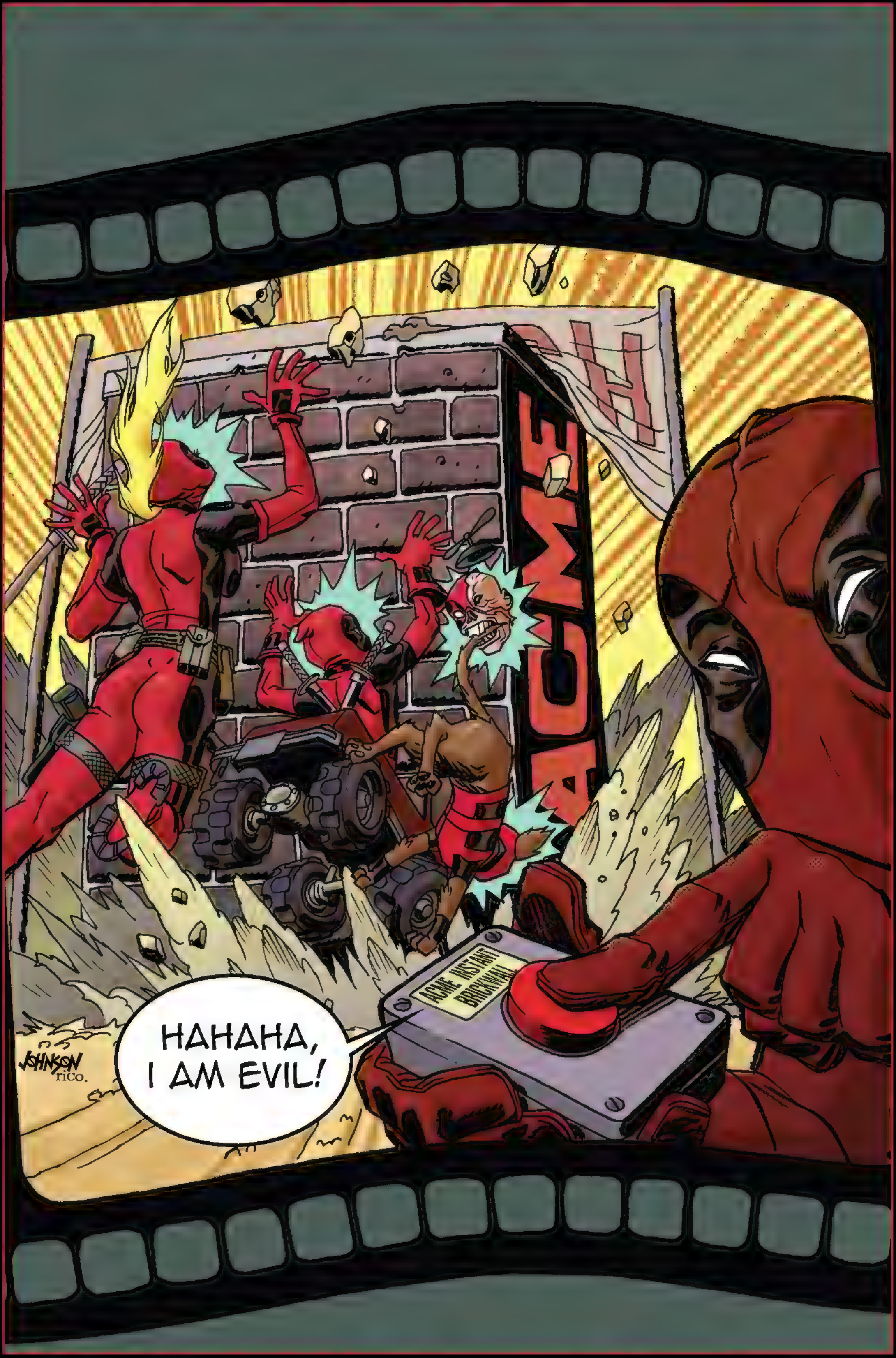

AND NOW I COLLECT MY TROPHY.
-URK-
THAT'S QUITE ENOUGH OF BEING SHOT. WHERE'S THE HEAD?
IN M-MY BASEMENT.
THANKS.
KRUNCH!
MY DARLING ALFONSO! YOU'VE COME BACK TO ME!
LADY, I'M NOT--


OH, ALFONSO, HOW I'VE MISSED YOU. TAKE ME NOW, YOU RANDY MONKEY!
AS FAR AS WE'RE CONCERNED YOUR NAME IS NOW ALFONSO.
We also answer to Randy Monkey.


COME ON, YOU DIRTY SON OF A BYATCH. I KNOW YOU'RE HERE. I SAW YOU ON THE SECURITY MONITOR.
OKAY, OKAY. TAKE A CHILL PILL. HEY! NICE BEANIE.
LAST TIME I SAW YOU WAS IN THE ZOMBIE DIMENSION.*
YEAH, WELL, I MANAGED TO GET US A GIG.
DO TELL.
*TO SEE THAT STORY, SEE DEADPOOOL; MERC WITH A MOUTH #13...OUT IN, OH, ABOUT 3-4 MONTHS. --EDITOR
YOUR BASIC SAVE-THE-MULTIVERSE JOB. STEP INTO MY OFFICE, AND I'LL INTRODUCE YOU TO THE TEAM.
MEET THE OTHER DEADPOOLS.


ABOUT TIME YOU GOT BACK.
JUST WHEN I THOUGHT I'D SEEN IT ALL.
ELLE
FASHION
TO BE CONTINUED

NEXT ISSUE


ACME
ACME INSTANT BRICKWALL
HAHAHA, I AM EVIL!
JOHNSON rico.

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5 OF 5

GISCHLER
BAKER

PRELUDE TO DEADPOOL CORPS

ACME
ACME INSTANT BRICKWALL
HAHAHA, I AM EVIL!
JOHNSON
rico.

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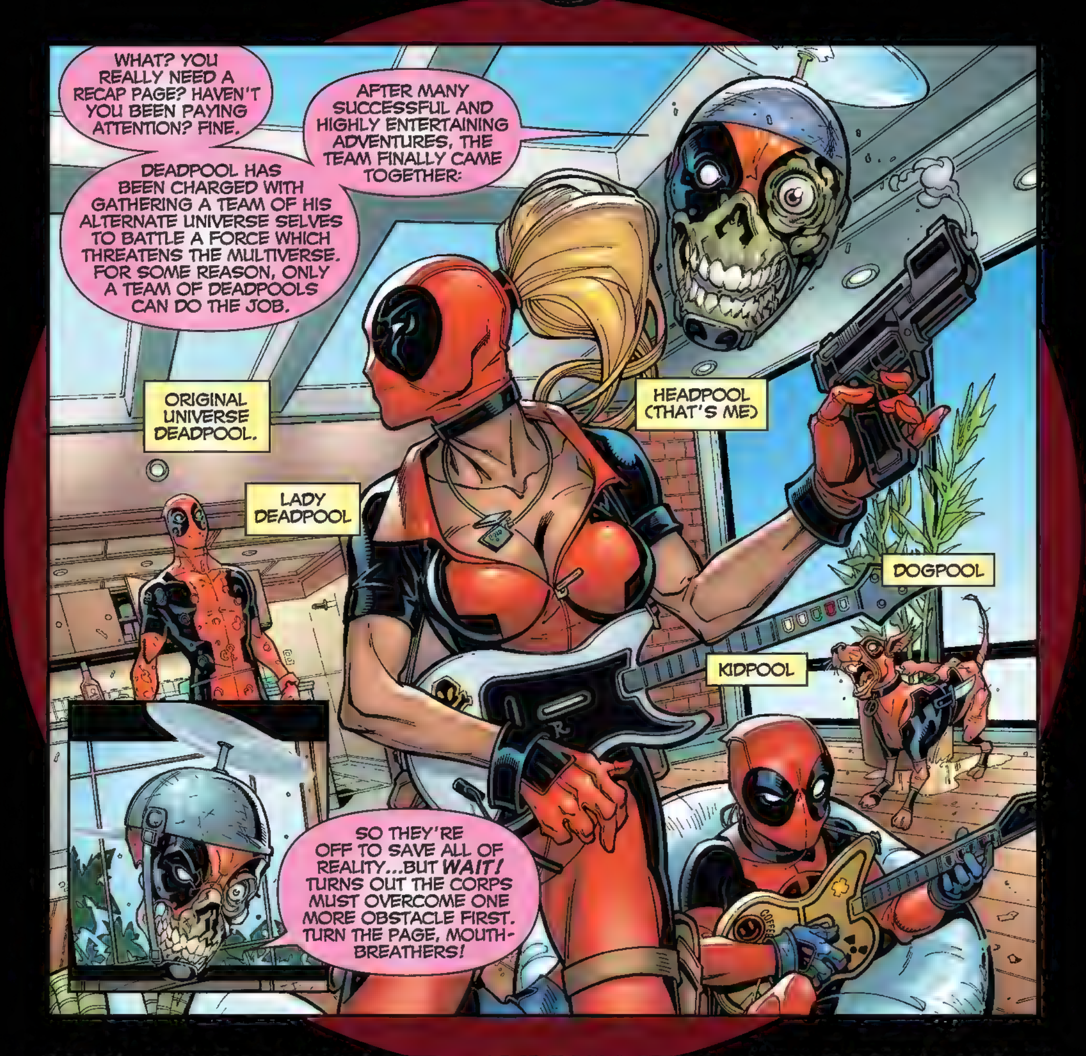
PRELUDE TO DEADPOOL CORPS


WHAT? YOU REALLY NEED A RECAP PAGE? HAVEN'T YOU BEEN PAYING ATTENTION? FINE.
DEADPOOL HAS BEEN CHARGED WITH GATHERING A TEAM OF HIS ALTERNATE UNIVERSE SELVES TO BATTLE A FORCE WHICH THREATENS THE MULTIVERSE. FOR SOME REASON, ONLY A TEAM OF DEADPOOLS CAN DO THE JOB.
AFTER MANY SUCCESSFUL AND HIGHLY ENTERTAINING ADVENTURES, THE TEAM FINALLY CAME TOGETHER:
ORIGINAL UNIVERSE DEADPOOL.
LADY DEADPOOL
HEADPOOL (THAT'S ME)
DOGPOOL
KIDPOOL
SO THEY'RE OFF TO SAVE ALL OF REALITY...BUT *WAIT!* TURNS OUT THE CORPS MUST OVERCOME ONE MORE OBSTACLE FIRST. TURN THE PAGE, MOUTH-BREATHERS!

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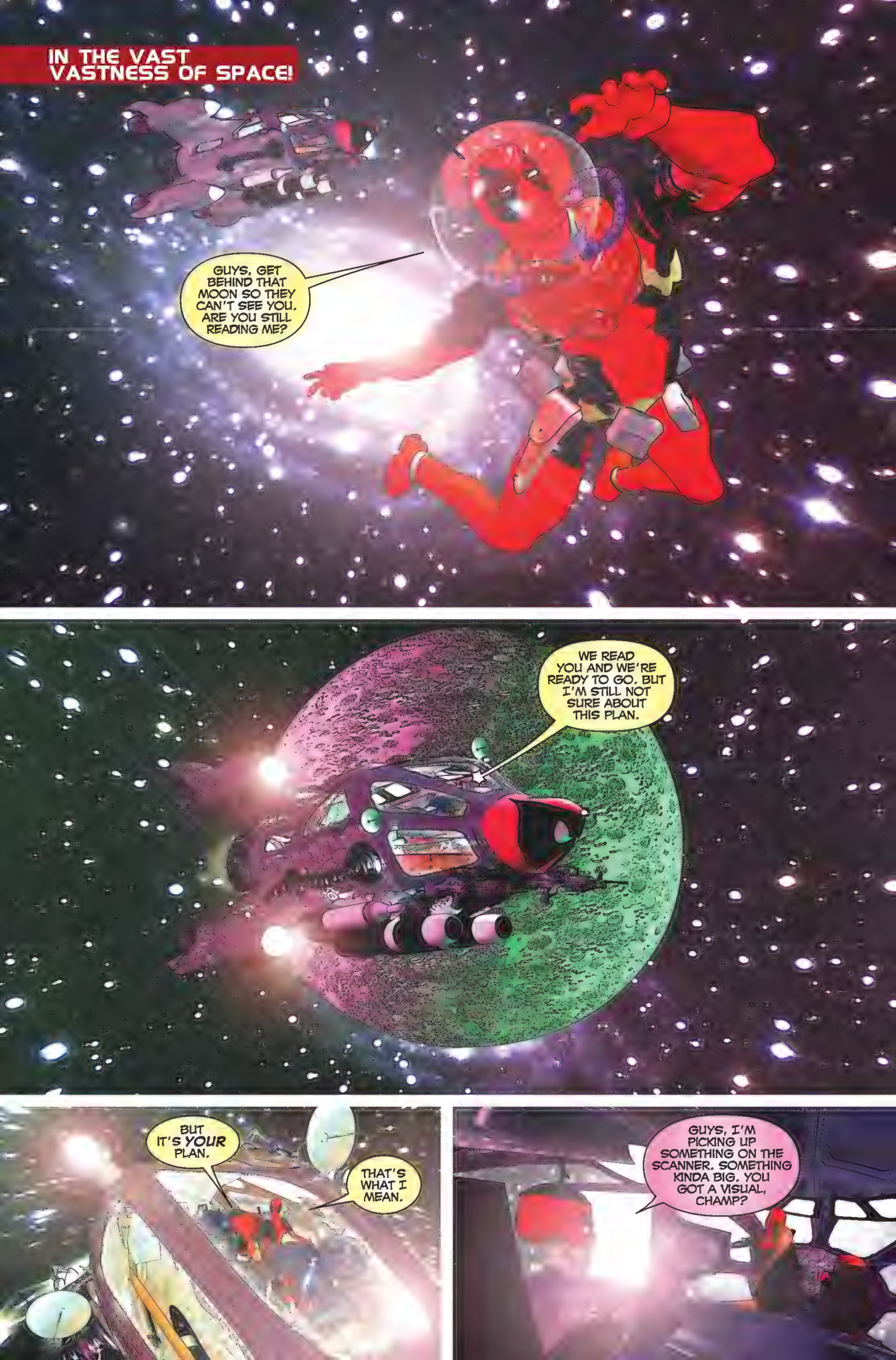
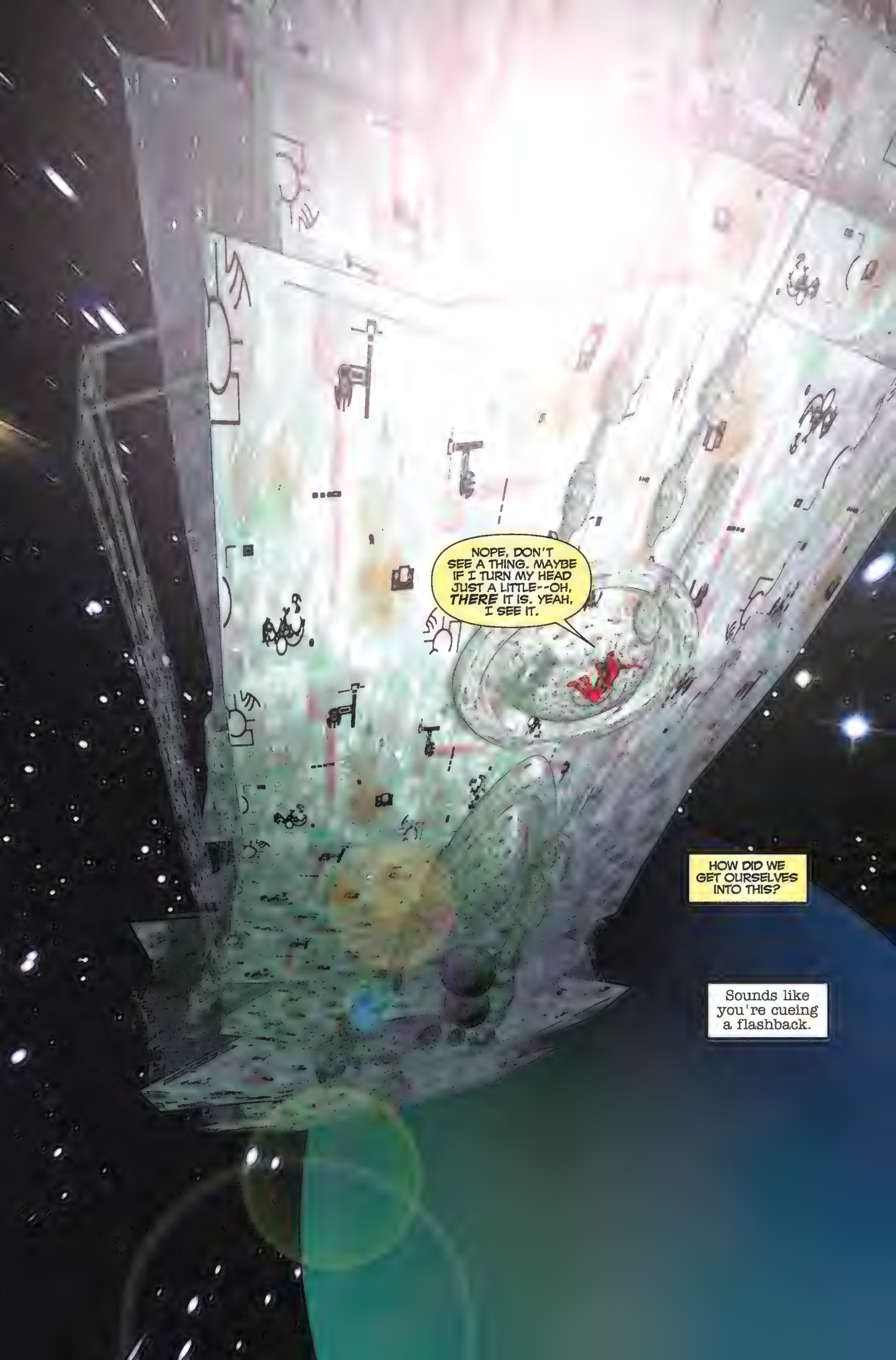
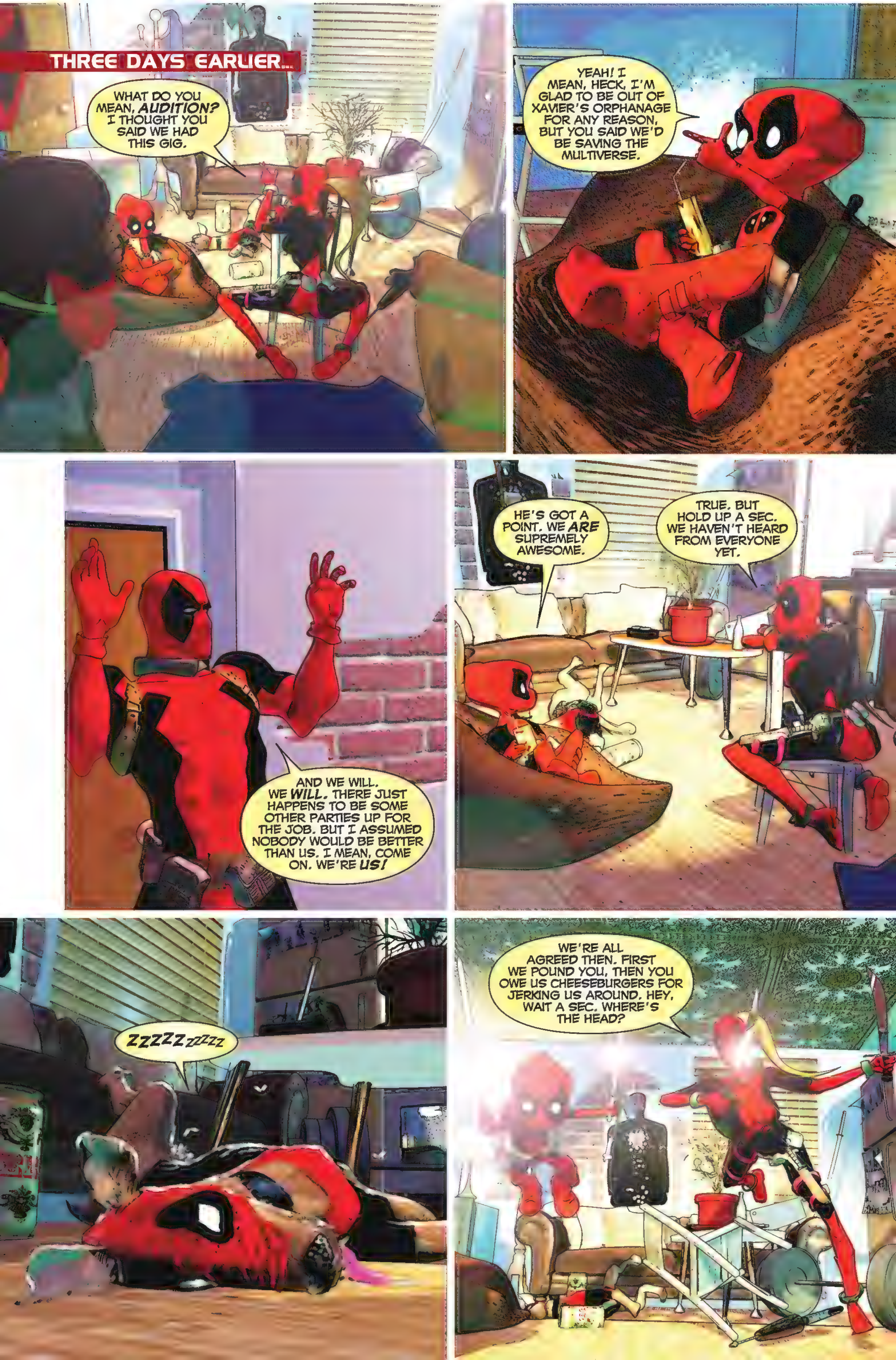
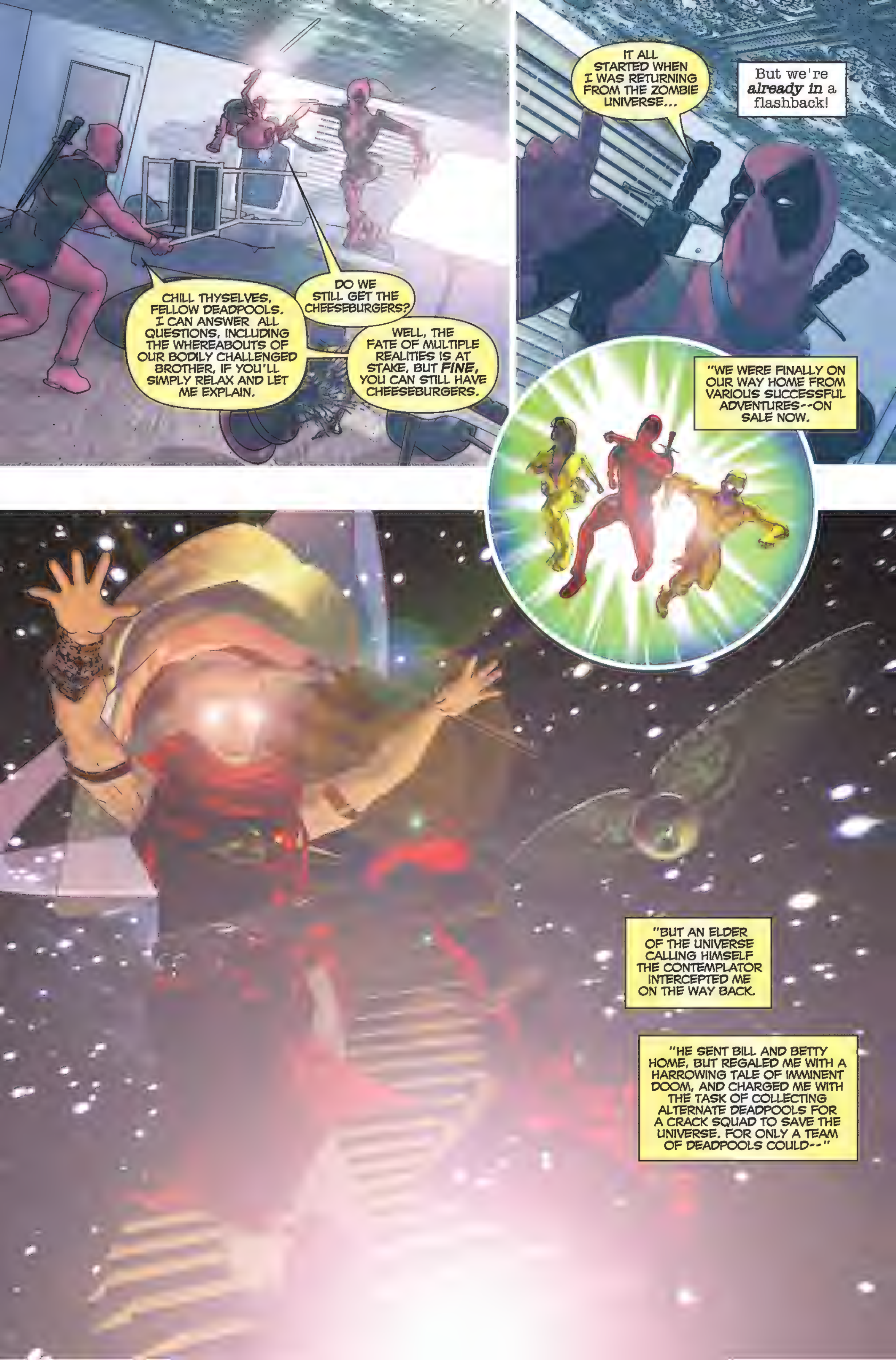
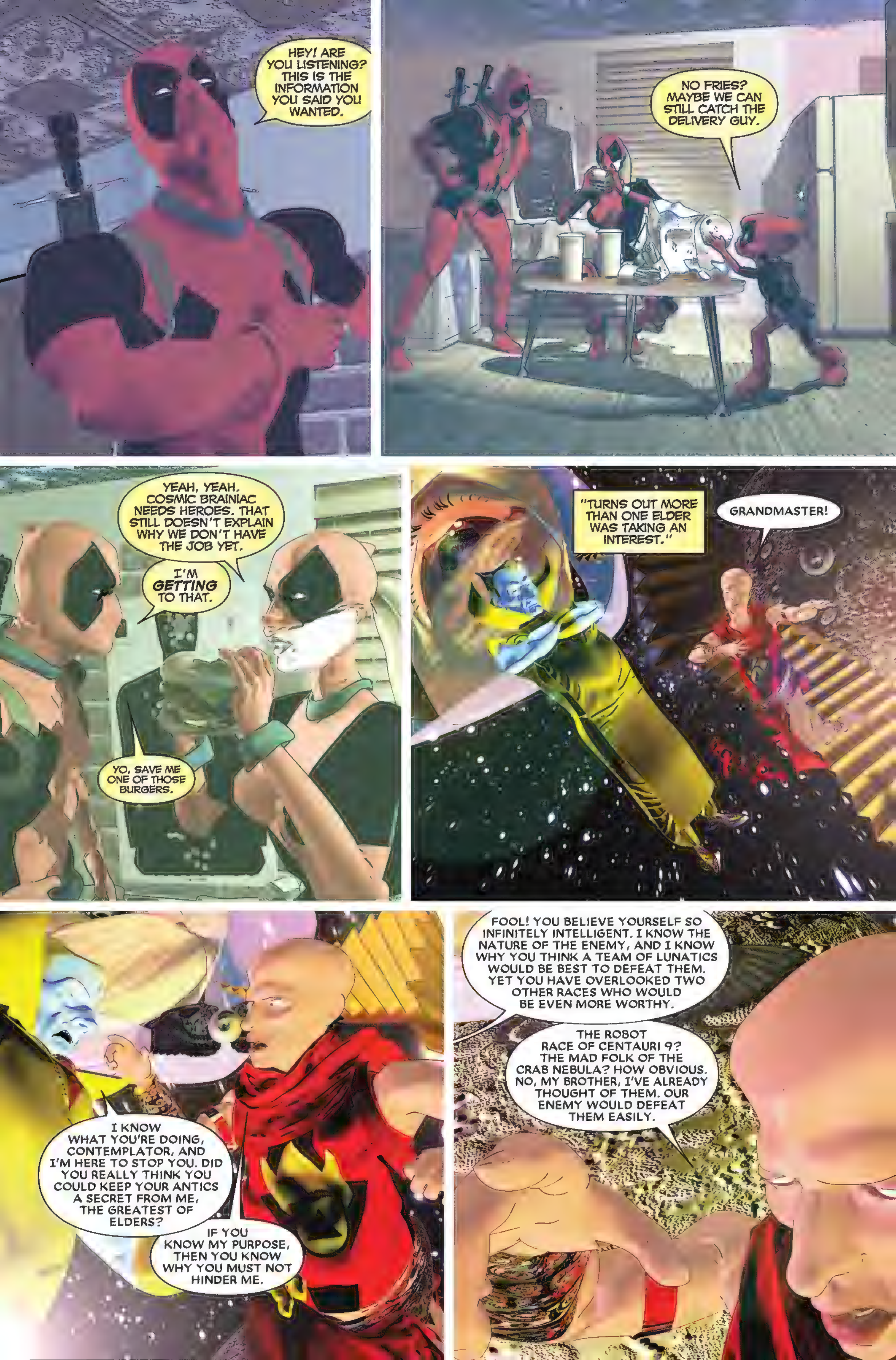
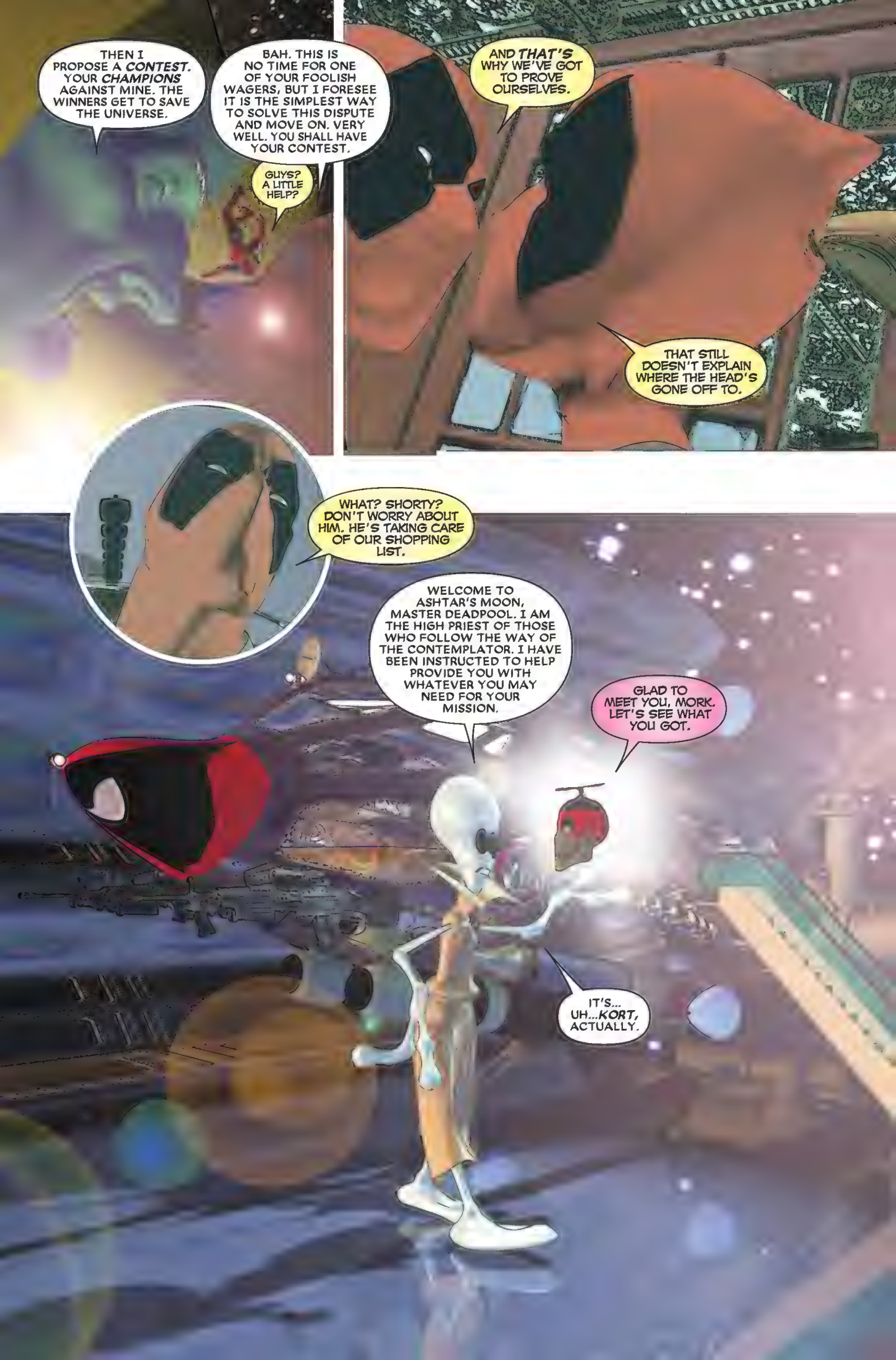

IN THE VAST VASTNESS OF SPACE!
GUYS, GET BEHIND THAT MOON SO THEY CAN'T SEE YOU. ARE YOU STILL READING ME?
WE READ YOU AND WE'RE READY TO GO. BUT I'M STILL NOT SURE ABOUT THIS PLAN.
BUT IT'S *YOUR* PLAN.
THAT'S WHAT I MEAN.
GUYS, I'M PICKING UP SOMETHING ON THE SCANNER. SOMETHING KINDA BIG. YOU GOT A VISUAL, CHAMP?

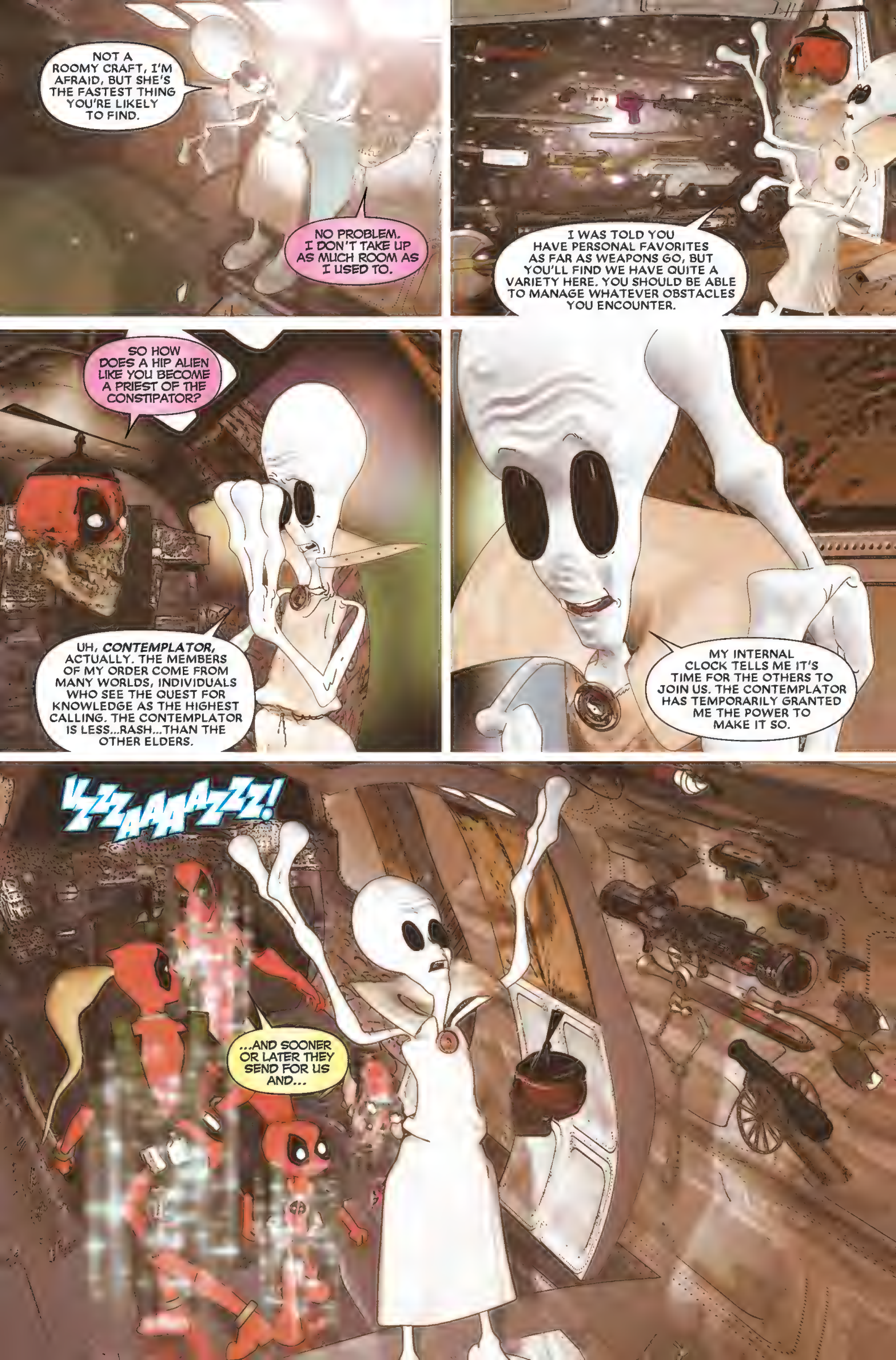

NOPE, DON'T SEE A THING. MAYBE IF I TURN MY HEAD JUST A LITTLE--OH, ***THERE*** IT IS. YEAH, I SEE IT.
HOW DID WE GET OURSELVES INTO THIS?
Sounds like you're cueing a flashback.

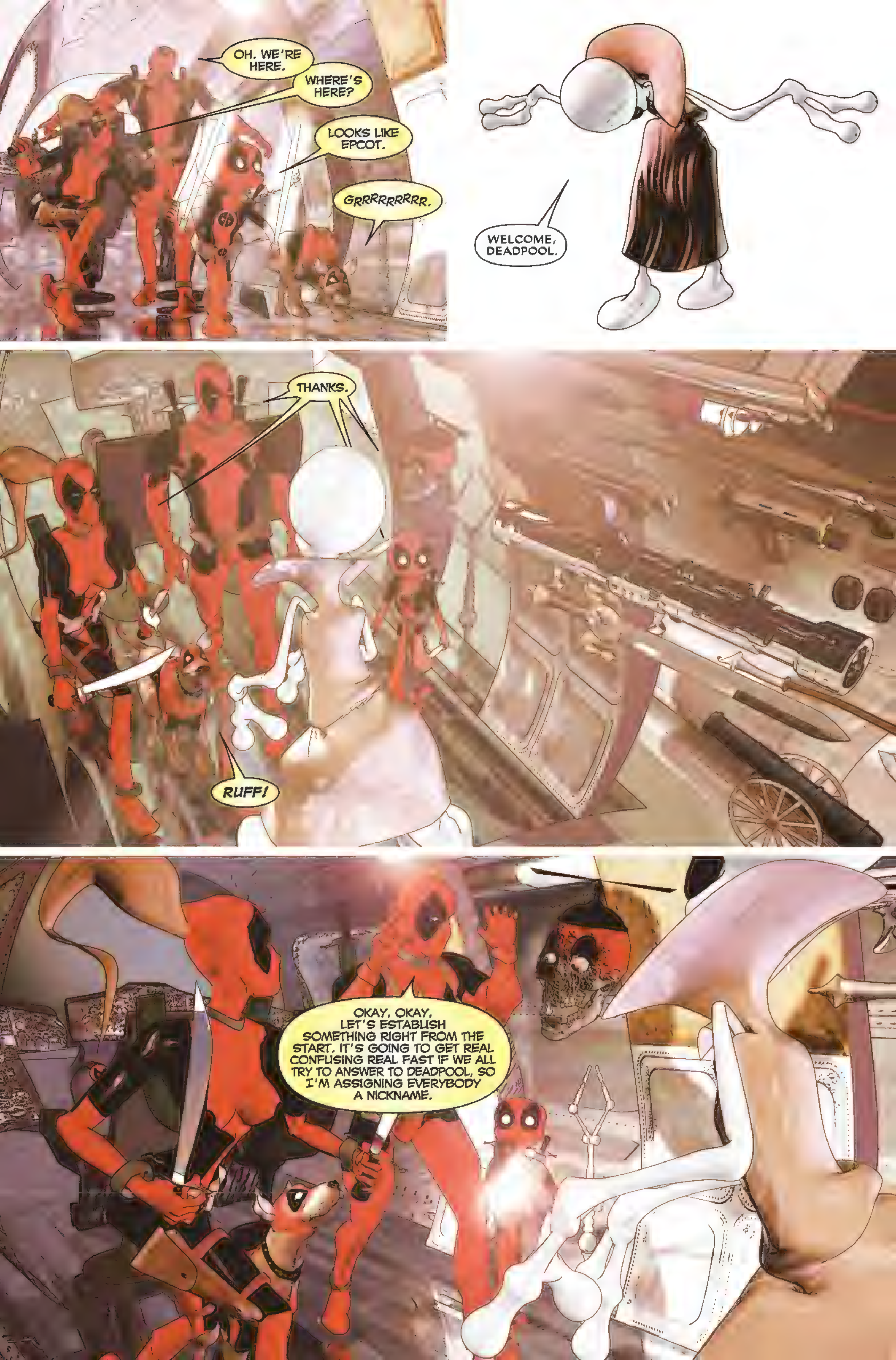

THREE DAYS EARLIER...
WHAT DO YOU MEAN, *AUDITION?* I THOUGHT YOU SAID WE HAD THIS GIG.
YEAH! I MEAN, HECK, I'M GLAD TO BE OUT OF XAVIER'S ORPHANAGE FOR ANY REASON, BUT YOU SAID WE'D BE SAVING THE MULTIVERSE.
AND WE WILL. WE *WILL.* THERE JUST HAPPENS TO BE SOME OTHER PARTIES UP FOR THE JOB. BUT I ASSUMED NOBODY WOULD BE BETTER THAN US. I MEAN, COME ON. WE'RE *US!*
HE'S GOT A POINT. WE *ARE* SUPREMELY AWESOME.
TRUE. BUT HOLD UP A SEC. WE HAVEN'T HEARD FROM EVERYONE YET.
ZZZZZzzzzz
WE'RE ALL AGREED THEN. FIRST WE POUND YOU, THEN YOU OWE US CHEESEBURGERS FOR JERKING US AROUND. HEY, WAIT A SEC. WHERE'S THE HEAD?

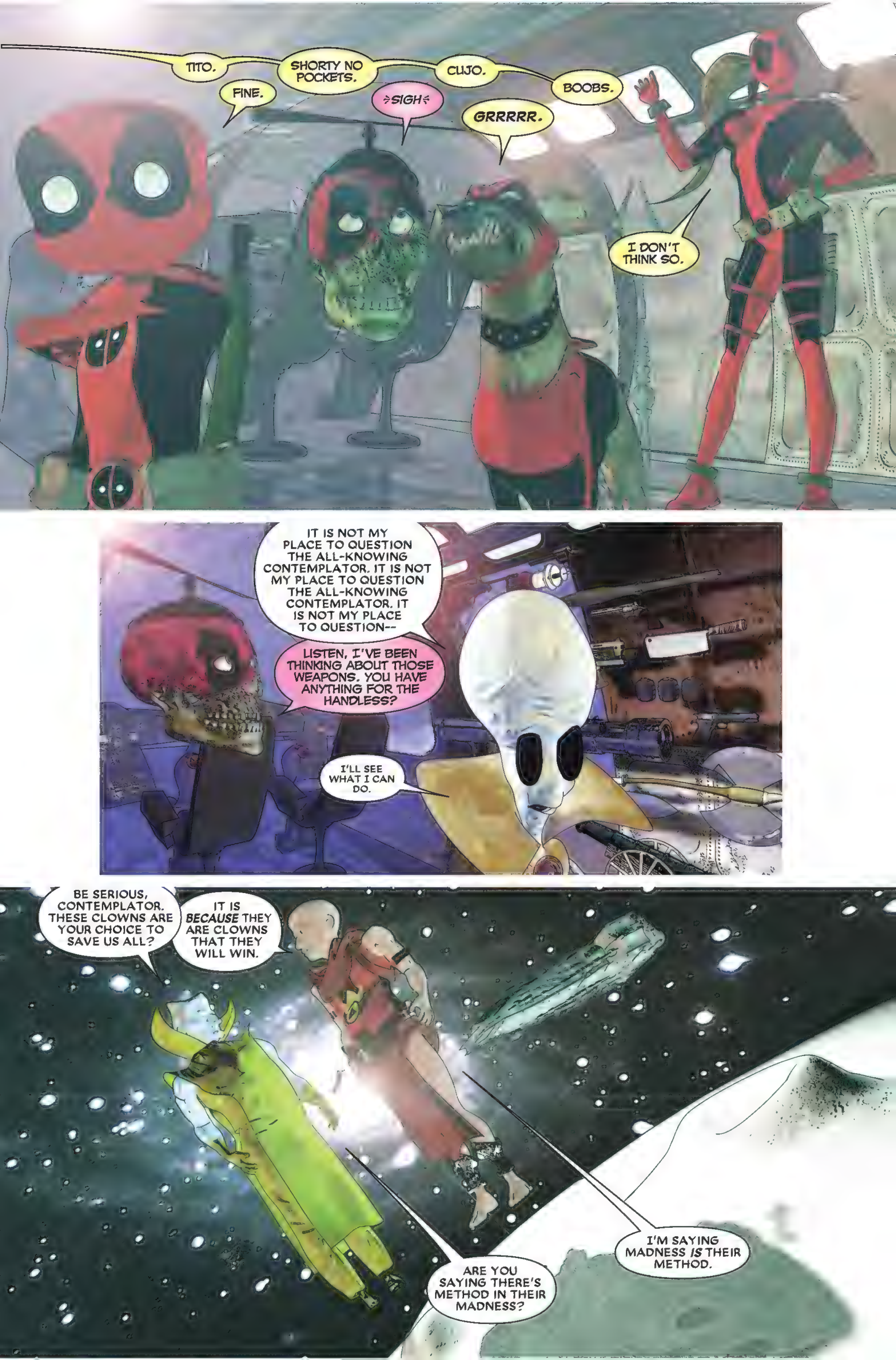

CHILL THYSELVES, FELLOW DEADPOOLS. I CAN ANSWER ALL QUESTIONS, INCLUDING THE WHEREABOUTS OF OUR BODILY CHALLENGED BROTHER, IF YOU'LL SIMPLY RELAX AND LET ME EXPLAIN.
DO WE STILL GET THE CHEESEBURGERS?
WELL, THE FATE OF MULTIPLE REALITIES IS AT STAKE, BUT *FINE*, YOU CAN STILL HAVE CHEESEBURGERS.
IT ALL STARTED WHEN I WAS RETURNING FROM THE ZOMBIE UNIVERSE...
But we're ***already in*** a flashback!
"WE WERE FINALLY ON OUR WAY HOME FROM VARIOUS SUCCESSFUL ADVENTURES--ON SALE NOW.
"BUT AN ELDER OF THE UNIVERSE CALLING HIMSELF THE CONTEMPLATOR INTERCEPTED ME ON THE WAY BACK.
"HE SENT BILL AND BETTY HOME, BUT REGALED ME WITH A HARROWING TALE OF IMMINENT DOOM, AND CHARGED ME WITH THE TASK OF COLLECTING ALTERNATE DEADPOOLS FOR A CRACK SQUAD TO SAVE THE UNIVERSE. FOR ONLY A TEAM OF DEADPOOLS COULD--"

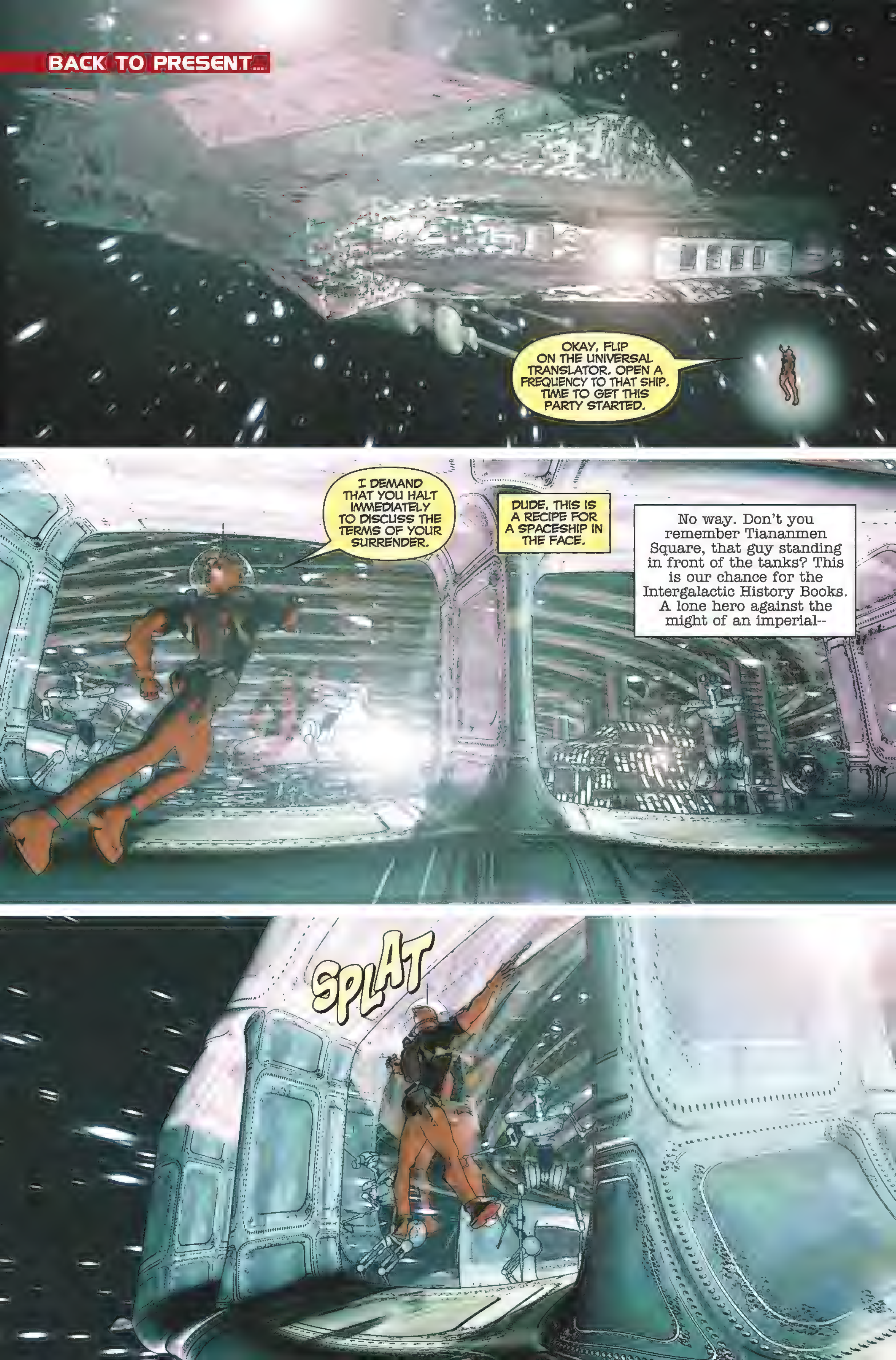

HEY! ARE YOU LISTENING? THIS IS THE INFORMATION YOU SAID YOU WANTED.
NO FRIES? MAYBE WE CAN STILL CATCH THE DELIVERY GUY.
YEAH, YEAH. COSMIC BRAINIAC NEEDS HEROES. THAT STILL DOESN'T EXPLAIN WHY WE DON'T HAVE THE JOB YET.
I'M *GETTING* TO THAT.
YO, SAVE ME ONE OF THOSE BURGERS.
"TURNS OUT MORE THAN ONE ELDER WAS TAKING AN INTEREST."
GRANDMASTER!
I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING, CONTEMPLATOR, AND I'M HERE TO STOP YOU. DID YOU REALLY THINK YOU COULD KEEP YOUR ANTICS A SECRET FROM ME, THE GREATEST OF ELDERS?
IF YOU KNOW MY PURPOSE, THEN YOU KNOW WHY YOU MUST NOT HINDER ME.
FOOL! YOU BELIEVE YOURSELF SO INFINITELY INTELLIGENT. I KNOW THE NATURE OF THE ENEMY, AND I KNOW WHY YOU THINK A TEAM OF LUNATICS WOULD BE BEST TO DEFEAT THEM. YET YOU HAVE OVERLOOKED TWO OTHER RACES WHO WOULD BE EVEN MORE WORTHY.
THE ROBOT RACE OF CENTAURI 9? THE MAD FOLK OF THE CRAB NEBULA? HOW OBVIOUS. NO, MY BROTHER, I'VE ALREADY THOUGHT OF THEM. OUR ENEMY WOULD DEFEAT THEM EASILY.

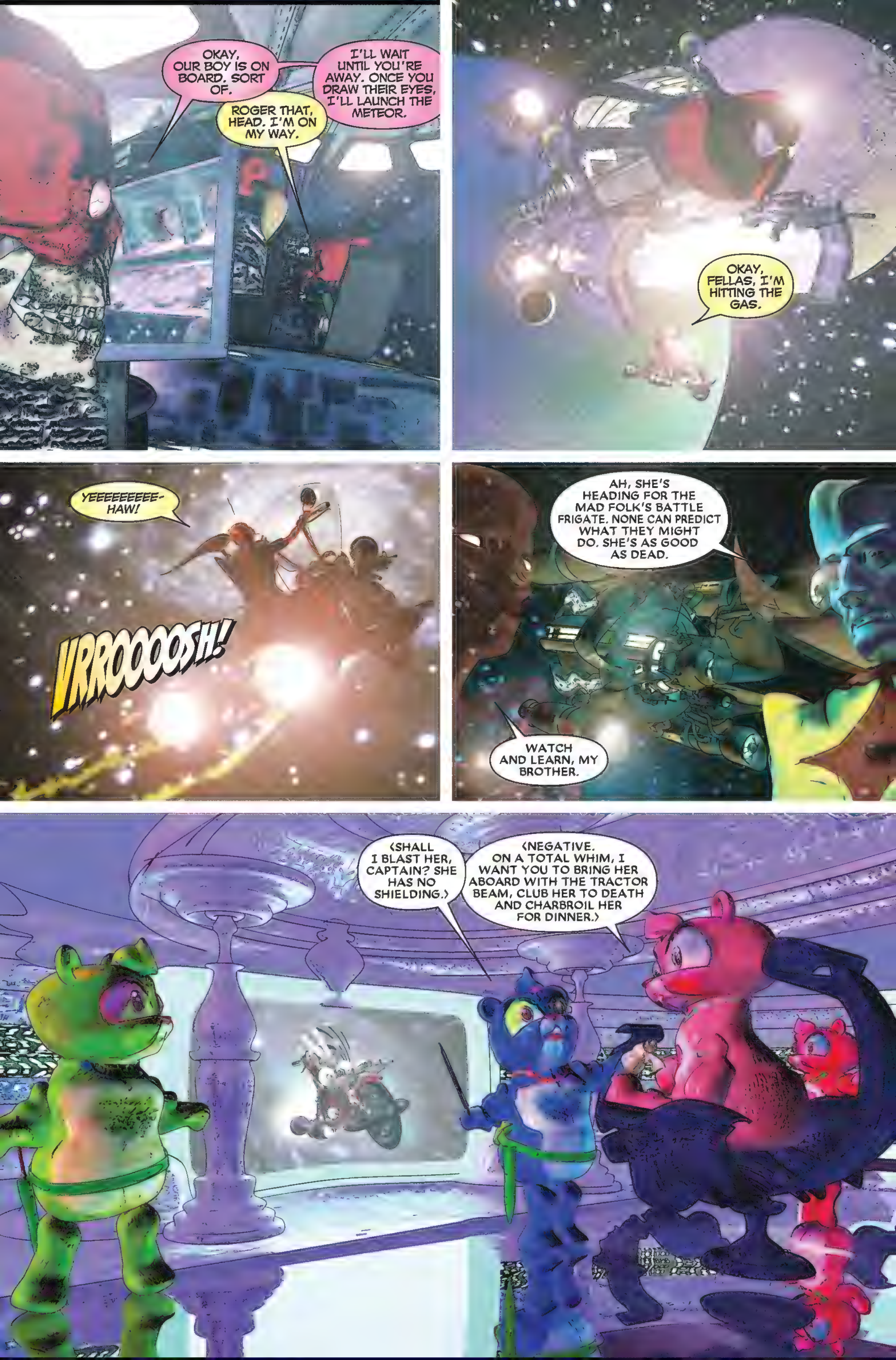

THEN I PROPOSE A *CONTEST*. YOUR *CHAMPIONS* AGAINST MINE. THE WINNERS GET TO SAVE THE UNIVERSE.
BAH. THIS IS NO TIME FOR ONE OF YOUR FOOLISH WAGERS, BUT I FORESEE IT IS THE SIMPLEST WAY TO SOLVE THIS DISPUTE AND MOVE ON. VERY WELL. YOU SHALL HAVE YOUR CONTEST.
GUYS? A LITTLE HELP?
AND *THAT'S* WHY WE'VE GOT TO PROVE OURSELVES.
THAT STILL DOESN'T EXPLAIN WHERE THE HEAD'S GONE OFF TO.
WHAT? SHORTY? DON'T WORRY ABOUT HIM. HE'S TAKING CARE OF OUR SHOPPING LIST.
WELCOME TO ASHTAR'S MOON, MASTER DEADPOOL. I AM THE HIGH PRIEST OF THOSE WHO FOLLOW THE WAY OF THE CONTEMPLATOR. I HAVE BEEN INSTRUCTED TO HELP PROVIDE YOU WITH WHATEVER YOU MAY NEED FOR YOUR MISSION.
GLAD TO MEET YOU, MORK. LET'S SEE WHAT YOU GOT.
IT'S... UH...*KORT*, ACTUALLY.

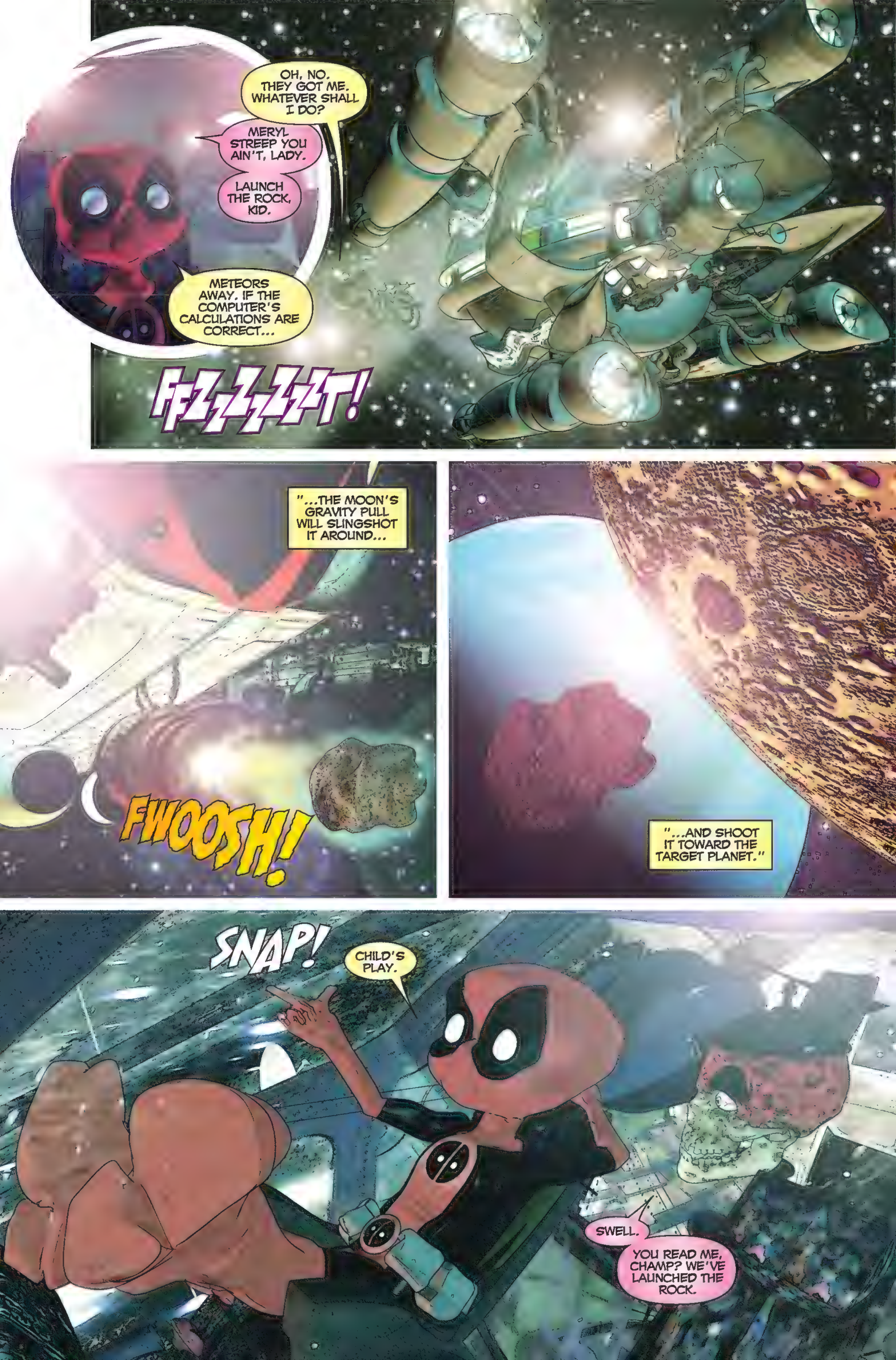

NOT A ROOMY CRAFT, I'M AFRAID, BUT SHE'S THE FASTEST THING YOU'RE LIKELY TO FIND.
NO PROBLEM. I DON'T TAKE UP AS MUCH ROOM AS I USED TO.
I WAS TOLD YOU HAVE PERSONAL FAVORITES AS FAR AS WEAPONS GO, BUT YOU'LL FIND WE HAVE QUITE A VARIETY HERE. YOU SHOULD BE ABLE TO MANAGE WHATEVER OBSTACLES YOU ENCOUNTER.
SO HOW DOES A HIP ALIEN LIKE YOU BECOME A PRIEST OF THE CONSTIPATOR?
UH, *CONTEMPLATOR,* ACTUALLY. THE MEMBERS OF MY ORDER COME FROM MANY WORLDS, INDIVIDUALS WHO SEE THE QUEST FOR KNOWLEDGE AS THE HIGHEST CALLING. THE CONTEMPLATOR IS LESS...RASH...THAN THE OTHER ELDERS.
MY INTERNAL CLOCK TELLS ME IT'S TIME FOR THE OTHERS TO JOIN US. THE CONTEMPLATOR HAS TEMPORARILY GRANTED ME THE POWER TO MAKE IT SO.
VZZZAAAAZZZ!
...AND SOONER OR LATER THEY SEND FOR US AND...

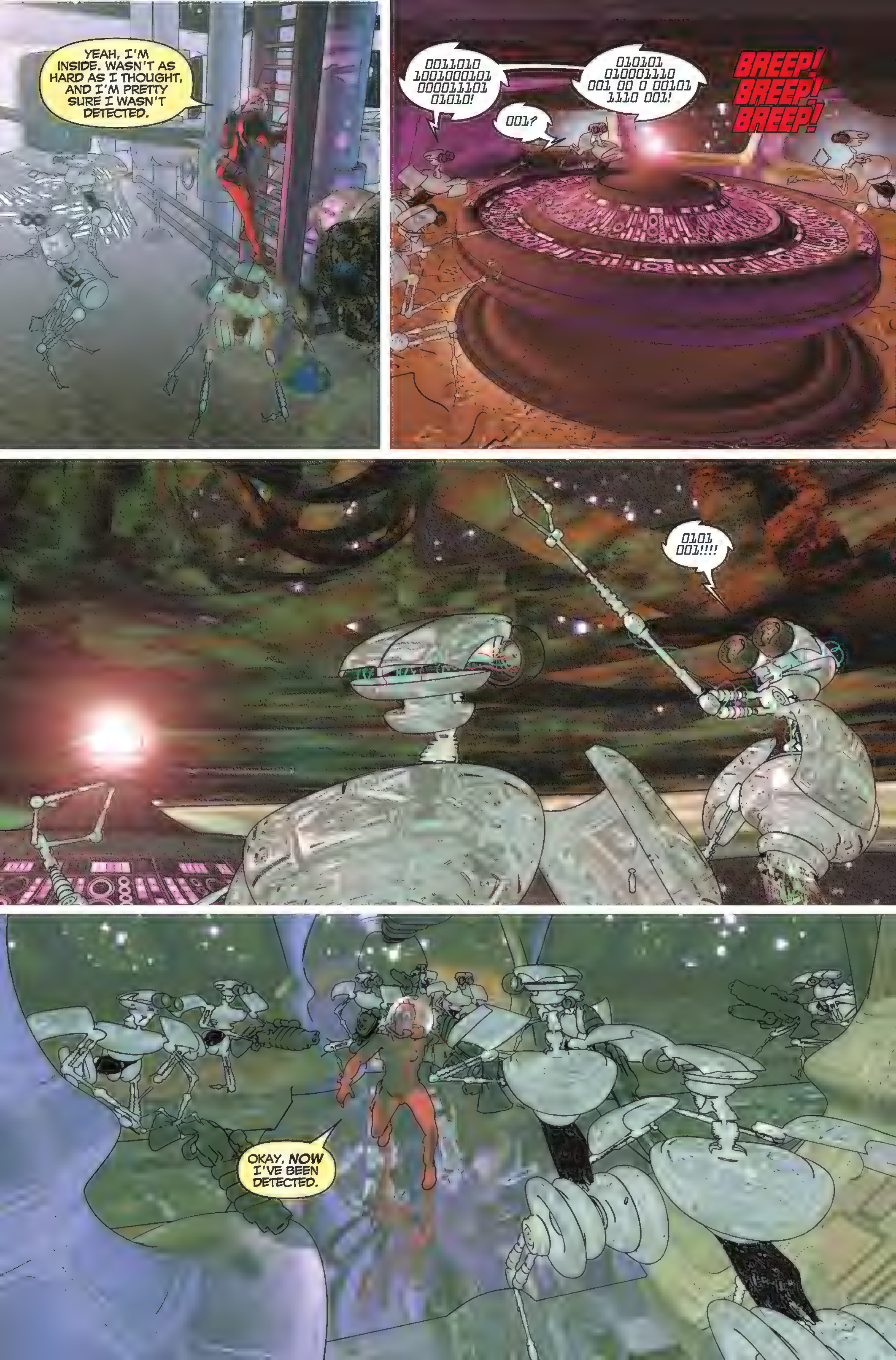

OH. WE'RE HERE.
WHERE'S HERE?
LOOKS LIKE EPCOT.
GRRRRRRRRR.
WELCOME, DEADPOOL.
THANKS.
RUFF!
OKAY, OKAY, LET'S ESTABLISH SOMETHING RIGHT FROM THE START. IT'S GOING TO GET REAL CONFUSING REAL FAST IF WE ALL TRY TO ANSWER TO DEADPOOL, SO I'M ASSIGNING EVERYBODY A NICKNAME.

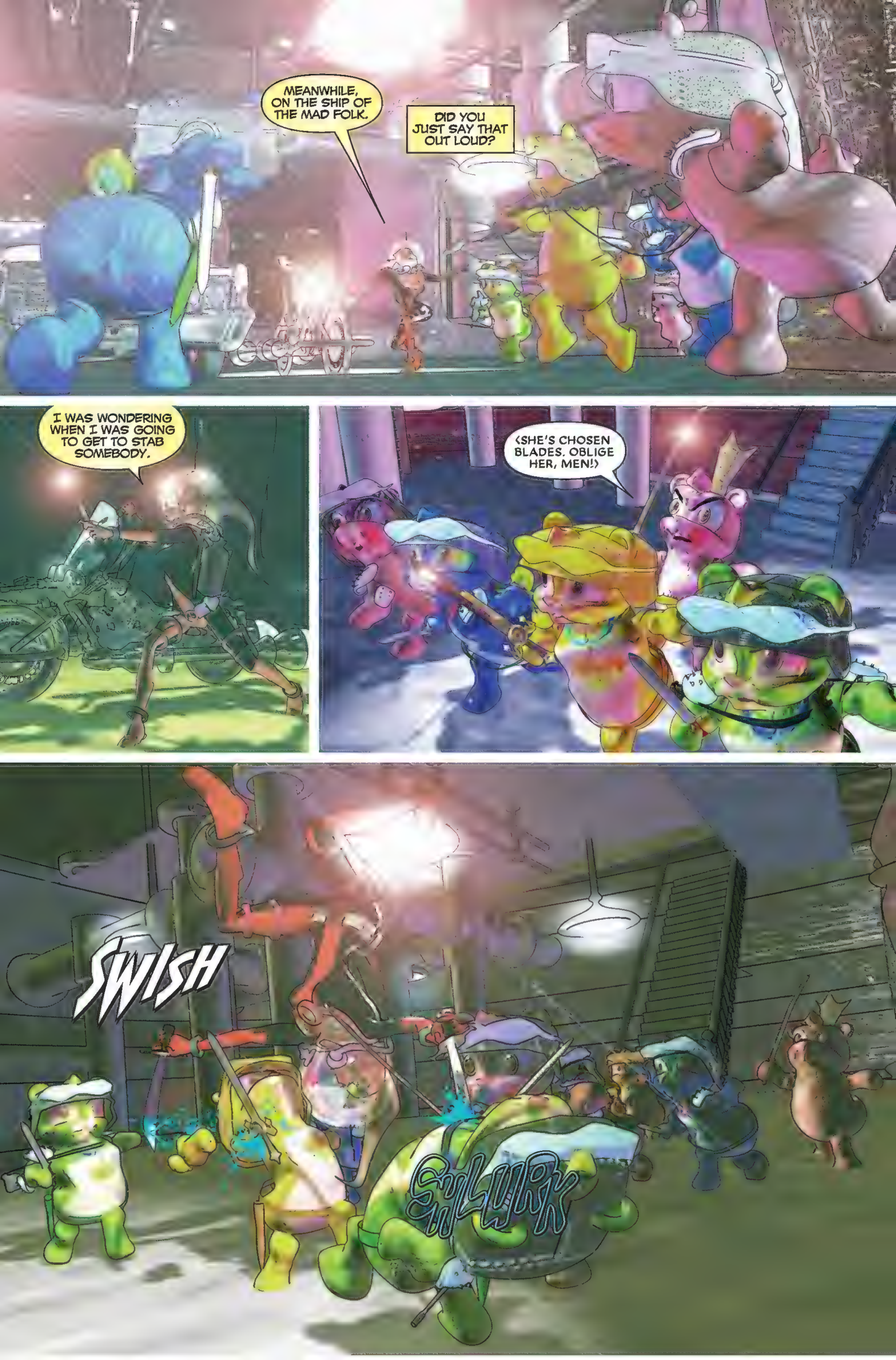

TITO.
FINE.
SHORTY NO POCKETS.
SIGH
CUJO.
GRRRRR.
BOOBS.
I DON'T THINK SO.
IT IS NOT MY PLACE TO QUESTION THE ALL-KNOWING CONTEMPLATOR. IT IS NOT MY PLACE TO QUESTION THE ALL-KNOWING CONTEMPLATOR. IT IS NOT MY PLACE TO QUESTION--
LISTEN, I'VE BEEN THINKING ABOUT THOSE WEAPONS. YOU HAVE ANYTHING FOR THE HANDLESS?
I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN DO.
BE SERIOUS, CONTEMPLATOR. THESE CLOWNS ARE YOUR CHOICE TO SAVE US ALL?
IT IS *BECAUSE* THEY ARE CLOWNS THAT THEY WILL WIN.
ARE YOU SAYING THERE'S METHOD IN THEIR MADNESS?
I'M SAYING MADNESS *IS* THEIR METHOD.

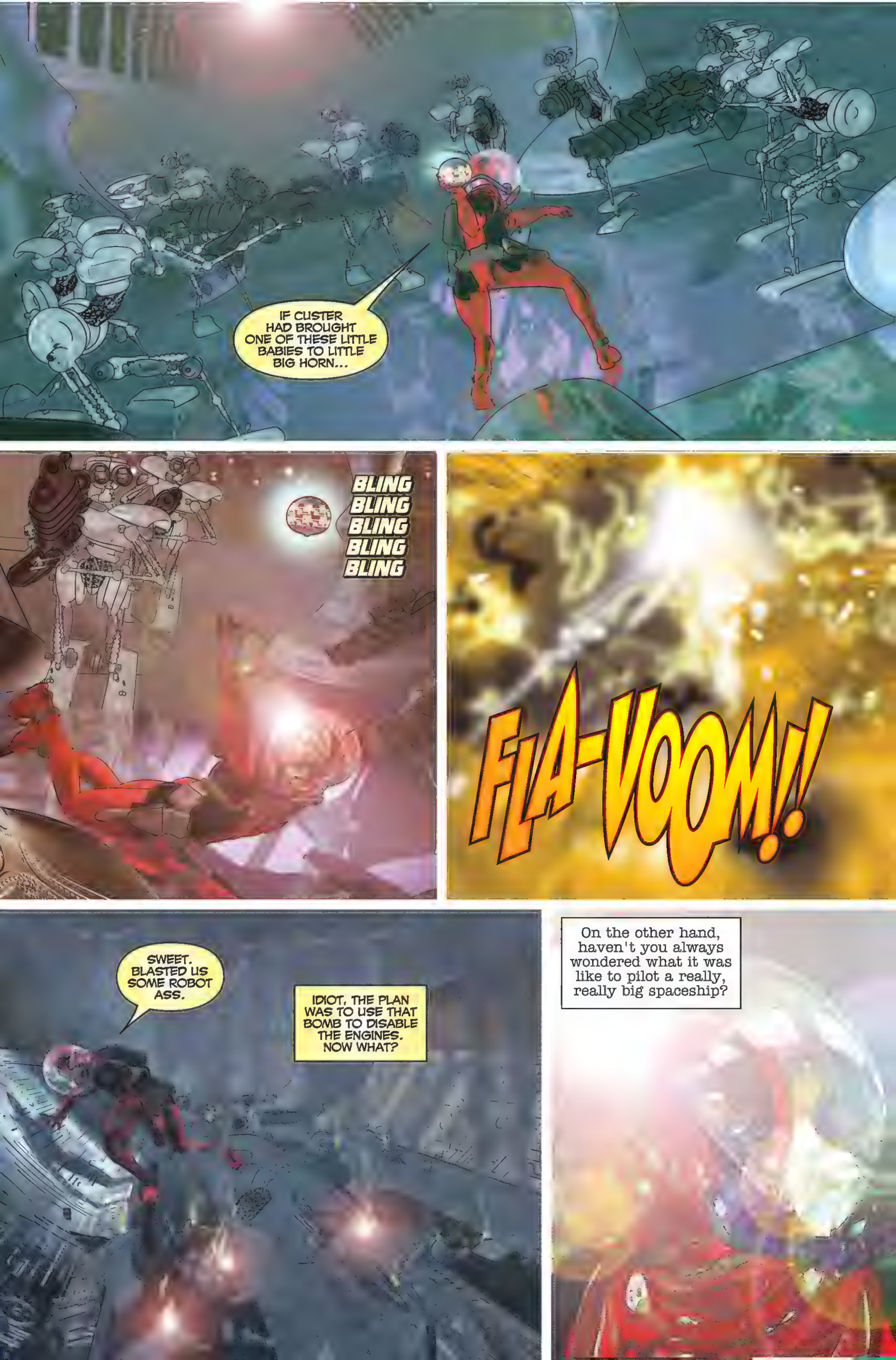

BACK TO PRESENT...
OKAY, FLIP ON THE UNIVERSAL TRANSLATOR. OPEN A FREQUENCY TO THAT SHIP. TIME TO GET THIS PARTY STARTED.
I DEMAND THAT YOU HALT IMMEDIATELY TO DISCUSS THE TERMS OF YOUR SURRENDER.
DUDE, THIS IS A RECIPE FOR A SPACESHIP IN THE FACE.
No way. Don't you remember Tiananmen Square, that guy standing in front of the tanks? This is our chance for the Intergalactic History Books. A lone hero against the might of an imperial--
SPLAT

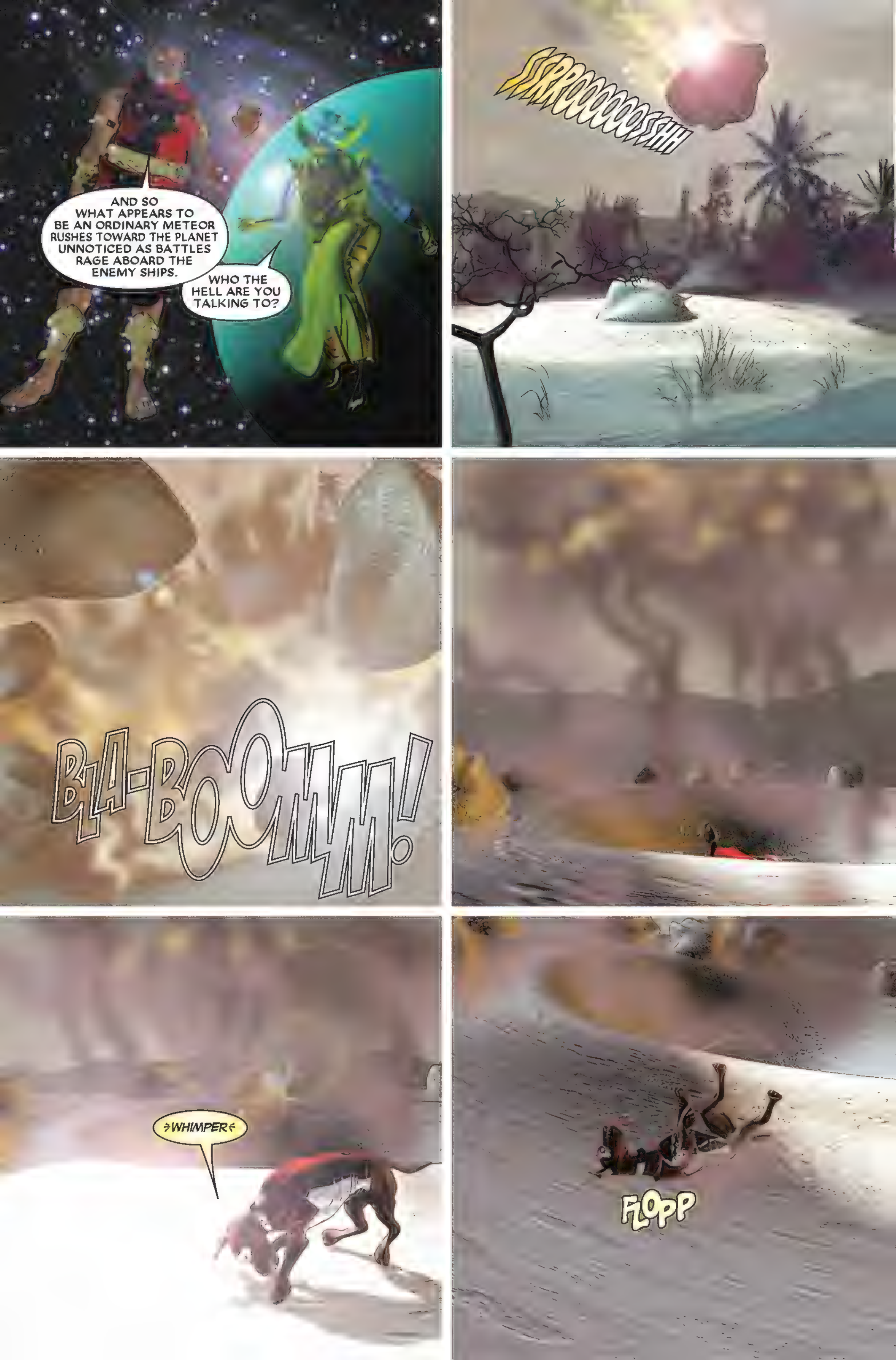

OKAY, OUR BOY IS ON BOARD. SORT OF.
I'LL WAIT UNTIL YOU'RE AWAY. ONCE YOU DRAW THEIR EYES, I'LL LAUNCH THE METEOR.
ROGER THAT, HEAD. I'M ON MY WAY.
OKAY, FELLAS, I'M HITTING THE GAS.
YEEEEEEEEE-HAW!
VRROOOOOSH!
AH, SHE'S HEADING FOR THE MAD FOLK'S BATTLE FRIGATE. NONE CAN PREDICT WHAT THEY MIGHT DO. SHE'S AS GOOD AS DEAD.
WATCH AND LEARN, MY BROTHER.
‹SHALL I BLAST HER, CAPTAIN? SHE HAS NO SHIELDING.›
‹NEGATIVE. ON A TOTAL WHIM, I WANT YOU TO BRING HER ABOARD WITH THE TRACTOR BEAM, CLUB HER TO DEATH AND CHARBROIL HER FOR DINNER.›

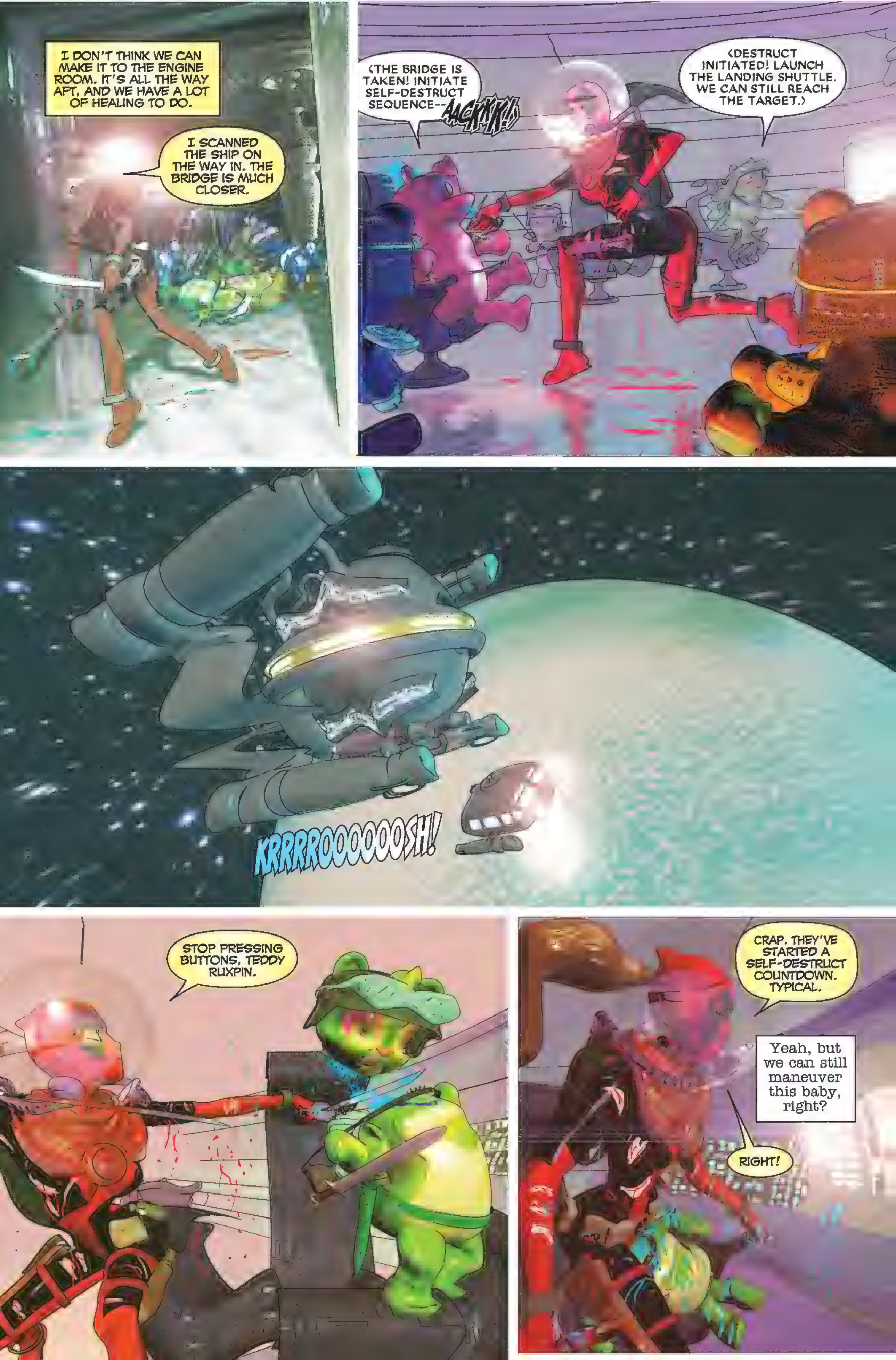

OH, NO. THEY GOT ME. WHATEVER SHALL I DO?
MERYL STREEP YOU AIN'T, LADY.
LAUNCH THE ROCK, KID.
METEORS AWAY. IF THE COMPUTER'S CALCULATIONS ARE CORRECT...
FFZZZZZZT!
"...THE MOON'S GRAVITY PULL WILL SLINGSHOT IT AROUND...
FWOOSH!
"...AND SHOOT IT TOWARD THE TARGET PLANET."
SNAP!
CHILD'S PLAY.
SWELL.
YOU READ ME, CHAMP? WE'VE LAUNCHED THE ROCK.

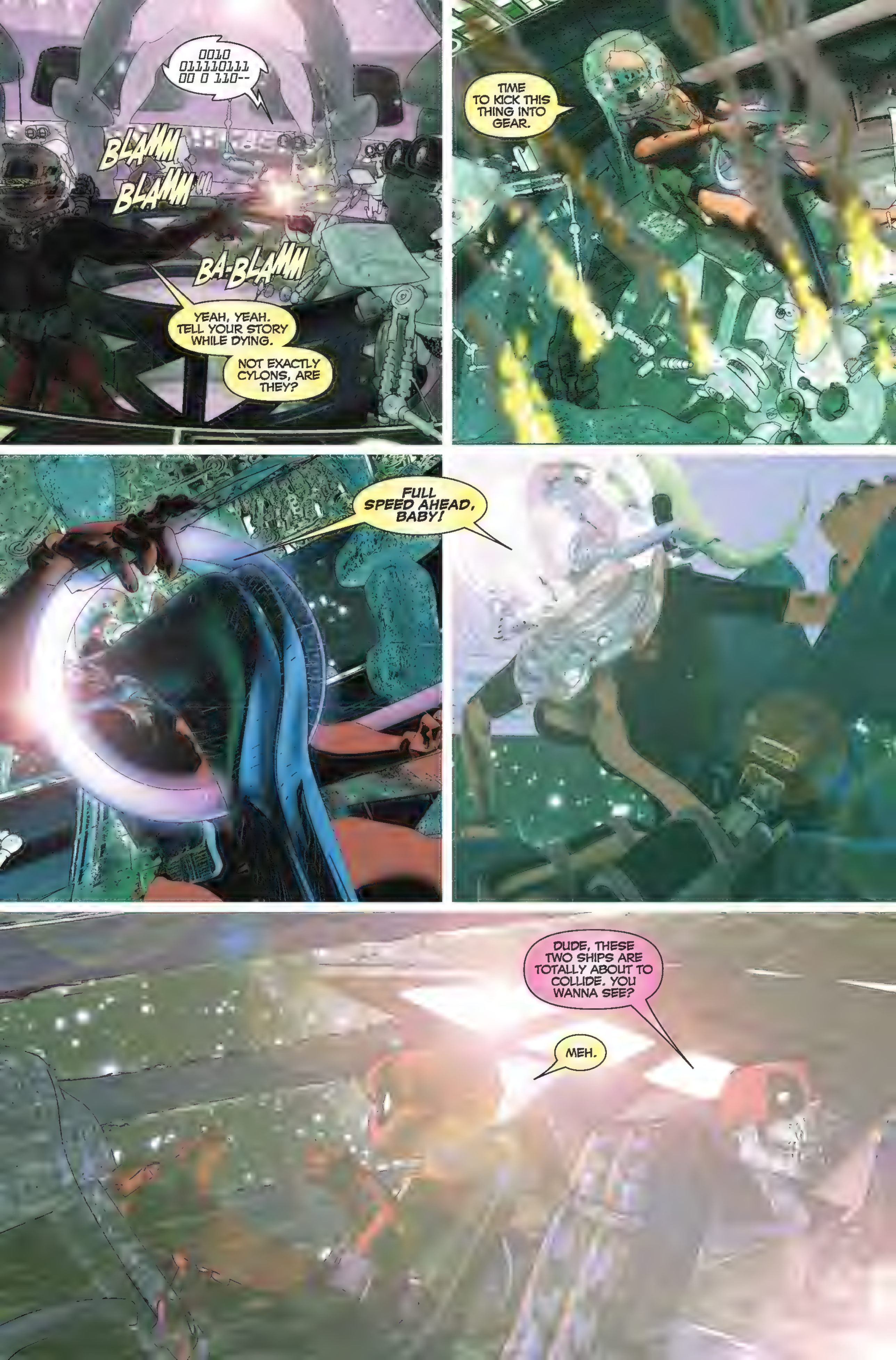

YEAH, I'M INSIDE. WASN'T AS HARD AS I THOUGHT, AND I'M PRETTY SURE I WASN'T DETECTED.
0011010 1001000101 000011101 01010!
010101 010001110 001 00 0 00101 1110 001!
001?
BREEP! BREEP! BREEP!
0101 001!!!!
OKAY, NOW I'VE BEEN DETECTED.

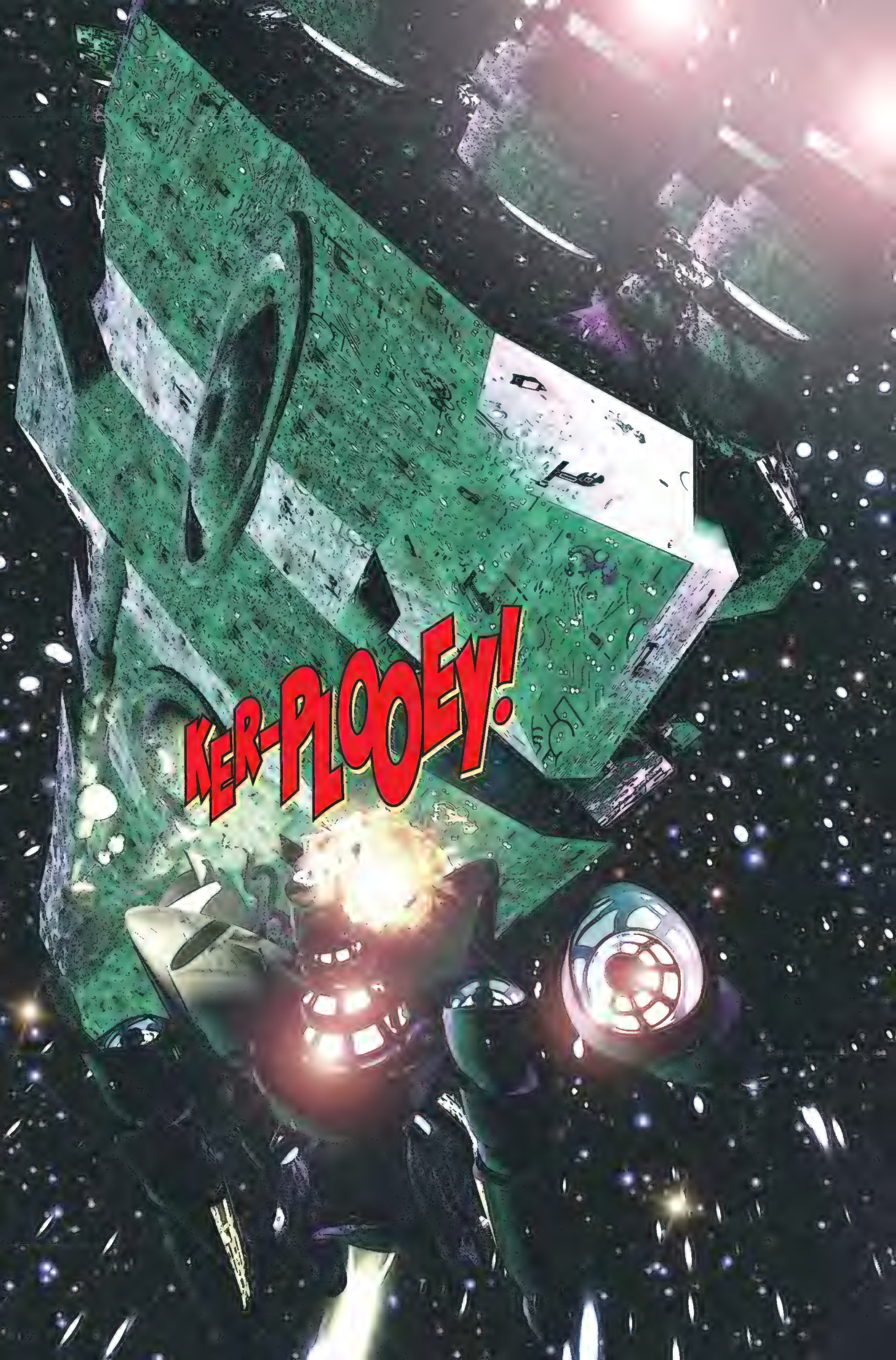

MEANWHILE, ON THE SHIP OF THE MAD FOLK.
DID YOU JUST SAY THAT OUT LOUD?
I WAS WONDERING WHEN I WAS GOING TO GET TO STAB SOMEBODY.
‹SHE'S CHOSEN BLADES. OBLIGE HER, MEN!›
SWISH
SHLURK

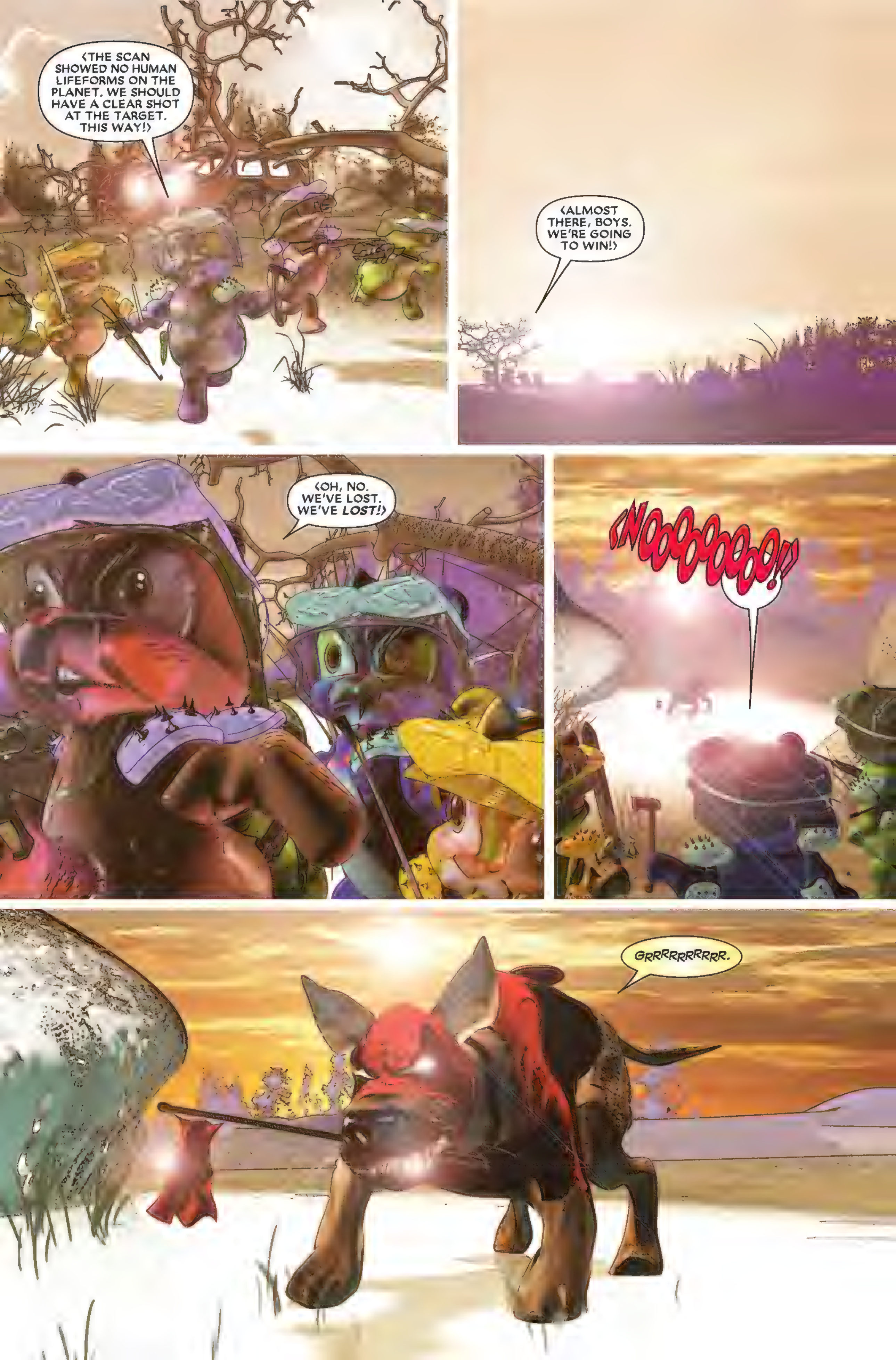

IF CUSTER HAD BROUGHT ONE OF THESE LITTLE BABIES TO LITTLE BIG HORN...
BLING BLING BLING BLING BLING
FLA-VOOM!!
SWEET. BLASTED US SOME ROBOT ASS.
IDIOT, THE PLAN WAS TO USE THAT BOMB TO DISABLE THE ENGINES. NOW WHAT?
On the other hand, haven't you always wondered what it was like to pilot a really, really big spaceship?

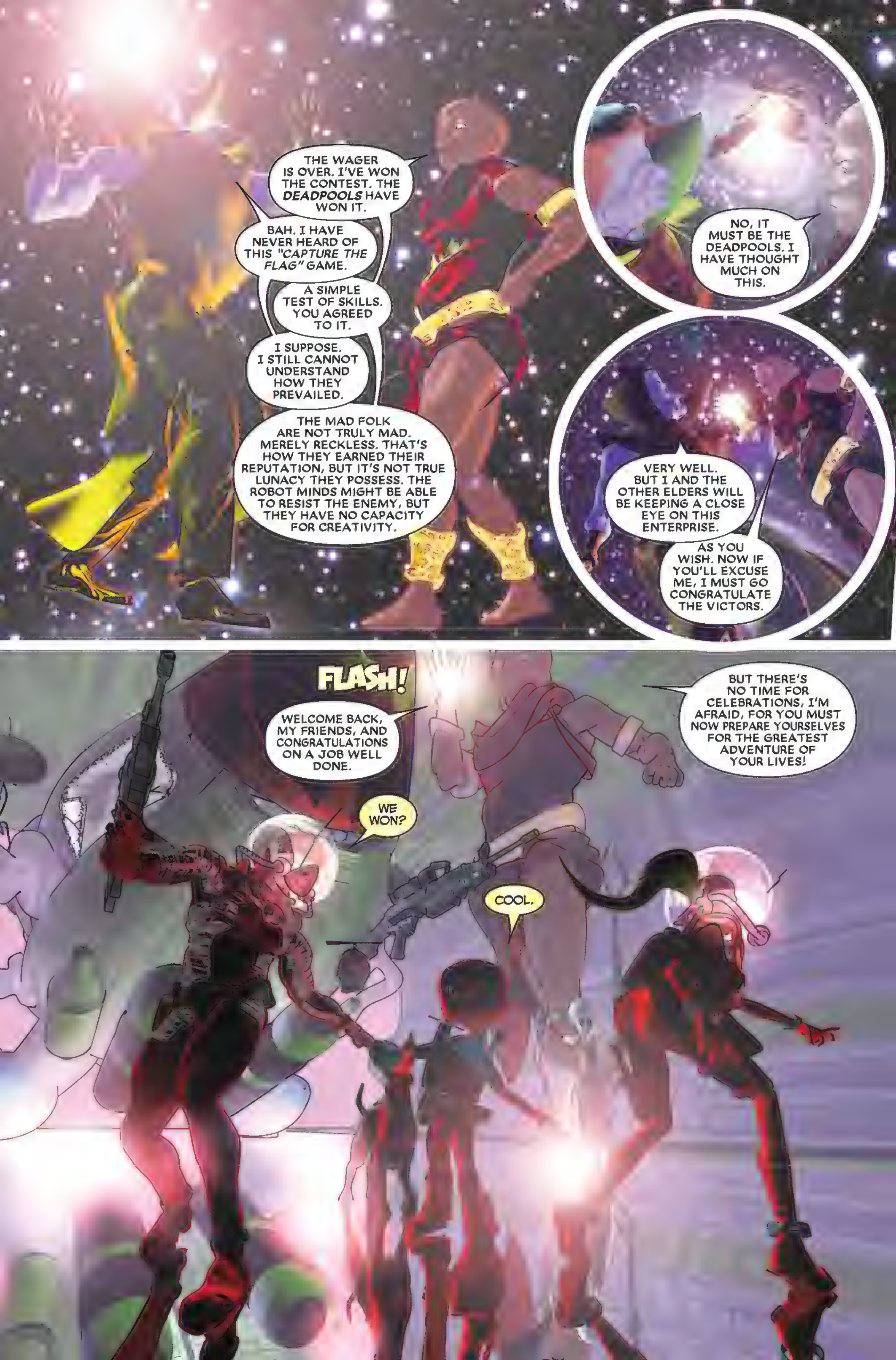

AND SO WHAT APPEARS TO BE AN ORDINARY METEOR RUSHES TOWARD THE PLANET UNNOTICED AS BATTLES RAGE ABOARD THE ENEMY SHIPS.
WHO THE HELL ARE YOU TALKING TO?
SSRROOOOOOOSSHH
BLA-BOOMM!
WHIMPER
FLOPP

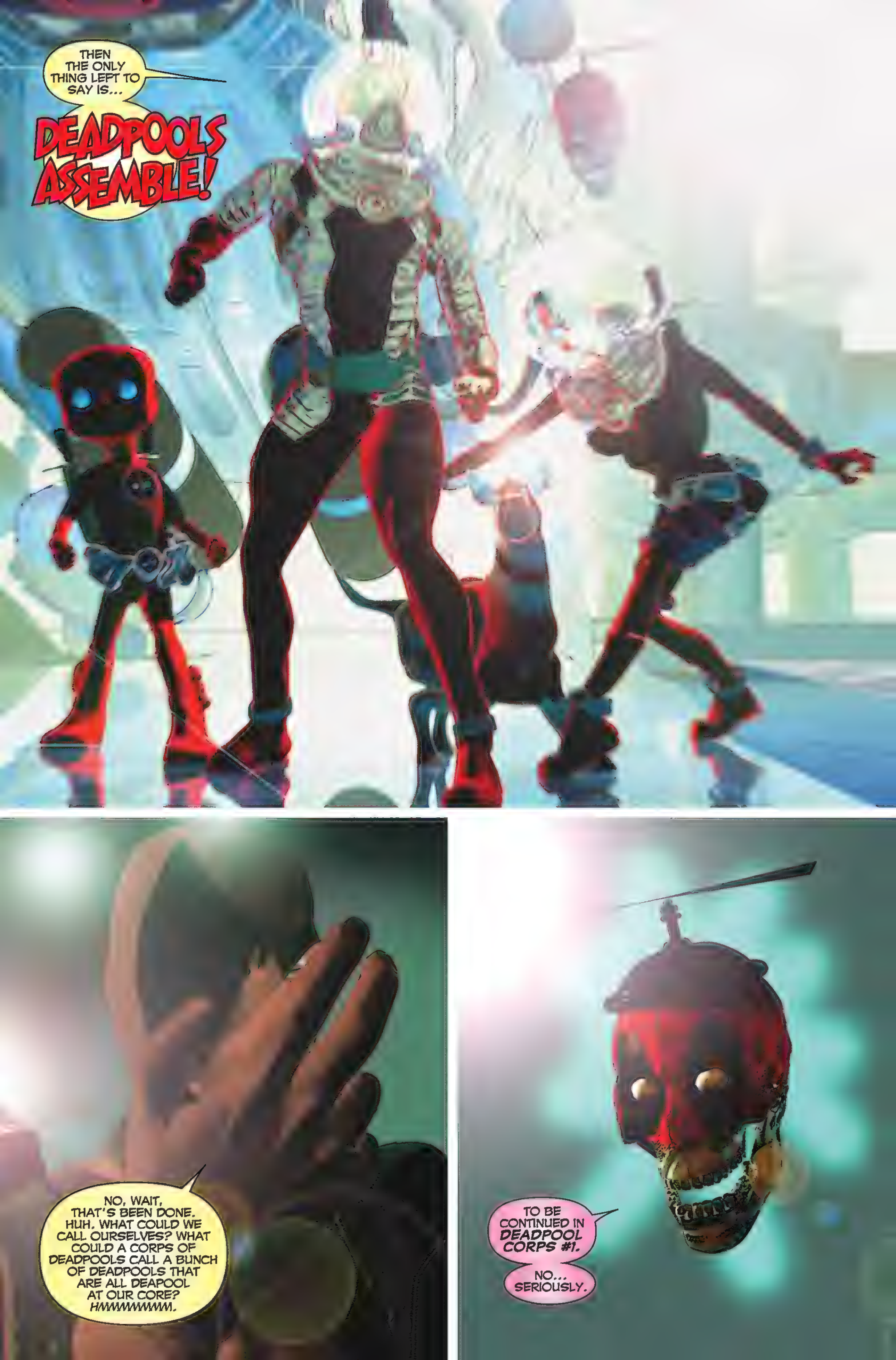

I DON'T THINK WE CAN MAKE IT TO THE ENGINE ROOM. IT'S ALL THE WAY AFT, AND WE HAVE A LOT OF HEALING TO DO.
I SCANNED THE SHIP ON THE WAY IN. THE BRIDGE IS MUCH CLOSER.
‹THE BRIDGE IS TAKEN! INITIATE SELF-DESTRUCT SEQUENCE--AACKKK!›
‹DESTRUCT INITIATED! LAUNCH THE LANDING SHUTTLE. WE CAN STILL REACH THE TARGET.›
KRRRROOOOOOOSH!
STOP PRESSING BUTTONS, TEDDY RUXPIN.
CRAP. THEY'VE STARTED A SELF-DESTRUCT COUNTDOWN. TYPICAL.
Yeah, but we can still maneuver this baby, right?
RIGHT!


0010 01110111 00 0 110--
BLAMM
BLAMM
BA-BLAMM
YEAH, YEAH. TELL YOUR STORY WHILE DYING.
NOT EXACTLY CYLONS, ARE THEY?
TIME TO KICK THIS THING INTO GEAR.
FULL SPEED AHEAD, BABY!
DUDE, THESE TWO SHIPS ARE TOTALLY ABOUT TO COLLIDE. YOU WANNA SEE?
MEH.


KER-PLOOEY!


‹THE SCAN SHOWED NO HUMAN LIFEFORMS ON THE PLANET. WE SHOULD HAVE A CLEAR SHOT AT THE TARGET. THIS WAY!›
‹ALMOST THERE, BOYS. WE'RE GOING TO WIN!›
‹OH, NO. WE'VE LOST. WE'VE *LOST!*›
‹NOOOOOOOOO!!›
GRRRRRRRRR.


THE WAGER IS OVER. I'VE WON THE CONTEST. THE *DEADPOOLS* HAVE WON IT.
BAH. I HAVE NEVER HEARD OF THIS *"CAPTURE THE FLAG"* GAME.
A SIMPLE TEST OF SKILLS. YOU AGREED TO IT.
I SUPPOSE. I STILL CANNOT UNDERSTAND HOW THEY PREVAILED.
THE MAD FOLK ARE NOT TRULY MAD. MERELY RECKLESS. THAT'S HOW THEY EARNED THEIR REPUTATION, BUT IT'S NOT TRUE LUNACY THEY POSSESS. THE ROBOT MINDS MIGHT BE ABLE TO RESIST THE ENEMY, BUT THEY HAVE NO CAPACITY FOR CREATIVITY.
NO, IT MUST BE THE DEADPOOLS. I HAVE THOUGHT MUCH ON THIS.
VERY WELL. BUT I AND THE OTHER ELDERS WILL BE KEEPING A CLOSE EYE ON THIS ENTERPRISE.
AS YOU WISH. NOW IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME, I MUST GO CONGRATULATE THE VICTORS.
FLASH!
WELCOME BACK, MY FRIENDS, AND CONGRATULATIONS ON A JOB WELL DONE.
BUT THERE'S NO TIME FOR CELEBRATIONS, I'M AFRAID, FOR YOU MUST NOW PREPARE YOURSELVES FOR THE GREATEST ADVENTURE OF YOUR LIVES!
WE WON?
COOL.


THEN THE ONLY THING LEFT TO SAY IS...
DEADPOOLS ASSEMBLE!
NO, WAIT, THAT'S BEEN DONE. HUH. WHAT COULD WE CALL OURSELVES? WHAT COULD A CORPS OF DEADPOOLS CALL A BUNCH OF DEADPOOLS THAT ARE ALL DEADPOOL AT OUR CORE? HMMMMMMMM.
TO BE CONTINUED IN *DEADPOOL CORPS #1.*
NO... SERIOUSLY.

DEADPOOL CORPS #1

MARVEL
1
DEADPOOL
CORPS
GISCHLER
LIEFELD
LIEFELD

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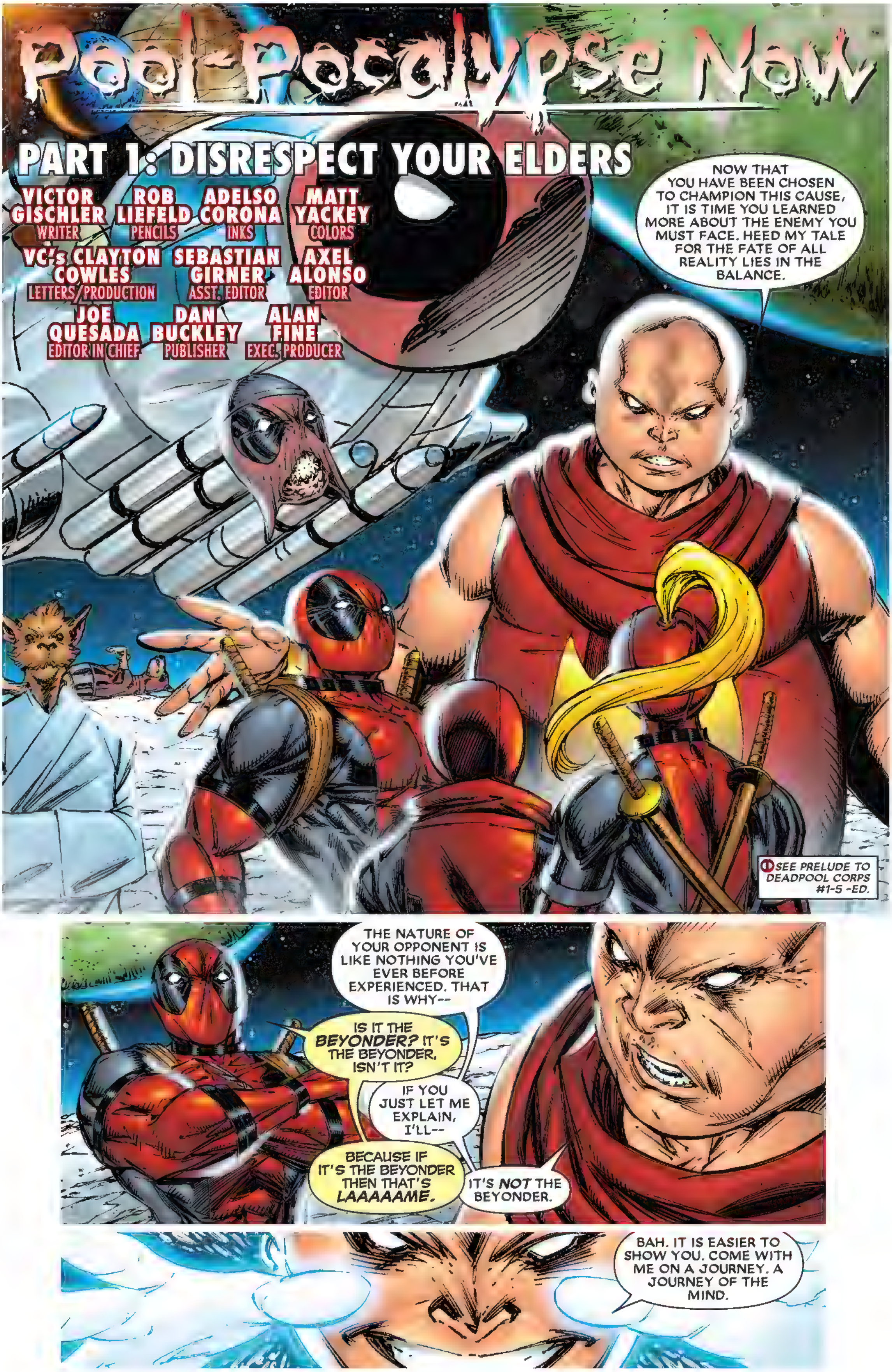
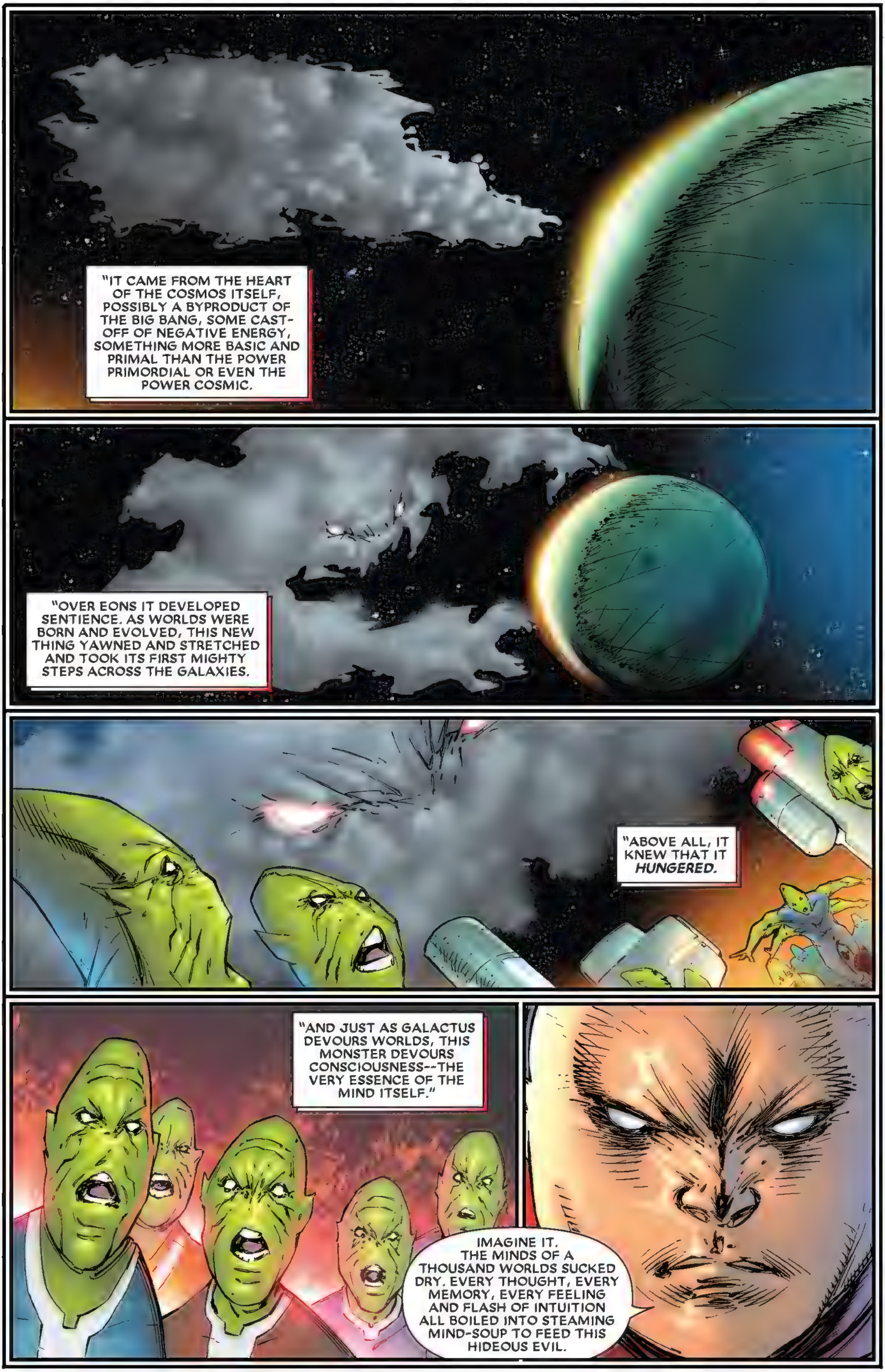
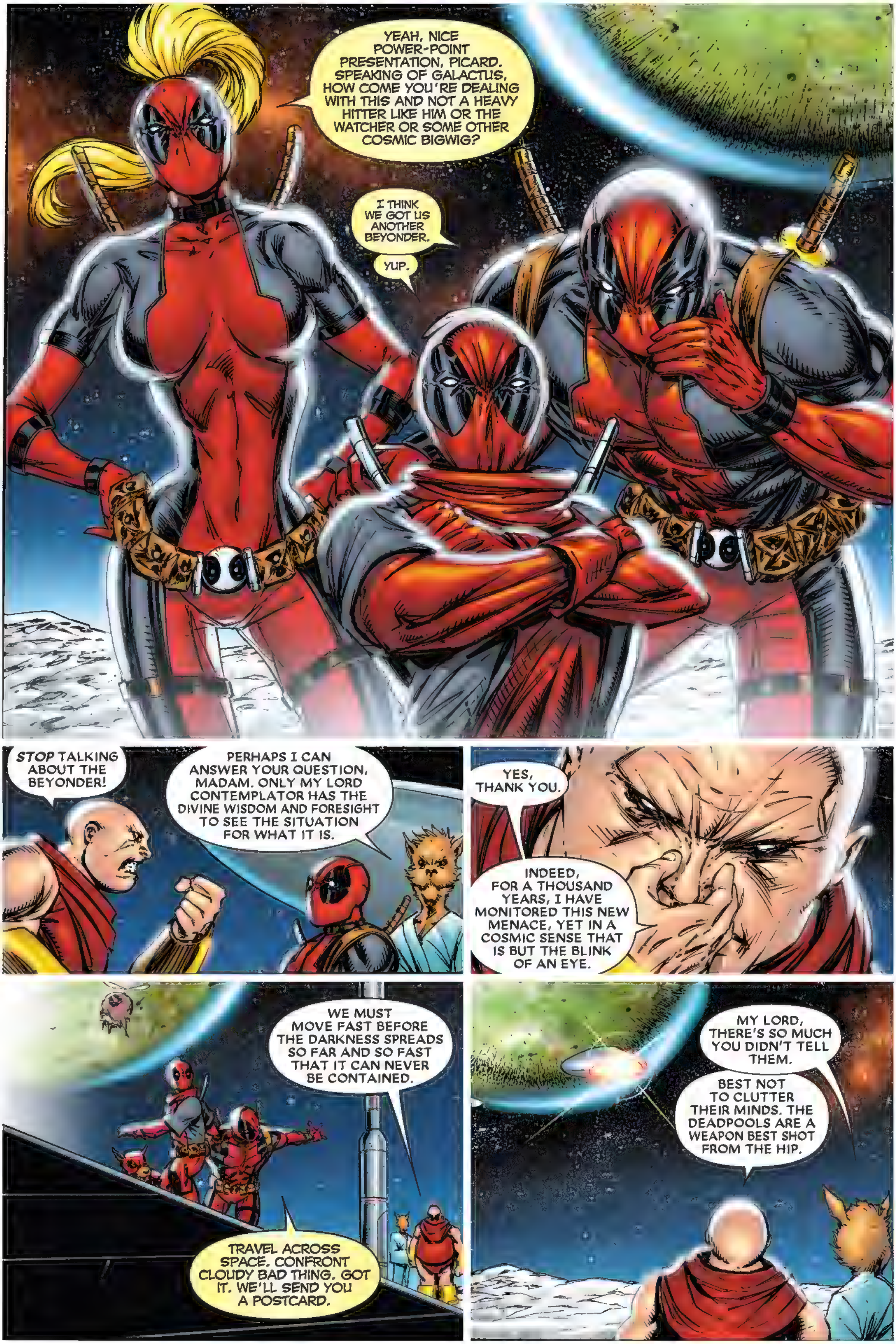
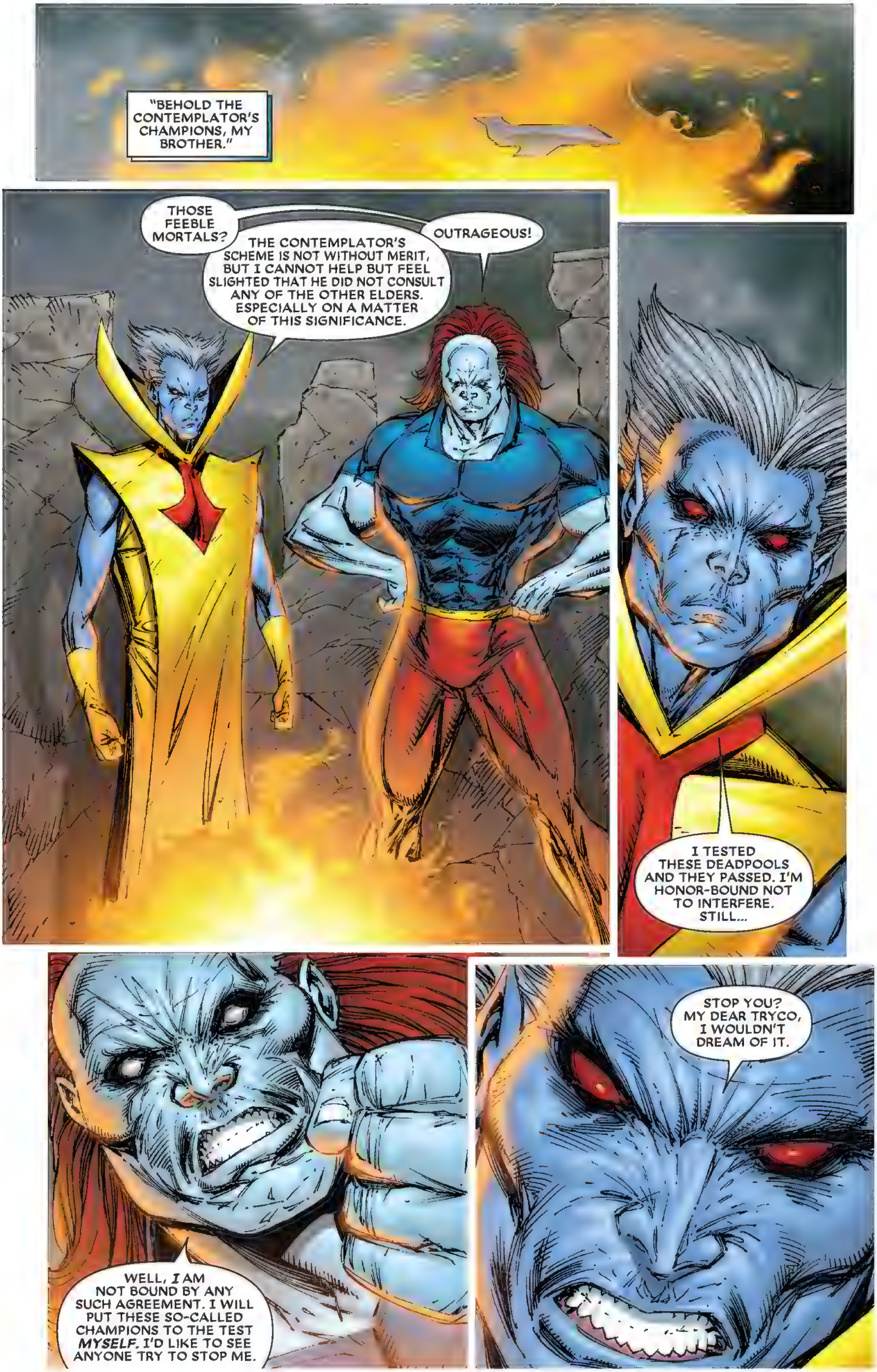
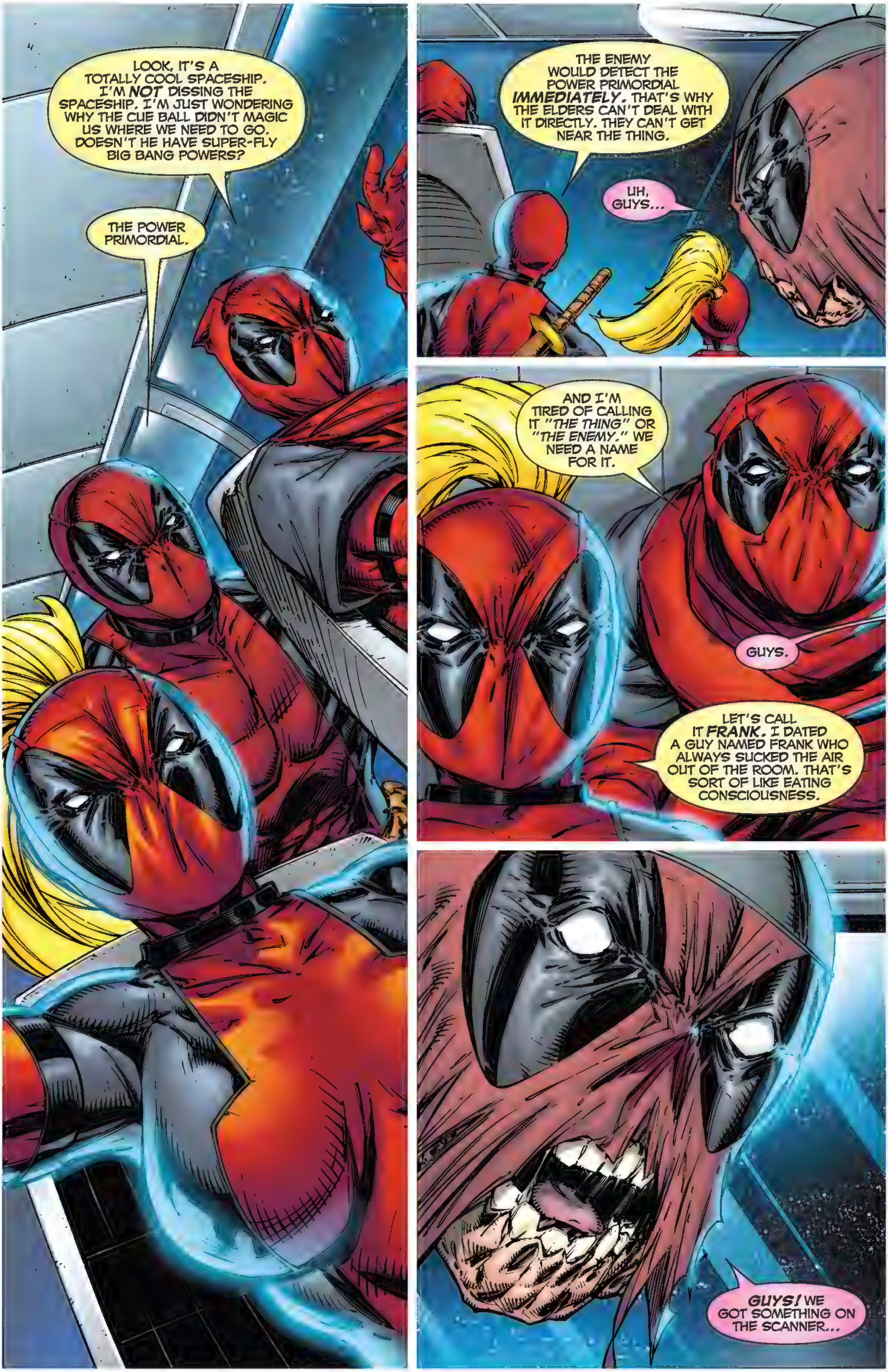
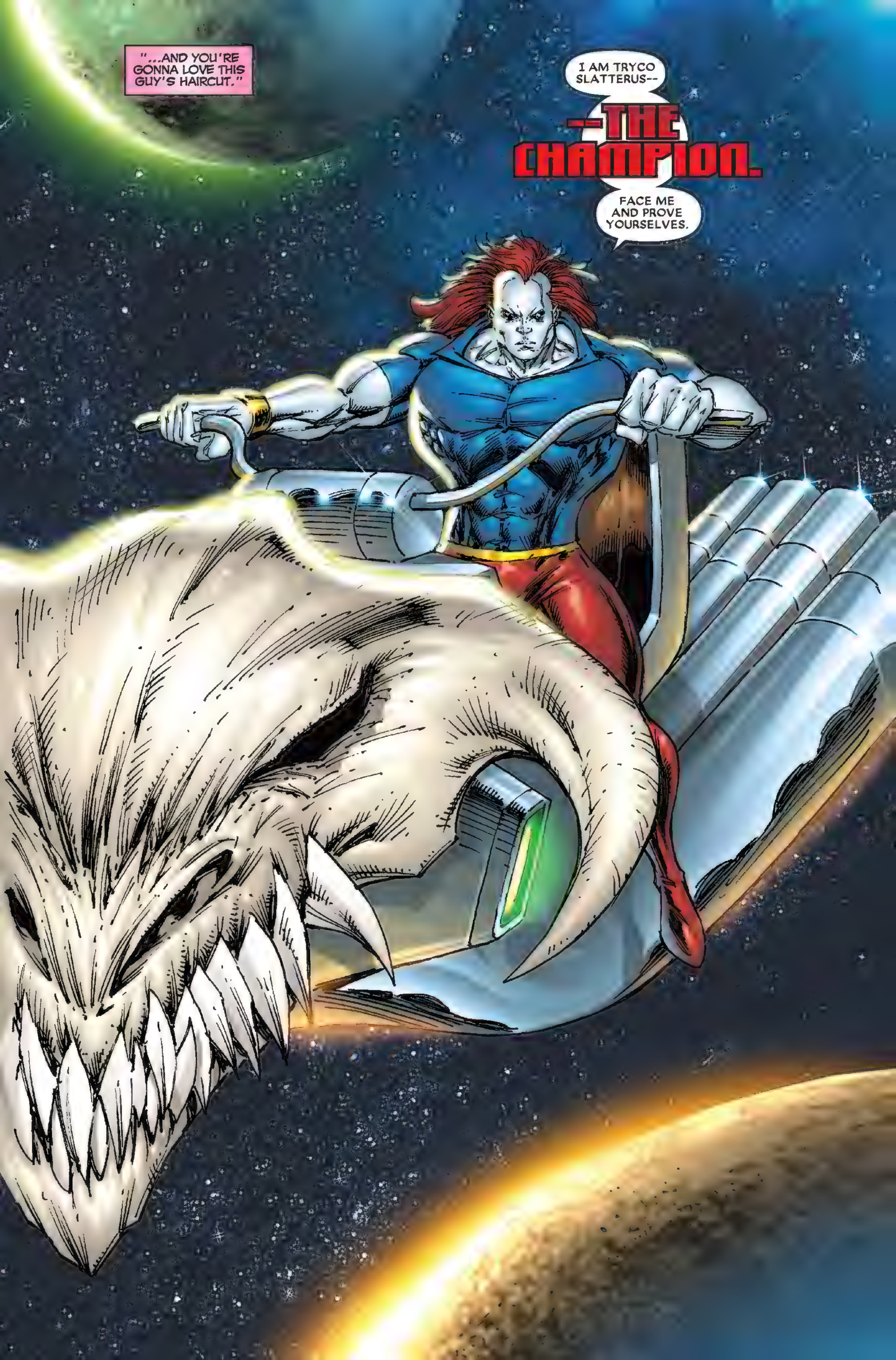

Pool-Pocalypse Now
PART 1: DISRESPECT YOUR ELDERS
VICTOR GISCHLER WRITER
ROB LIEFELD PENCILS
ADELSO CORONA INKS
MATT YACKEY COLORS
VC's CLAYTON COWLES LETTERS/PRODUCTION
SEBASTIAN GIRNER ASST. EDITOR
AXEL ALONSO EDITOR
JOE QUESADA EDITOR IN CHIEF
DAN BUCKLEY PUBLISHER
ALAN FINE EXEC. PRODUCER
NOW THAT YOU HAVE BEEN CHOSEN TO CHAMPION THIS CAUSE, IT IS TIME YOU LEARNED MORE ABOUT THE ENEMY YOU MUST FACE. HEED MY TALE FOR THE FATE OF ALL REALITY LIES IN THE BALANCE.
① SEE PRELUDE TO DEADPOOL CORPS #1-5 -ED.
THE NATURE OF YOUR OPPONENT IS LIKE NOTHING YOU'VE EVER BEFORE EXPERIENCED. THAT IS WHY--
IS IT THE *BEYONDER?* IT'S THE BEYONDER, ISN'T IT?
IF YOU JUST LET ME EXPLAIN, I'LL--
BECAUSE IF IT'S THE BEYONDER THEN THAT'S *LAAAAAME.*
IT'S *NOT* THE BEYONDER.
BAH. IT IS EASIER TO SHOW YOU. COME WITH ME ON A JOURNEY. A JOURNEY OF THE MIND.

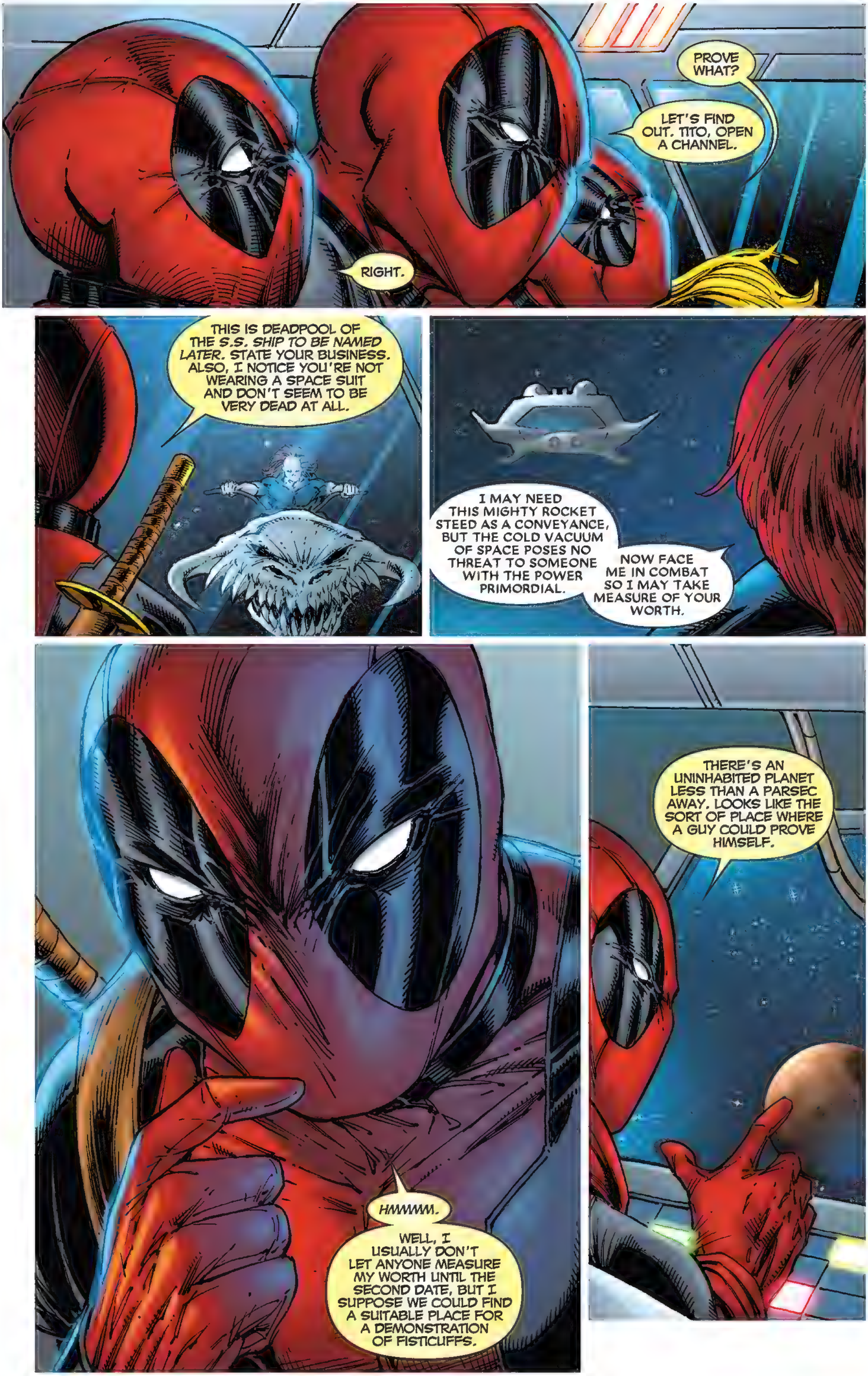

"IT CAME FROM THE HEART OF THE COSMOS ITSELF, POSSIBLY A BYPRODUCT OF THE BIG BANG, SOME CAST-OFF OF NEGATIVE ENERGY, SOMETHING MORE BASIC AND PRIMAL THAN THE POWER PRIMORDIAL OR EVEN THE POWER COSMIC.
"OVER EONS IT DEVELOPED SENTIENCE. AS WORLDS WERE BORN AND EVOLVED, THIS NEW THING YAWNED AND STRETCHED AND TOOK ITS FIRST MIGHTY STEPS ACROSS THE GALAXIES.
"ABOVE ALL, IT KNEW THAT IT *HUNGERED.*
"AND JUST AS GALACTUS DEVOURS WORLDS, THIS MONSTER DEVOURS CONSCIOUSNESS--THE VERY ESSENCE OF THE MIND ITSELF."
IMAGINE IT. THE MINDS OF A THOUSAND WORLDS SUCKED DRY. EVERY THOUGHT, EVERY MEMORY, EVERY FEELING AND FLASH OF INTUITION ALL BOILED INTO STEAMING MIND-SOUP TO FEED THIS HIDEOUS EVIL.

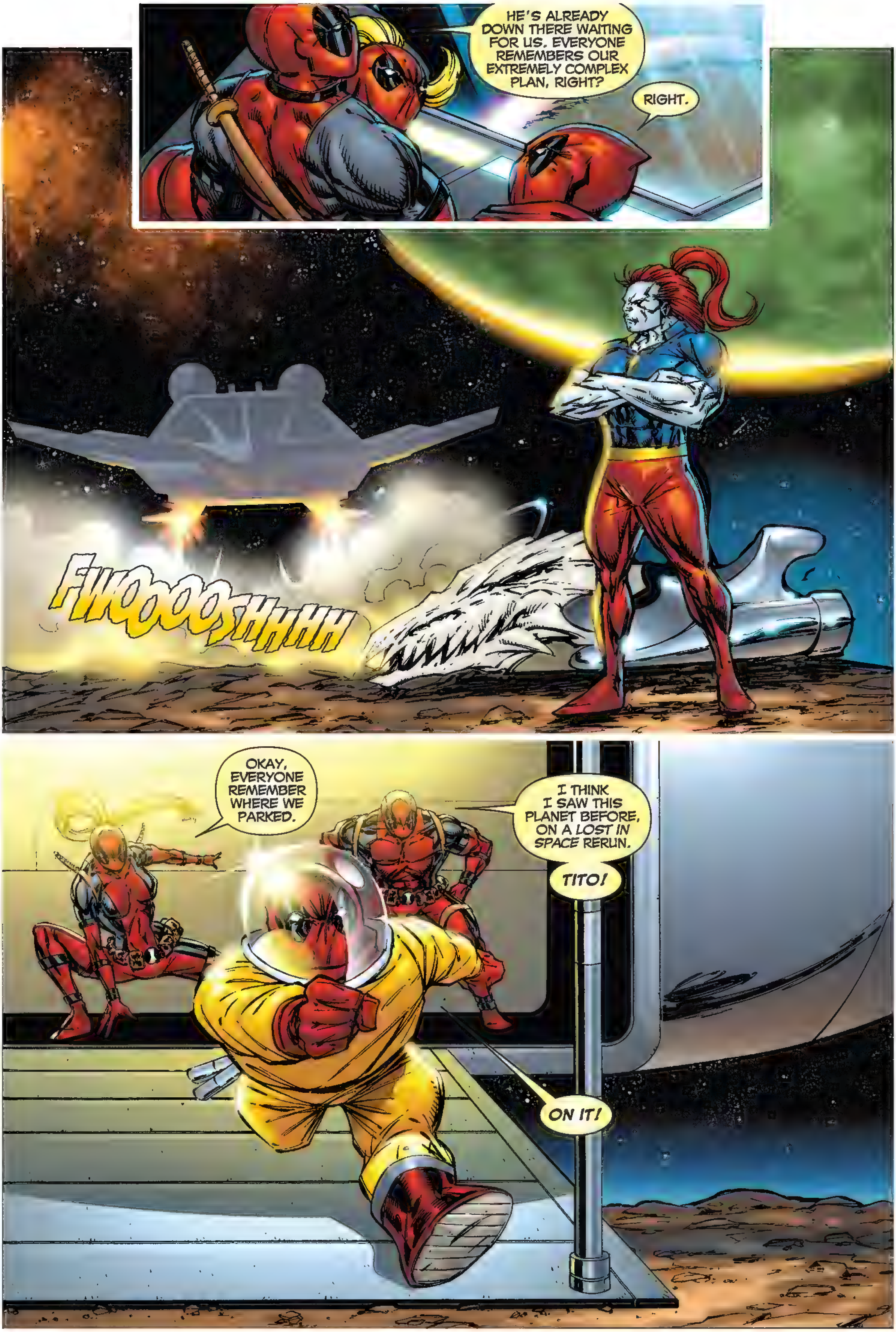

YEAH, NICE POWER-POINT PRESENTATION, PICARD. SPEAKING OF GALACTUS, HOW COME YOU'RE DEALING WITH THIS AND NOT A HEAVY HITTER LIKE HIM OR THE WATCHER OR SOME OTHER COSMIC BIGWIG?
I THINK WE GOT US ANOTHER BEYONDER.
YUP.
STOP TALKING ABOUT THE BEYONDER!
PERHAPS I CAN ANSWER YOUR QUESTION, MADAM. ONLY MY LORD CONTEMPLATOR HAS THE DIVINE WISDOM AND FORESIGHT TO SEE THE SITUATION FOR WHAT IT IS.
YES, THANK YOU.
INDEED, FOR A THOUSAND YEARS, I HAVE MONITORED THIS NEW MENACE, YET IN A COSMIC SENSE THAT IS BUT THE BLINK OF AN EYE.
WE MUST MOVE FAST BEFORE THE DARKNESS SPREADS SO FAR AND SO FAST THAT IT CAN NEVER BE CONTAINED.
TRAVEL ACROSS SPACE. CONFRONT CLOUDY BAD THING. GOT IT. WE'LL SEND YOU A POSTCARD.
MY LORD, THERE'S SO MUCH YOU DIDN'T TELL THEM.
BEST NOT TO CLUTTER THEIR MINDS. THE DEADPOOLS ARE A WEAPON BEST SHOT FROM THE HIP.

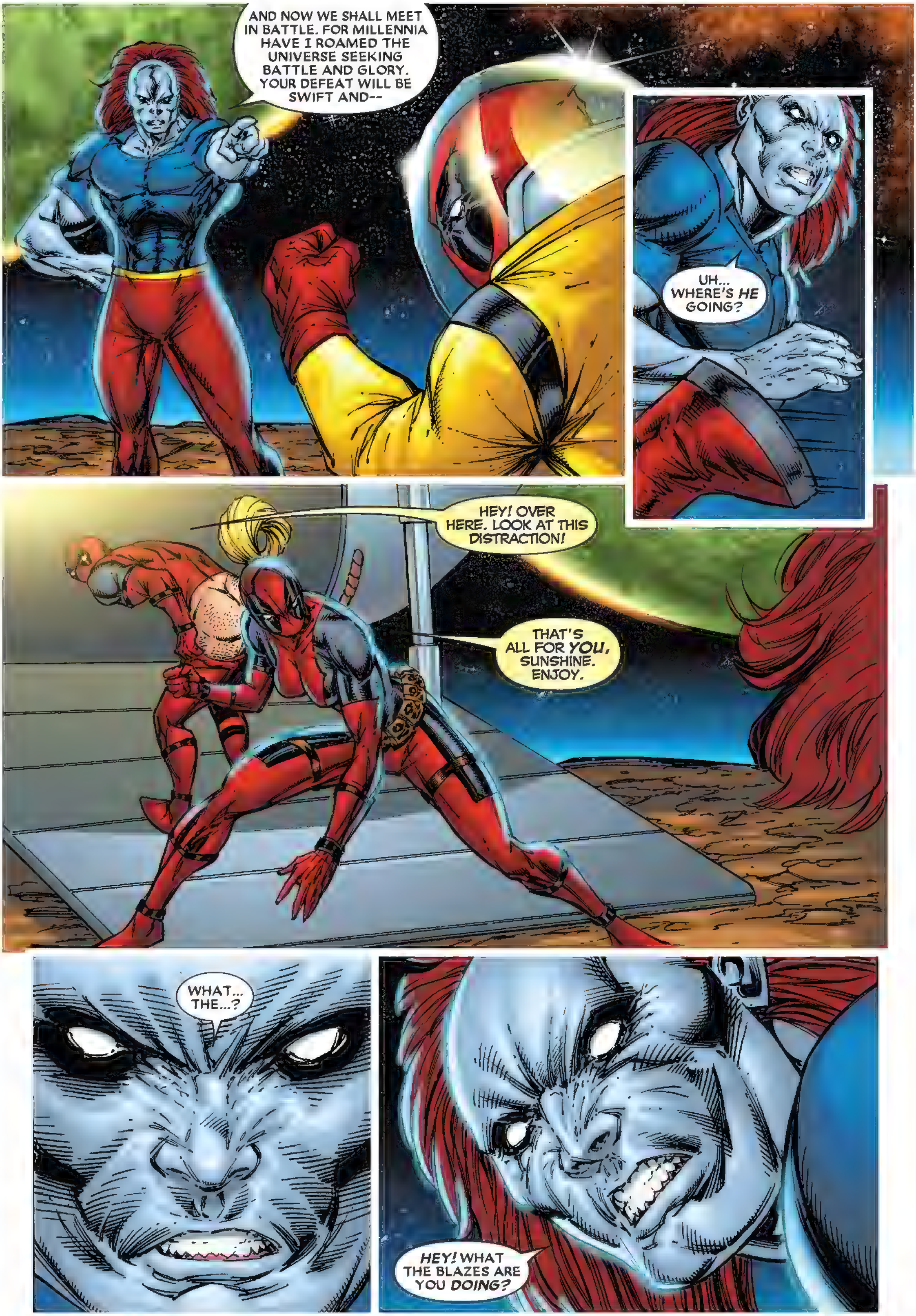

"BEHOLD THE CONTEMPLATOR'S CHAMPIONS, MY BROTHER."
THOSE FEEBLE MORTALS?
OUTRAGEOUS!
THE CONTEMPLATOR'S SCHEME IS NOT WITHOUT MERIT, BUT I CANNOT HELP BUT FEEL SLIGHTED THAT HE DID NOT CONSULT ANY OF THE OTHER ELDERS. ESPECIALLY ON A MATTER OF THIS SIGNIFICANCE.
I TESTED THESE DEADPOOLS AND THEY PASSED. I'M HONOR-BOUND NOT TO INTERFERE. STILL...
WELL, *I* AM NOT BOUND BY ANY SUCH AGREEMENT. I WILL PUT THESE SO-CALLED CHAMPIONS TO THE TEST *MYSELF*. I'D LIKE TO SEE ANYONE TRY TO STOP ME.
STOP YOU? MY DEAR TRYCO, I WOULDN'T DREAM OF IT.

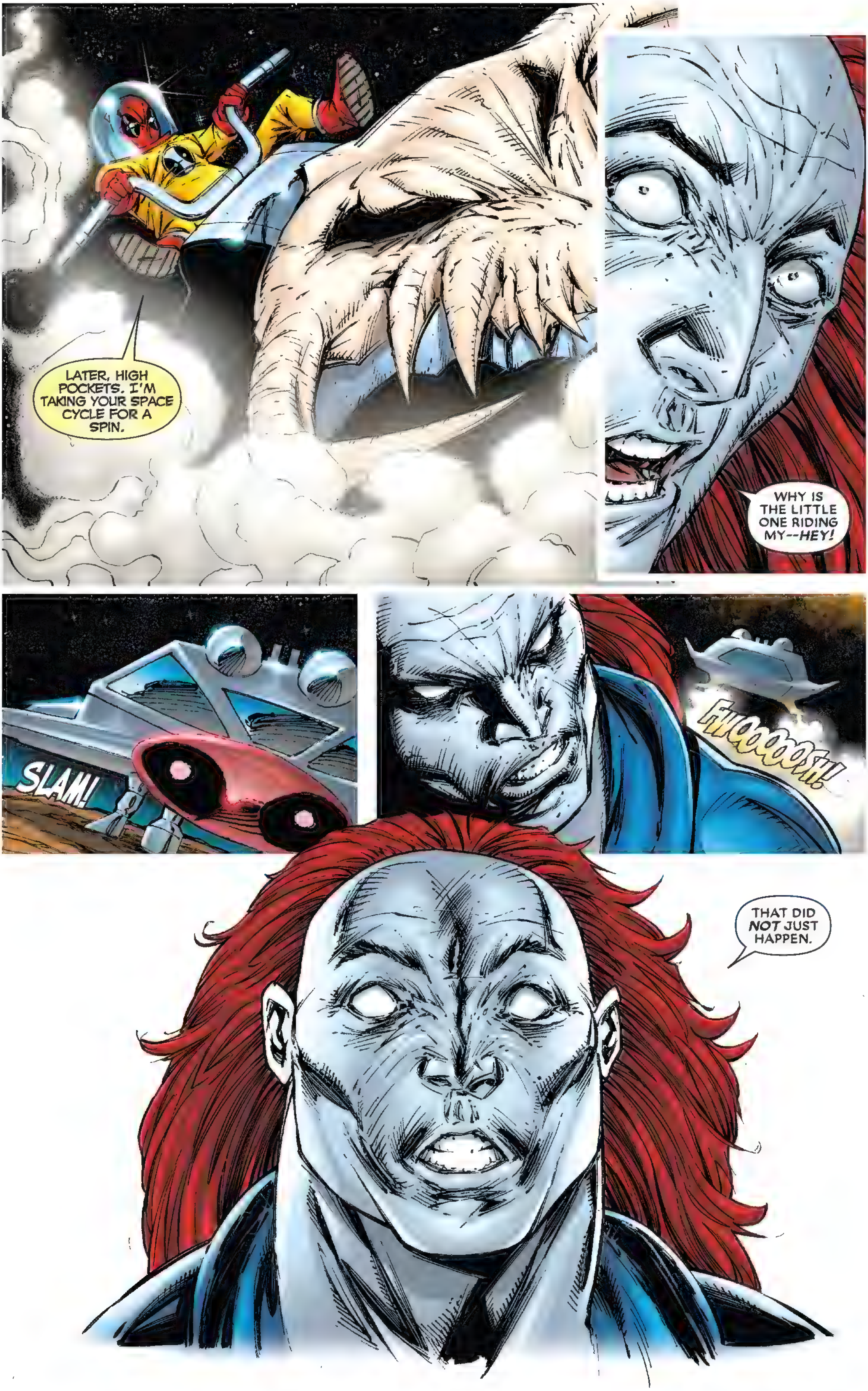

LOOK, IT'S A TOTALLY COOL SPACESHIP. I'M **NOT** DISSING THE SPACESHIP. I'M JUST WONDERING WHY THE CUE BALL DIDN'T MAGIC US WHERE WE NEED TO GO. DOESN'T HE HAVE SUPER-FLY BIG BANG POWERS?
THE POWER PRIMORDIAL.
THE ENEMY WOULD DETECT THE POWER PRIMORDIAL ***IMMEDIATELY.*** THAT'S WHY THE ELDERS CAN'T DEAL WITH IT DIRECTLY. THEY CAN'T GET NEAR THE THING.
UH, GUYS...
AND I'M TIRED OF CALLING IT *"THE THING"* OR *"THE ENEMY."* WE NEED A NAME FOR IT.
GUYS.
LET'S CALL IT ***FRANK.*** I DATED A GUY NAMED FRANK WHO ALWAYS SUCKED THE AIR OUT OF THE ROOM. THAT'S SORT OF LIKE EATING CONSCIOUSNESS.
GUYS! WE GOT SOMETHING ON THE SCANNER...

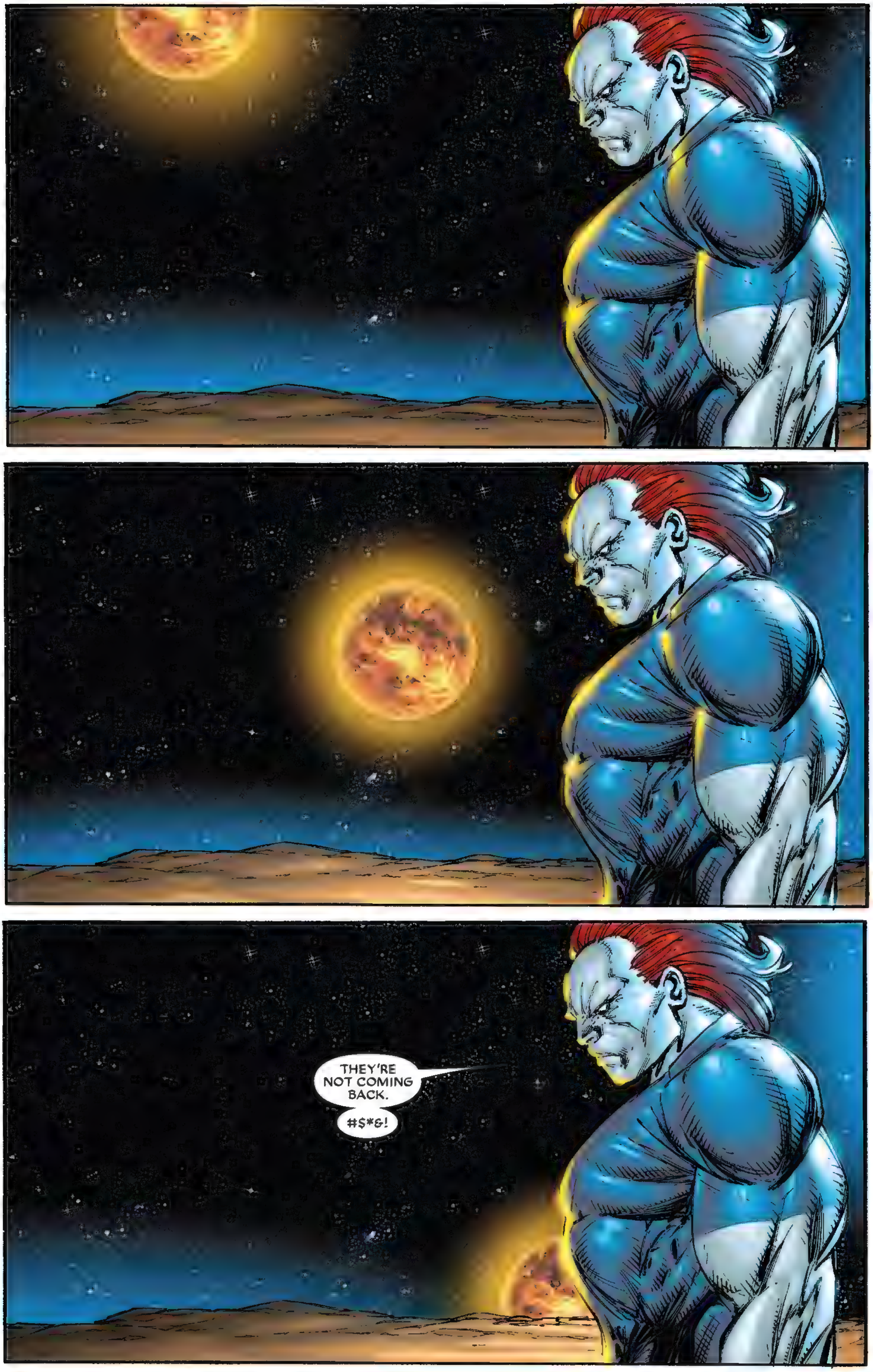

"...AND YOU'RE GONNA LOVE THIS GUY'S HAIRCUT."
I AM TRYCO SLATTERUS--
--THE CHAMPION.
FACE ME AND PROVE YOURSELVES.

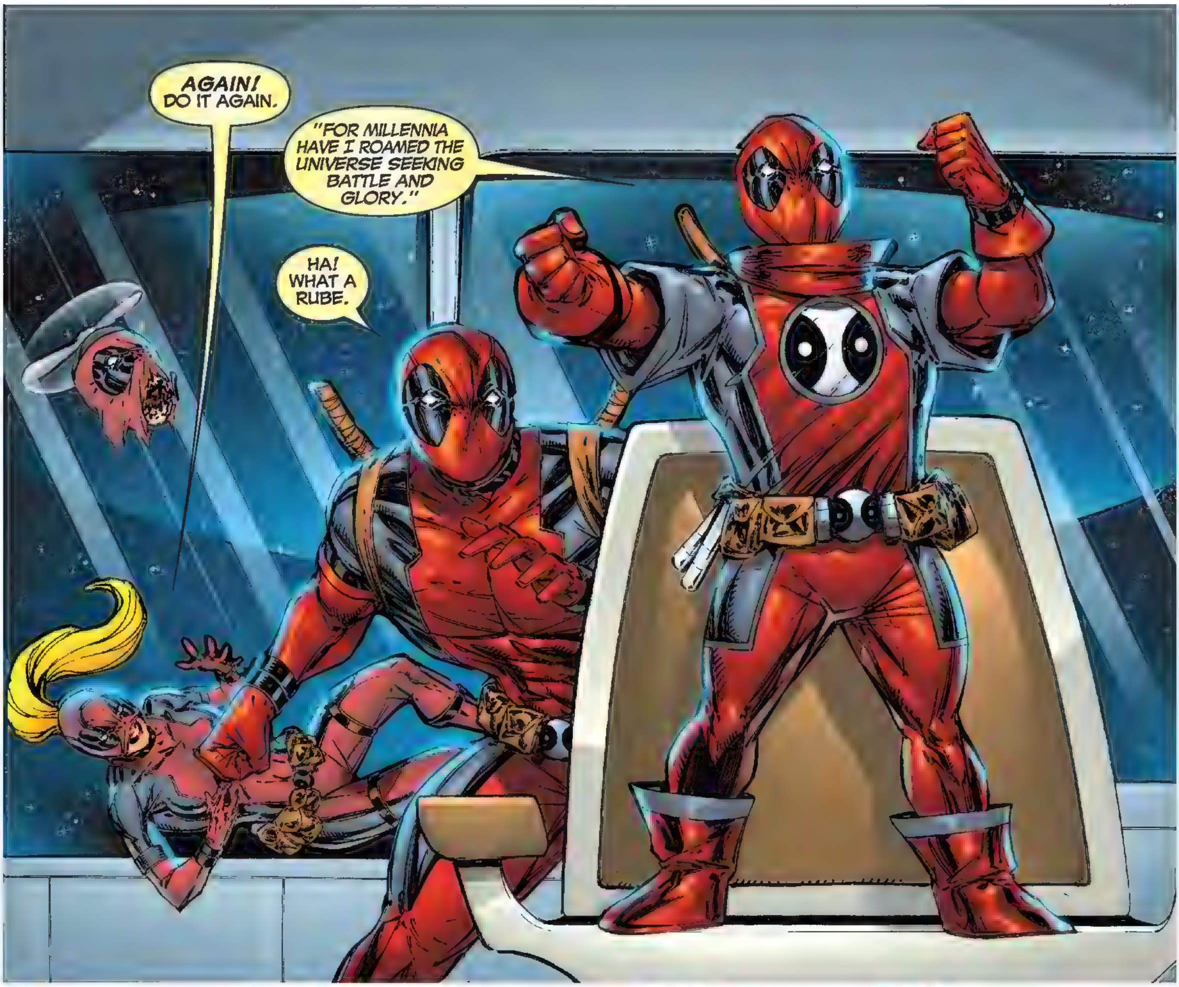

PROVE WHAT?
LET'S FIND OUT. TITO, OPEN A CHANNEL.
RIGHT.
THIS IS DEADPOOL OF THE *S.S. SHIP TO BE NAMED LATER*. STATE YOUR BUSINESS. ALSO, I NOTICE YOU'RE NOT WEARING A SPACE SUIT AND DON'T SEEM TO BE VERY DEAD AT ALL.
I MAY NEED THIS MIGHTY ROCKET STEED AS A CONVEYANCE, BUT THE COLD VACUUM OF SPACE POSES NO THREAT TO SOMEONE WITH THE POWER PRIMORDIAL.
NOW FACE ME IN COMBAT SO I MAY TAKE MEASURE OF YOUR WORTH.
HMMMM.
WELL, I USUALLY DON'T LET ANYONE MEASURE MY WORTH UNTIL THE SECOND DATE, BUT I SUPPOSE WE COULD FIND A SUITABLE PLACE FOR A DEMONSTRATION OF FISTICUFFS.
THERE'S AN UNINHABITED PLANET LESS THAN A PARSEC AWAY. LOOKS LIKE THE SORT OF PLACE WHERE A GUY COULD PROVE HIMSELF.

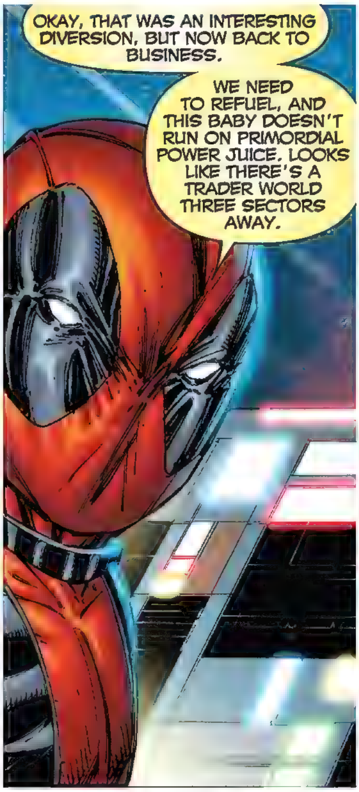

HE'S ALREADY DOWN THERE WAITING FOR US. EVERYONE REMEMBERS OUR EXTREMELY COMPLEX PLAN, RIGHT?
RIGHT.
FWOOOOOSHHHH
OKAY, EVERYONE REMEMBER WHERE WE PARKED.
I THINK I SAW THIS PLANET BEFORE, ON A *LOST IN SPACE* RERUN.
TITO!
ON IT!

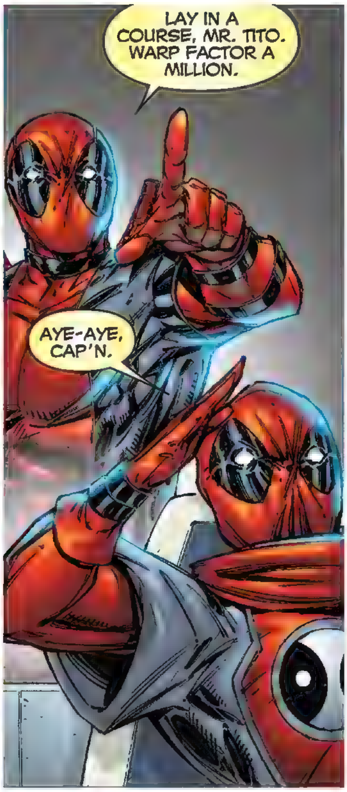

AND NOW WE SHALL MEET IN BATTLE. FOR MILLENNIA HAVE I ROAMED THE UNIVERSE SEEKING BATTLE AND GLORY. YOUR DEFEAT WILL BE SWIFT AND--
UH... WHERE'S *HE* GOING?
HEY! OVER HERE. LOOK AT THIS DISTRACTION!
THAT'S ALL FOR *YOU*, SUNSHINE. ENJOY.
WHAT... THE...?
HEY! WHAT THE BLAZES ARE YOU *DOING?*

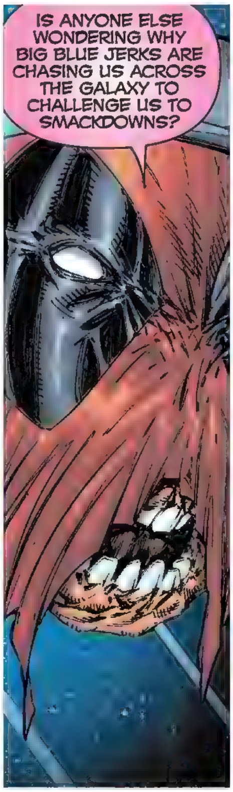

LATER, HIGH POCKETS. I'M TAKING YOUR SPACE CYCLE FOR A SPIN.
WHY IS THE LITTLE ONE RIDING MY--*HEY!*
SLAM!
FWOOOOOSH!
THAT DID *NOT* JUST HAPPEN.

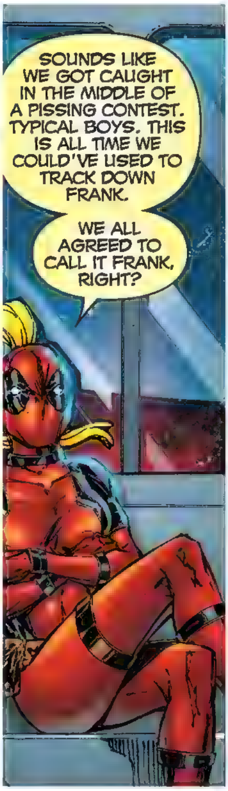

THEY'RE NOT COMING BACK.
#$*&!

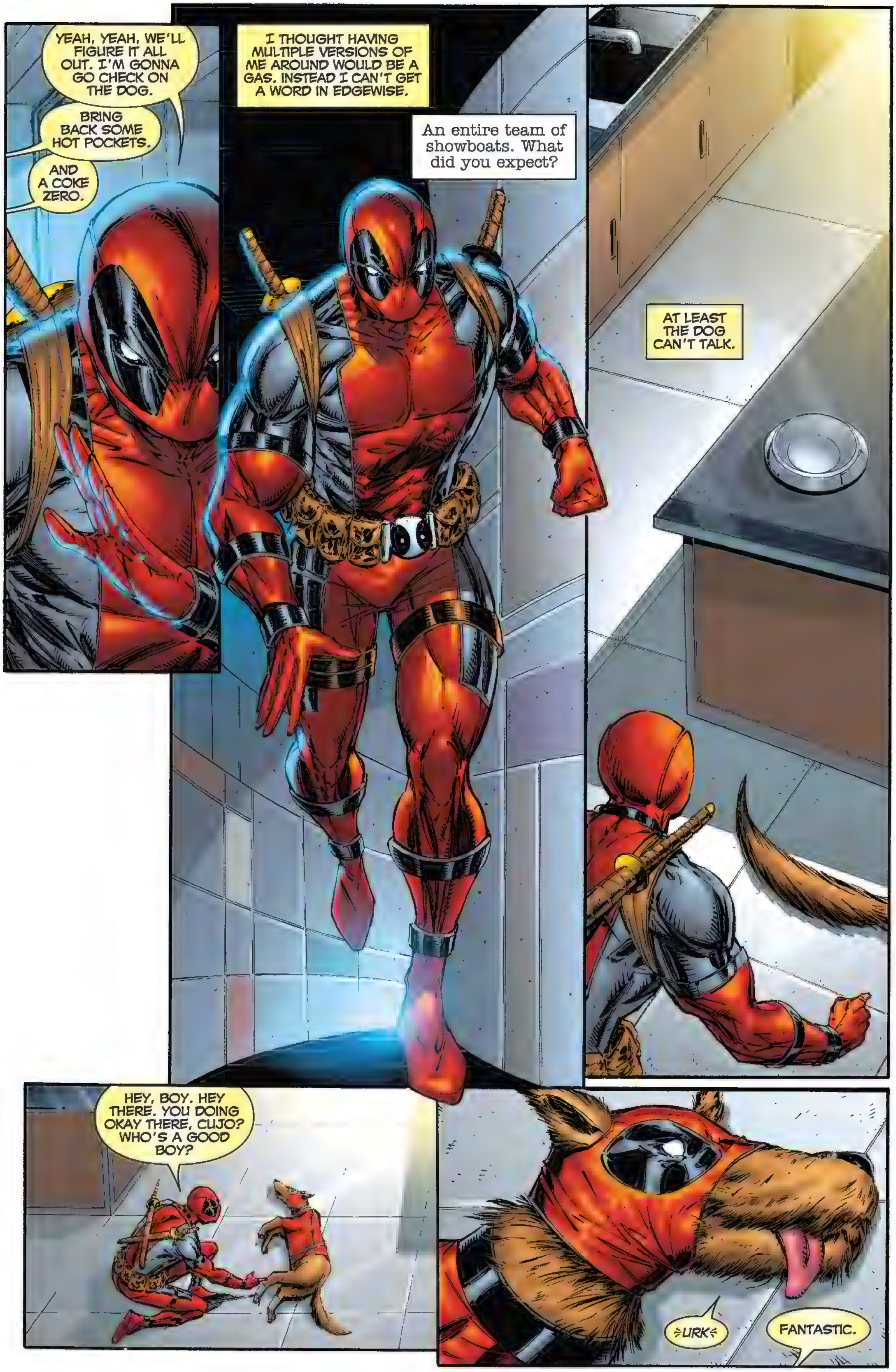

AGAIN! DO IT AGAIN.
"FOR MILLENNIA HAVE I ROAMED THE UNIVERSE SEEKING BATTLE AND GLORY."
HA! WHAT A RUBE.

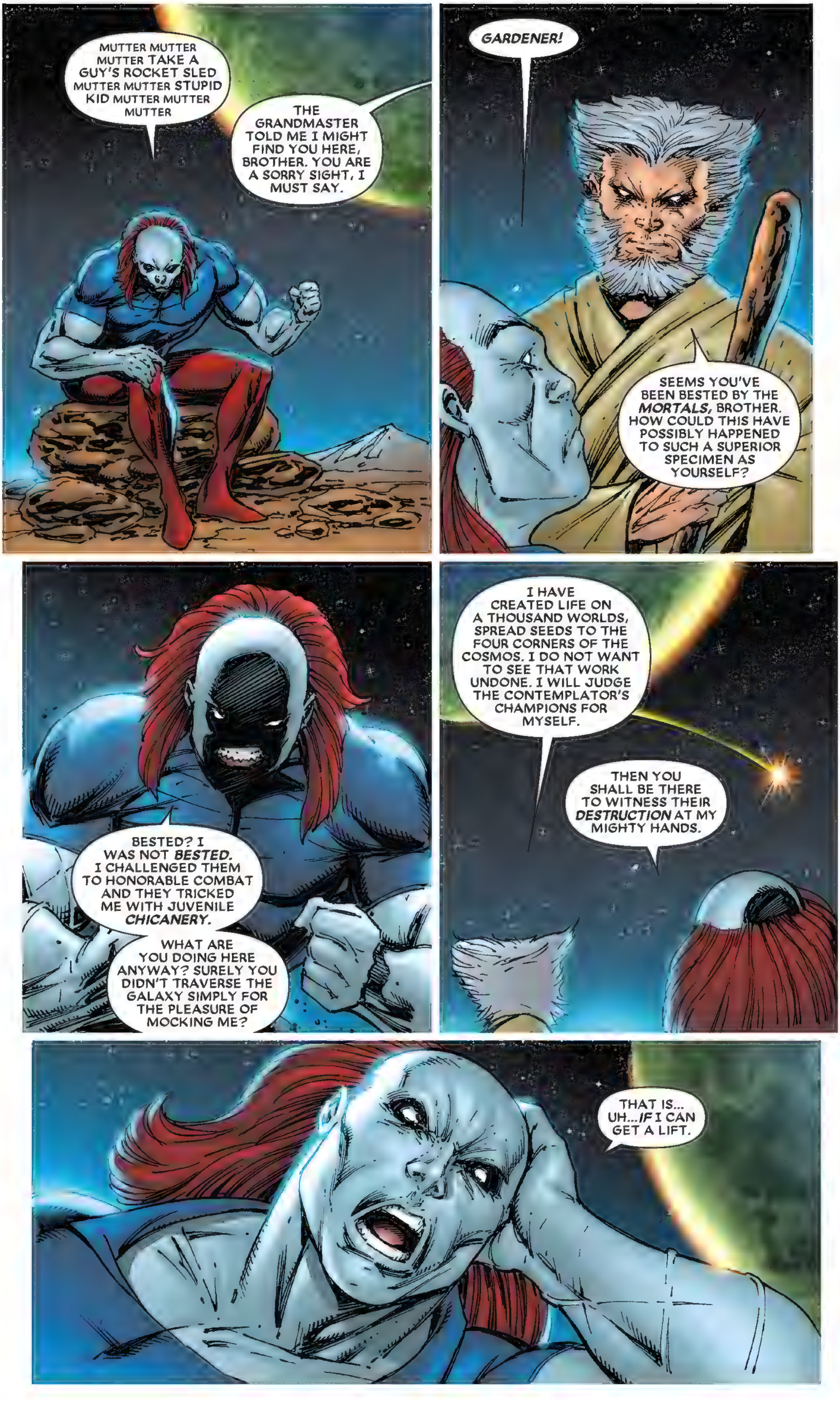

OKAY, THAT WAS AN INTERESTING DIVERSION, BUT NOW BACK TO BUSINESS.
WE NEED TO REFUEL, AND THIS BABY DOESN'T RUN ON PRIMORDIAL POWER JUICE. LOOKS LIKE THERE'S A TRADER WORLD THREE SECTORS AWAY.

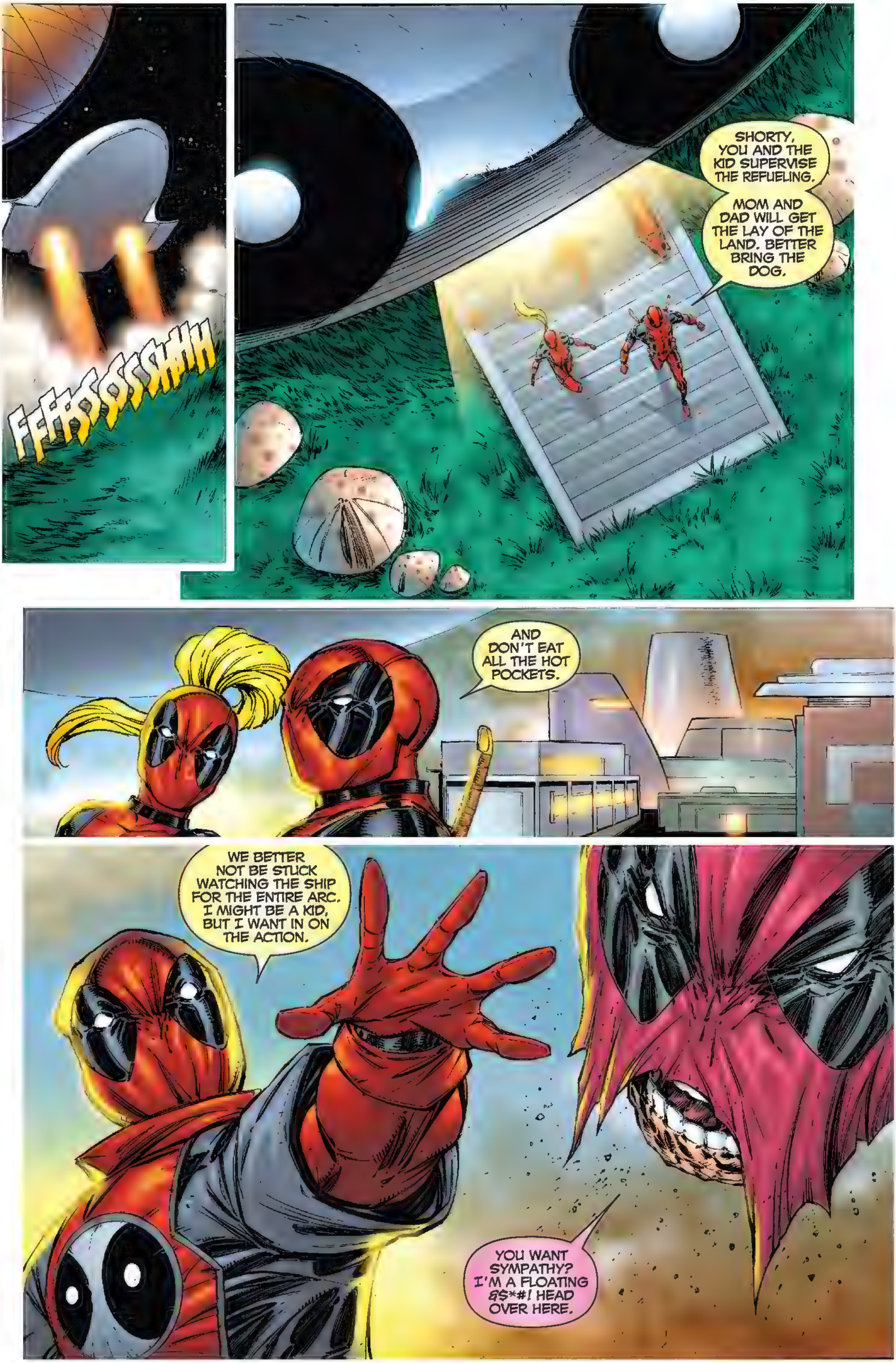

LAY IN A COURSE, MR. TITO. WARP FACTOR A MILLION.
AYE-AYE, CAP'N.

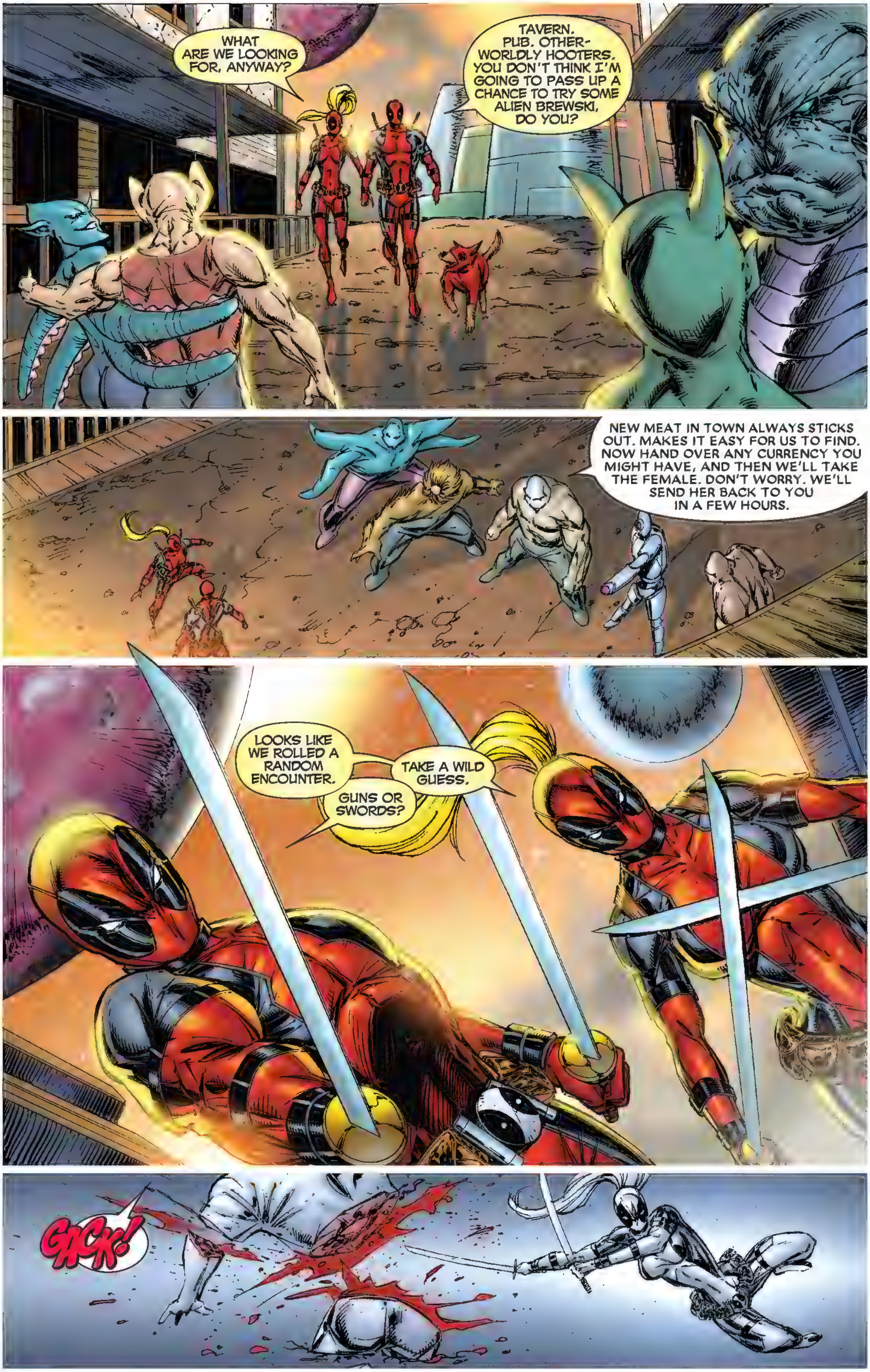

IS ANYONE ELSE WONDERING WHY BIG BLUE JERKS ARE CHASING US ACROSS THE GALAXY TO CHALLENGE US TO SMACKDOWNS?

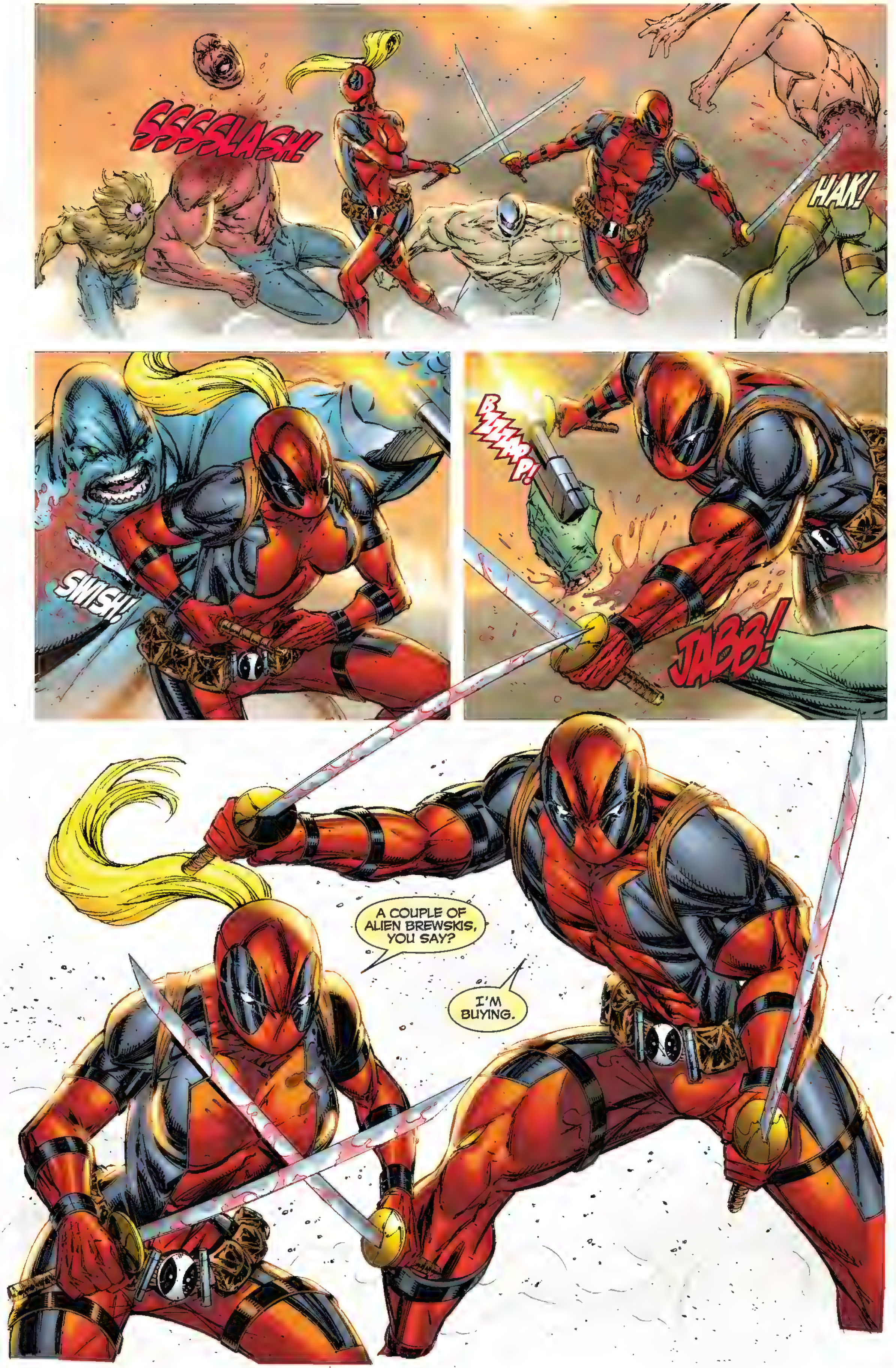

SOUNDS LIKE WE GOT CAUGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF A PISSING CONTEST. TYPICAL BOYS. THIS IS ALL TIME WE COULD'VE USED TO TRACK DOWN FRANK.
WE ALL AGREED TO CALL IT FRANK, RIGHT?

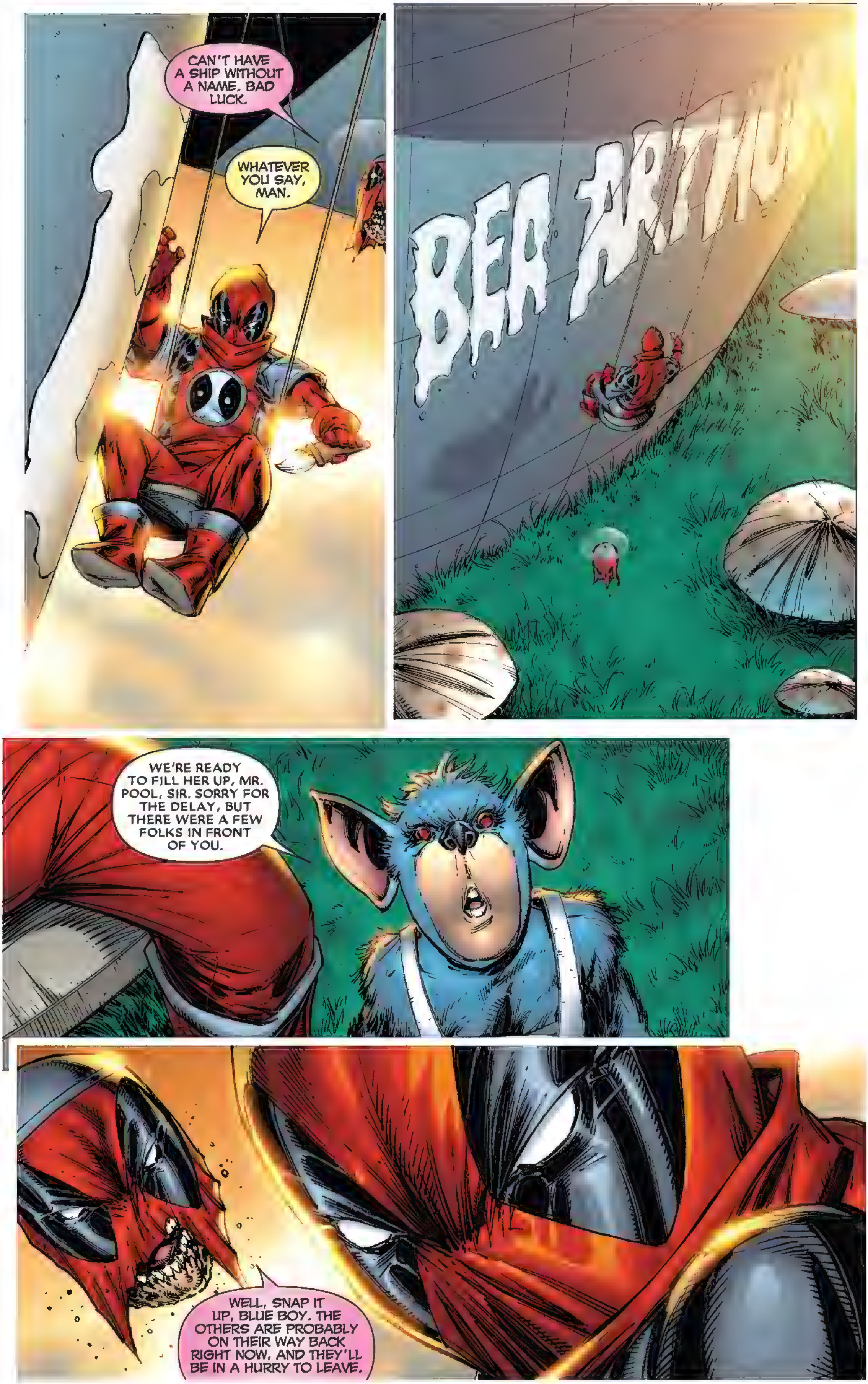

YEAH, YEAH, WE'LL FIGURE IT ALL OUT. I'M GONNA GO CHECK ON THE DOG.
BRING BACK SOME HOT POCKETS.
AND A COKE ZERO.
I THOUGHT HAVING MULTIPLE VERSIONS OF ME AROUND WOULD BE A GAS. INSTEAD I CAN'T GET A WORD IN EDGEWISE.
An entire team of showboats. What did you expect?
AT LEAST THE DOG CAN'T TALK.
HEY, BOY. HEY THERE. YOU DOING OKAY THERE, CUJO? WHO'S A GOOD BOY?
URK
FANTASTIC.

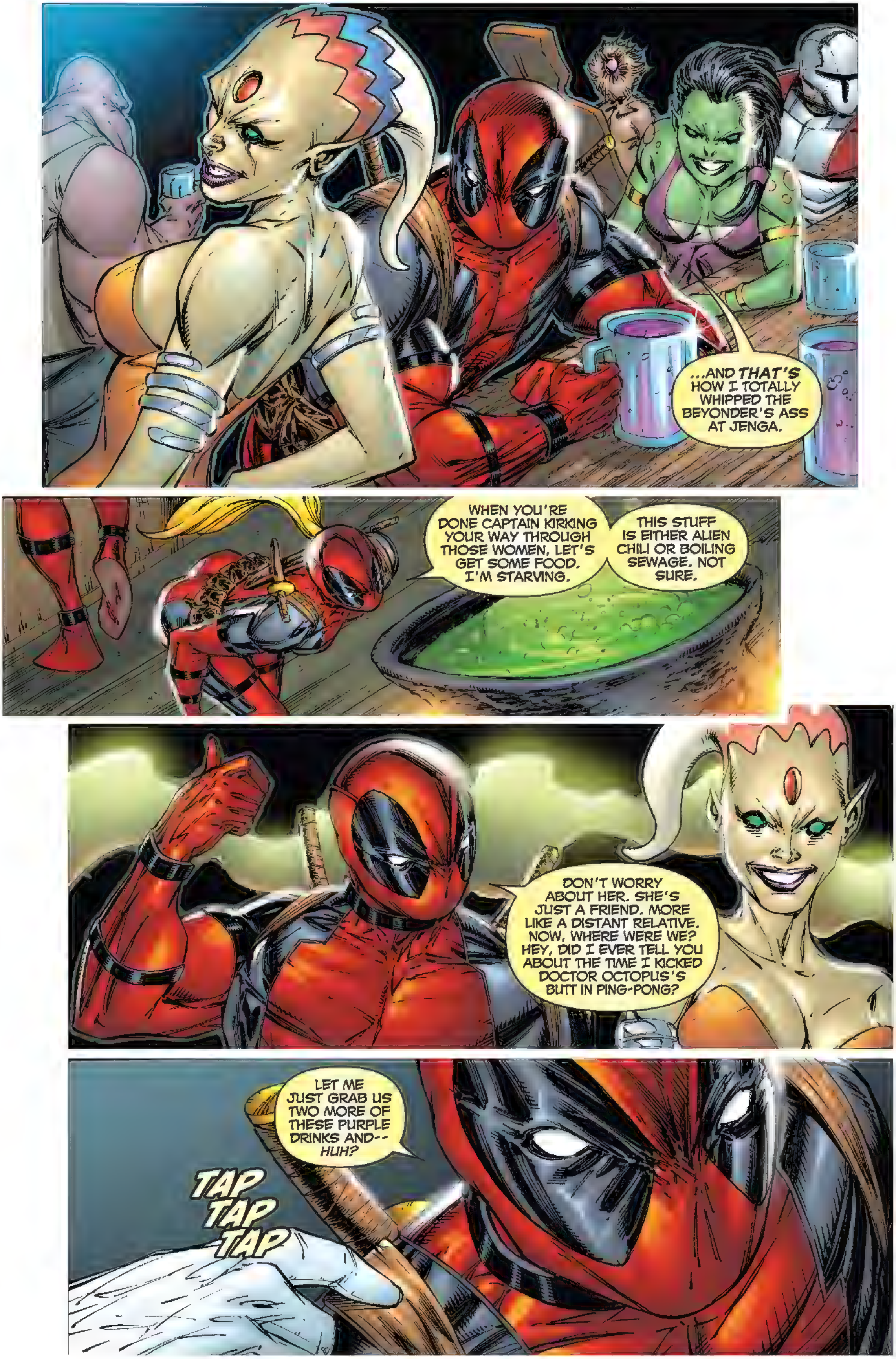

MUTTER MUTTER MUTTER TAKE A GUY'S ROCKET SLED MUTTER MUTTER STUPID KID MUTTER MUTTER MUTTER
THE GRANDMASTER TOLD ME I MIGHT FIND YOU HERE, BROTHER. YOU ARE A SORRY SIGHT, I MUST SAY.
GARDENER!
SEEMS YOU'VE BEEN BESTED BY THE ***MORTALS,*** BROTHER. HOW COULD THIS HAVE POSSIBLY HAPPENED TO SUCH A SUPERIOR SPECIMEN AS YOURSELF?
BESTED? I WAS NOT ***BESTED.*** I CHALLENGED THEM TO HONORABLE COMBAT AND THEY TRICKED ME WITH JUVENILE ***CHICANERY.***
WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE ANYWAY? SURELY YOU DIDN'T TRAVERSE THE GALAXY SIMPLY FOR THE PLEASURE OF MOCKING ME?
I HAVE CREATED LIFE ON A THOUSAND WORLDS, SPREAD SEEDS TO THE FOUR CORNERS OF THE COSMOS. I DO NOT WANT TO SEE THAT WORK UNDONE. I WILL JUDGE THE CONTEMPLATOR'S CHAMPIONS FOR MYSELF.
THEN YOU SHALL BE THERE TO WITNESS THEIR ***DESTRUCTION*** AT MY MIGHTY HANDS.
THAT IS... UH...***IF*** I CAN GET A LIFT.

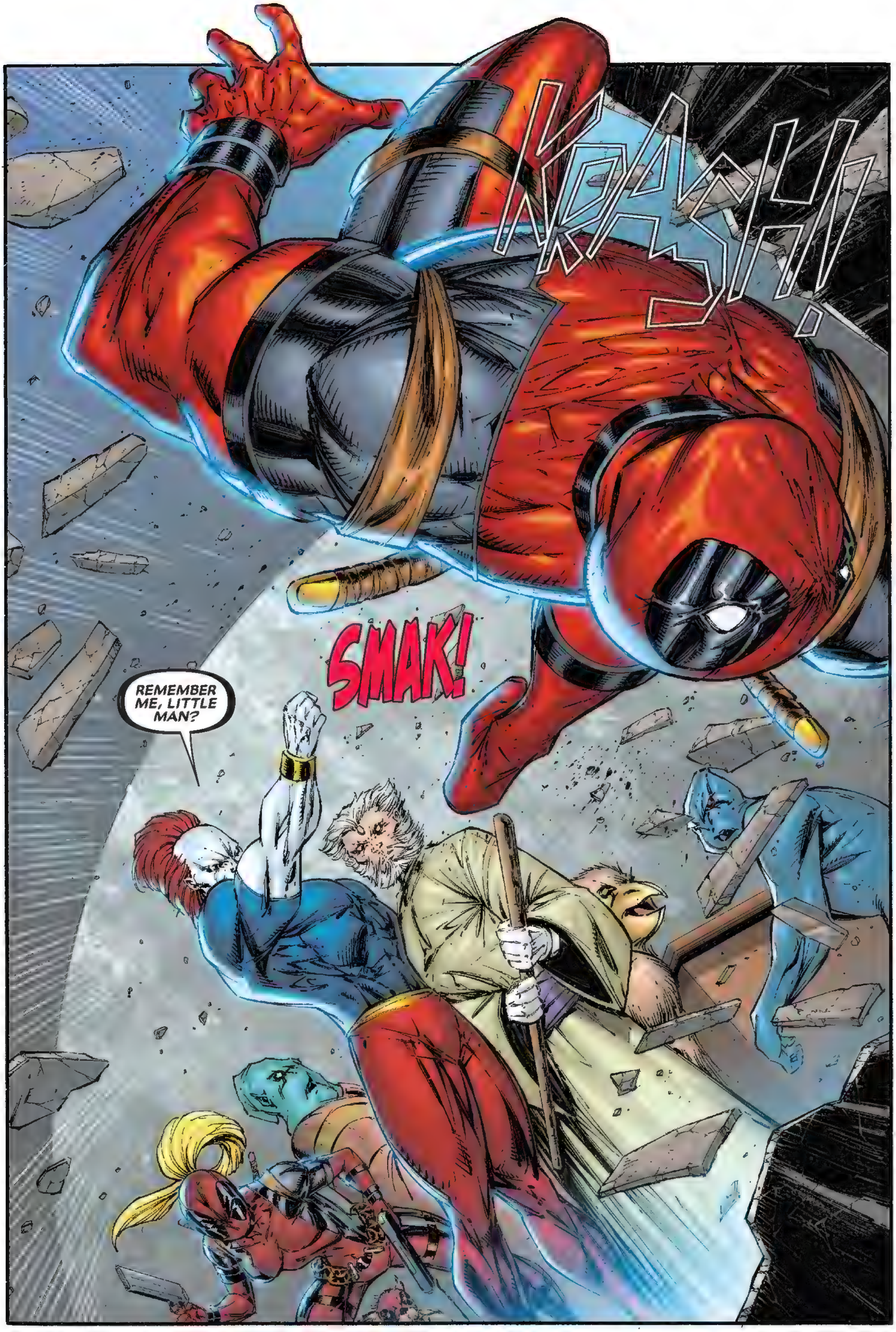

FFFSSSSHHH
SHORTY, YOU AND THE KID SUPERVISE THE REFUELING.
MOM AND DAD WILL GET THE LAY OF THE LAND. BETTER BRING THE DOG.
AND DON'T EAT ALL THE HOT POCKETS.
WE BETTER NOT BE STUCK WATCHING THE SHIP FOR THE ENTIRE ARC. I MIGHT BE A KID, BUT I WANT IN ON THE ACTION.
YOU WANT SYMPATHY? I'M A FLOATING &$*#! HEAD OVER HERE.

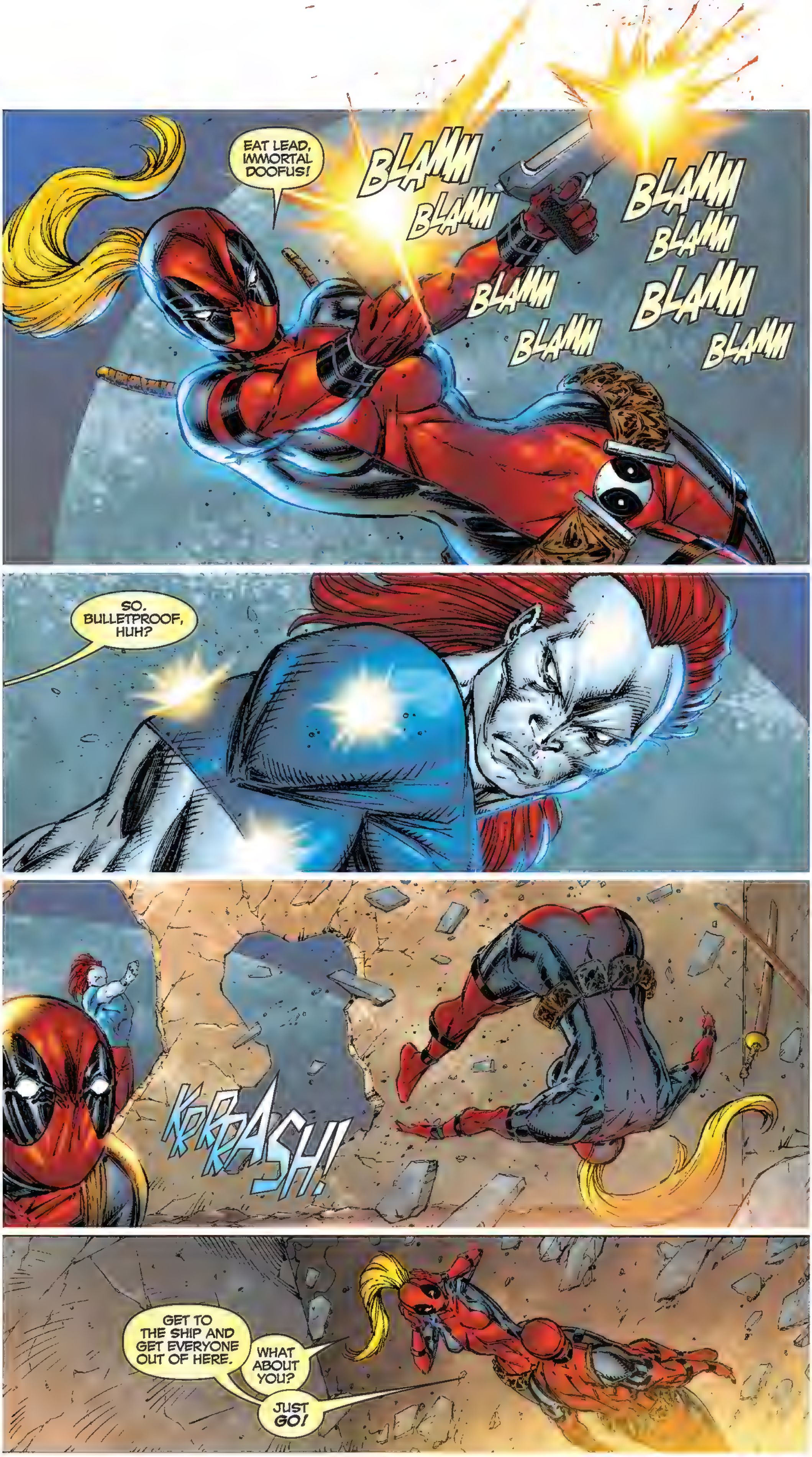

WHAT ARE WE LOOKING FOR, ANYWAY?
TAVERN. PUB. OTHER-WORLDLY HOOTERS. YOU DON'T THINK I'M GOING TO PASS UP A CHANCE TO TRY SOME ALIEN BREWSKI, DO YOU?
NEW MEAT IN TOWN ALWAYS STICKS OUT. MAKES IT EASY FOR US TO FIND. NOW HAND OVER ANY CURRENCY YOU MIGHT HAVE, AND THEN WE'LL TAKE THE FEMALE. DON'T WORRY. WE'LL SEND HER BACK TO YOU IN A FEW HOURS.
LOOKS LIKE WE ROLLED A RANDOM ENCOUNTER.
TAKE A WILD GUESS.
GUNS OR SWORDS?
GACK!

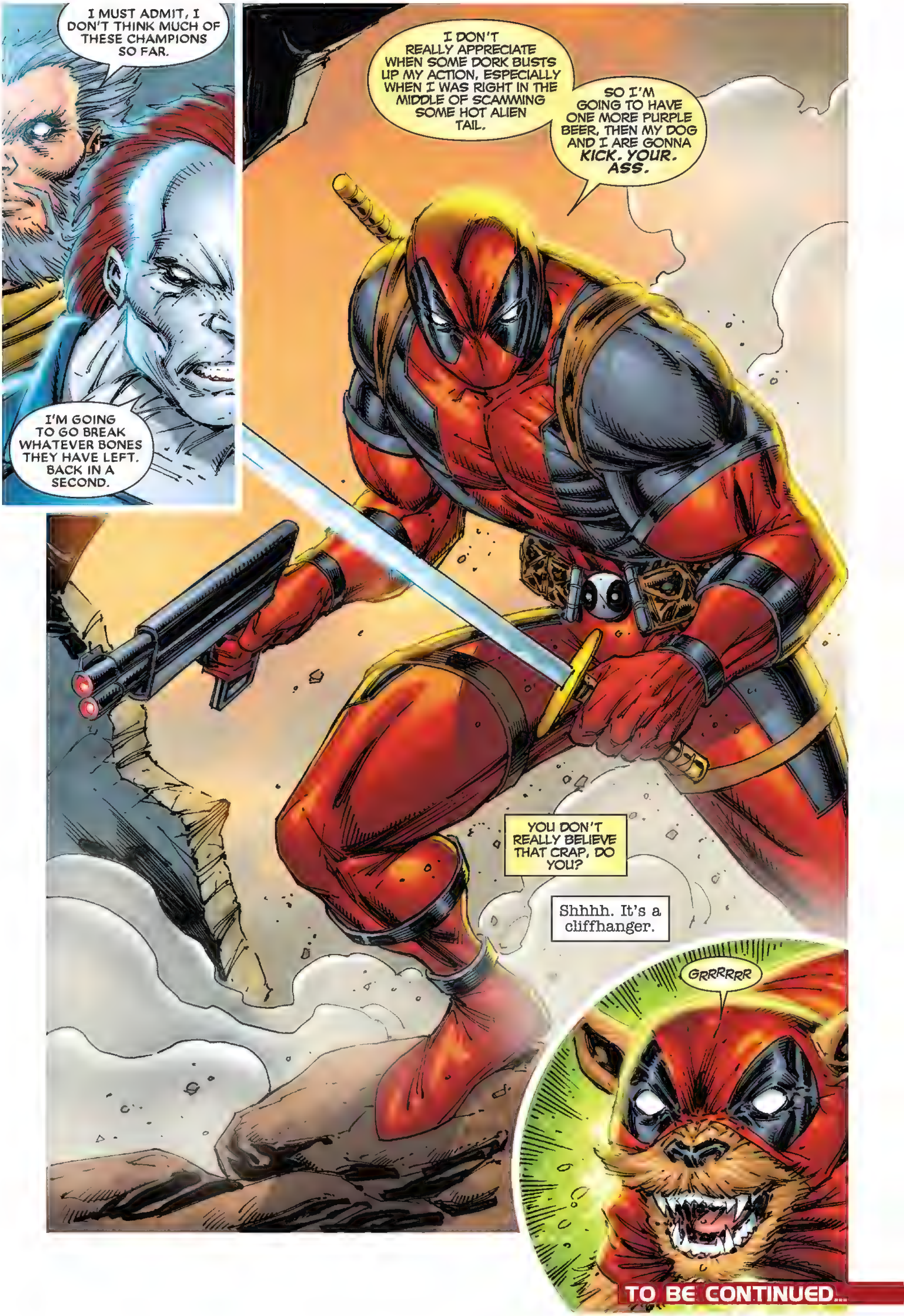

SSSSLASH!
HAK!
SWISH!
BZZZAP!
JABB!
A COUPLE OF ALIEN BREWSKIS, YOU SAY?
I'M BUYING.

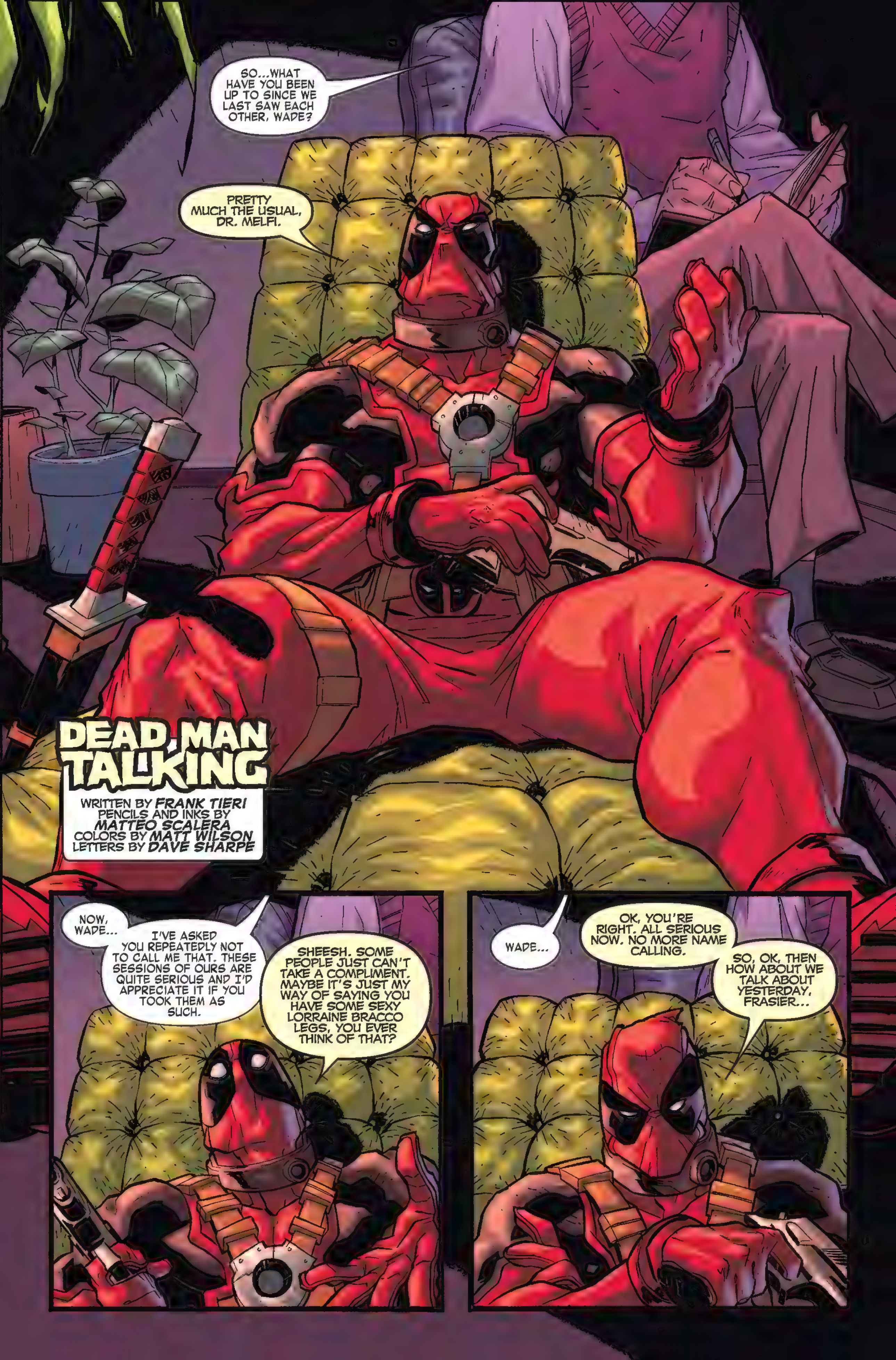

CAN'T HAVE A SHIP WITHOUT A NAME. BAD LUCK.
WHATEVER YOU SAY, MAN.
BEA ARTHU
WE'RE READY TO FILL HER UP, MR. POOL, SIR. SORRY FOR THE DELAY, BUT THERE WERE A FEW FOLKS IN FRONT OF YOU.
WELL, SNAP IT UP, BLUE BOY. THE OTHERS ARE PROBABLY ON THEIR WAY BACK RIGHT NOW, AND THEY'LL BE IN A HURRY TO LEAVE.


...AND **THAT'S** HOW I TOTALLY WHIPPED THE BEYONDER'S ASS AT JENGA.
WHEN YOU'RE DONE CAPTAIN KIRKING YOUR WAY THROUGH THOSE WOMEN, LET'S GET SOME FOOD. I'M STARVING.
THIS STUFF IS EITHER ALIEN CHILI OR BOILING SEWAGE. NOT SURE.
DON'T WORRY ABOUT HER. SHE'S JUST A FRIEND. MORE LIKE A DISTANT RELATIVE. NOW, WHERE WERE WE? HEY, DID I EVER TELL YOU ABOUT THE TIME I KICKED DOCTOR OCTOPUS'S BUTT IN PING-PONG?
LET ME JUST GRAB US TWO MORE OF THESE PURPLE DRINKS AND-- HUH?
TAP TAP TAP


KRASH!
SMAK!
REMEMBER ME, LITTLE MAN?

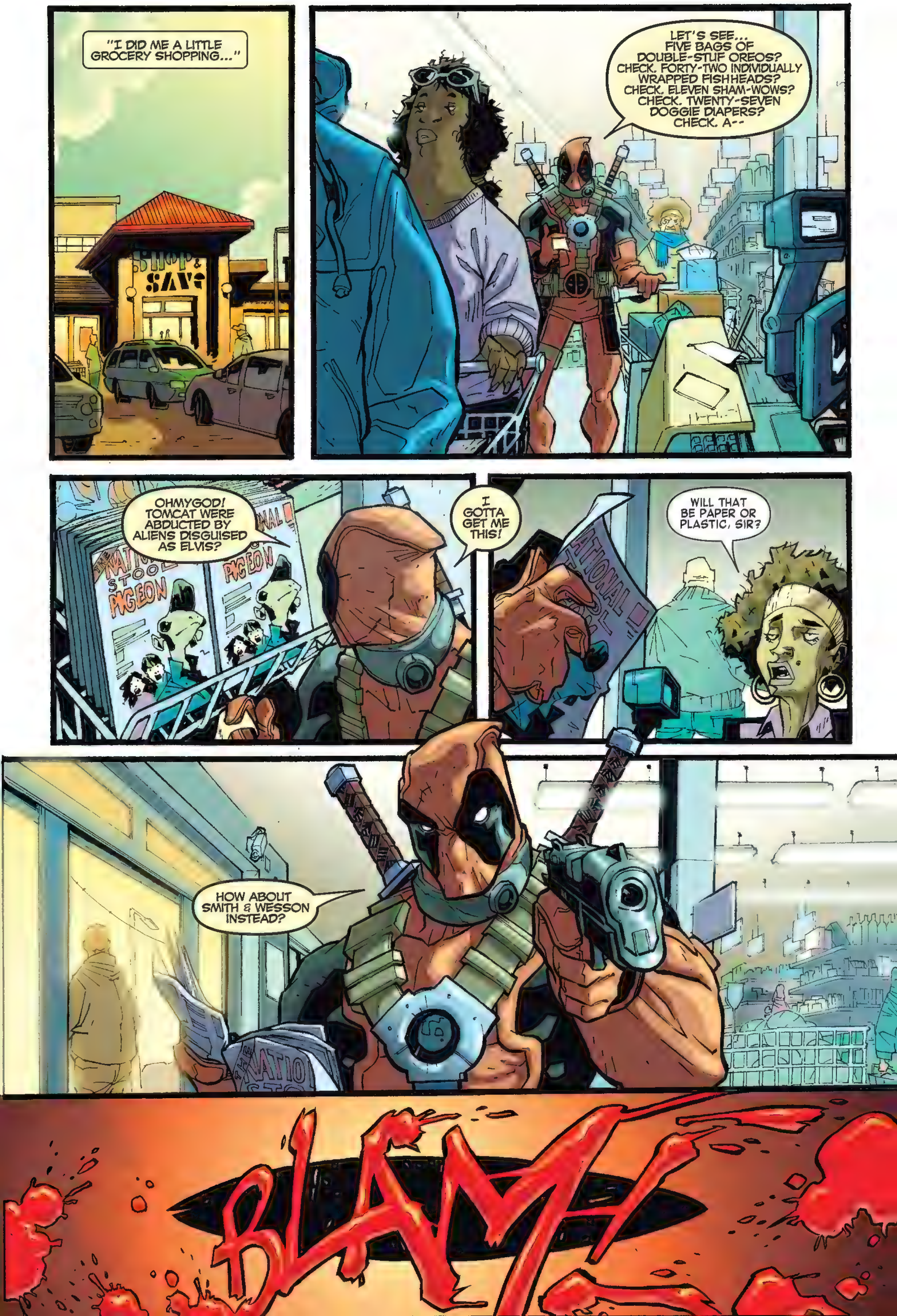

EAT LEAD, IMMORTAL DOOFUS!
BLAMM BLAMM BLAMM BLAMM
BLAMM BLAMM BLAMM BLAMM
SO. BULLETPROOF, HUH?
KRRRRASH!
GET TO THE SHIP AND GET EVERYONE OUT OF HERE.
WHAT ABOUT YOU?
JUST GO!

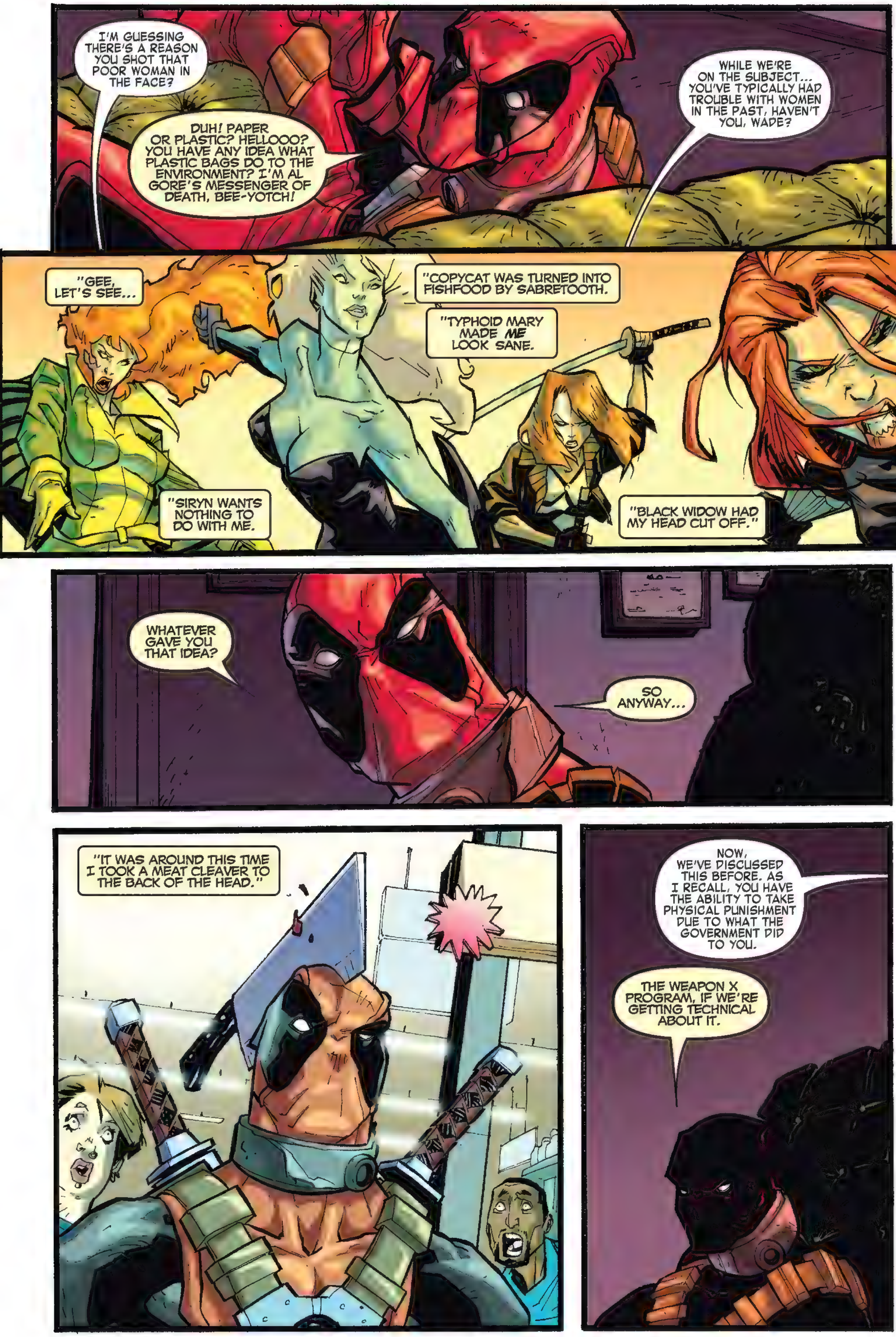

I MUST ADMIT, I DON'T THINK MUCH OF THESE CHAMPIONS SO FAR.
I'M GOING TO GO BREAK WHATEVER BONES THEY HAVE LEFT. BACK IN A SECOND.
I DON'T REALLY APPRECIATE WHEN SOME DORK BUSTS UP MY ACTION, ESPECIALLY WHEN I WAS RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF SCAMMING SOME HOT ALIEN TAIL.
SO I'M GOING TO HAVE ONE MORE PURPLE BEER, THEN MY DOG AND I ARE GONNA ***KICK. YOUR. ASS.***
YOU DON'T REALLY BELIEVE THAT CRAP, DO YOU?
Shhhh. It's a cliffhanger.
GRRRRRR
TO BE CONTINUED...

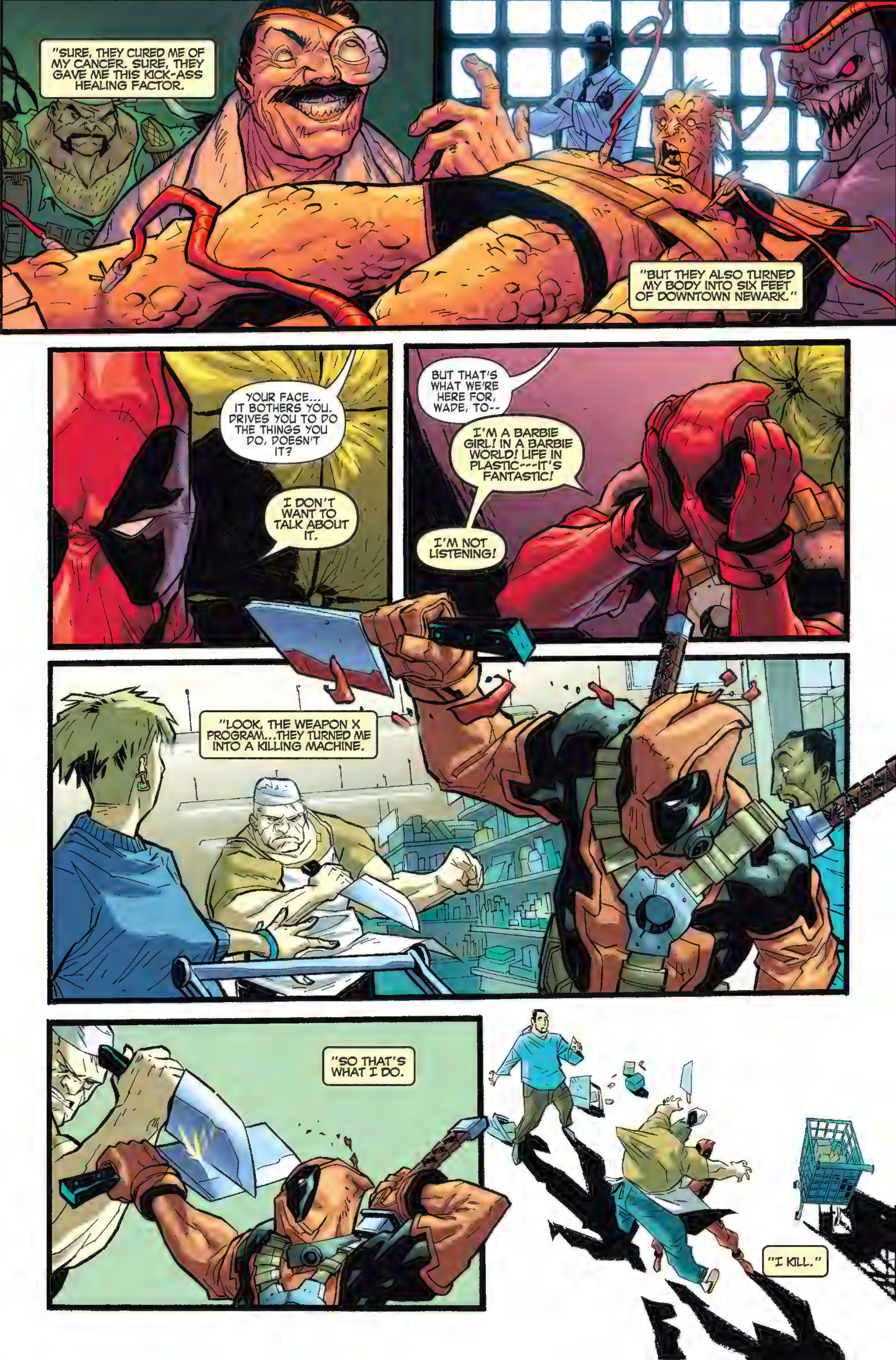

SO...WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN UP TO SINCE WE LAST SAW EACH OTHER, WADE?
PRETTY MUCH THE USUAL, DR. MELFI.
NOW, WADE...
I'VE ASKED YOU REPEATEDLY NOT TO CALL ME THAT. THESE SESSIONS OF OURS ARE QUITE SERIOUS AND I'D APPRECIATE IT IF YOU TOOK THEM AS SUCH.
SHEESH. SOME PEOPLE JUST CAN'T TAKE A COMPLIMENT. MAYBE IT'S JUST MY WAY OF SAYING YOU HAVE SOME SEXY LORRAINE BRACCO LEGS, YOU EVER THINK OF THAT?
WADE...
OK, YOU'RE RIGHT. ALL SERIOUS NOW. NO MORE NAME CALLING.
SO, OK, THEN HOW ABOUT WE TALK ABOUT YESTERDAY, FRASIER...

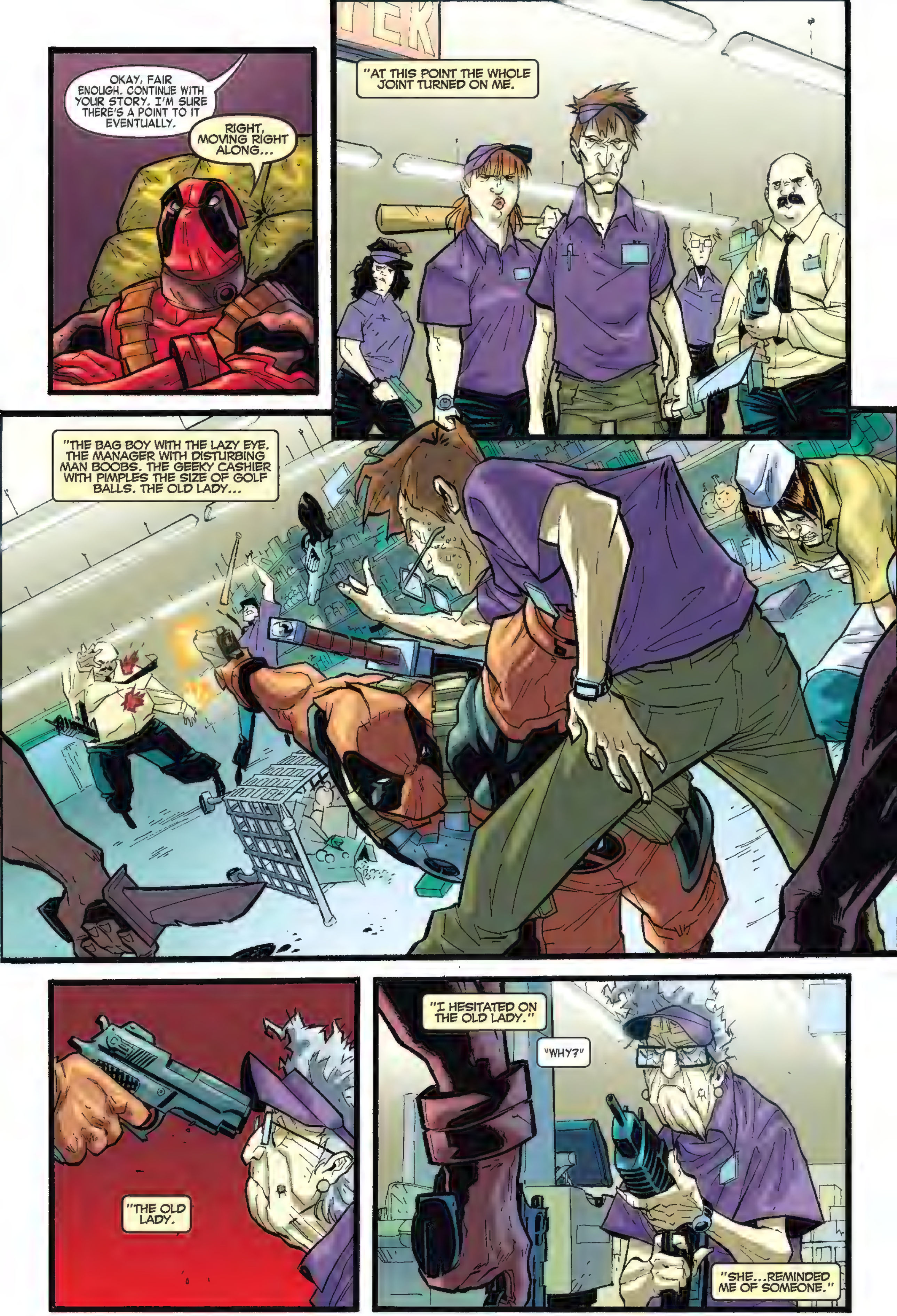
DEAD MAN TALKING

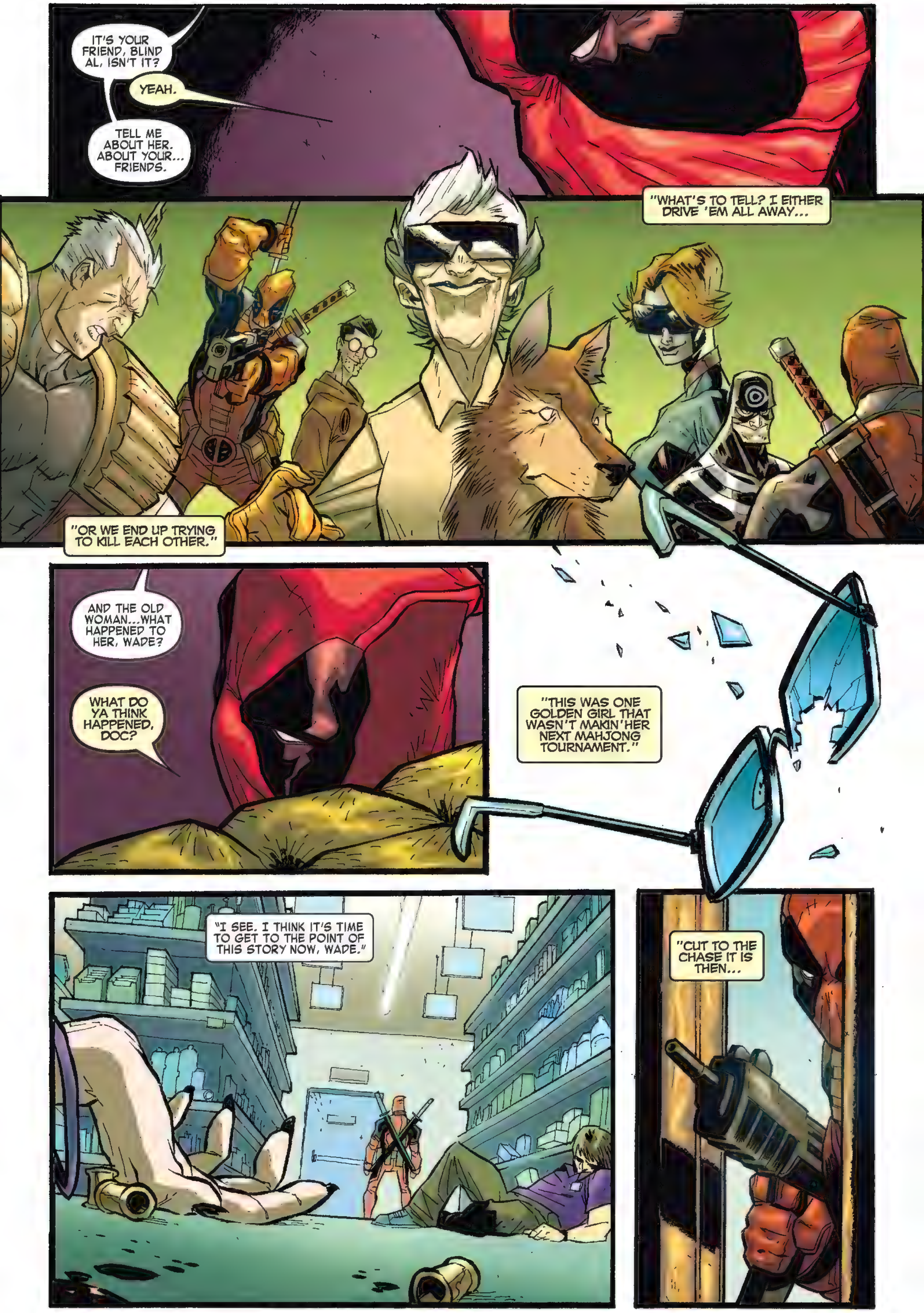
WRITTEN BY ***FRANK TIERI***
PENCILS AND INKS BY ***MATTEO SCALERA***
COLORS BY ***MATT WILSON***
LETTERS BY ***DAVE SHARPE***

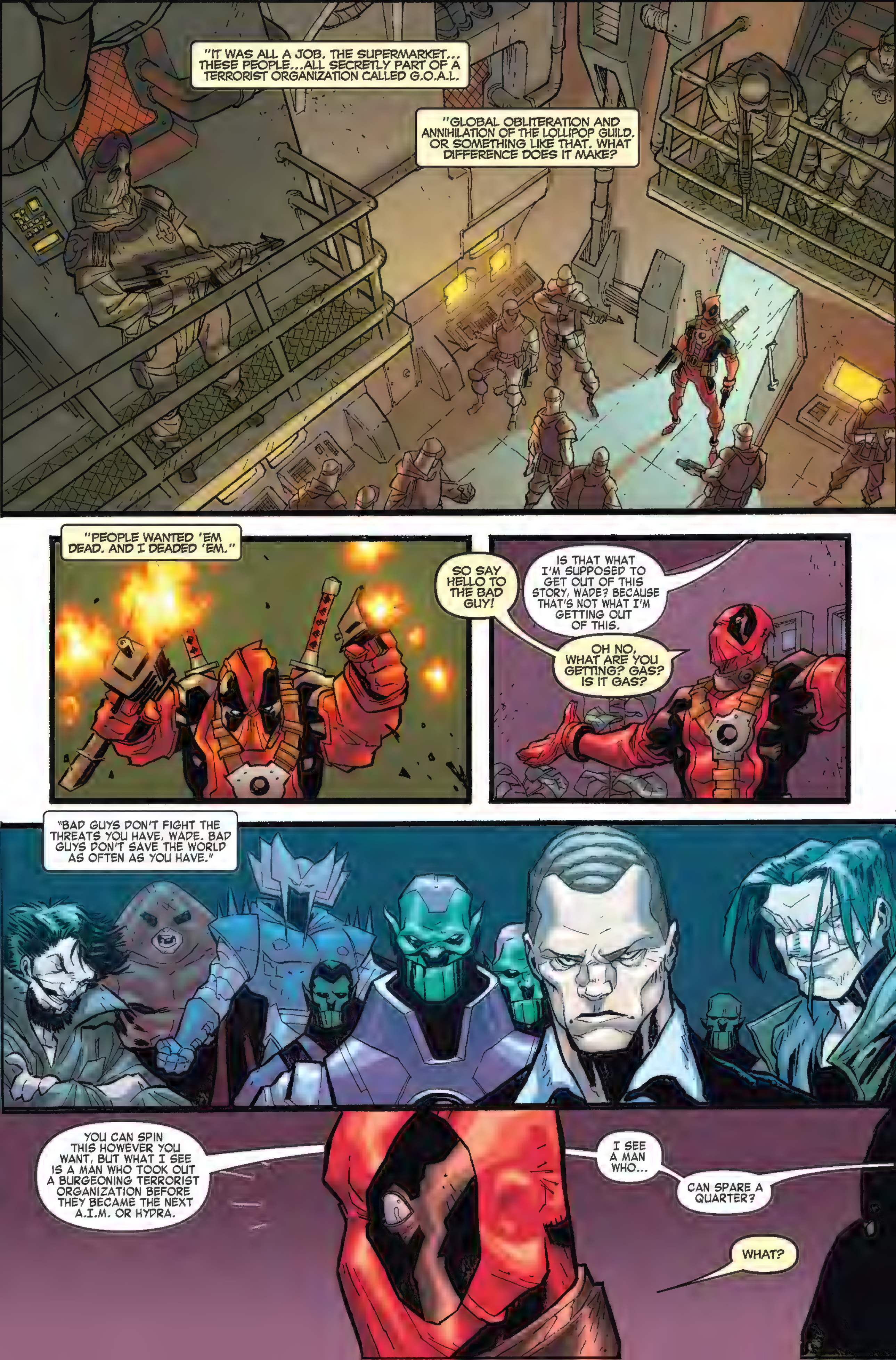

"I DID ME A LITTLE GROCERY SHOPPING..."
SHOP & SAVE
LET'S SEE... FIVE BAGS OF DOUBLE-STUF OREOS? CHECK. FORTY-TWO INDIVIDUALLY WRAPPED FISHHEADS? CHECK. ELEVEN SHAM-WOWS? CHECK. TWENTY-SEVEN DOGGIE DIAPERS? CHECK. A--
OHMYGOD! TOMCAT WERE ABDUCTED BY ALIENS DISGUISED AS ELVIS?
THE NATIONAL STOOL PIGEON
I GOTTA GET ME THIS!
WILL THAT BE PAPER OR PLASTIC, SIR?
HOW ABOUT SMITH & WESSON INSTEAD?
BLAM!

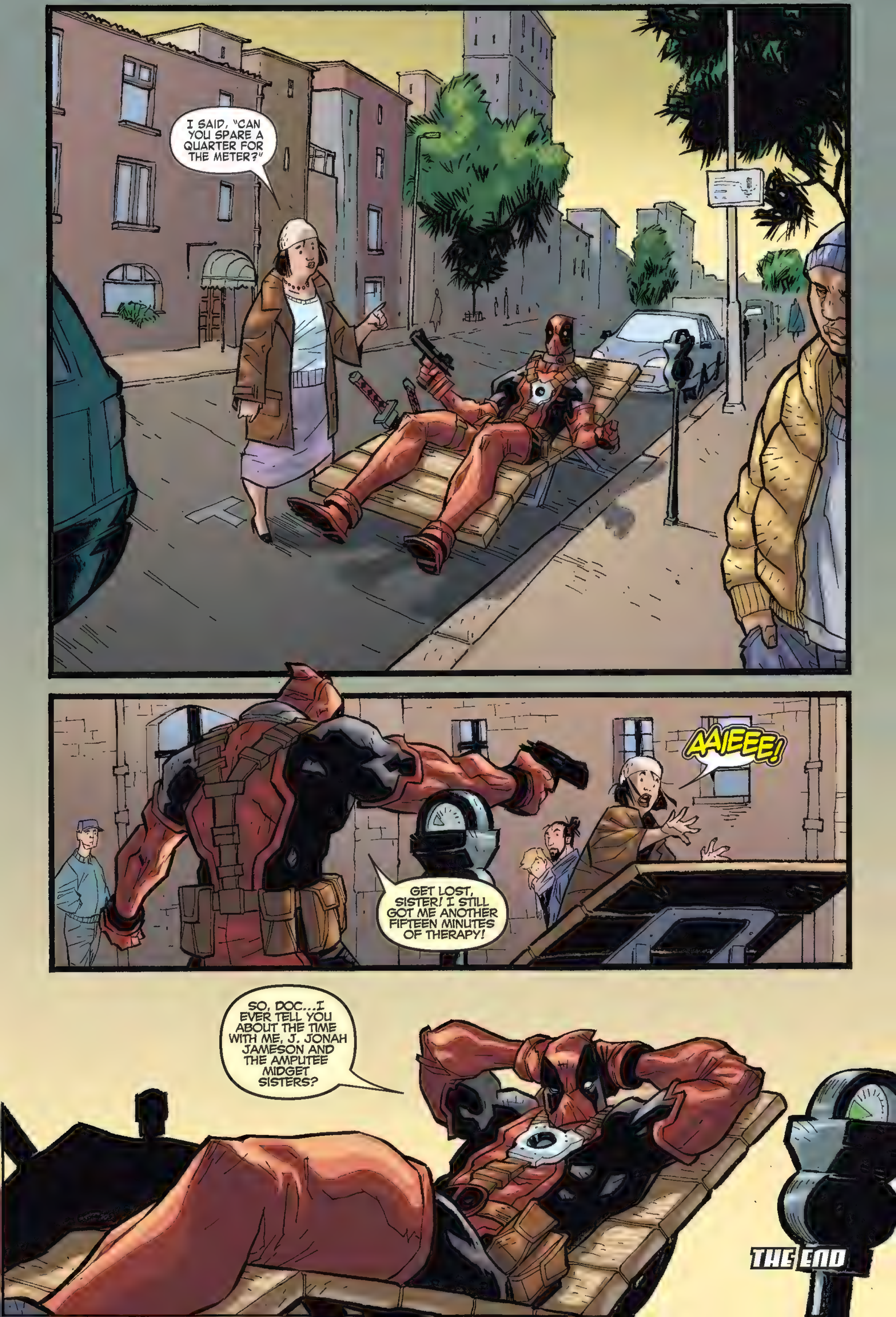

I'M GUESSING THERE'S A REASON YOU SHOT THAT POOR WOMAN IN THE FACE?
DUH! PAPER OR PLASTIC? HELLOOO? YOU HAVE ANY IDEA WHAT PLASTIC BAGS DO TO THE ENVIRONMENT? I'M AL GORE'S MESSENGER OF DEATH, BEE-YOTCH!
WHILE WE'RE ON THE SUBJECT... YOU'VE TYPICALLY HAD TROUBLE WITH WOMEN IN THE PAST, HAVEN'T YOU, WADE?
"GEE, LET'S SEE...
"COPYCAT WAS TURNED INTO FISHFOOD BY SABRETOOTH.
"TYPHOID MARY MADE *ME* LOOK SANE.
"SIRYN WANTS NOTHING TO DO WITH ME.
"BLACK WIDOW HAD MY HEAD CUT OFF."
WHATEVER GAVE YOU THAT IDEA?
SO ANYWAY...
"IT WAS AROUND THIS TIME I TOOK A MEAT CLEAVER TO THE BACK OF THE HEAD."
NOW, WE'VE DISCUSSED THIS BEFORE. AS I RECALL, YOU HAVE THE ABILITY TO TAKE PHYSICAL PUNISHMENT DUE TO WHAT THE GOVERNMENT DID TO YOU.
THE WEAPON X PROGRAM, IF WE'RE GETTING TECHNICAL ABOUT IT.


"SURE, THEY CURED ME OF MY CANCER. SURE, THEY GAVE ME THIS KICK-ASS HEALING FACTOR.
"BUT THEY ALSO TURNED MY BODY INTO SIX FEET OF DOWNTOWN NEWARK."
YOUR FACE... IT BOTHERS YOU. DRIVES YOU TO DO THE THINGS YOU DO, DOESN'T IT?
I DON'T WANT TO TALK ABOUT IT.
BUT THAT'S WHAT WE'RE HERE FOR, WADE, TO--
I'M A BARBIE GIRL! IN A BARBIE WORLD! LIFE IN PLASTIC---IT'S FANTASTIC!
I'M NOT LISTENING!
"LOOK, THE WEAPON X PROGRAM...THEY TURNED ME INTO A KILLING MACHINE.
"SO THAT'S WHAT I DO.
"I KILL."


OKAY, FAIR ENOUGH. CONTINUE WITH YOUR STORY. I'M SURE THERE'S A POINT TO IT EVENTUALLY.
RIGHT, MOVING RIGHT ALONG...
"AT THIS POINT THE WHOLE JOINT TURNED ON ME.
"THE BAG BOY WITH THE LAZY EYE. THE MANAGER WITH DISTURBING MAN BOOBS. THE GEEKY CASHIER WITH PIMPLES THE SIZE OF GOLF BALLS. THE OLD LADY...
"THE OLD LADY.
"I HESITATED ON THE OLD LADY."
"WHY?"
"SHE...REMINDED ME OF SOMEONE."


IT'S YOUR FRIEND, BLIND AL, ISN'T IT?
YEAH.
TELL ME ABOUT HER. ABOUT YOUR... FRIENDS.
"WHAT'S TO TELL? I EITHER DRIVE 'EM ALL AWAY...
"OR WE END UP TRYING TO KILL EACH OTHER."
AND THE OLD WOMAN...WHAT HAPPENED TO HER, WADE?
WHAT DO YA THINK HAPPENED, DOC?
"THIS WAS ONE GOLDEN GIRL THAT WASN'T MAKIN' HER NEXT MAHJONG TOURNAMENT."
"I SEE. I THINK IT'S TIME TO GET TO THE POINT OF THIS STORY NOW, WADE."
"CUT TO THE CHASE IT IS THEN..."


"IT WAS ALL A JOB. THE SUPERMARKET... THESE PEOPLE...ALL SECRETLY PART OF A TERRORIST ORGANIZATION CALLED G.O.A.L.
"GLOBAL OBLITERATION AND ANNIHILATION OF THE LOLLIPOP GUILD. OR SOMETHING LIKE THAT. WHAT DIFFERENCE DOES IT MAKE?
"PEOPLE WANTED 'EM DEAD. AND I DEADED 'EM."
SO SAY HELLO TO THE BAD GUY!
IS THAT WHAT I'M SUPPOSED TO GET OUT OF THIS STORY, WADE? BECAUSE THAT'S NOT WHAT I'M GETTING OUT OF THIS.
OH NO, WHAT ARE YOU GETTING? GAS? IS IT GAS?
"BAD GUYS DON'T FIGHT THE THREATS YOU HAVE, WADE. BAD GUYS DON'T SAVE THE WORLD AS OFTEN AS YOU HAVE."
YOU CAN SPIN THIS HOWEVER YOU WANT, BUT WHAT I SEE IS A MAN WHO TOOK OUT A BURGEONING TERRORIST ORGANIZATION BEFORE THEY BECAME THE NEXT A.I.M. OR HYDRA.
I SEE A MAN WHO...
CAN SPARE A QUARTER?
WHAT?


I SAID, "CAN YOU SPARE A QUARTER FOR THE METER?"
AAIEEE!
GET LOST, SISTER! I STILL GOT ME ANOTHER FIFTEEN MINUTES OF THERAPY!
SO, DOC...I EVER TELL YOU ABOUT THE TIME WITH ME, J. JONAH JAMESON AND THE AMPUTEE MIDGET SISTERS?
THE END

COMING NEXT MONTH:
DEADPOOL CORPS #2

LIEFELD
CAPPROTTI

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DEADPOOL®
CORPS
MARVEL
2
GISCHLER
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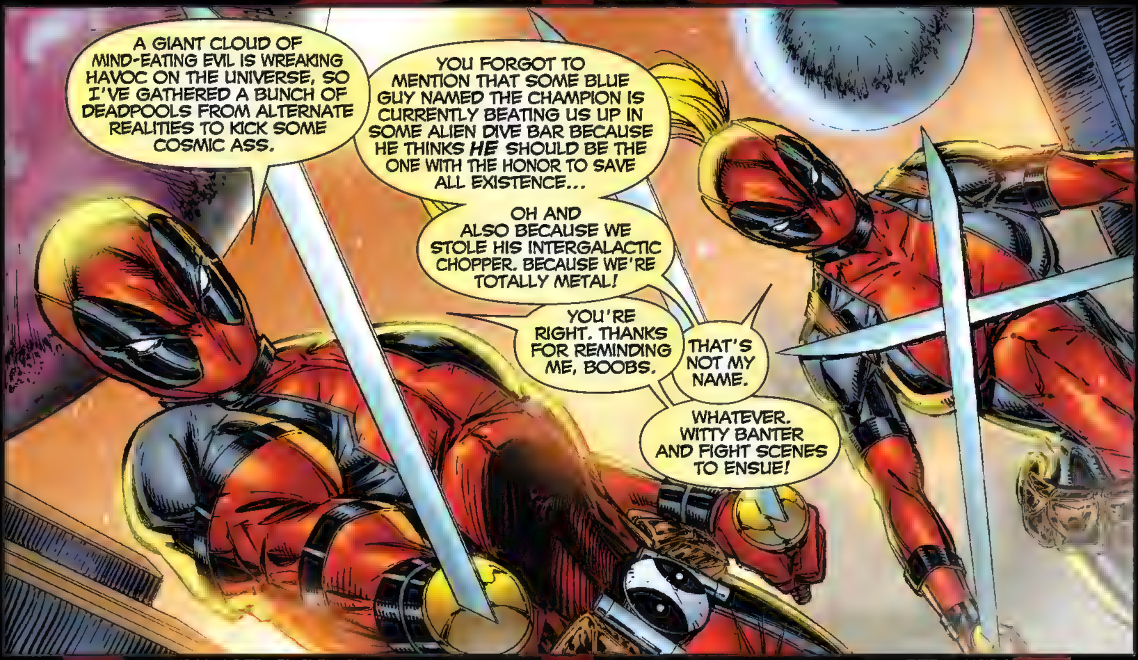
DEADPOOL CORPS


A GIANT CLOUD OF MIND-EATING EVIL IS WREAKING HAVOC ON THE UNIVERSE, SO I'VE GATHERED A BUNCH OF DEADPOOLS FROM ALTERNATE REALITIES TO KICK SOME COSMIC ASS.
YOU FORGOT TO MENTION THAT SOME BLUE GUY NAMED THE CHAMPION IS CURRENTLY BEATING US UP IN SOME ALIEN DIVE BAR BECAUSE HE THINKS *HE* SHOULD BE THE ONE WITH THE HONOR TO SAVE ALL EXISTENCE...
OH AND ALSO BECAUSE WE STOLE HIS INTERGALACTIC CHOPPER. BECAUSE WE'RE TOTALLY METAL!
YOU'RE RIGHT. THANKS FOR REMINDING ME, BOOBS.
THAT'S NOT MY NAME.
WHATEVER. WITTY BANTER AND FIGHT SCENES TO ENSUE!

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SPECIAL THANKS TO
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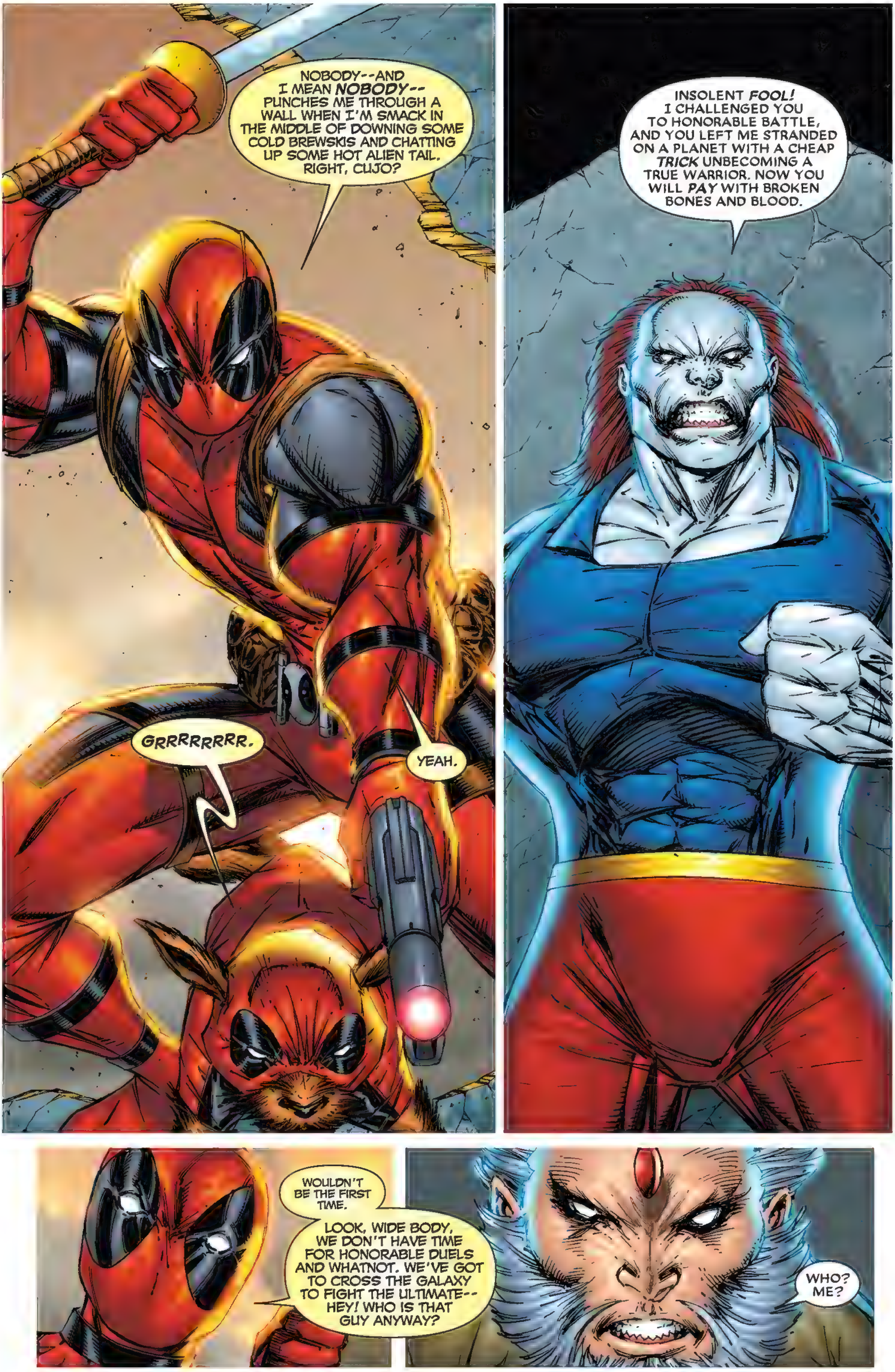
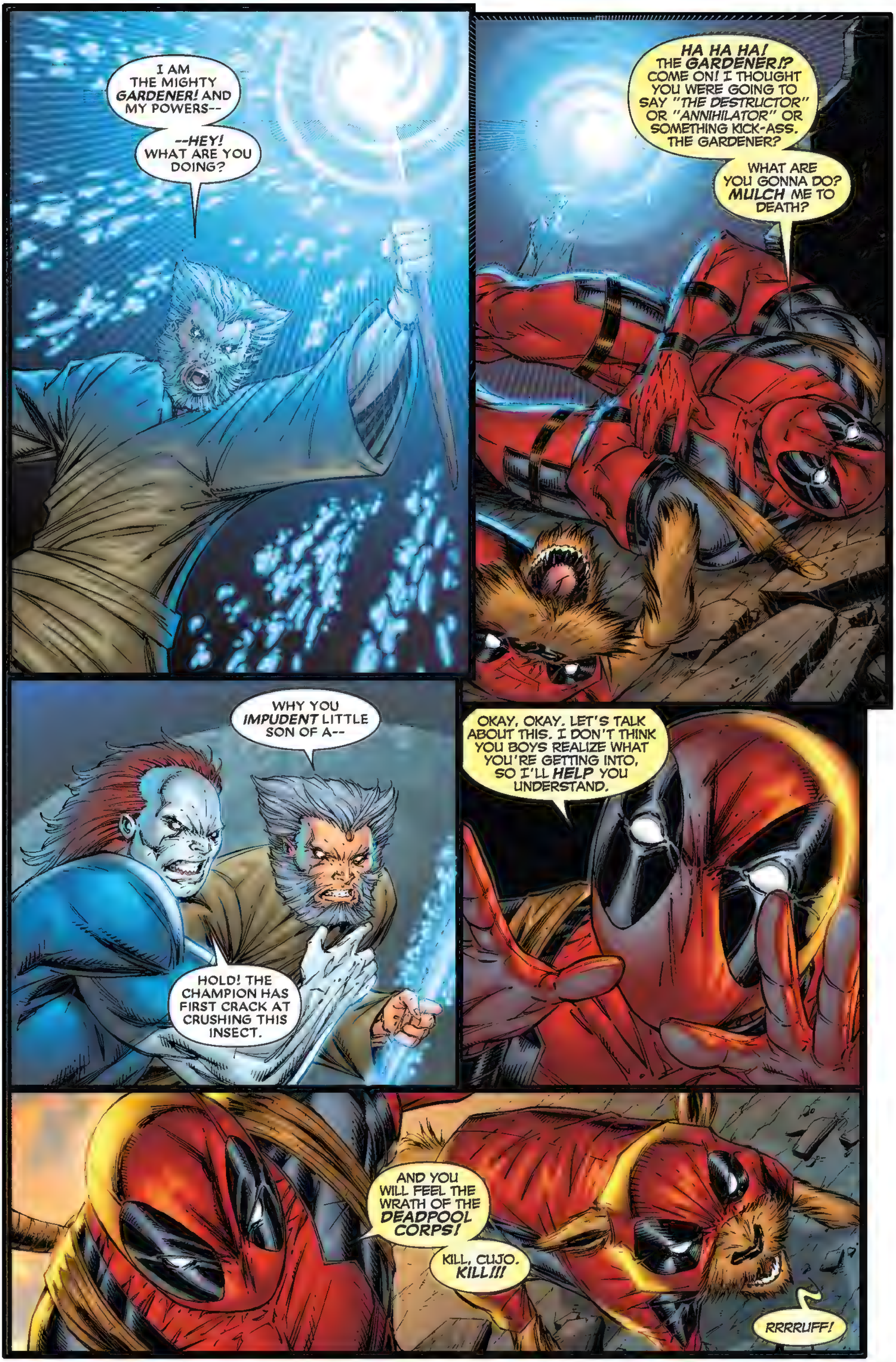
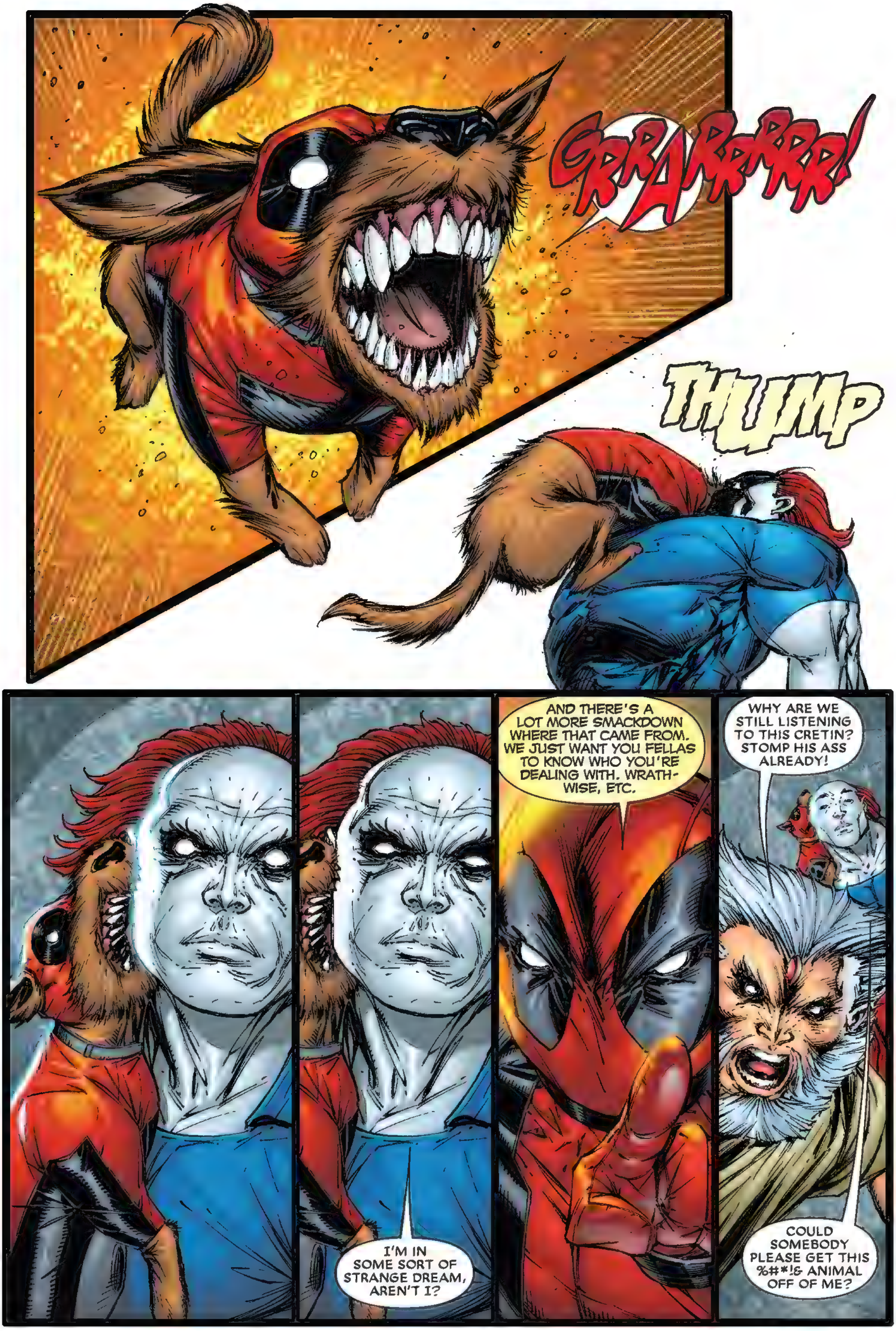
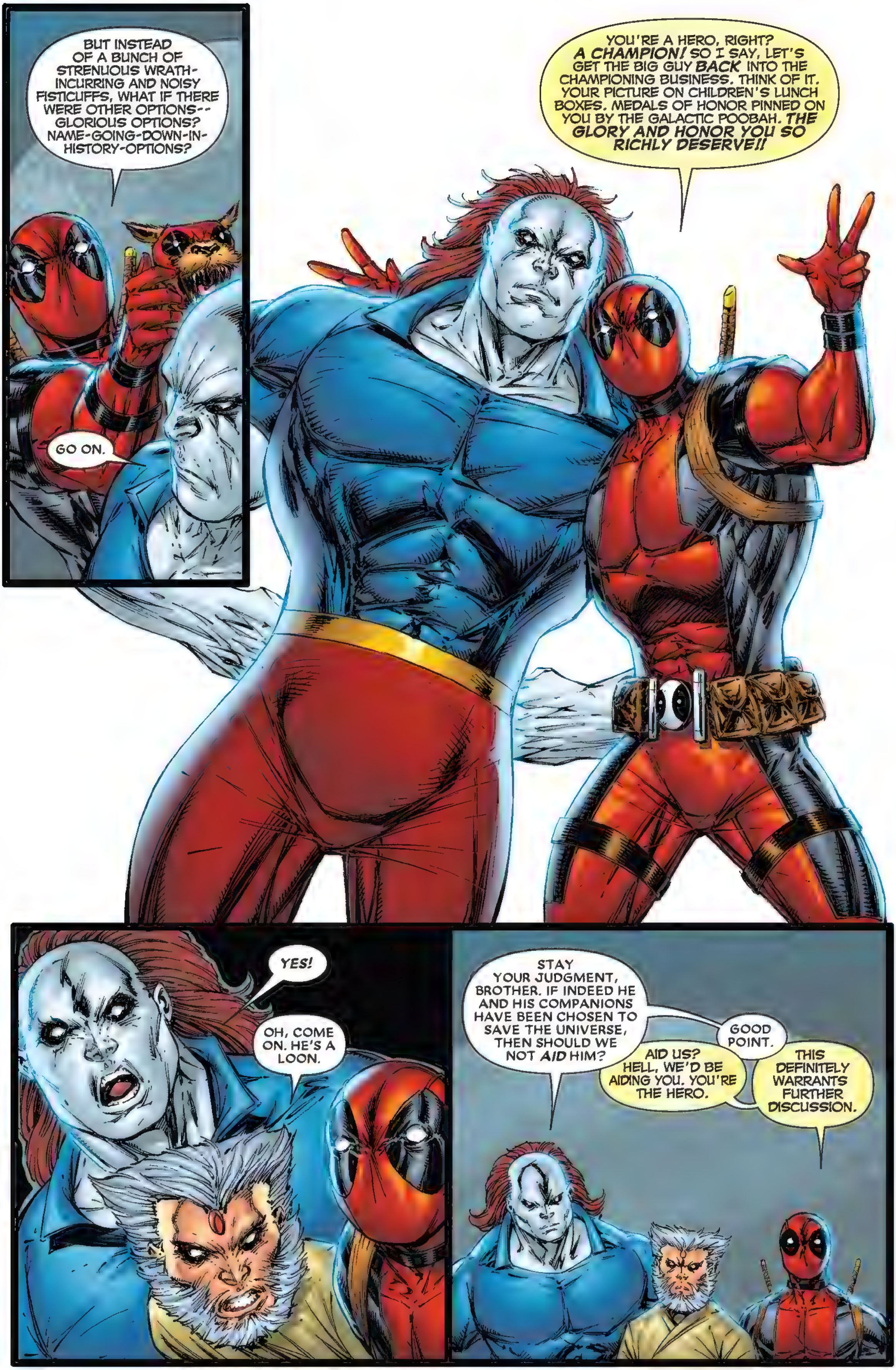
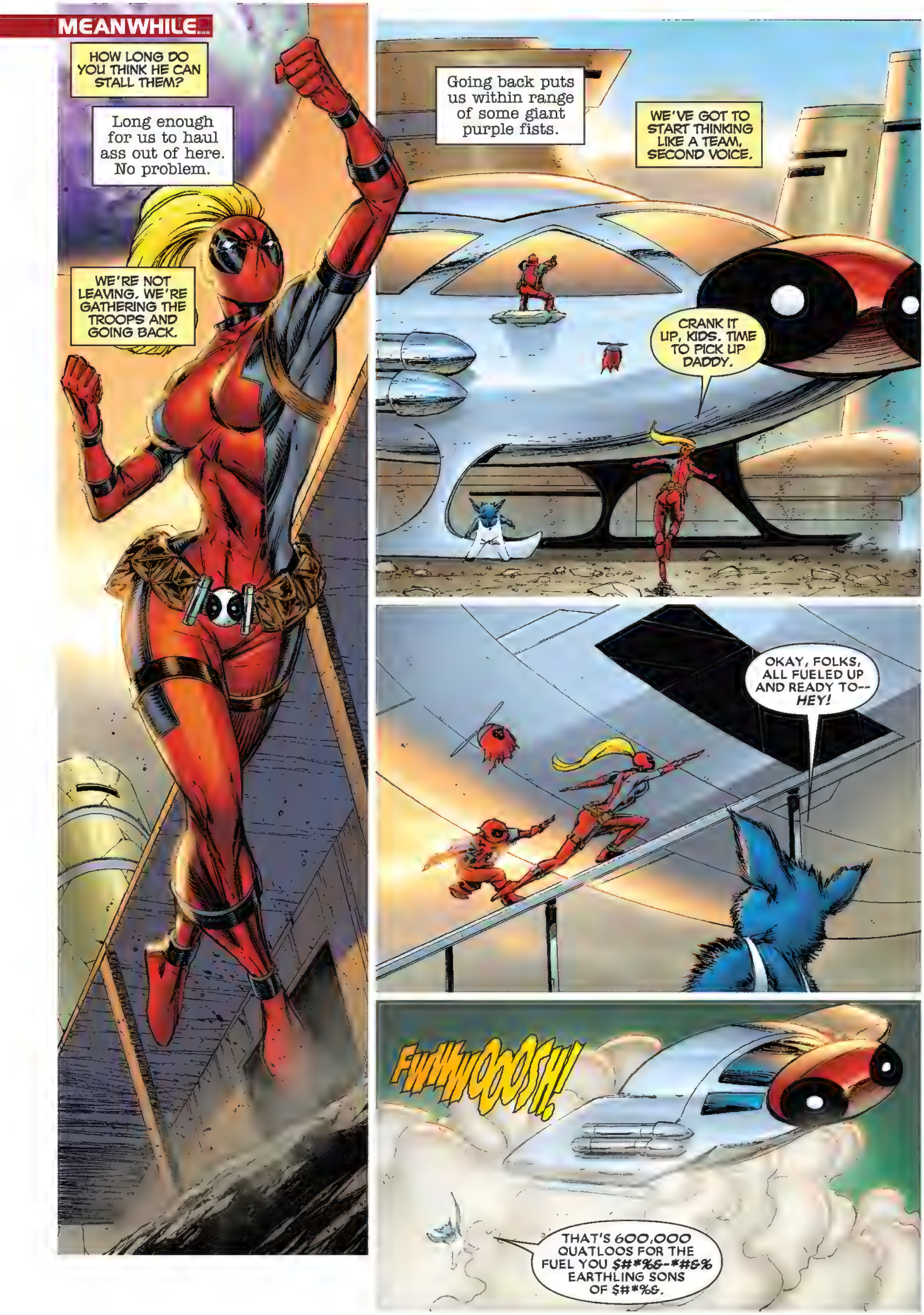
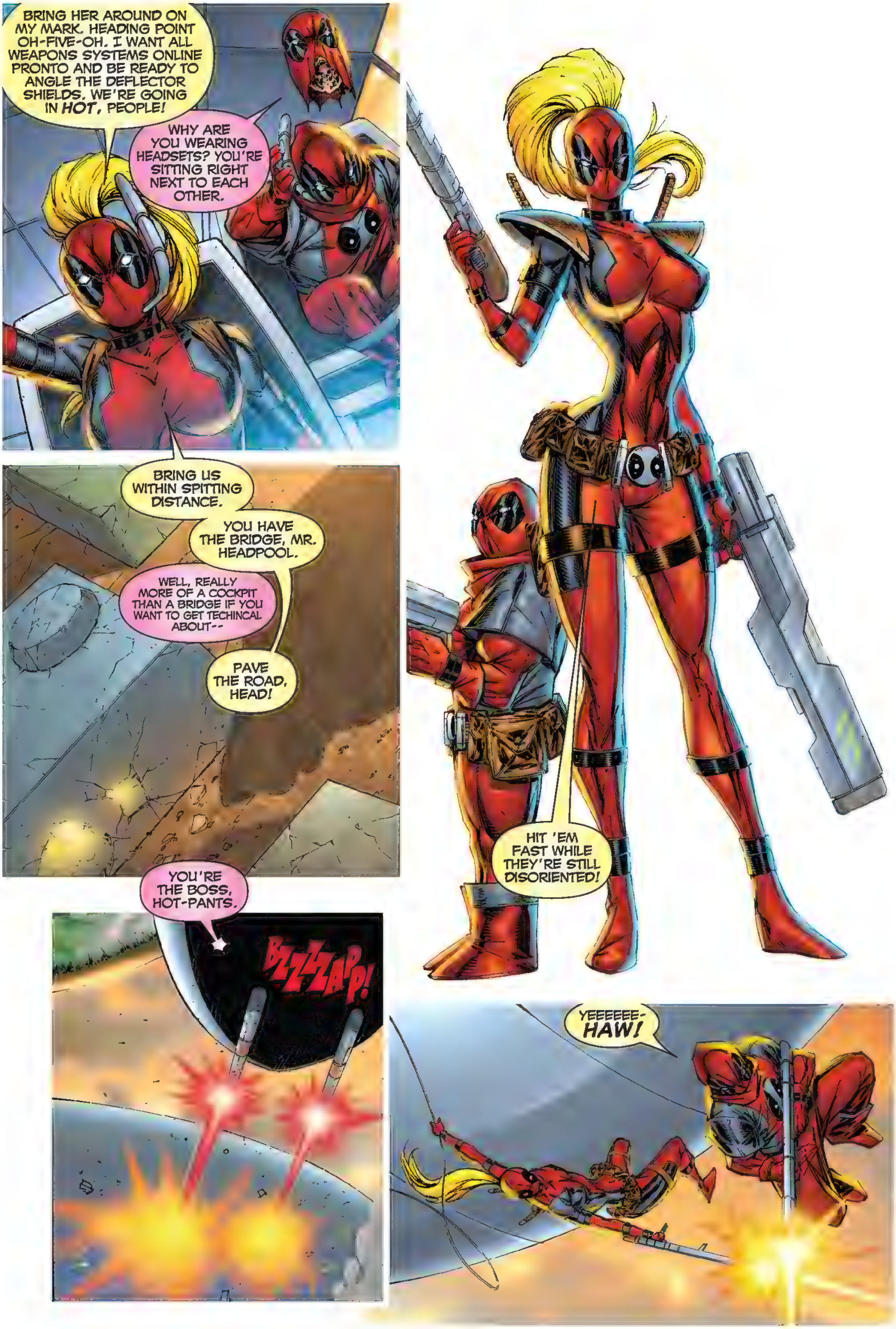

NOBODY--AND I MEAN *NOBODY*-- PUNCHES ME THROUGH A WALL WHEN I'M SMACK IN THE MIDDLE OF DOWNING SOME COLD BREWSKIS AND CHATTING UP SOME HOT ALIEN TAIL. RIGHT, CUJO?
GRRRRRRRR.
YEAH.
INSOLENT *FOOL!* I CHALLENGED YOU TO HONORABLE BATTLE, AND YOU LEFT ME STRANDED ON A PLANET WITH A CHEAP *TRICK* UNBECOMING A TRUE WARRIOR. NOW YOU WILL *PAY* WITH BROKEN BONES AND BLOOD.
WOULDN'T BE THE FIRST TIME.
LOOK, WIDE BODY, WE DON'T HAVE TIME FOR HONORABLE DUELS AND WHATNOT. WE'VE GOT TO CROSS THE GALAXY TO FIGHT THE ULTIMATE-- HEY! WHO IS THAT GUY ANYWAY?
WHO? ME?

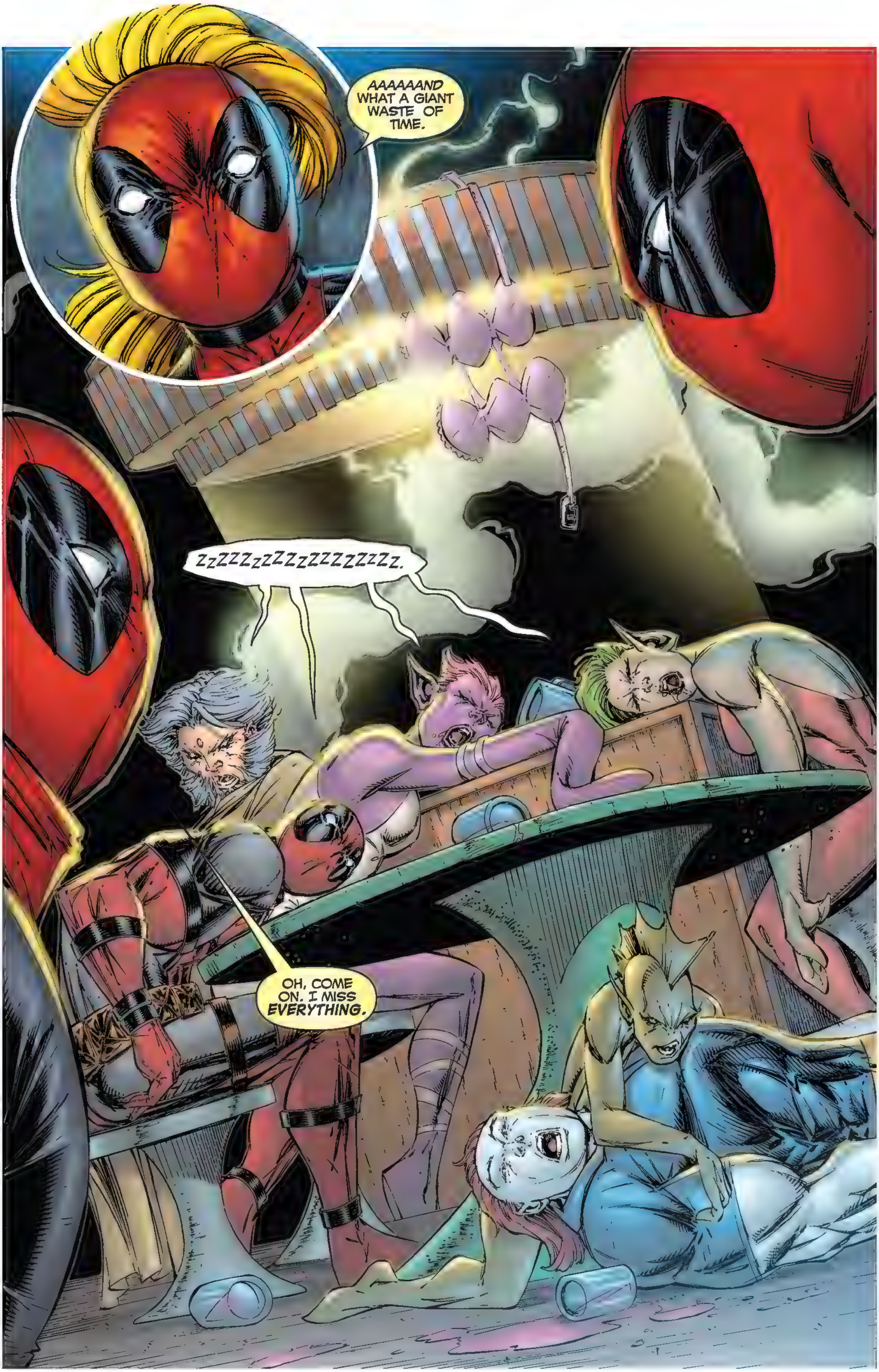

I AM THE MIGHTY **GARDENER!** AND MY POWERS--
--HEY! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
HA HA HA! THE **GARDENER!?** COME ON! I THOUGHT YOU WERE GOING TO SAY *"THE DESTRUCTOR"* OR *"ANNIHILATOR"* OR SOMETHING KICK-ASS. THE GARDENER?
WHAT ARE YOU GONNA DO? ***MULCH*** ME TO DEATH?
WHY YOU ***IMPUDENT*** LITTLE SON OF A--
HOLD! THE CHAMPION HAS FIRST CRACK AT CRUSHING THIS INSECT.
OKAY, OKAY. LET'S TALK ABOUT THIS. I DON'T THINK YOU BOYS REALIZE WHAT YOU'RE GETTING INTO, SO I'LL ***HELP*** YOU UNDERSTAND.
AND YOU WILL FEEL THE WRATH OF THE ***DEADPOOL CORPS!***
KILL, CUJO. ***KILL!!!***
RRRRUFF!

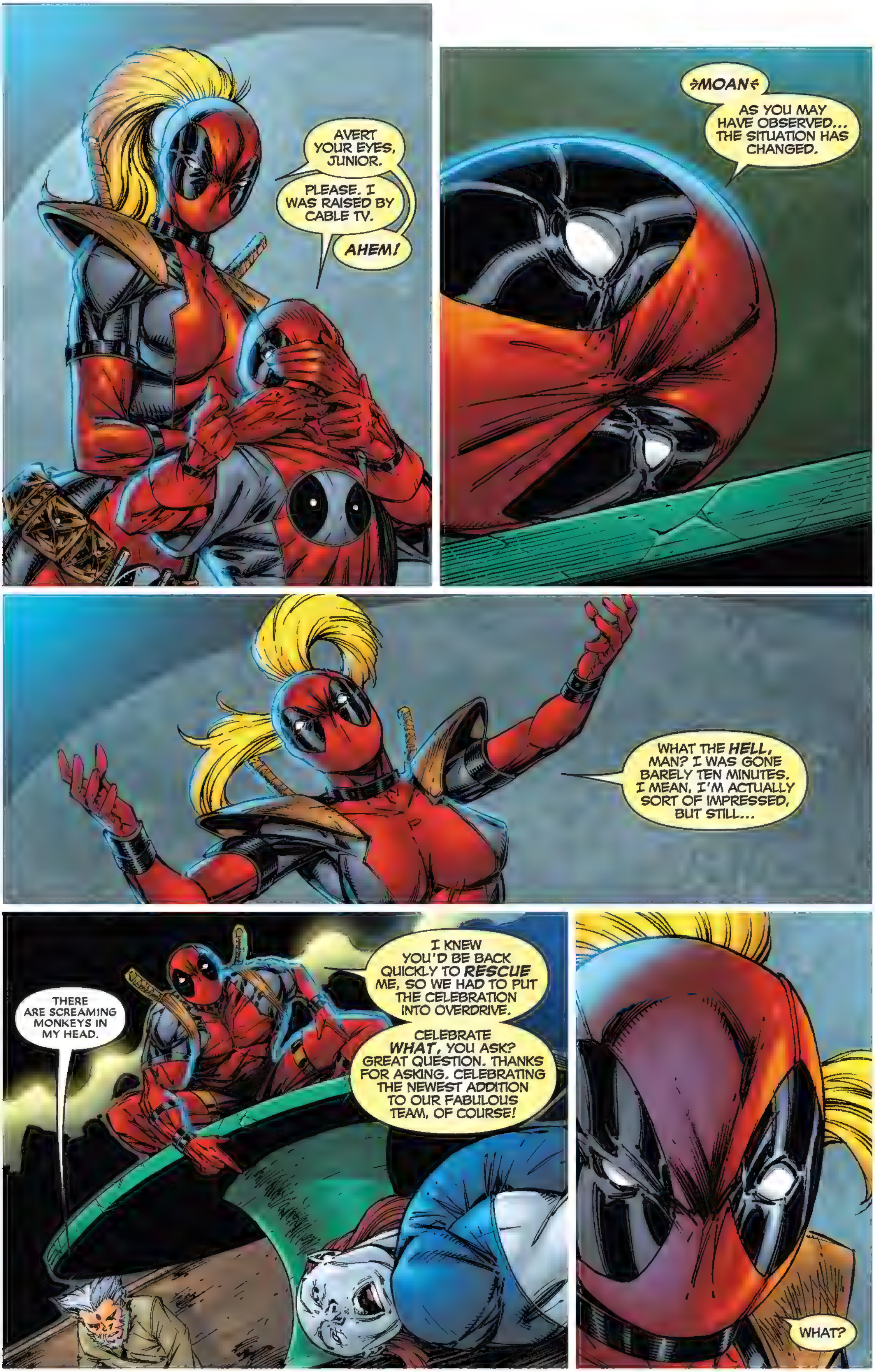

GRRARRRRR!
THUMP
I'M IN SOME SORT OF STRANGE DREAM, AREN'T I?
AND THERE'S A LOT MORE SMACKDOWN WHERE THAT CAME FROM. WE JUST WANT YOU FELLAS TO KNOW WHO YOU'RE DEALING WITH. WRATH-WISE, ETC.
WHY ARE WE STILL LISTENING TO THIS CRETIN? STOMP HIS ASS ALREADY!
COULD SOMEBODY PLEASE GET THIS %#*!& ANIMAL OFF OF ME?

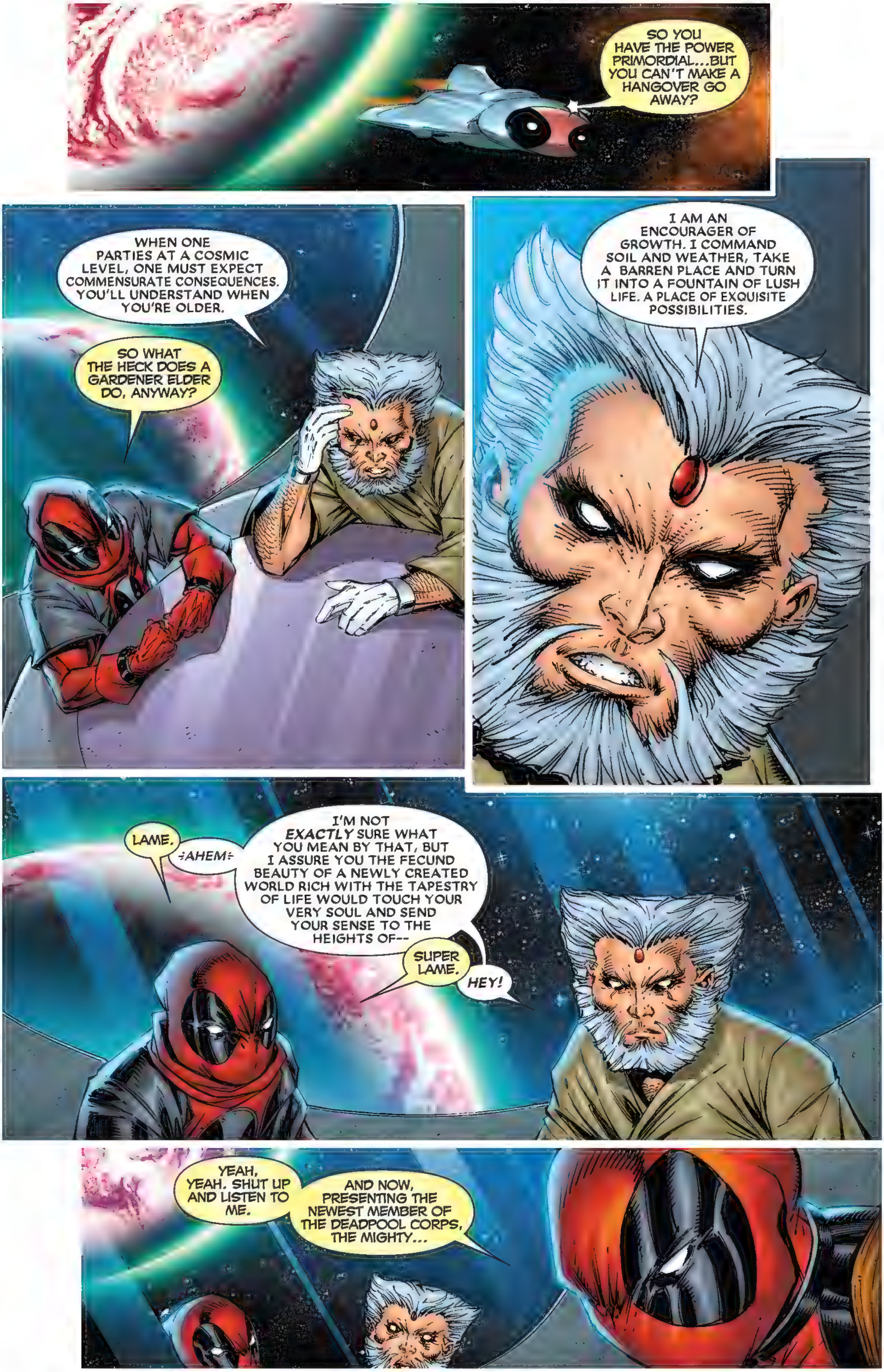

BUT INSTEAD OF A BUNCH OF STRENUOUS WRATH-INCURRING AND NOISY FISTICUFFS, WHAT IF THERE WERE OTHER OPTIONS--GLORIOUS OPTIONS? NAME-GOING-DOWN-IN-HISTORY-OPTIONS?
GO ON.
YOU'RE A HERO, RIGHT? A CHAMPION! SO I SAY, LET'S GET THE BIG GUY BACK INTO THE CHAMPIONING BUSINESS. THINK OF IT. YOUR PICTURE ON CHILDREN'S LUNCH BOXES. MEDALS OF HONOR PINNED ON YOU BY THE GALACTIC POOBAH. THE GLORY AND HONOR YOU SO RICHLY DESERVE!!
YES!
OH, COME ON. HE'S A LOON.
STAY YOUR JUDGMENT, BROTHER. IF INDEED HE AND HIS COMPANIONS HAVE BEEN CHOSEN TO SAVE THE UNIVERSE, THEN SHOULD WE NOT AID HIM?
GOOD POINT.
AID US? HELL, WE'D BE AIDING YOU. YOU'RE THE HERO.
THIS DEFINITELY WARRANTS FURTHER DISCUSSION.

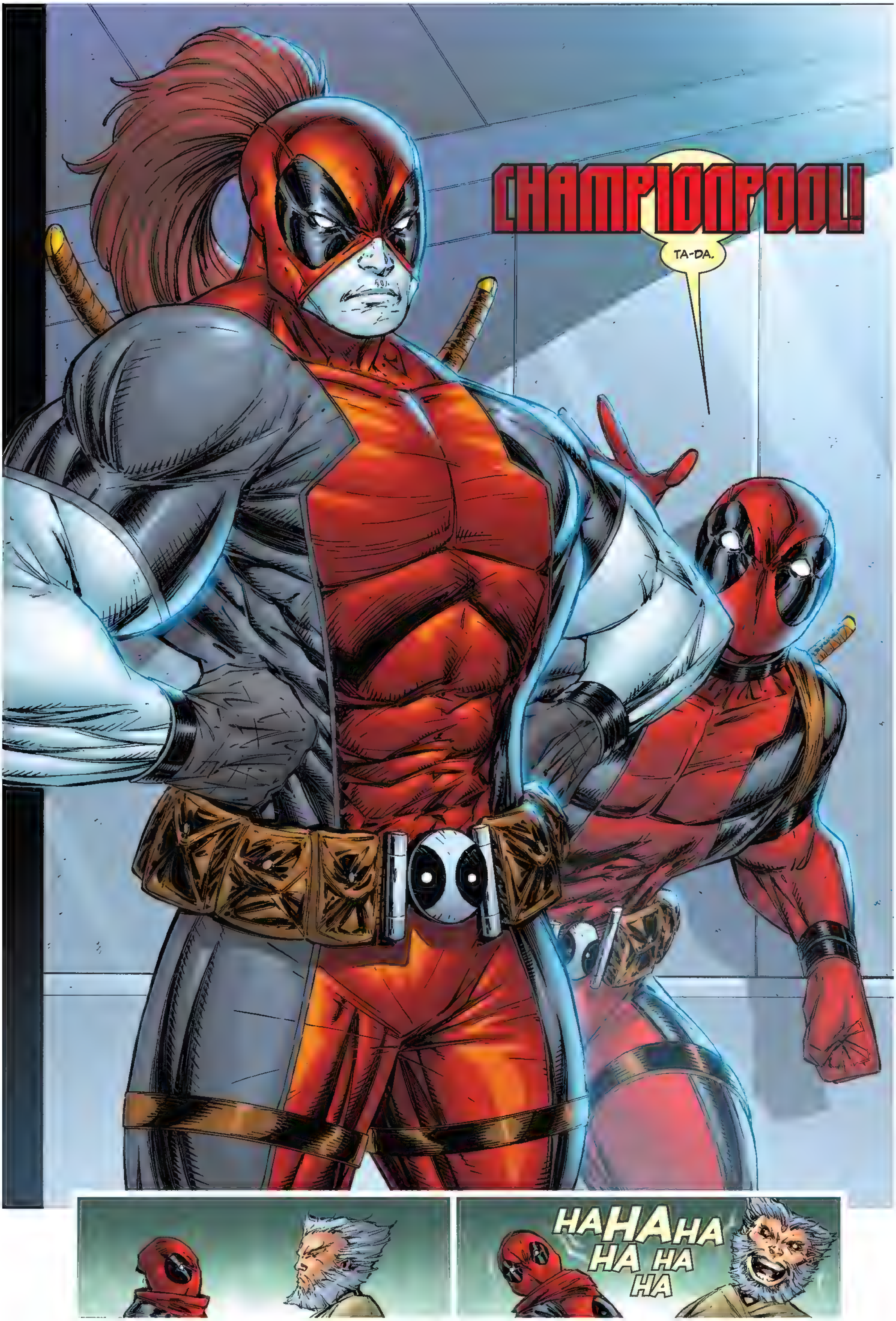

MEANWHILE...
HOW LONG DO YOU THINK HE CAN STALL THEM?
Long enough for us to haul ass out of here. No problem.
WE'RE NOT LEAVING. WE'RE GATHERING THE TROOPS AND GOING BACK.
Going back puts us within range of some giant purple fists.
WE'VE GOT TO START THINKING LIKE A TEAM, SECOND VOICE.
CRANK IT UP, KIDS. TIME TO PICK UP DADDY.
OKAY, FOLKS, ALL FUELED UP AND READY TO-- HEY!
FWHWOOOSH!
THAT'S 600,000 QUATLOOS FOR THE FUEL YOU $#*%&-*#&% EARTHLING SONS OF $#*%&.

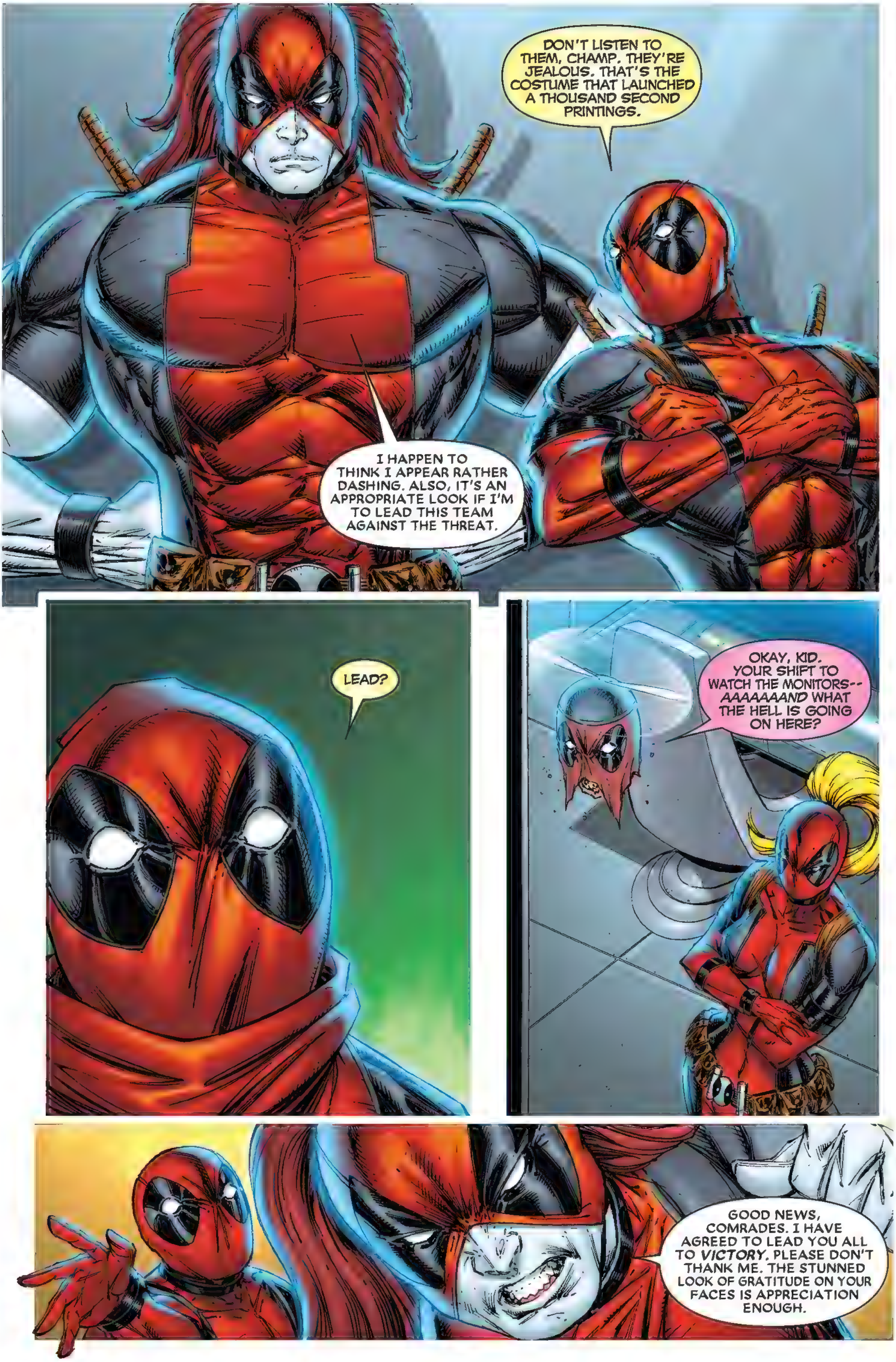

BRING HER AROUND ON MY MARK. HEADING POINT OH-FIVE-OH. I WANT ALL WEAPONS SYSTEMS ONLINE PRONTO AND BE READY TO ANGLE THE DEFLECTOR SHIELDS. WE'RE GOING IN *HOT*, PEOPLE!
WHY ARE YOU WEARING HEADSETS? YOU'RE SITTING RIGHT NEXT TO EACH OTHER.
BRING US WITHIN SPITTING DISTANCE.
YOU HAVE THE BRIDGE, MR. HEADPOOL.
WELL, REALLY MORE OF A COCKPIT THAN A BRIDGE IF YOU WANT TO GET TECHINCAL ABOUT--
PAVE THE ROAD, HEAD!
YOU'RE THE BOSS, HOT-PANTS.
BZZZZAPP!
HIT 'EM FAST WHILE THEY'RE STILL DISORIENTED!
YEEEEEE- *HAW!*

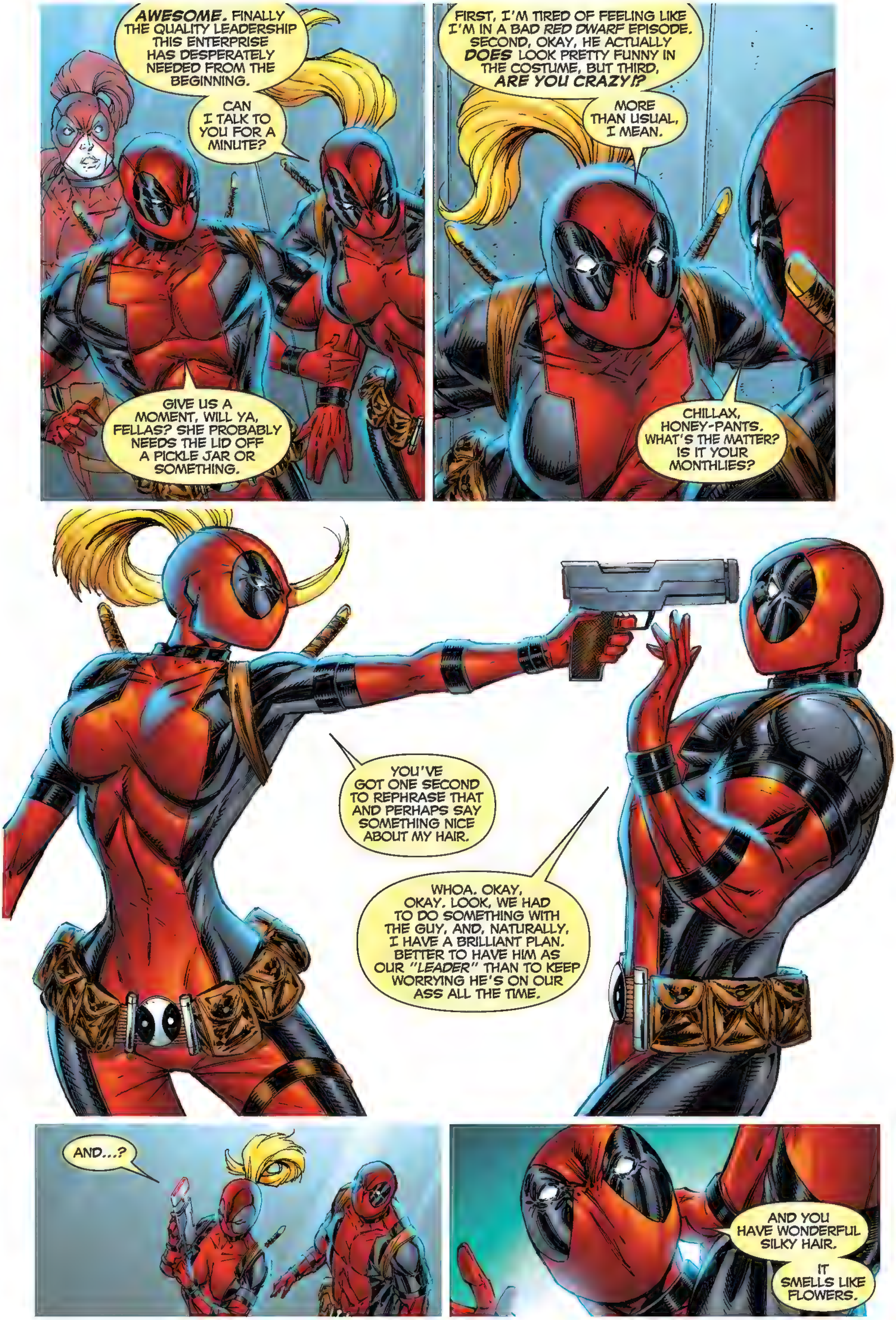

AAAAAAND WHAT A GIANT WASTE OF TIME.
ZzZZZzZZZZzZZZZZZZZz.
OH, COME ON. I MISS ***EVERYTHING.***

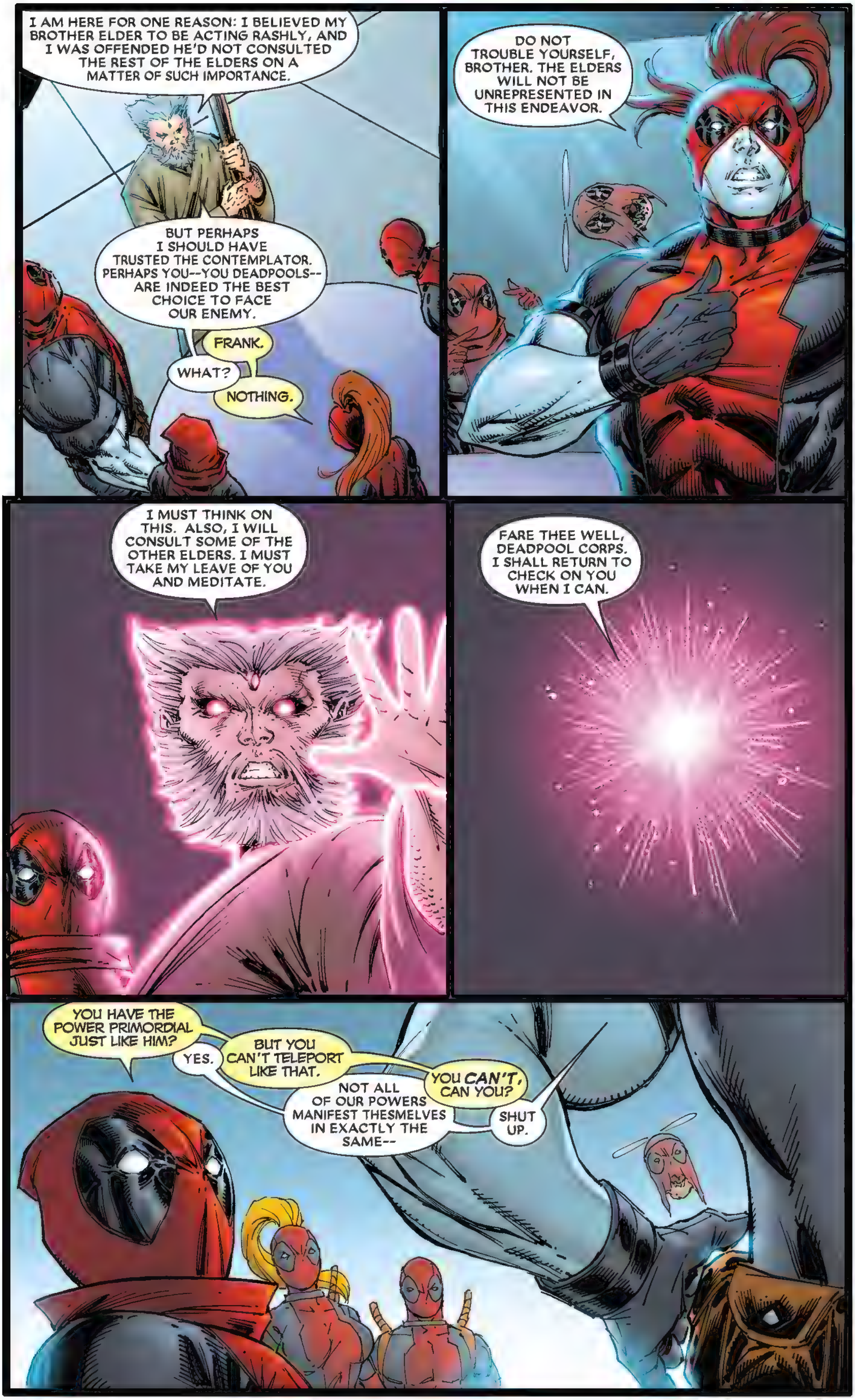

AVERT YOUR EYES, JUNIOR.
PLEASE. I WAS RAISED BY CABLE TV.
AHEM!
MOAN
AS YOU MAY HAVE OBSERVED... THE SITUATION HAS CHANGED.
WHAT THE **HELL**, MAN? I WAS GONE BARELY TEN MINUTES. I MEAN, I'M ACTUALLY SORT OF IMPRESSED, BUT STILL...
I KNEW YOU'D BE BACK QUICKLY TO ***RESCUE*** ME, SO WE HAD TO PUT THE CELEBRATION INTO OVERDRIVE.
CELEBRATE ***WHAT***, YOU ASK? GREAT QUESTION. THANKS FOR ASKING. CELEBRATING THE NEWEST ADDITION TO OUR FABULOUS TEAM, OF COURSE!
THERE ARE SCREAMING MONKEYS IN MY HEAD.
WHAT?

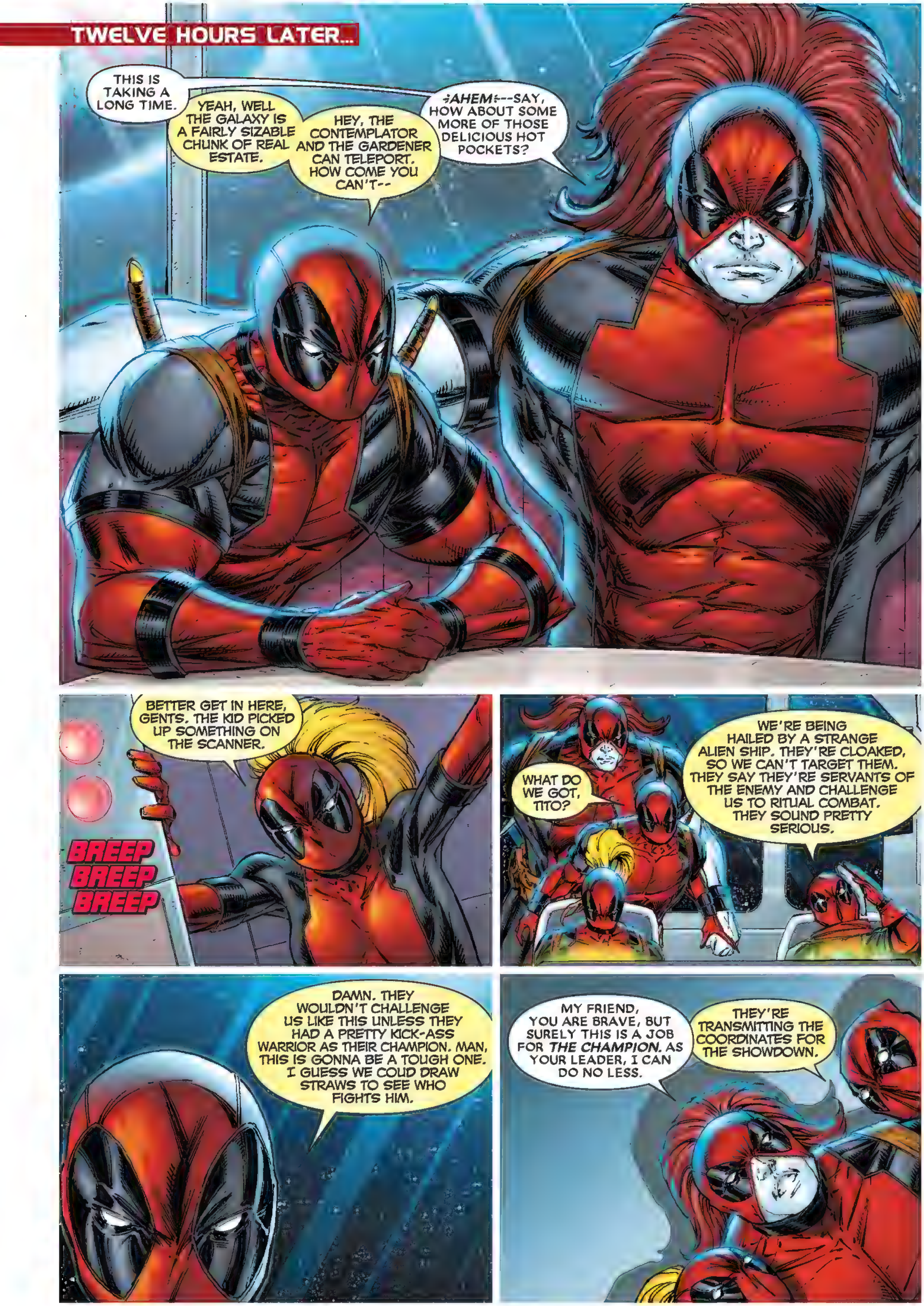

SO YOU HAVE THE POWER PRIMORDIAL...BUT YOU CAN'T MAKE A HANGOVER GO AWAY?
WHEN ONE PARTIES AT A COSMIC LEVEL, ONE MUST EXPECT COMMENSURATE CONSEQUENCES. YOU'LL UNDERSTAND WHEN YOU'RE OLDER.
SO WHAT THE HECK DOES A GARDENER ELDER DO, ANYWAY?
I AM AN ENCOURAGER OF GROWTH. I COMMAND SOIL AND WEATHER, TAKE A BARREN PLACE AND TURN IT INTO A FOUNTAIN OF LUSH LIFE. A PLACE OF EXQUISITE POSSIBILITIES.
LAME.
≠AHEM≠
I'M NOT *EXACTLY* SURE WHAT YOU MEAN BY THAT, BUT I ASSURE YOU THE FECUND BEAUTY OF A NEWLY CREATED WORLD RICH WITH THE TAPESTRY OF LIFE WOULD TOUCH YOUR VERY SOUL AND SEND YOUR SENSE TO THE HEIGHTS OF--
SUPER LAME.
HEY!
YEAH, YEAH. SHUT UP AND LISTEN TO ME.
AND NOW, PRESENTING THE NEWEST MEMBER OF THE DEADPOOL CORPS, THE MIGHTY...

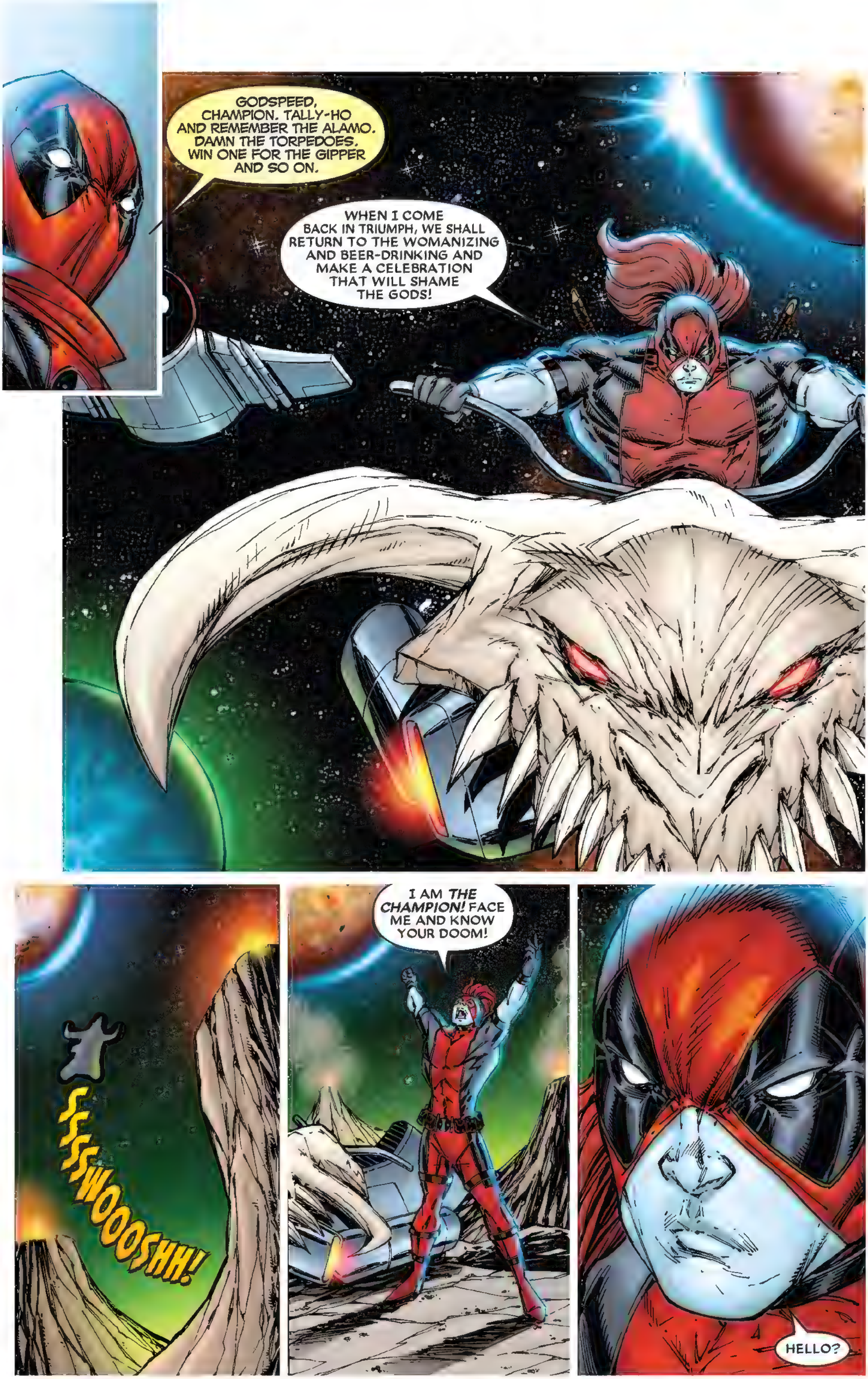

CHAMPIONPOOL!
TA-DA.
HAHAHAHA
HA HA
HA

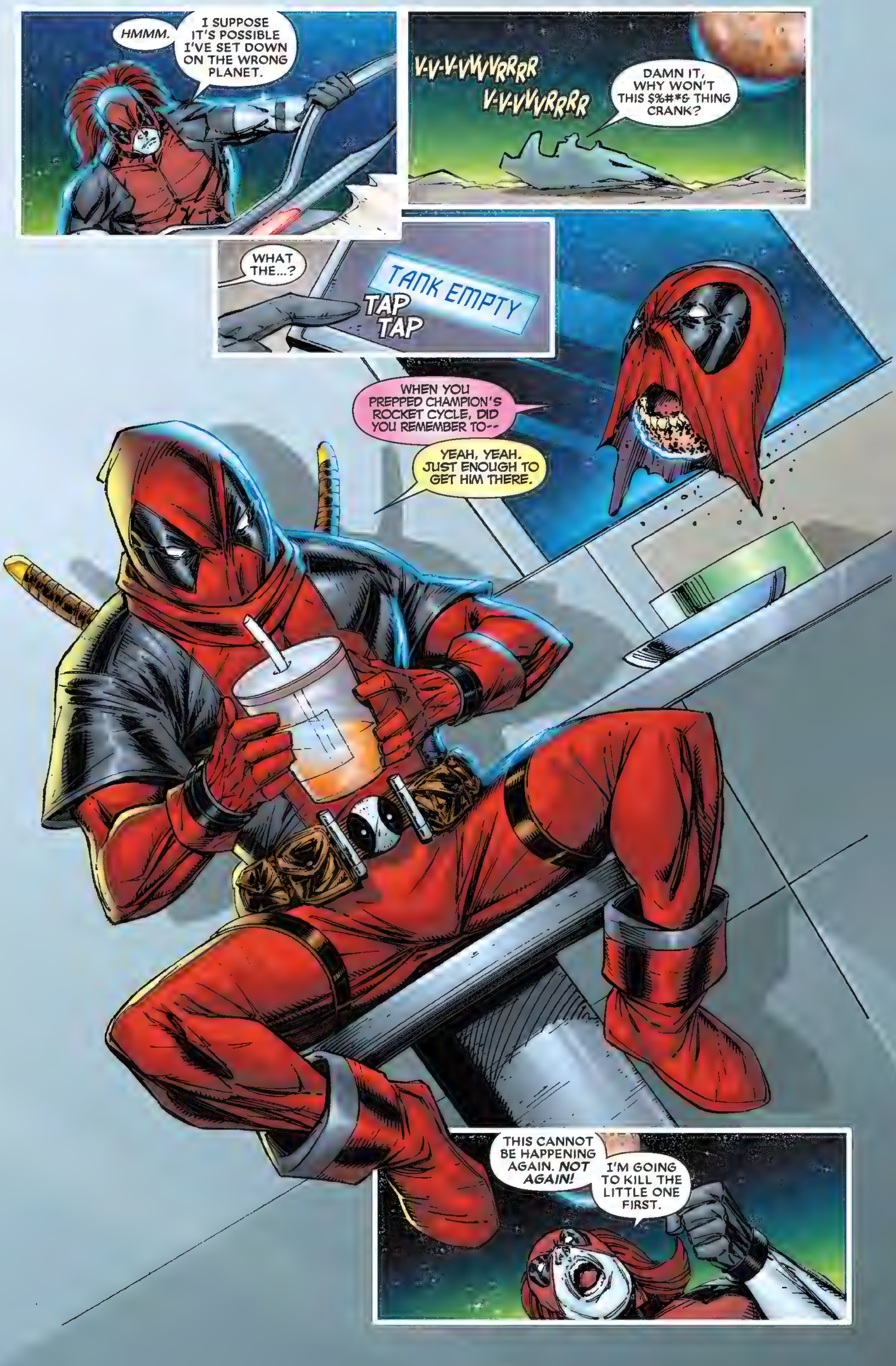

DON'T LISTEN TO THEM, CHAMP. THEY'RE JEALOUS. THAT'S THE COSTUME THAT LAUNCHED A THOUSAND SECOND PRINTINGS.
I HAPPEN TO THINK I APPEAR RATHER DASHING. ALSO, IT'S AN APPROPRIATE LOOK IF I'M TO LEAD THIS TEAM AGAINST THE THREAT.
LEAD?
OKAY, KID. YOUR SHIFT TO WATCH THE MONITORS-- *AAAAAAAND* WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON HERE?
GOOD NEWS, COMRADES. I HAVE AGREED TO LEAD YOU ALL TO *VICTORY*. PLEASE DON'T THANK ME. THE STUNNED LOOK OF GRATITUDE ON YOUR FACES IS APPRECIATION ENOUGH.

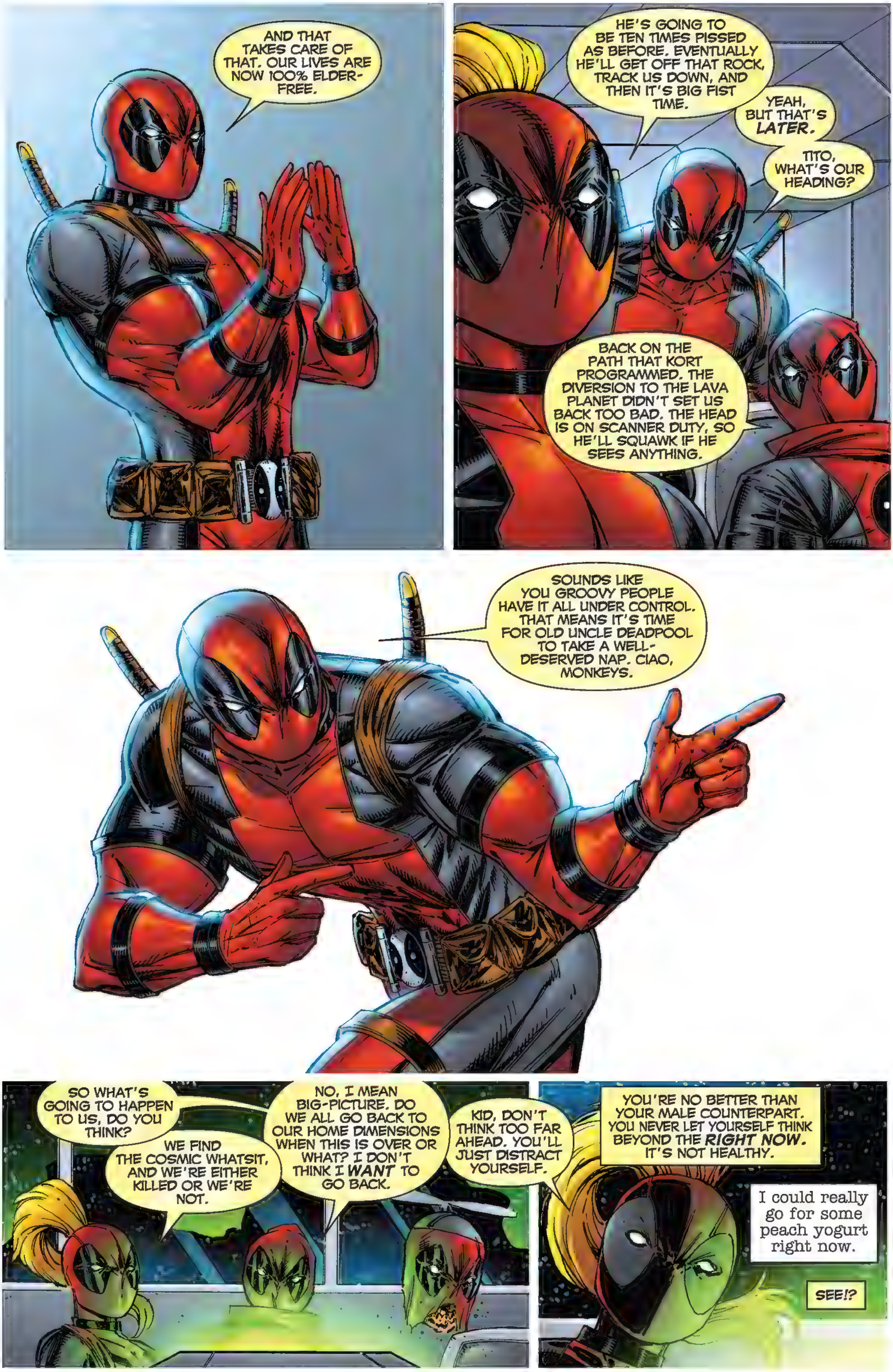

AWESOME. FINALLY THE QUALITY LEADERSHIP THIS ENTERPRISE HAS DESPERATELY NEEDED FROM THE BEGINNING.
CAN I TALK TO YOU FOR A MINUTE?
GIVE US A MOMENT, WILL YA, FELLAS? SHE PROBABLY NEEDS THE LID OFF A PICKLE JAR OR SOMETHING.
FIRST, I'M TIRED OF FEELING LIKE I'M IN A BAD RED DWARF EPISODE. SECOND, OKAY, HE ACTUALLY DOES LOOK PRETTY FUNNY IN THE COSTUME, BUT THIRD, ARE YOU CRAZY!?
MORE THAN USUAL, I MEAN.
CHILLAX, HONEY-PANTS. WHAT'S THE MATTER? IS IT YOUR MONTHLIES?
YOU'VE GOT ONE SECOND TO REPHRASE THAT AND PERHAPS SAY SOMETHING NICE ABOUT MY HAIR.
WHOA. OKAY, OKAY. LOOK. WE HAD TO DO SOMETHING WITH THE GUY, AND, NATURALLY, I HAVE A BRILLIANT PLAN. BETTER TO HAVE HIM AS OUR "LEADER" THAN TO KEEP WORRYING HE'S ON OUR ASS ALL THE TIME.
AND...?
AND YOU HAVE WONDERFUL SILKY HAIR.
IT SMELLS LIKE FLOWERS.

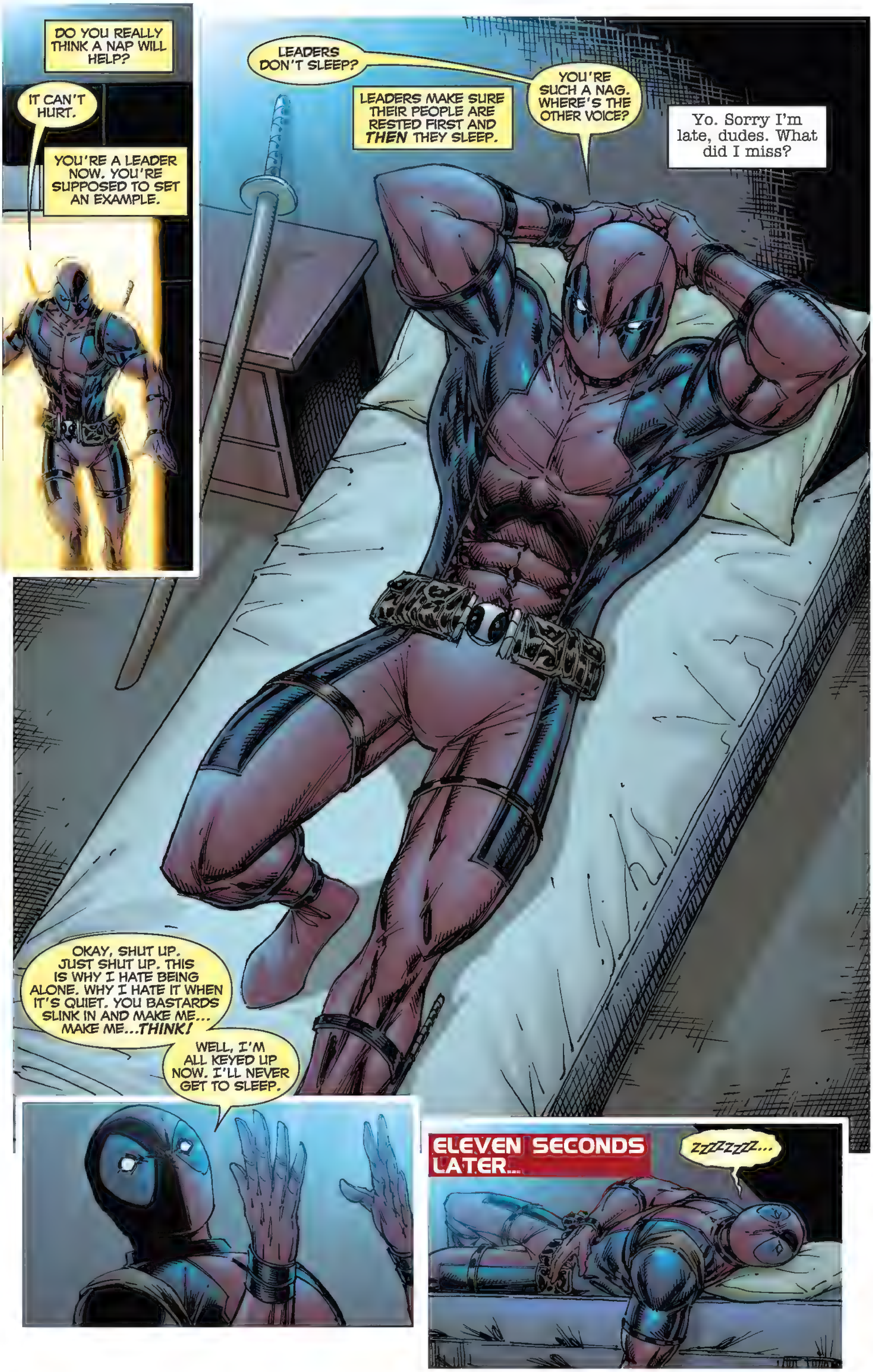

I AM HERE FOR ONE REASON: I BELIEVED MY BROTHER ELDER TO BE ACTING RASHLY, AND I WAS OFFENDED HE'D NOT CONSULTED THE REST OF THE ELDERS ON A MATTER OF SUCH IMPORTANCE.
BUT PERHAPS I SHOULD HAVE TRUSTED THE CONTEMPLATOR. PERHAPS YOU--YOU DEADPOOLS--ARE INDEED THE BEST CHOICE TO FACE OUR ENEMY.
FRANK.
WHAT?
NOTHING.
DO NOT TROUBLE YOURSELF, BROTHER. THE ELDERS WILL NOT BE UNREPRESENTED IN THIS ENDEAVOR.
I MUST THINK ON THIS. ALSO, I WILL CONSULT SOME OF THE OTHER ELDERS. I MUST TAKE MY LEAVE OF YOU AND MEDITATE.
FARE THEE WELL, DEADPOOL CORPS. I SHALL RETURN TO CHECK ON YOU WHEN I CAN.
YOU HAVE THE POWER PRIMORDIAL JUST LIKE HIM?
YES.
BUT YOU CAN'T TELEPORT LIKE THAT.
NOT ALL OF OUR POWERS MANIFEST THESMELVES IN EXACTLY THE SAME--
YOU *CAN'T*, CAN YOU?
SHUT UP.

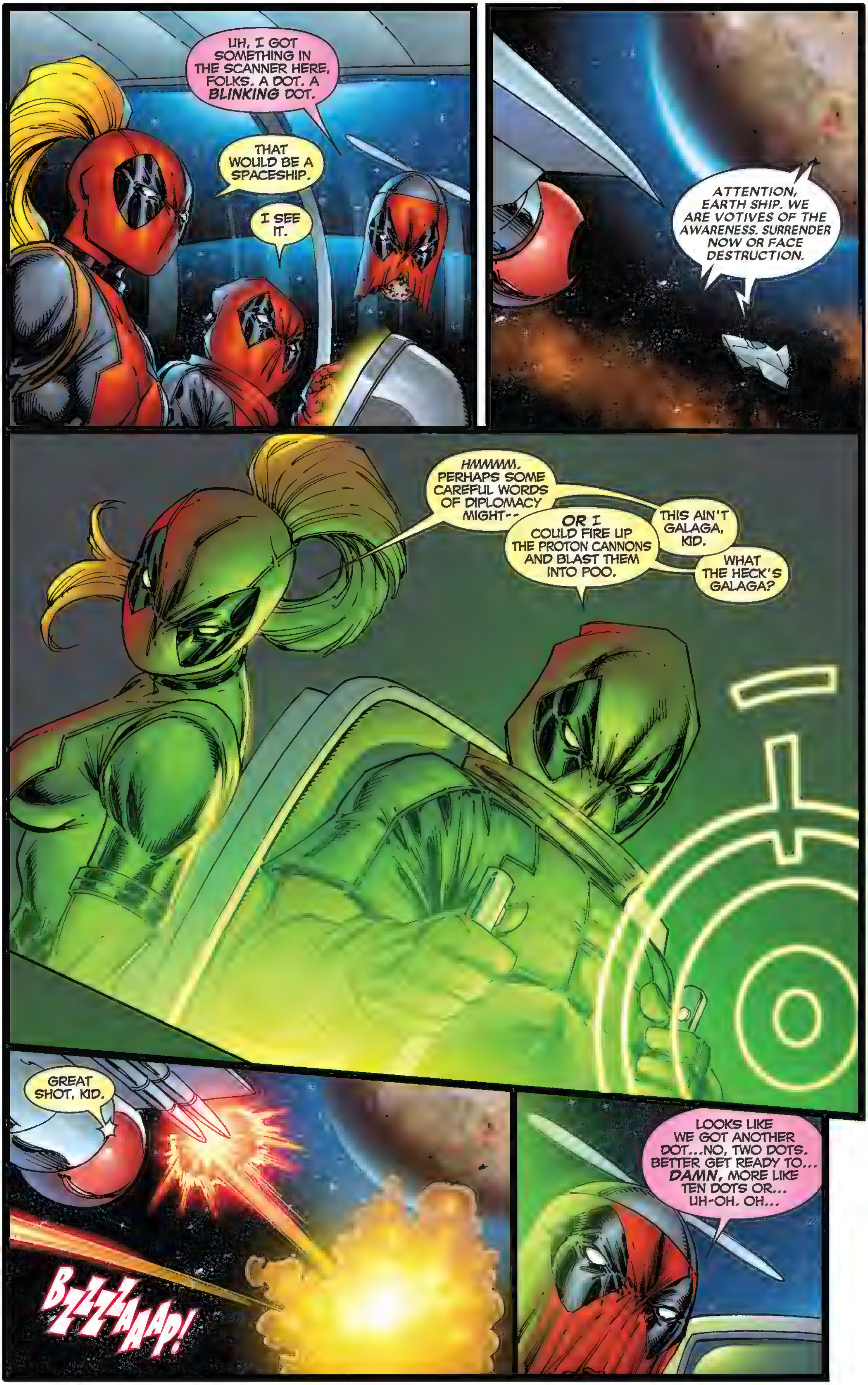

TWELVE HOURS LATER...
THIS IS TAKING A LONG TIME.
YEAH, WELL THE GALAXY IS A FAIRLY SIZABLE CHUNK OF REAL ESTATE.
HEY, THE CONTEMPLATOR AND THE GARDENER CAN TELEPORT. HOW COME YOU CAN'T--
⸗AHEM⸗--SAY, HOW ABOUT SOME MORE OF THOSE DELICIOUS HOT POCKETS?
BETTER GET IN HERE, GENTS. THE KID PICKED UP SOMETHING ON THE SCANNER.
BREEP BREEP BREEP
WHAT DO WE GOT, TITO?
WE'RE BEING HAILED BY A STRANGE ALIEN SHIP. THEY'RE CLOAKED, SO WE CAN'T TARGET THEM. THEY SAY THEY'RE SERVANTS OF THE ENEMY AND CHALLENGE US TO RITUAL COMBAT. THEY SOUND PRETTY SERIOUS.
DAMN. THEY WOULDN'T CHALLENGE US LIKE THIS UNLESS THEY HAD A PRETTY KICK-ASS WARRIOR AS THEIR CHAMPION. MAN, THIS IS GONNA BE A TOUGH ONE. I GUESS WE COUD DRAW STRAWS TO SEE WHO FIGHTS HIM.
MY FRIEND, YOU ARE BRAVE, BUT SURELY THIS IS A JOB FOR *THE CHAMPION.* AS YOUR LEADER, I CAN DO NO LESS.
THEY'RE TRANSMITTING THE COORDINATES FOR THE SHOWDOWN.

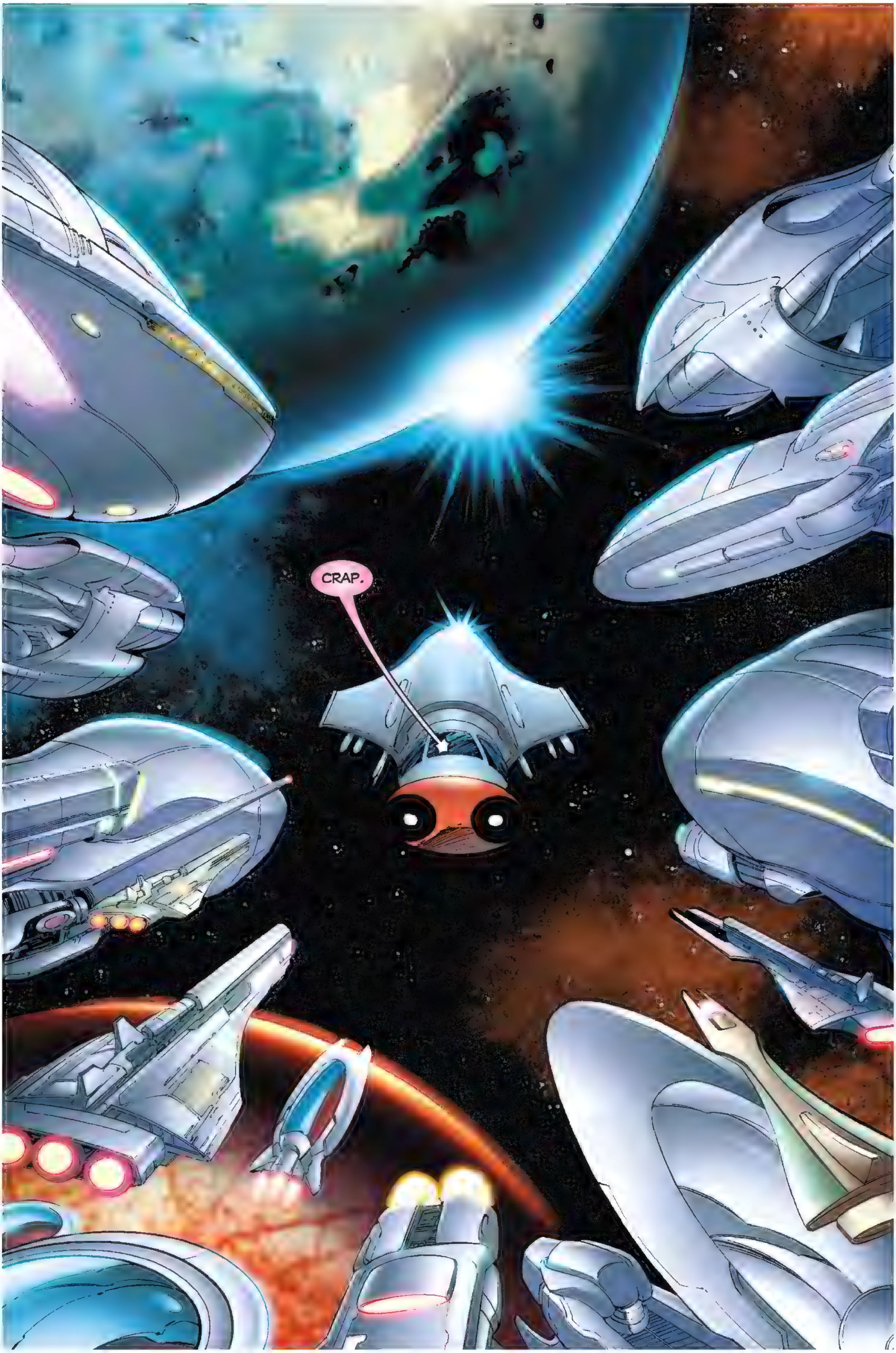

GODSPEED, CHAMPION. TALLY-HO AND REMEMBER THE ALAMO. DAMN THE TORPEDOES. WIN ONE FOR THE GIPPER AND SO ON.
WHEN I COME BACK IN TRIUMPH, WE SHALL RETURN TO THE WOMANIZING AND BEER-DRINKING AND MAKE A CELEBRATION THAT WILL SHAME THE GODS!
SSSWOOOSHH!
I AM *THE CHAMPION!* FACE ME AND KNOW YOUR DOOM!
HELLO?

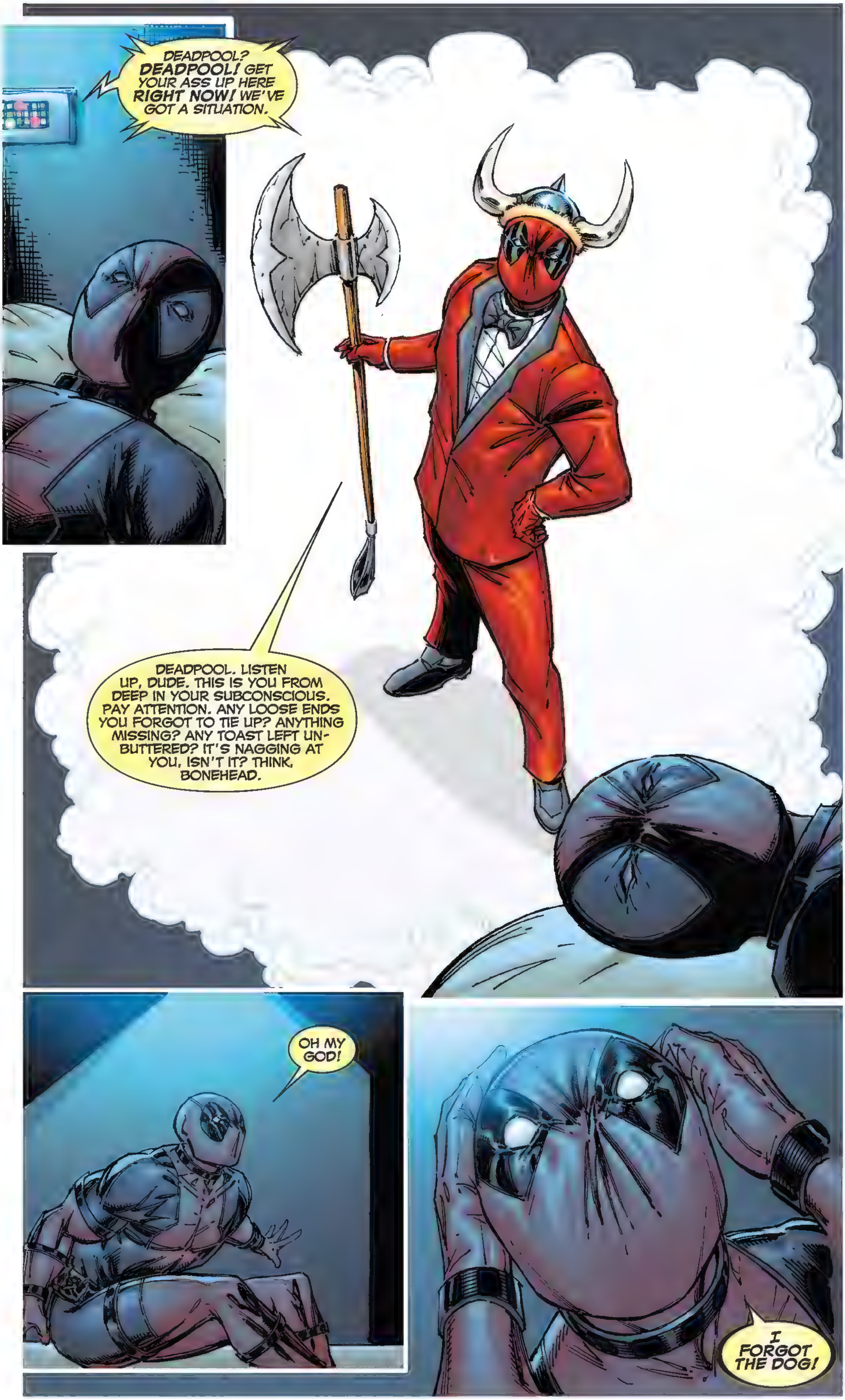

HMMM.
I SUPPOSE IT'S POSSIBLE I'VE SET DOWN ON THE WRONG PLANET.
V-V-V-VVVVRRRR
V-V-VVVRRRR
DAMN IT, WHY WON'T THIS $%#*& THING CRANK?
WHAT THE...?
TANK EMPTY
TAP
TAP
WHEN YOU PREPPED CHAMPION'S ROCKET CYCLE, DID YOU REMEMBER TO--
YEAH, YEAH. JUST ENOUGH TO GET HIM THERE.
THIS CANNOT BE HAPPENING AGAIN. *NOT AGAIN!*
I'M GOING TO KILL THE LITTLE ONE FIRST.

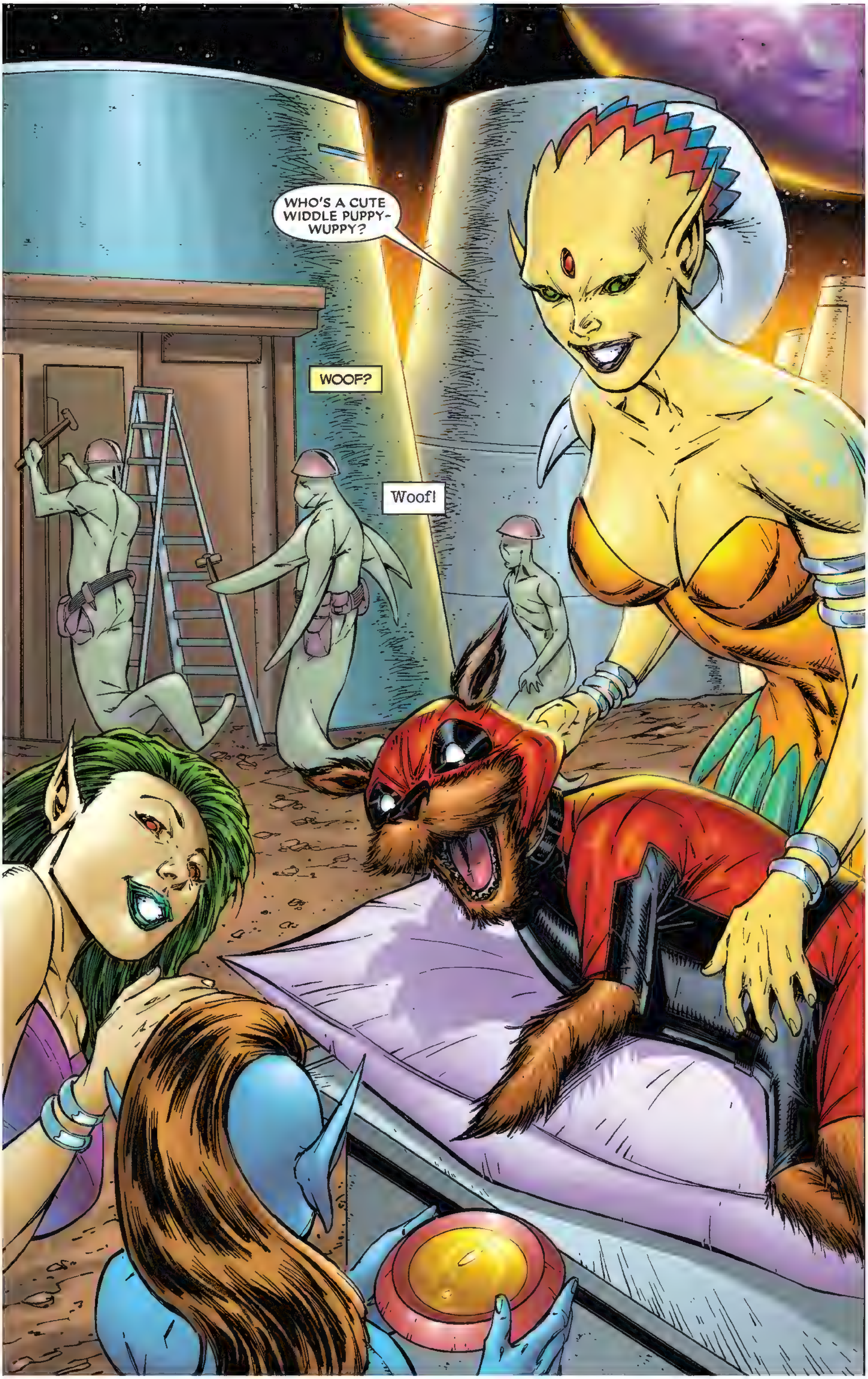

AND THAT TAKES CARE OF THAT. OUR LIVES ARE NOW 100% ELDER-FREE.
HE'S GOING TO BE TEN TIMES PISSED AS BEFORE. EVENTUALLY HE'LL GET OFF THAT ROCK, TRACK US DOWN, AND THEN IT'S BIG FIST TIME.
YEAH, BUT THAT'S *LATER.*
TITO, WHAT'S OUR HEADING?
BACK ON THE PATH THAT KORT PROGRAMMED. THE DIVERSION TO THE LAVA PLANET DIDN'T SET US BACK TOO BAD. THE HEAD IS ON SCANNER DUTY, SO HE'LL SQUAWK IF HE SEES ANYTHING.
SOUNDS LIKE YOU GROOVY PEOPLE HAVE IT ALL UNDER CONTROL. THAT MEANS IT'S TIME FOR OLD UNCLE DEADPOOL TO TAKE A WELL-DESERVED NAP. CIAO, MONKEYS.
SO WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN TO US, DO YOU THINK?
WE FIND THE COSMIC WHATSIT, AND WE'RE EITHER KILLED OR WE'RE NOT.
NO, I MEAN BIG-PICTURE. DO WE ALL GO BACK TO OUR HOME DIMENSIONS WHEN THIS IS OVER OR WHAT? I DON'T THINK I *WANT* TO GO BACK.
KID, DON'T THINK TOO FAR AHEAD. YOU'LL JUST DISTRACT YOURSELF.
YOU'RE NO BETTER THAN YOUR MALE COUNTERPART. YOU NEVER LET YOURSELF THINK BEYOND THE *RIGHT NOW.* IT'S NOT HEALTHY.
I could really go for some peach yogurt right now.
SEE!?


DO YOU REALLY THINK A NAP WILL HELP?
IT CAN'T HURT.
YOU'RE A LEADER NOW. YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO SET AN EXAMPLE.
LEADERS DON'T SLEEP?
LEADERS MAKE SURE THEIR PEOPLE ARE RESTED FIRST AND *THEN* THEY SLEEP.
YOU'RE SUCH A NAG. WHERE'S THE OTHER VOICE?
Yo. Sorry I'm late, dudes. What did I miss?
OKAY, SHUT UP. JUST SHUT UP. THIS IS WHY I HATE BEING ALONE. WHY I HATE IT WHEN IT'S QUIET. YOU BASTARDS SLINK IN AND MAKE ME... MAKE ME...*THINK!*
WELL, I'M ALL KEYED UP NOW. I'LL NEVER GET TO SLEEP.
ELEVEN SECONDS LATER...
ZZZZZZZZ...

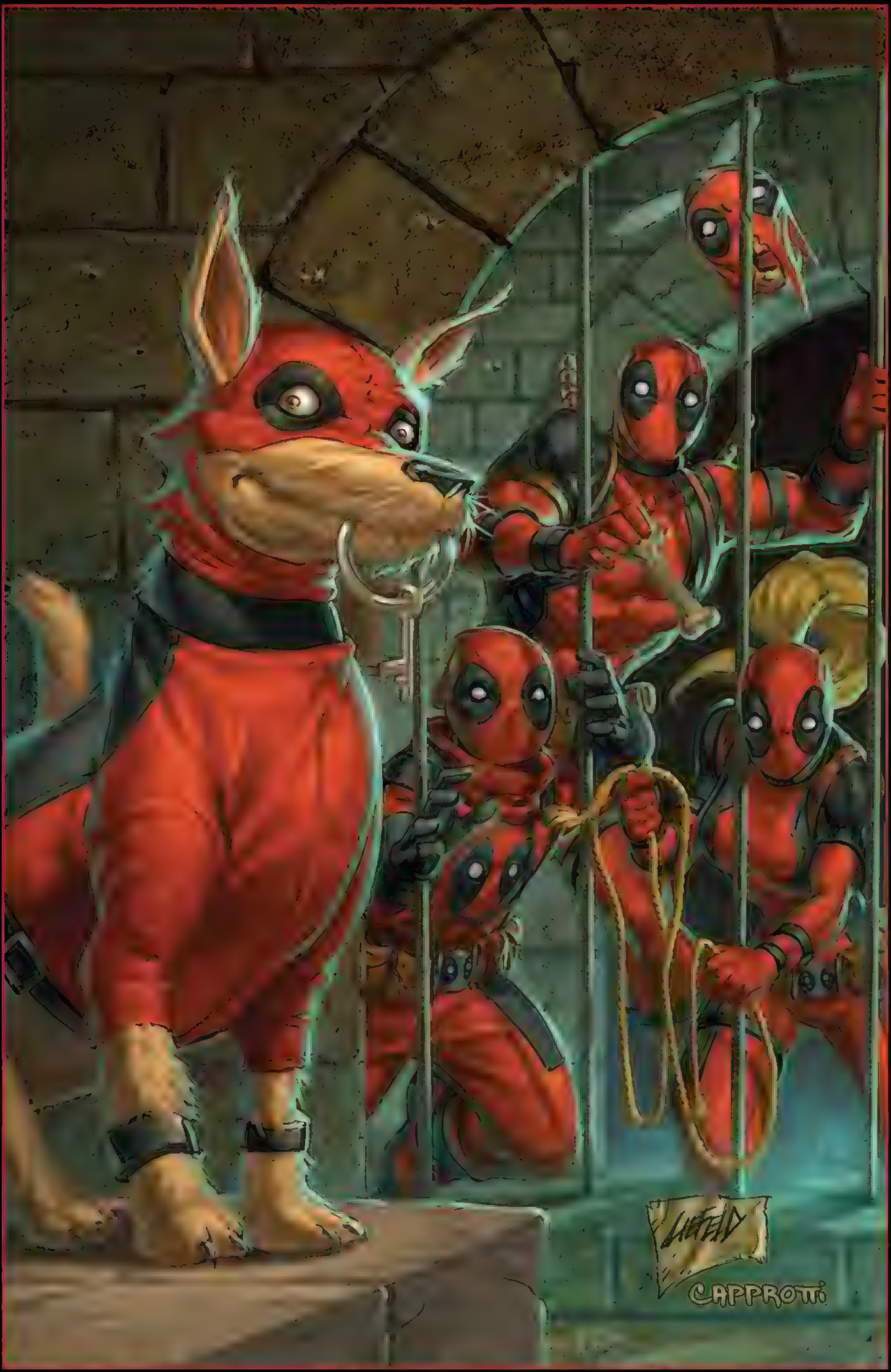

UH, I GOT SOMETHING IN THE SCANNER HERE, FOLKS. A DOT. A *BLINKING* DOT.
THAT WOULD BE A SPACESHIP.
I SEE IT.
ATTENTION, EARTH SHIP. WE ARE VOTIVES OF THE AWARENESS. SURRENDER NOW OR FACE DESTRUCTION.
HMMMMM. PERHAPS SOME CAREFUL WORDS OF DIPLOMACY MIGHT--
OR I COULD FIRE UP THE PROTON CANNONS AND BLAST THEM INTO POO.
THIS AIN'T GALAGA, KID.
WHAT THE HECK'S GALAGA?
GREAT SHOT, KID.
BZZZZAAAP!
LOOKS LIKE WE GOT ANOTHER DOT...NO, TWO DOTS. BETTER GET READY TO... *DAMN*, MORE LIKE TEN DOTS OR... UH-OH. OH...


CRAP.


DEADPOOL? DEADPOOL! GET YOUR ASS UP HERE RIGHT NOW! WE'VE GOT A SITUATION.
DEADPOOL. LISTEN UP, DUDE. THIS IS YOU FROM DEEP IN YOUR SUBCONSCIOUS. PAY ATTENTION. ANY LOOSE ENDS YOU FORGOT TO TIE UP? ANYTHING MISSING? ANY TOAST LEFT UNBUTTERED? IT'S NAGGING AT YOU, ISN'T IT? THINK, BONEHEAD.
OH MY GOD!
I FORGOT THE DOG!


WHO'S A CUTE WIDDLE PUPPY-WUPPY?
WOOF?
Woof!

COMING NEXT MONTH: DEADPOOL CORPS #3


LIEFELD
CAPPROTTI

DEADPOOL CORPS

MARVEL

3

LIEFELD
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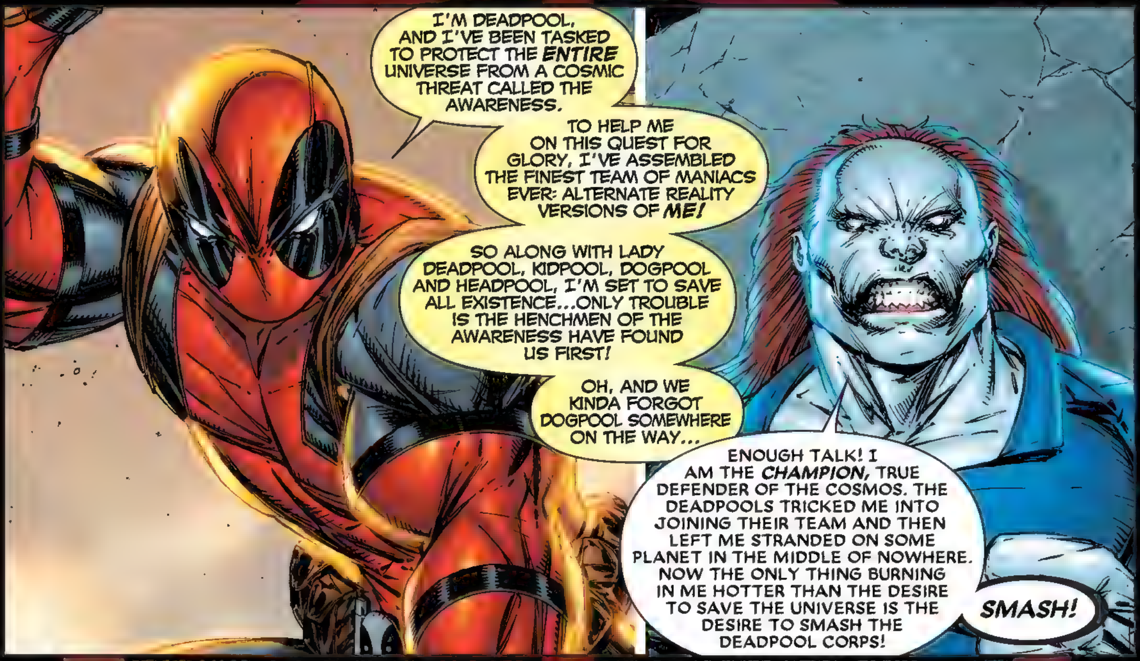
DEADPOOL CORPS


I'M DEADPOOL, AND I'VE BEEN TASKED TO PROTECT THE *ENTIRE* UNIVERSE FROM A COSMIC THREAT CALLED THE AWARENESS.
TO HELP ME ON THIS QUEST FOR GLORY, I'VE ASSEMBLED THE FINEST TEAM OF MANIACS EVER: ALTERNATE REALITY VERSIONS OF *ME!*
SO ALONG WITH LADY DEADPOOL, KIDPOOL, DOGPOOL AND HEADPOOL, I'M SET TO SAVE ALL EXISTENCE...ONLY TROUBLE IS THE HENCHMEN OF THE AWARENESS HAVE FOUND US FIRST!
OH, AND WE KINDA FORGOT DOGPOOL SOMEWHERE ON THE WAY...
ENOUGH TALK! I AM THE *CHAMPION,* TRUE DEFENDER OF THE COSMOS. THE DEADPOOLS TRICKED ME INTO JOINING THEIR TEAM AND THEN LEFT ME STRANDED ON SOME PLANET IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE. NOW THE ONLY THING BURNING IN ME HOTTER THAN THE DESIRE TO SAVE THE UNIVERSE IS THE DESIRE TO SMASH THE DEADPOOL CORPS!
SMASH!

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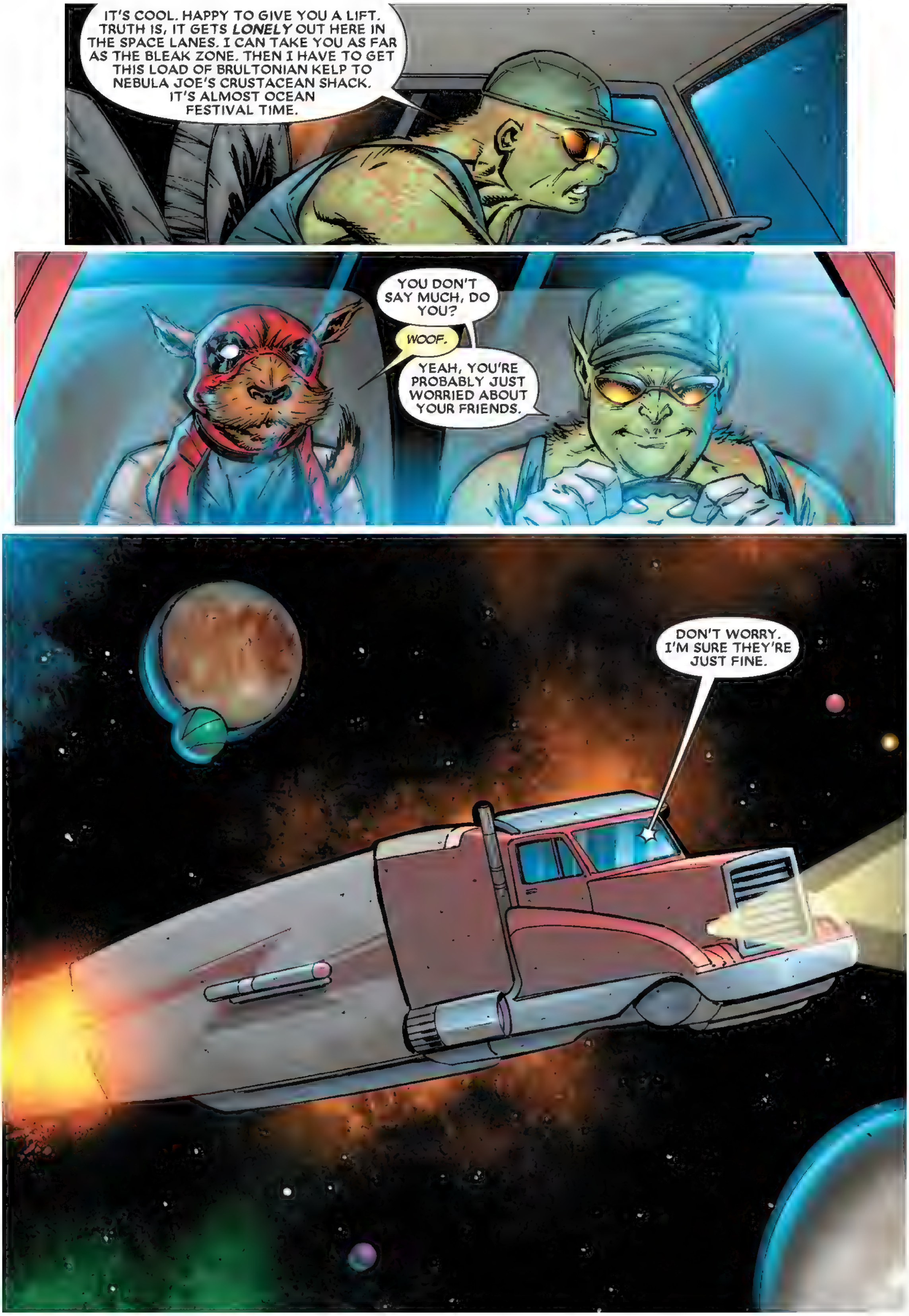
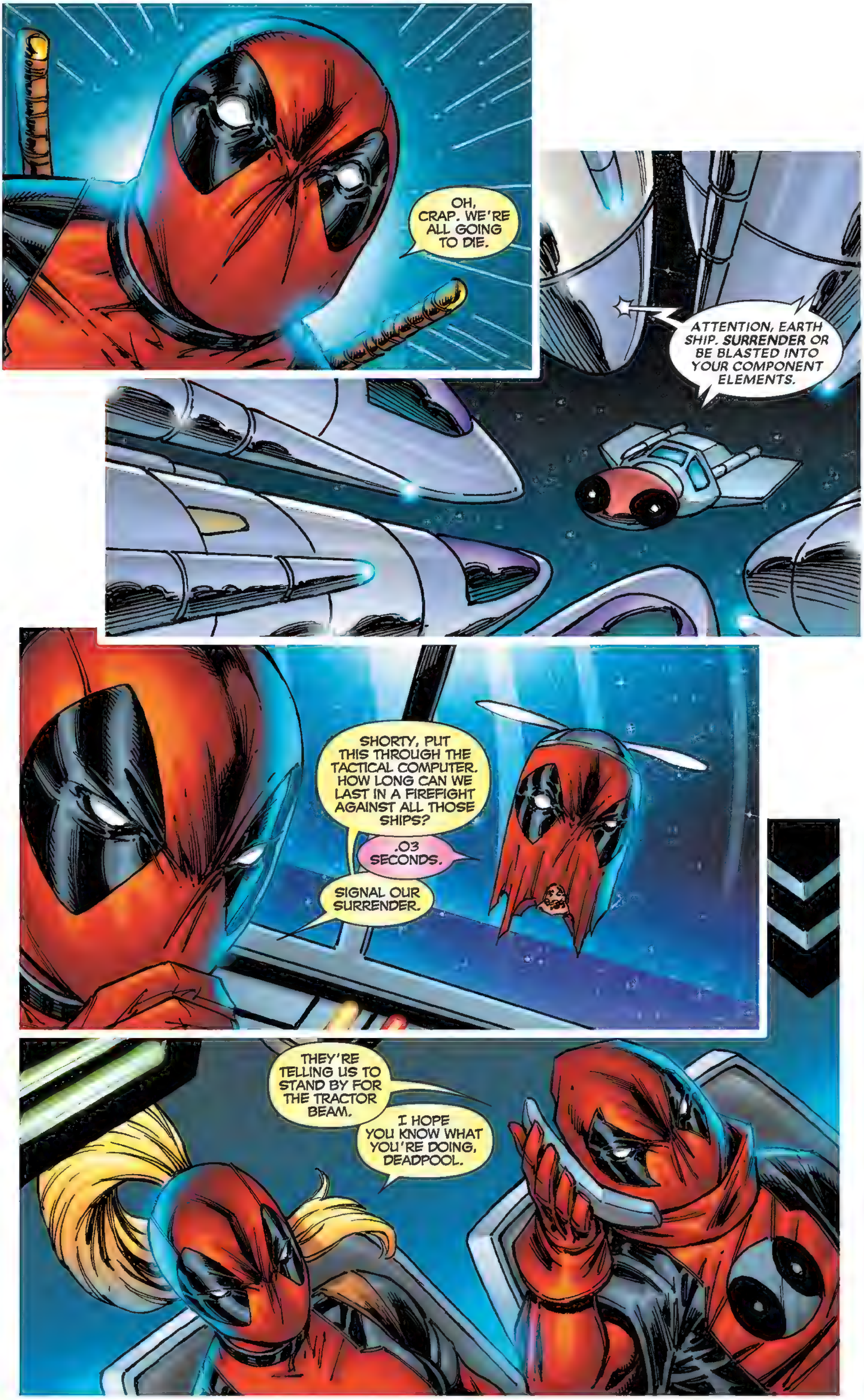
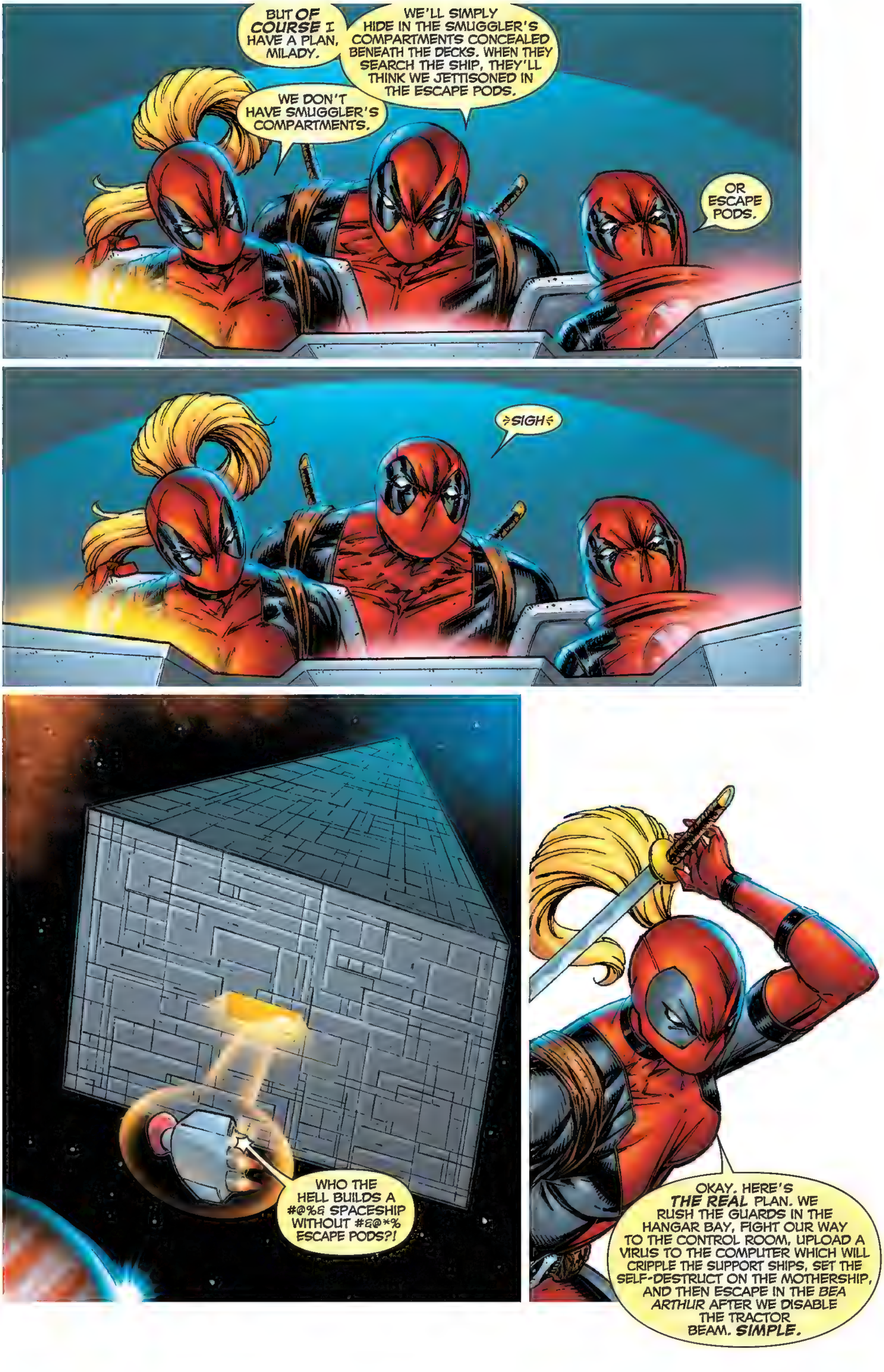
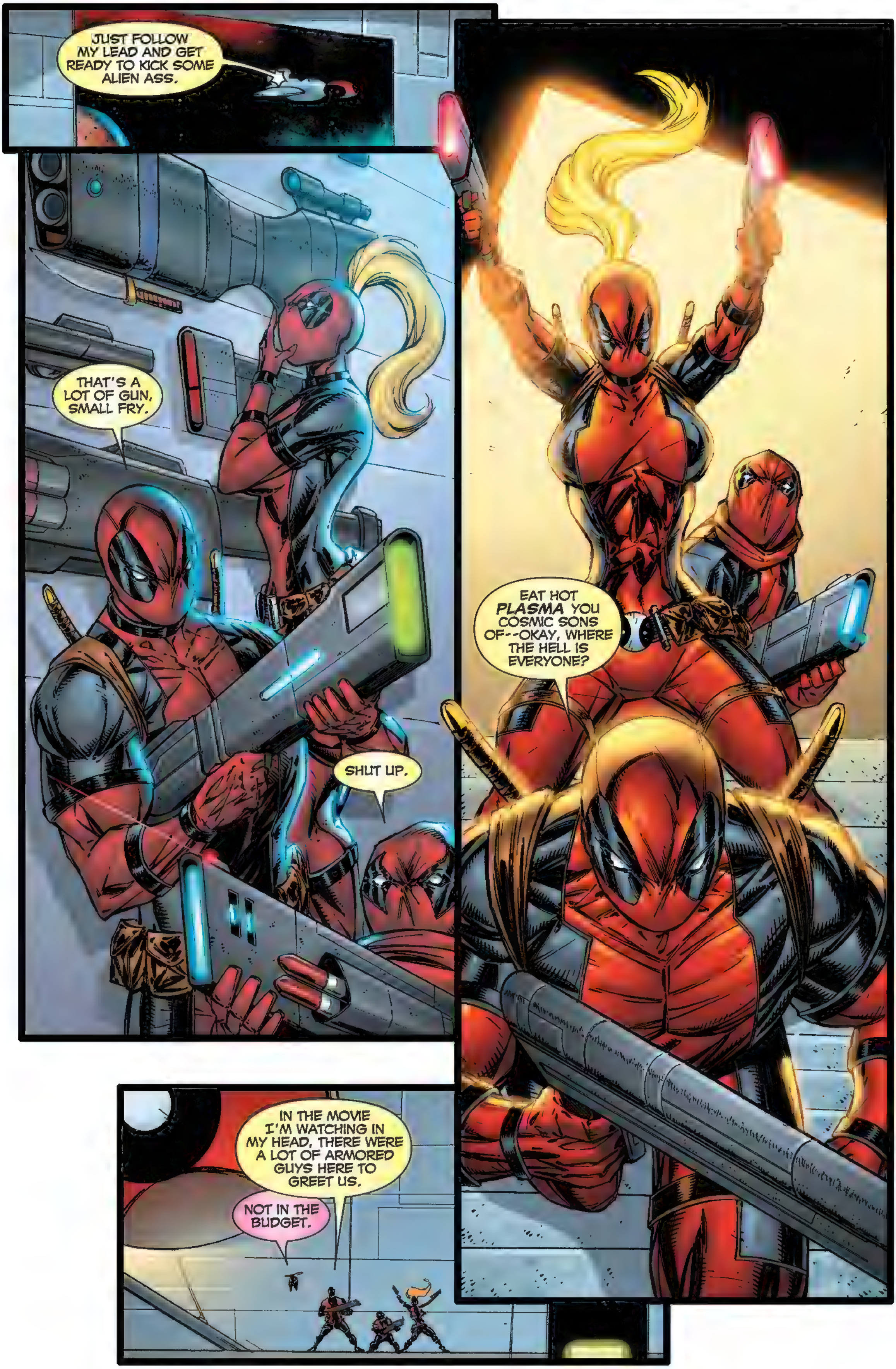
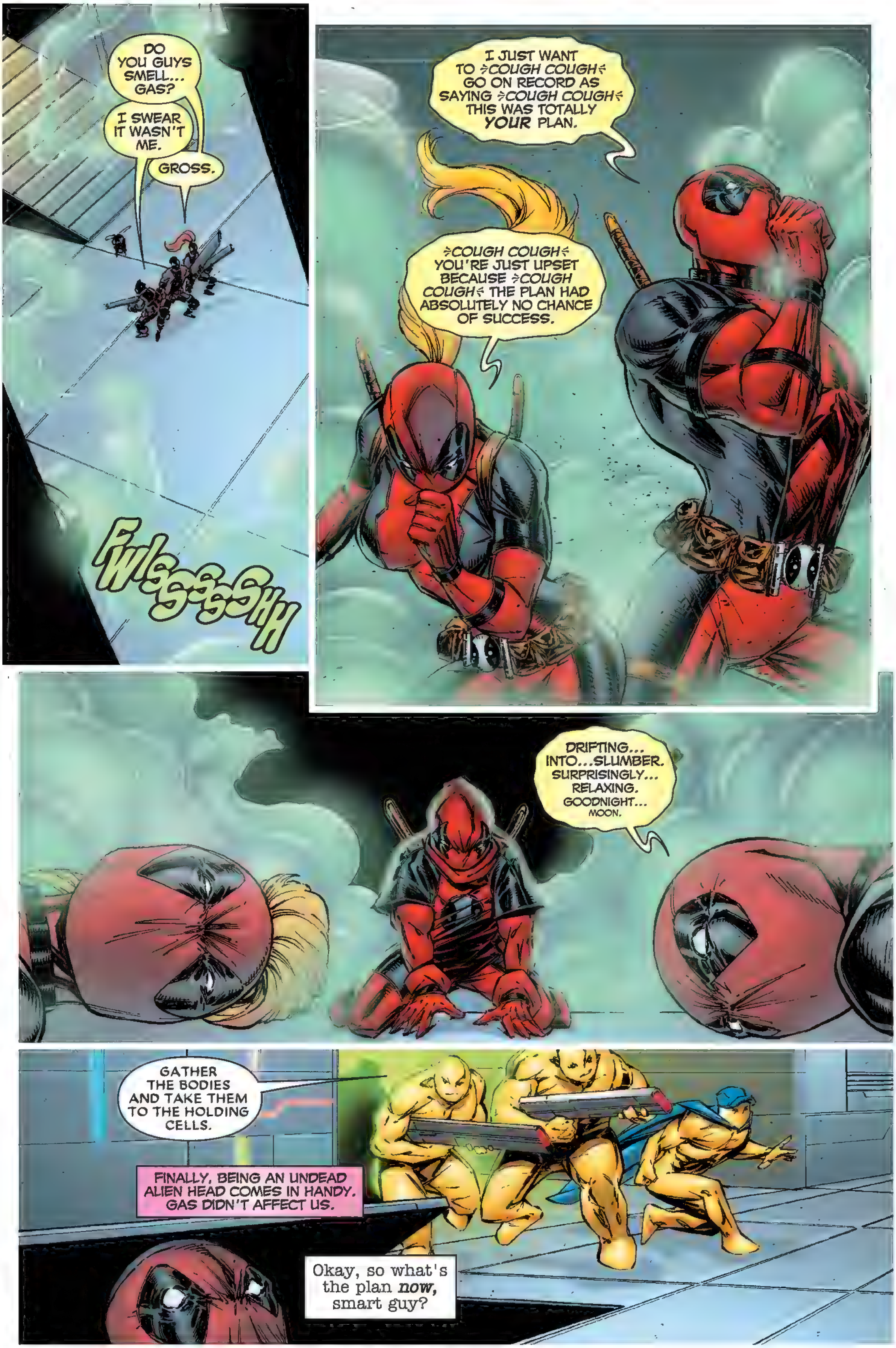
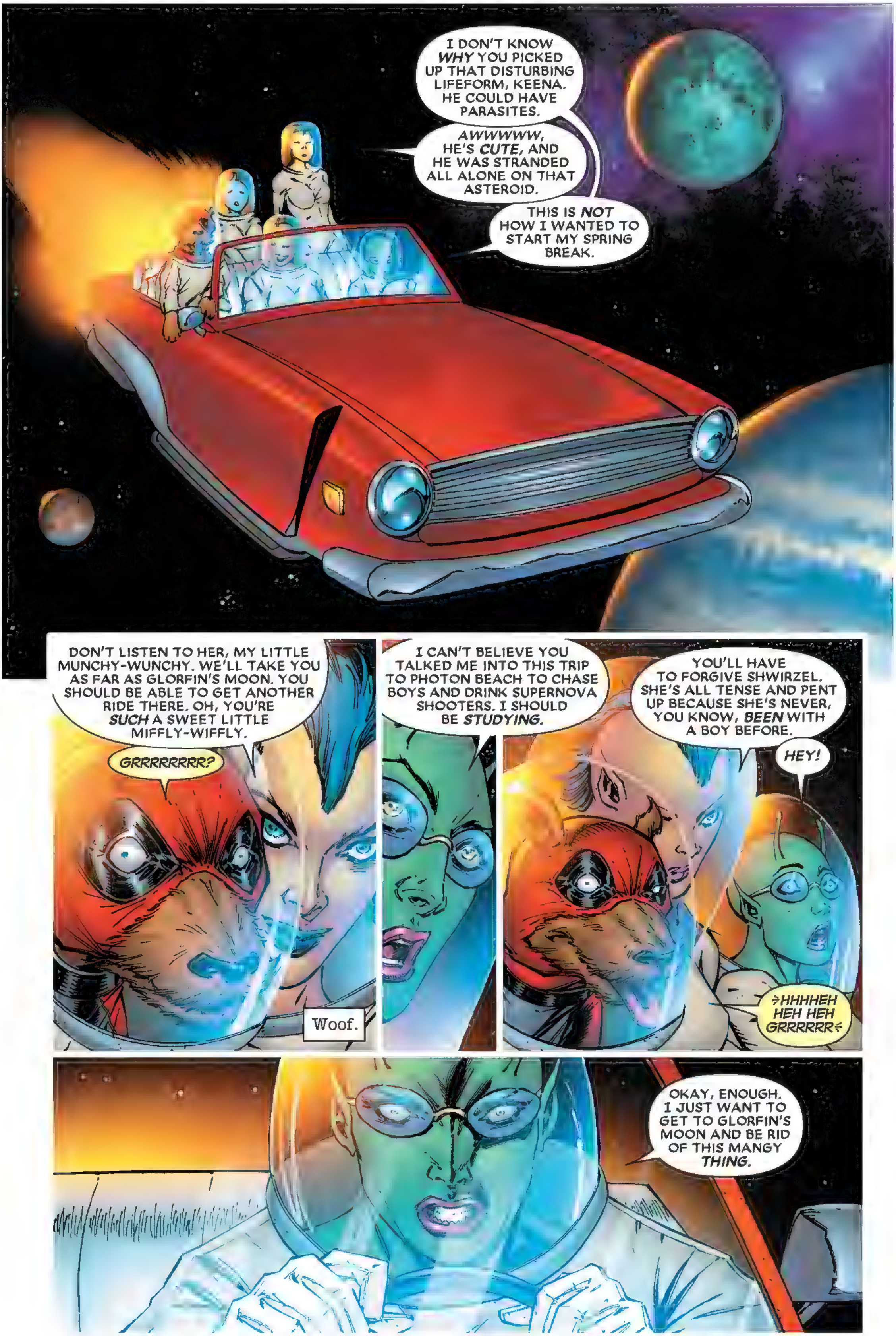

IT'S COOL. HAPPY TO GIVE YOU A LIFT. TRUTH IS, IT GETS *LONELY* OUT HERE IN THE SPACE LANES. I CAN TAKE YOU AS FAR AS THE BLEAK ZONE. THEN I HAVE TO GET THIS LOAD OF BRULTONIAN KELP TO NEBULA JOE'S CRUSTACEAN SHACK. IT'S ALMOST OCEAN FESTIVAL TIME.
YOU DON'T SAY MUCH, DO YOU?
WOOF.
YEAH, YOU'RE PROBABLY JUST WORRIED ABOUT YOUR FRIENDS.
DON'T WORRY. I'M SURE THEY'RE JUST FINE.

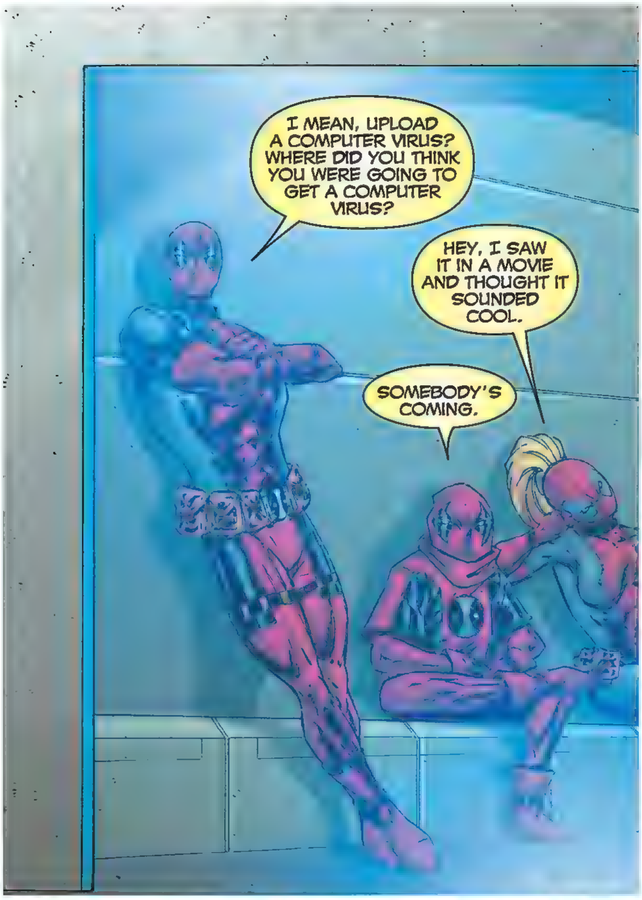

OH, CRAP. WE'RE ALL GOING TO DIE.
ATTENTION, EARTH SHIP. **SURRENDER** OR BE BLASTED INTO YOUR COMPONENT ELEMENTS.
SHORTY, PUT THIS THROUGH THE TACTICAL COMPUTER. HOW LONG CAN WE LAST IN A FIREFIGHT AGAINST ALL THOSE SHIPS?
.03 SECONDS.
SIGNAL OUR SURRENDER.
THEY'RE TELLING US TO STAND BY FOR THE TRACTOR BEAM.
I HOPE YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING, DEADPOOL.

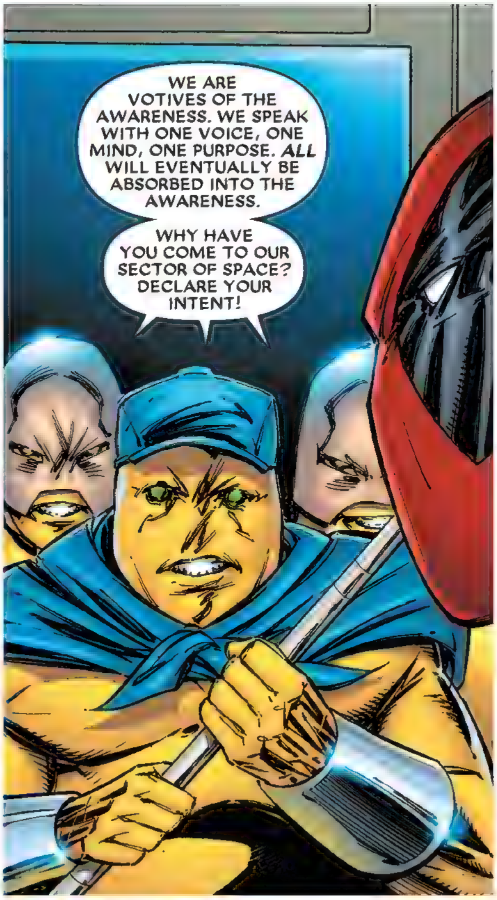

BUT OF COURSE I HAVE A PLAN, MILADY.
WE'LL SIMPLY HIDE IN THE SMUGGLER'S COMPARTMENTS CONCEALED BENEATH THE DECKS. WHEN THEY SEARCH THE SHIP, THEY'LL THINK WE JETTISONED IN THE ESCAPE PODS.
WE DON'T HAVE SMUGGLER'S COMPARTMENTS.
OR ESCAPE PODS.
SIGH
WHO THE HELL BUILDS A #@%& SPACESHIP WITHOUT #&@*% ESCAPE PODS?!
OKAY. HERE'S THE REAL PLAN. WE RUSH THE GUARDS IN THE HANGAR BAY, FIGHT OUR WAY TO THE CONTROL ROOM, UPLOAD A VIRUS TO THE COMPUTER WHICH WILL CRIPPLE THE SUPPORT SHIPS, SET THE SELF-DESTRUCT ON THE MOTHERSHIP, AND THEN ESCAPE IN THE BEA ARTHUR AFTER WE DISABLE THE TRACTOR BEAM. SIMPLE.

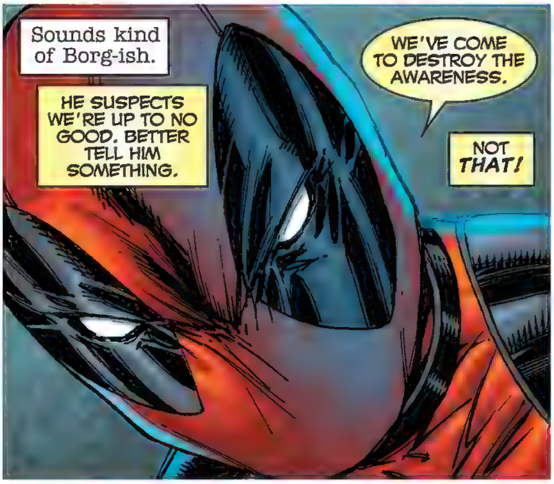

JUST FOLLOW MY LEAD AND GET READY TO KICK SOME ALIEN ASS.
THAT'S A LOT OF GUN, SMALL FRY.
SHUT UP.
EAT HOT **PLASMA** YOU COSMIC SONS OF--OKAY, WHERE THE HELL IS EVERYONE?
IN THE MOVIE I'M WATCHING IN MY HEAD, THERE WERE A LOT OF ARMORED GUYS HERE TO GREET US.
NOT IN THE BUDGET.

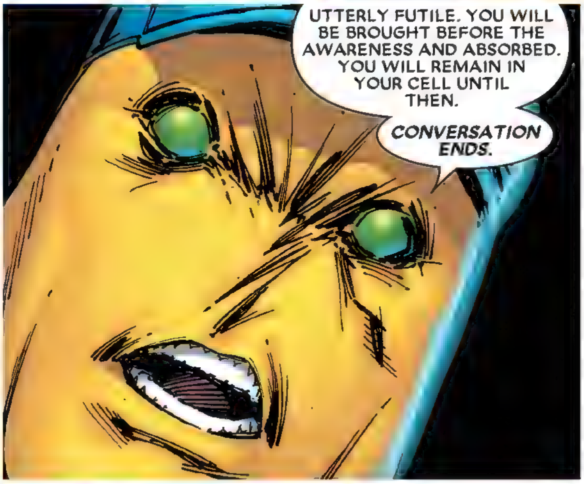

DO YOU GUYS SMELL... GAS?
I SWEAR IT WASN'T ME.
GROSS.
FWISSSSSHH
I JUST WANT TO ⸗COUGH COUGH⸗ GO ON RECORD AS SAYING ⸗COUGH COUGH⸗ THIS WAS TOTALLY *YOUR* PLAN.
⸗COUGH COUGH⸗ YOU'RE JUST UPSET BECAUSE ⸗COUGH COUGH⸗ THE PLAN HAD ABSOLUTELY NO CHANCE OF SUCCESS.
DRIFTING... INTO...SLUMBER. SURPRISINGLY... RELAXING. GOODNIGHT... MOON.
GATHER THE BODIES AND TAKE THEM TO THE HOLDING CELLS.
FINALLY, BEING AN UNDEAD ALIEN HEAD COMES IN HANDY. GAS DIDN'T AFFECT US.
Okay, so what's the plan *now*, smart guy?

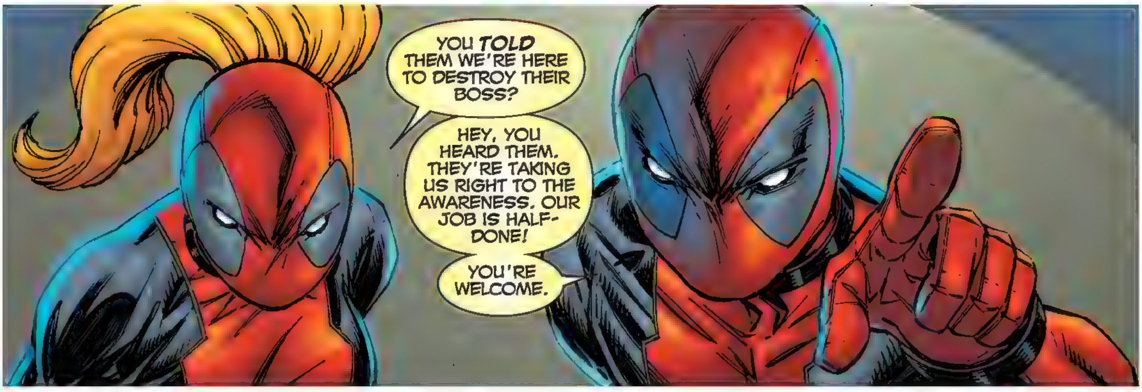

I DON'T KNOW *WHY* YOU PICKED UP THAT DISTURBING LIFEFORM, KEENA. HE COULD HAVE PARASITES.
AWWWWW, HE'S *CUTE,* AND HE WAS STRANDED ALL ALONE ON THAT ASTEROID.
THIS IS *NOT* HOW I WANTED TO START MY SPRING BREAK.
DON'T LISTEN TO HER, MY LITTLE MUNCHY-WUNCHY. WE'LL TAKE YOU AS FAR AS GLORFIN'S MOON. YOU SHOULD BE ABLE TO GET ANOTHER RIDE THERE. OH, YOU'RE *SUCH* A SWEET LITTLE MIFFLY-WIFFLY.
GRRRRRRRR?
Woof.
I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU TALKED ME INTO THIS TRIP TO PHOTON BEACH TO CHASE BOYS AND DRINK SUPERNOVA SHOOTERS. I SHOULD BE *STUDYING.*
YOU'LL HAVE TO FORGIVE SHWIRZEL. SHE'S ALL TENSE AND PENT UP BECAUSE SHE'S NEVER, YOU KNOW, *BEEN* WITH A BOY BEFORE.
HEY!
HHHHEH HEH HEH GRRRRRR
OKAY, ENOUGH. I JUST WANT TO GET TO GLORFIN'S MOON AND BE RID OF THIS MANGY *THING.*

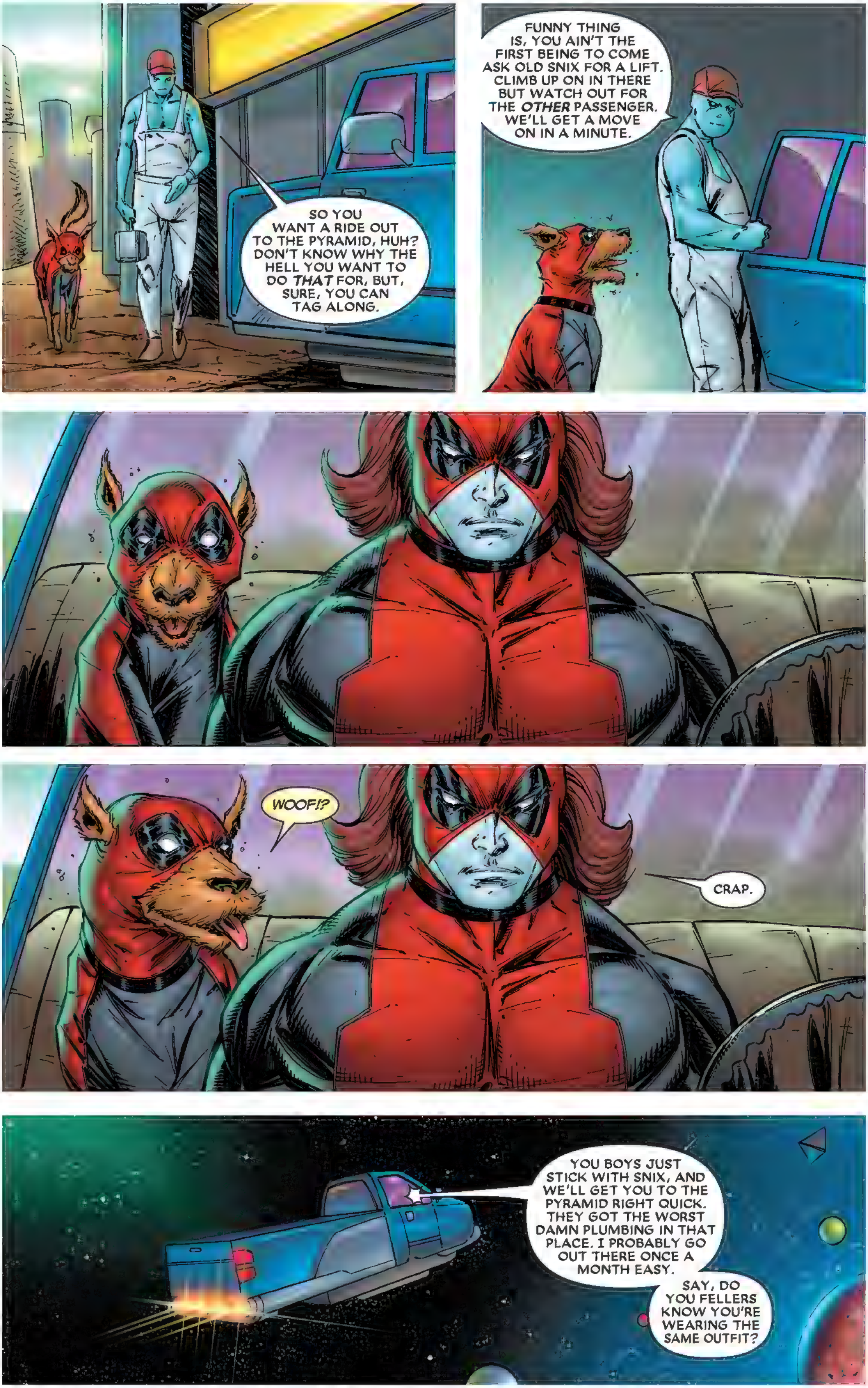

I MEAN, UPLOAD A COMPUTER VIRUS? WHERE DID YOU THINK YOU WERE GOING TO GET A COMPUTER VIRUS?
HEY, I SAW IT IN A MOVIE AND THOUGHT IT SOUNDED COOL.
SOMEBODY'S COMING.

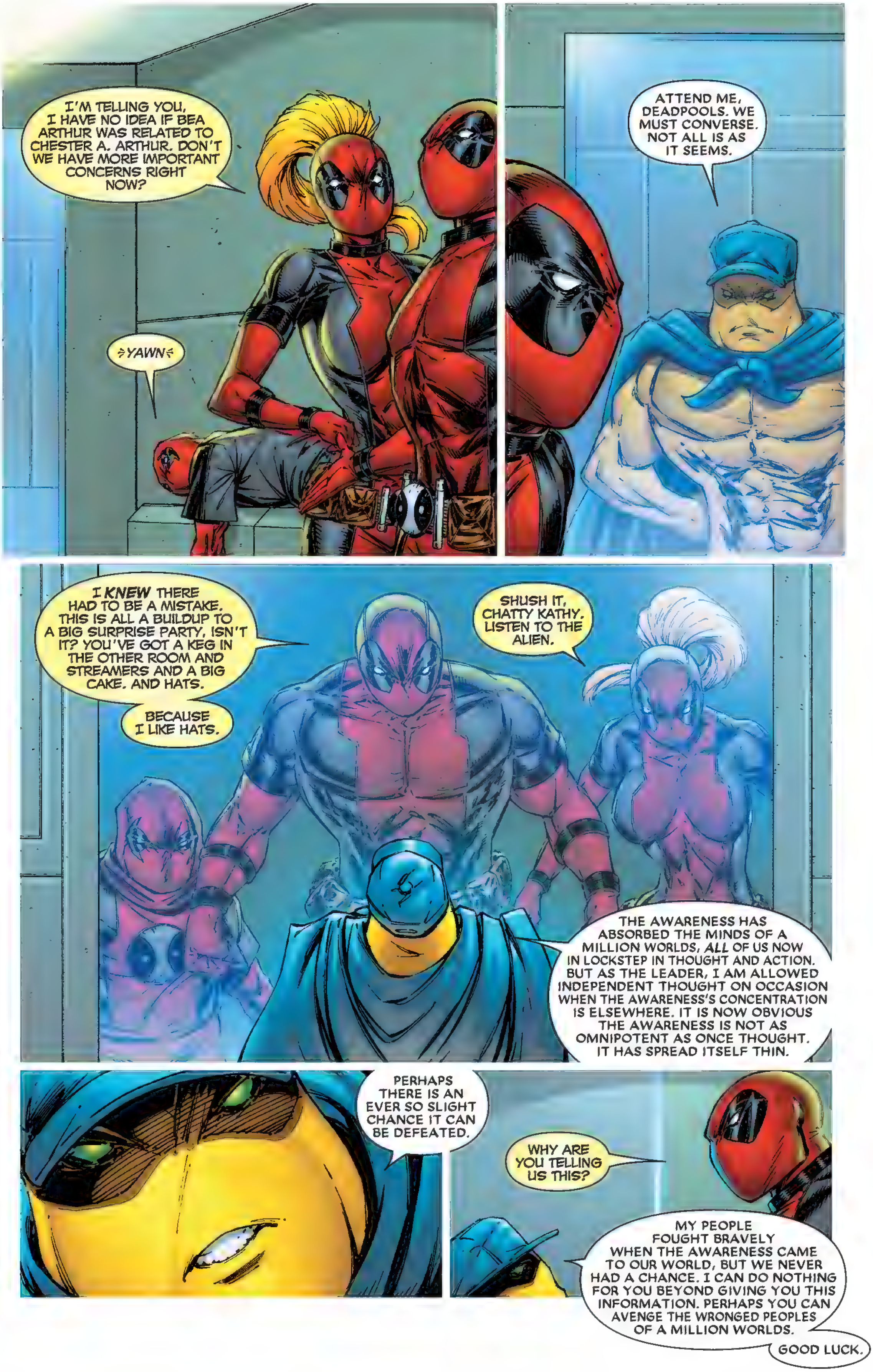

WE ARE VOTIVES OF THE AWARENESS. WE SPEAK WITH ONE VOICE, ONE MIND, ONE PURPOSE. ALL WILL EVENTUALLY BE ABSORBED INTO THE AWARENESS.
WHY HAVE YOU COME TO OUR SECTOR OF SPACE? DECLARE YOUR INTENT!

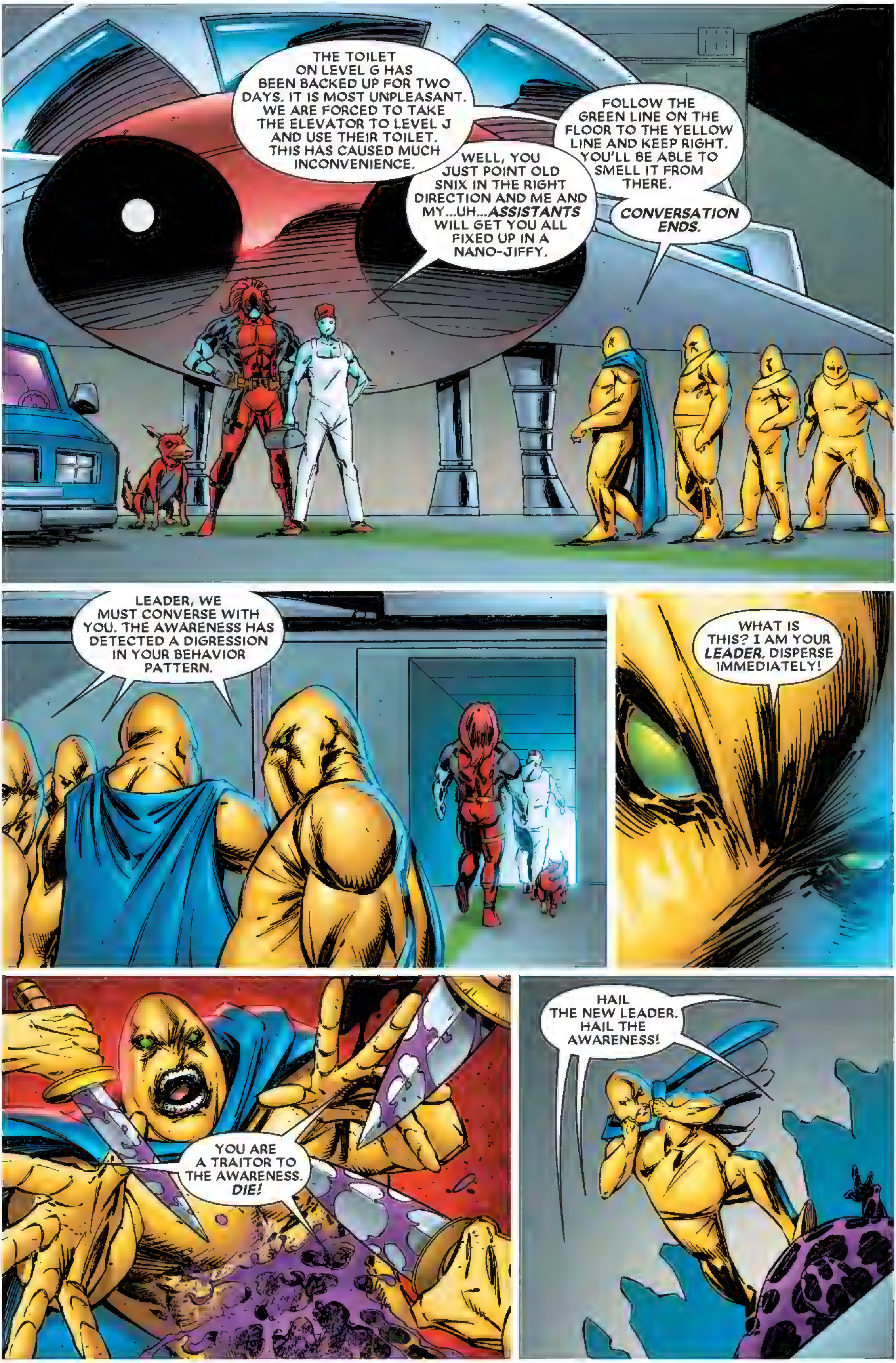

Sounds kind of Borg-ish.
HE SUSPECTS WE'RE UP TO NO GOOD. BETTER TELL HIM SOMETHING.
WE'VE COME TO DESTROY THE AWARENESS.
NOT THAT!

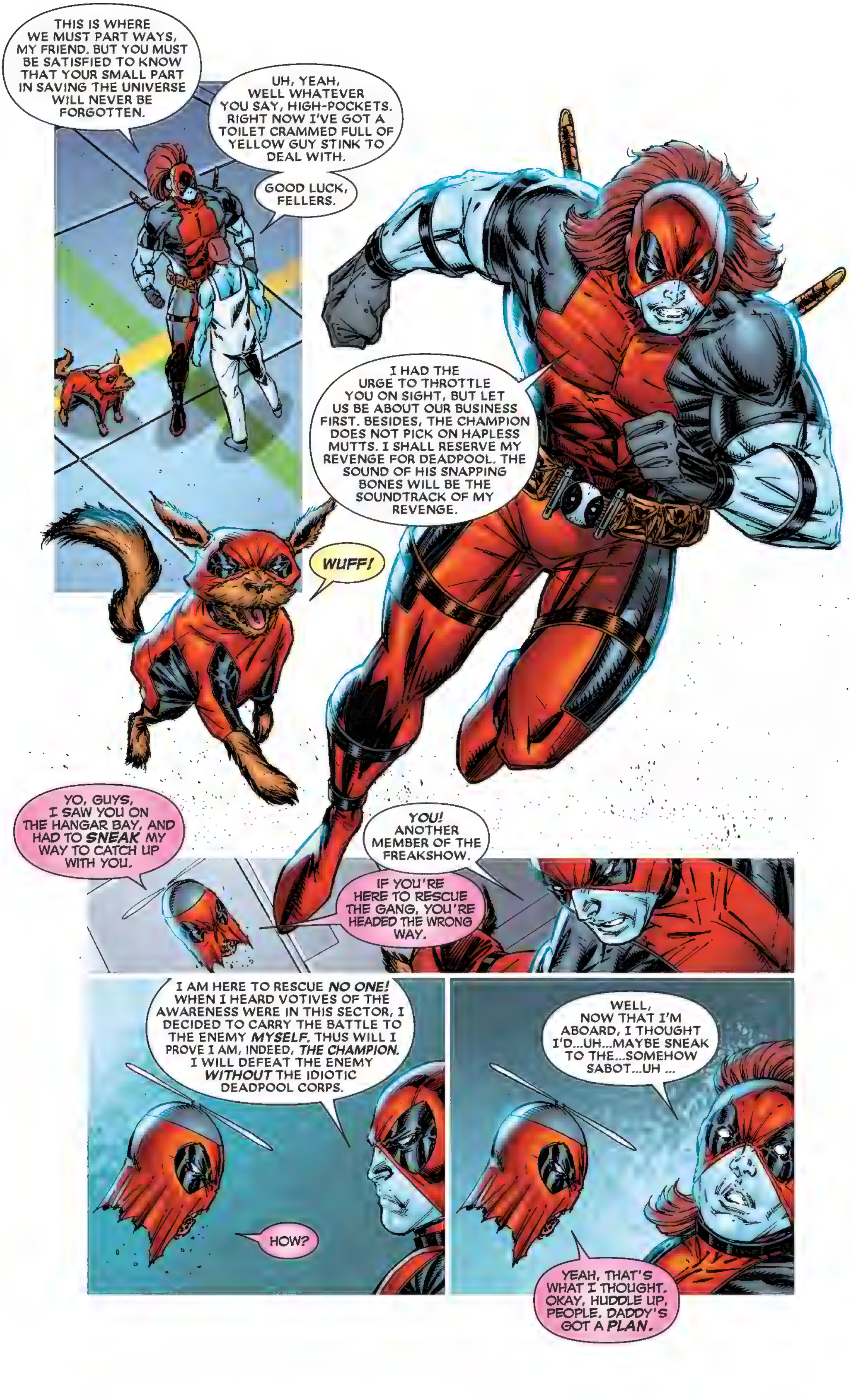

UTTERLY FUTILE. YOU WILL BE BROUGHT BEFORE THE AWARENESS AND ABSORBED. YOU WILL REMAIN IN YOUR CELL UNTIL THEN.
CONVERSATION ENDS.

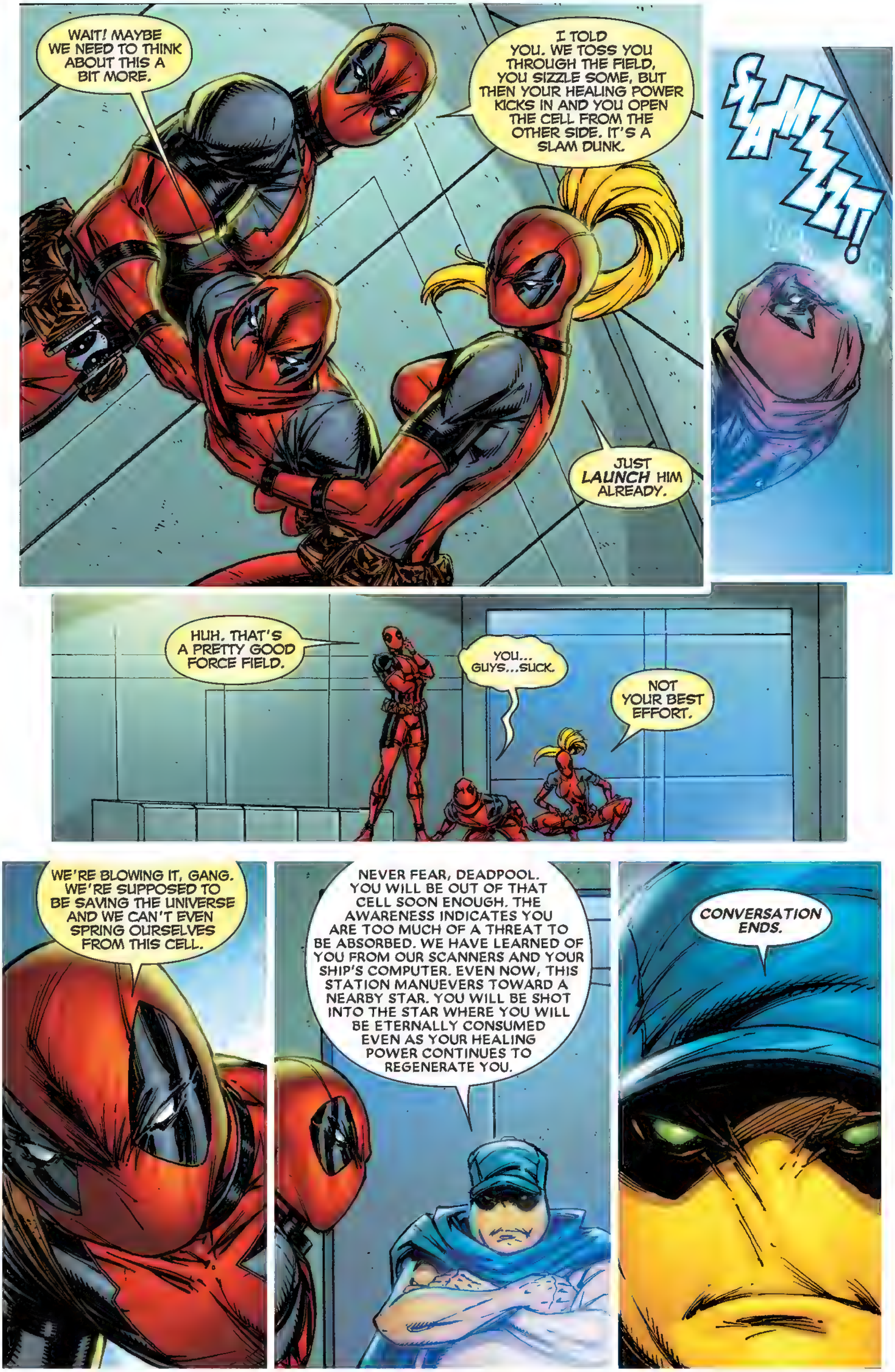

YOU TOLD THEM WE'RE HERE TO DESTROY THEIR BOSS?
HEY, YOU HEARD THEM. THEY'RE TAKING US RIGHT TO THE AWARENESS. OUR JOB IS HALF-DONE!
YOU'RE WELCOME.

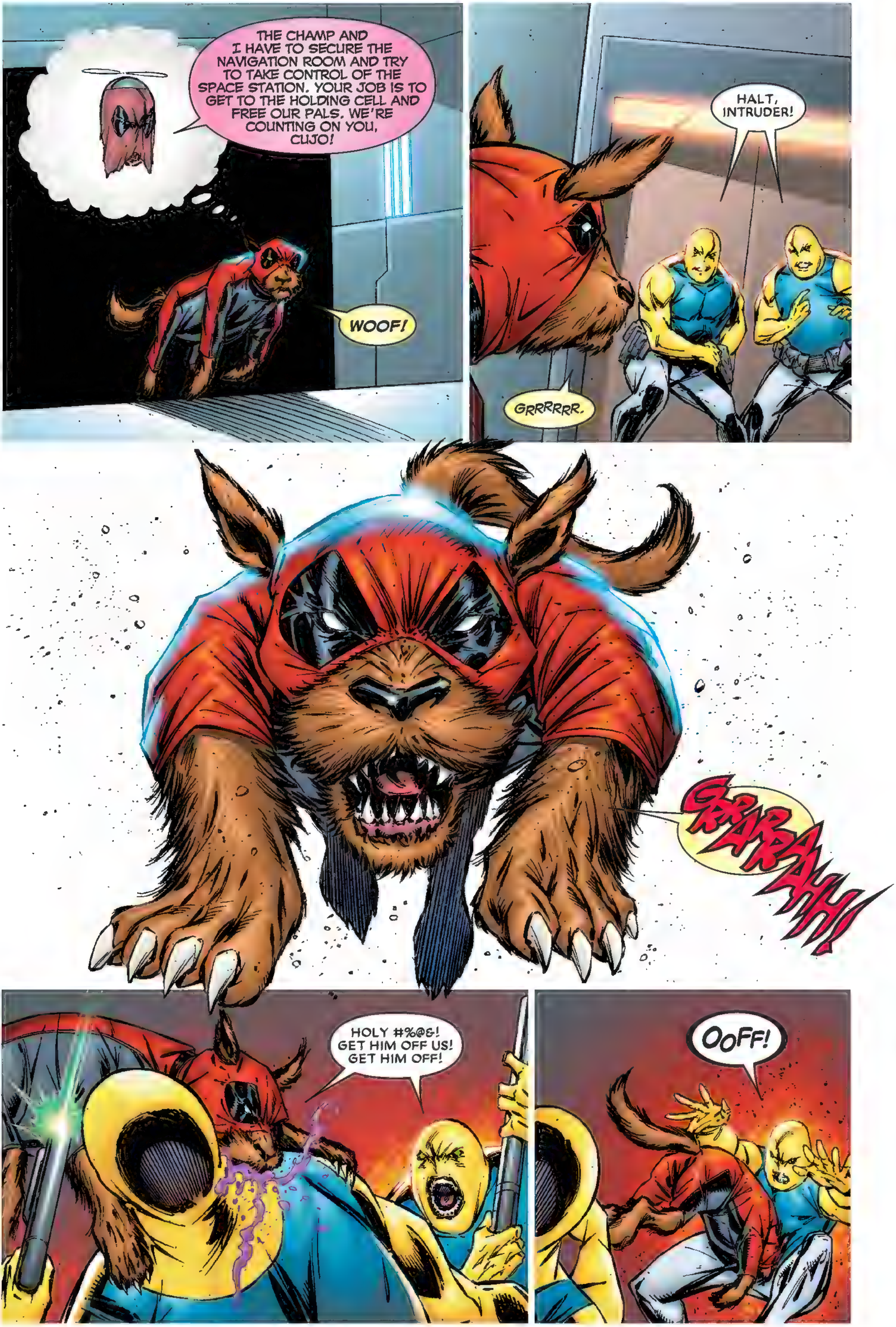

SO YOU WANT A RIDE OUT TO THE PYRAMID, HUH? DON'T KNOW WHY THE HELL YOU WANT TO DO *THAT* FOR, BUT, SURE, YOU CAN TAG ALONG.
FUNNY THING IS, YOU AIN'T THE FIRST BEING TO COME ASK OLD SNIX FOR A LIFT. CLIMB UP ON IN THERE BUT WATCH OUT FOR THE *OTHER* PASSENGER. WE'LL GET A MOVE ON IN A MINUTE.
WOOF!?
CRAP.
YOU BOYS JUST STICK WITH SNIX, AND WE'LL GET YOU TO THE PYRAMID RIGHT QUICK. THEY GOT THE WORST DAMN PLUMBING IN THAT PLACE. I PROBABLY GO OUT THERE ONCE A MONTH EASY.
SAY, DO YOU FELLERS KNOW YOU'RE WEARING THE SAME OUTFIT?

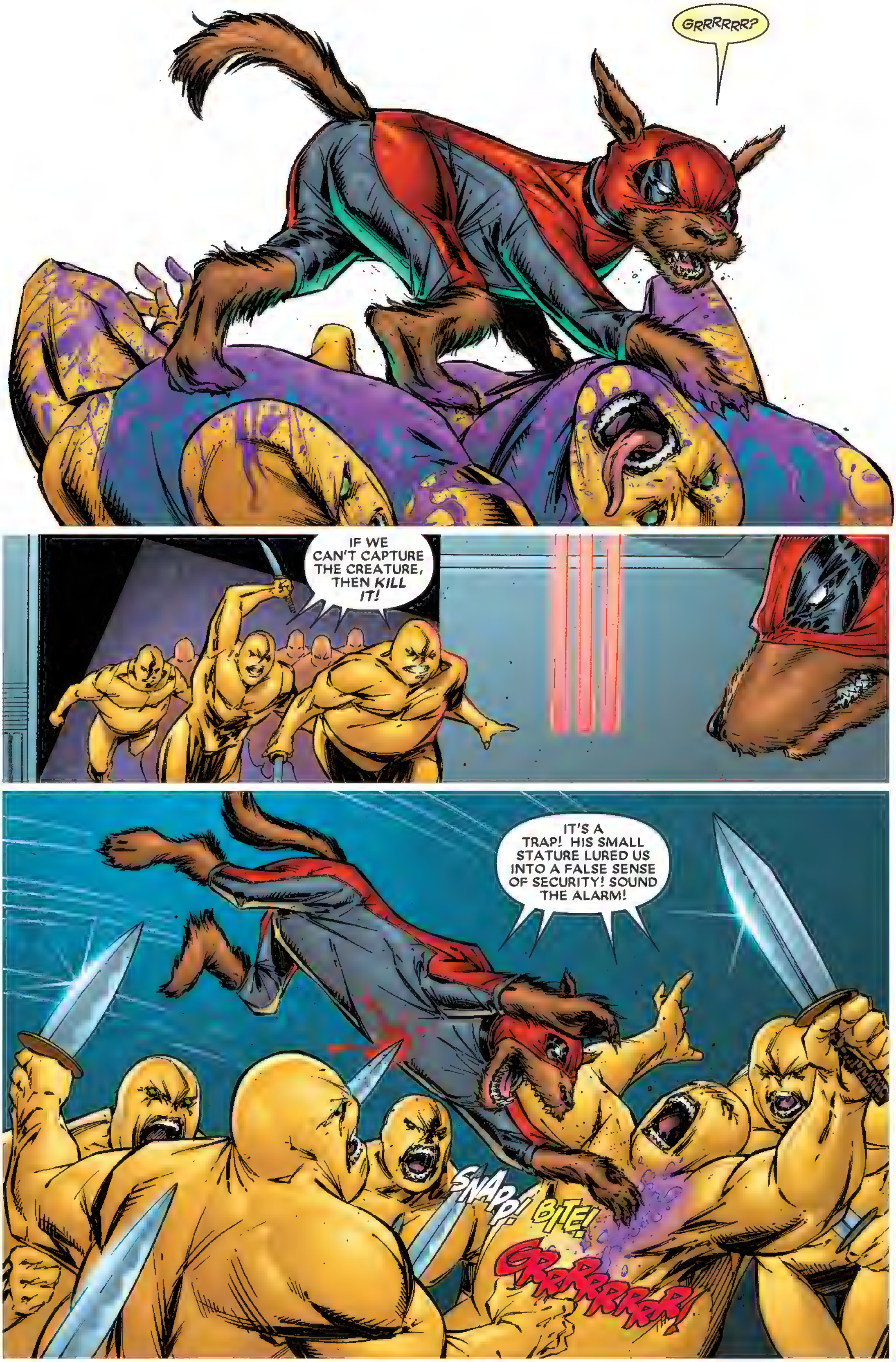

I'M TELLING YOU, I HAVE NO IDEA IF BEA ARTHUR WAS RELATED TO CHESTER A. ARTHUR. DON'T WE HAVE MORE IMPORTANT CONCERNS RIGHT NOW?
⇒YAWN⇐
ATTEND ME, DEADPOOLS. WE MUST CONVERSE. NOT ALL IS AS IT SEEMS.
I *KNEW* THERE HAD TO BE A MISTAKE. THIS IS ALL A BUILDUP TO A BIG SURPRISE PARTY, ISN'T IT? YOU'VE GOT A KEG IN THE OTHER ROOM AND STREAMERS AND A BIG CAKE. AND HATS.
BECAUSE I LIKE HATS.
SHUSH IT, CHATTY KATHY. LISTEN TO THE ALIEN.
THE AWARENESS HAS ABSORBED THE MINDS OF A MILLION WORLDS, *ALL* OF US NOW IN LOCKSTEP IN THOUGHT AND ACTION. BUT AS THE LEADER, I AM ALLOWED INDEPENDENT THOUGHT ON OCCASION WHEN THE AWARENESS'S CONCENTRATION IS ELSEWHERE. IT IS NOW OBVIOUS THE AWARENESS IS NOT AS OMNIPOTENT AS ONCE THOUGHT. IT HAS SPREAD ITSELF THIN.
PERHAPS THERE IS AN EVER SO SLIGHT CHANCE IT CAN BE DEFEATED.
WHY ARE YOU TELLING US THIS?
MY PEOPLE FOUGHT BRAVELY WHEN THE AWARENESS CAME TO OUR WORLD, BUT WE NEVER HAD A CHANCE. I CAN DO NOTHING FOR YOU BEYOND GIVING YOU THIS INFORMATION. PERHAPS YOU CAN AVENGE THE WRONGED PEOPLES OF A MILLION WORLDS.
GOOD LUCK.

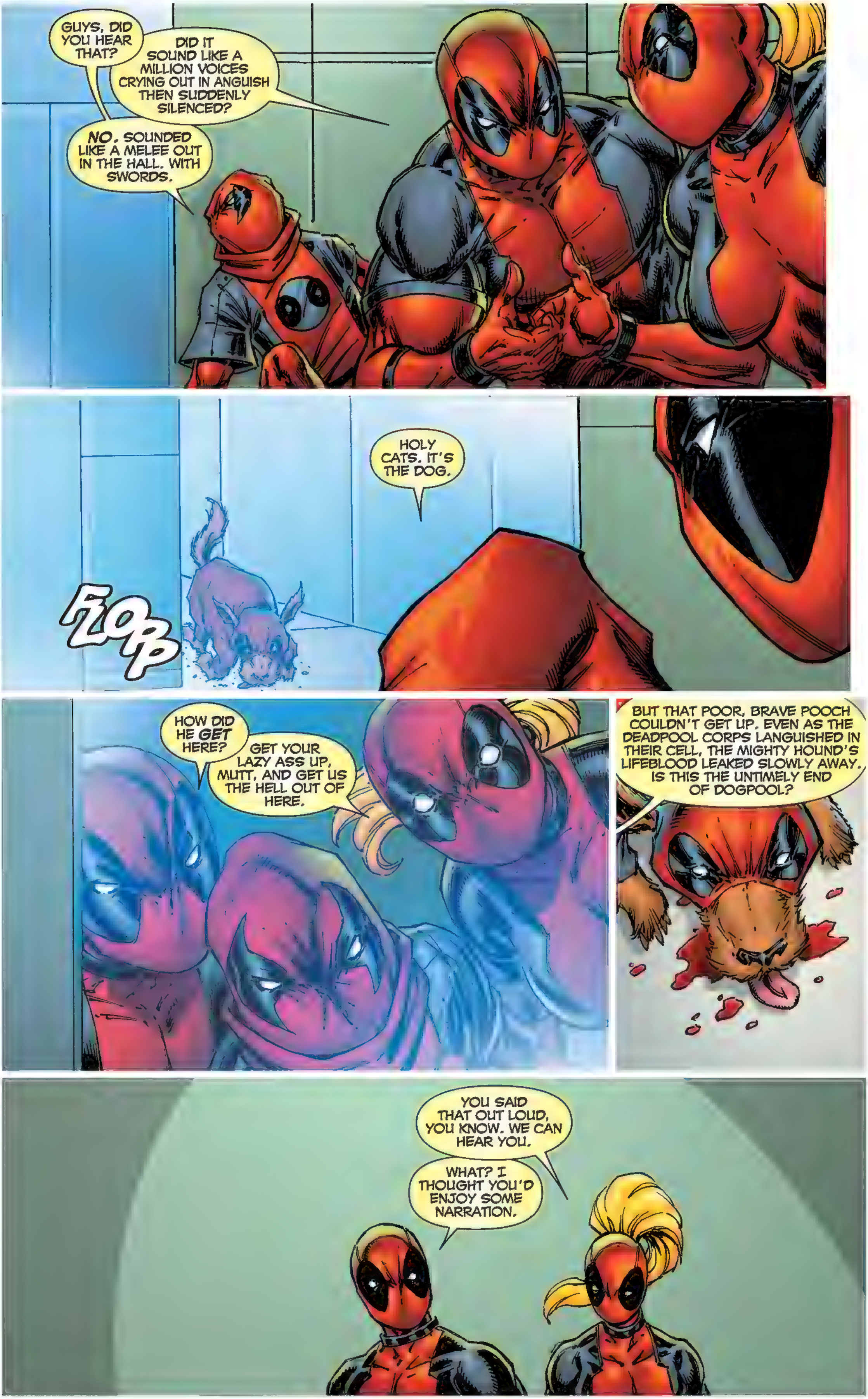

THE TOILET ON LEVEL G HAS BEEN BACKED UP FOR TWO DAYS. IT IS MOST UNPLEASANT. WE ARE FORCED TO TAKE THE ELEVATOR TO LEVEL J AND USE THEIR TOILET. THIS HAS CAUSED MUCH INCONVENIENCE.
WELL, YOU JUST POINT OLD SNIX IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION AND ME AND MY...UH...*ASSISTANTS* WILL GET YOU ALL FIXED UP IN A NANO-JIFFY.
FOLLOW THE GREEN LINE ON THE FLOOR TO THE YELLOW LINE AND KEEP RIGHT. YOU'LL BE ABLE TO SMELL IT FROM THERE.
CONVERSATION ENDS.
LEADER, WE MUST CONVERSE WITH YOU. THE AWARENESS HAS DETECTED A DIGRESSION IN YOUR BEHAVIOR PATTERN.
WHAT IS THIS? I AM YOUR *LEADER.* DISPERSE IMMEDIATELY!
YOU ARE A TRAITOR TO THE AWARENESS. *DIE!*
HAIL THE NEW LEADER. HAIL THE AWARENESS!

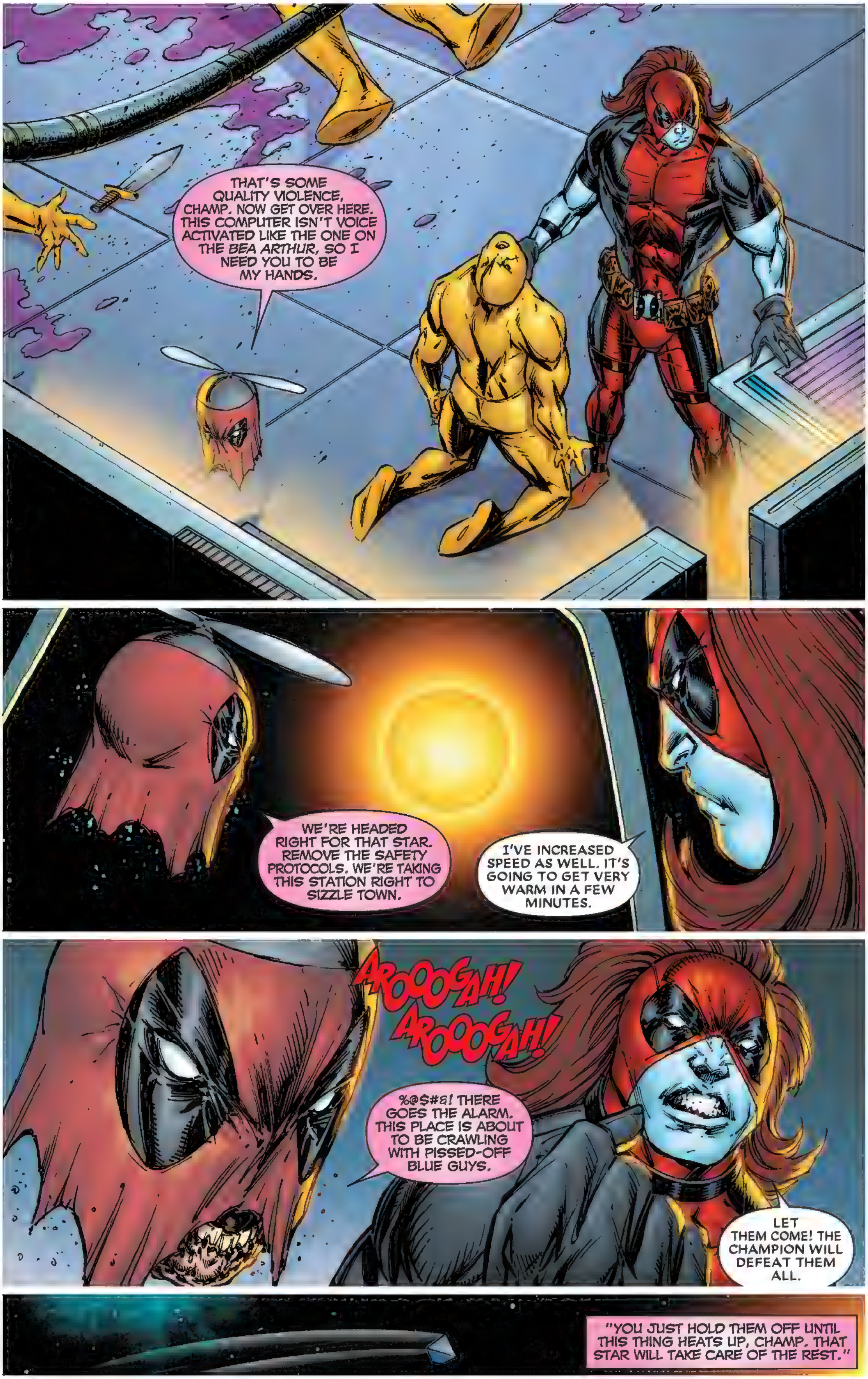

THIS IS WHERE WE MUST PART WAYS, MY FRIEND. BUT YOU MUST BE SATISFIED TO KNOW THAT YOUR SMALL PART IN SAVING THE UNIVERSE WILL NEVER BE FORGOTTEN.
UH, YEAH, WELL WHATEVER YOU SAY, HIGH-POCKETS. RIGHT NOW I'VE GOT A TOILET CRAMMED FULL OF YELLOW GUY STINK TO DEAL WITH.
GOOD LUCK, FELLERS.
I HAD THE URGE TO THROTTLE YOU ON SIGHT, BUT LET US BE ABOUT OUR BUSINESS FIRST. BESIDES, THE CHAMPION DOES NOT PICK ON HAPLESS MUTTS. I SHALL RESERVE MY REVENGE FOR DEADPOOL. THE SOUND OF HIS SNAPPING BONES WILL BE THE SOUNDTRACK OF MY REVENGE.
WUFF!
YO, GUYS, I SAW YOU ON THE HANGAR BAY, AND HAD TO SNEAK MY WAY TO CATCH UP WITH YOU.
YOU! ANOTHER MEMBER OF THE FREAKSHOW.
IF YOU'RE HERE TO RESCUE THE GANG, YOU'RE HEADED THE WRONG WAY.
I AM HERE TO RESCUE NO ONE! WHEN I HEARD VOTIVES OF THE AWARENESS WERE IN THIS SECTOR, I DECIDED TO CARRY THE BATTLE TO THE ENEMY MYSELF. THUS WILL I PROVE I AM, INDEED, THE CHAMPION. I WILL DEFEAT THE ENEMY WITHOUT THE IDIOTIC DEADPOOL CORPS.
HOW?
WELL, NOW THAT I'M ABOARD, I THOUGHT I'D...UH...MAYBE SNEAK TO THE...SOMEHOW SABOT...UH ...
YEAH, THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT. OKAY, HUDDLE UP, PEOPLE. DADDY'S GOT A PLAN.

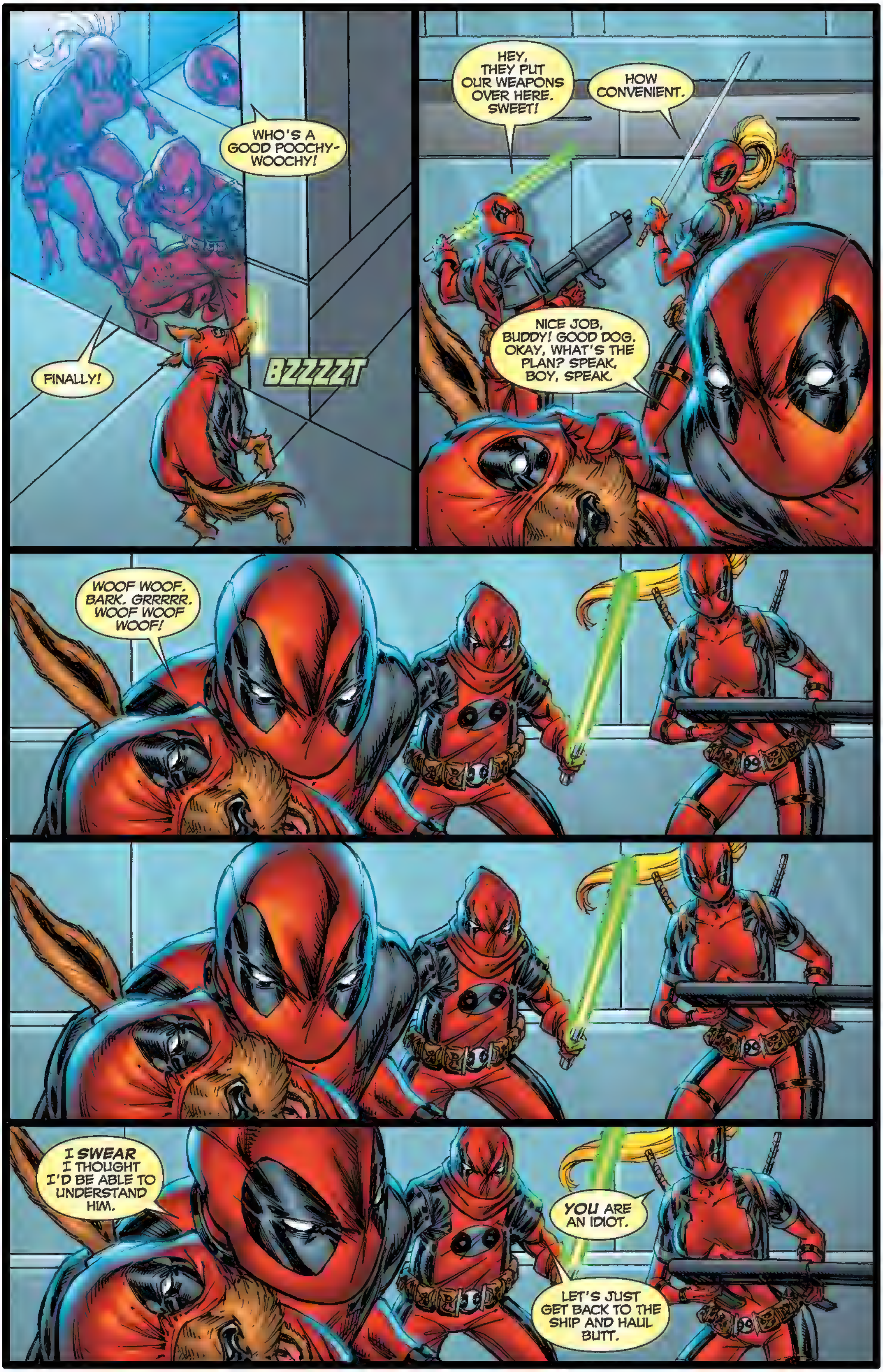

WAIT! MAYBE WE NEED TO THINK ABOUT THIS A BIT MORE.
I TOLD YOU. WE TOSS YOU THROUGH THE FIELD, YOU SIZZLE SOME, BUT THEN YOUR HEALING POWER KICKS IN AND YOU OPEN THE CELL FROM THE OTHER SIDE. IT'S A SLAM DUNK.
JUST **LAUNCH** HIM ALREADY.
SLAMZZZT!
HUH. THAT'S A PRETTY GOOD FORCE FIELD.
YOU... GUYS...SUCK.
NOT YOUR BEST EFFORT.
WE'RE BLOWING IT, GANG. WE'RE SUPPOSED TO BE SAVING THE UNIVERSE AND WE CAN'T EVEN SPRING OURSELVES FROM THIS CELL.
NEVER FEAR, DEADPOOL. YOU WILL BE OUT OF THAT CELL SOON ENOUGH. THE AWARENESS INDICATES YOU ARE TOO MUCH OF A THREAT TO BE ABSORBED. WE HAVE LEARNED OF YOU FROM OUR SCANNERS AND YOUR SHIP'S COMPUTER. EVEN NOW, THIS STATION MANUEVERS TOWARD A NEARBY STAR. YOU WILL BE SHOT INTO THE STAR WHERE YOU WILL BE ETERNALLY CONSUMED EVEN AS YOUR HEALING POWER CONTINUES TO REGENERATE YOU.
CONVERSATION ENDS.

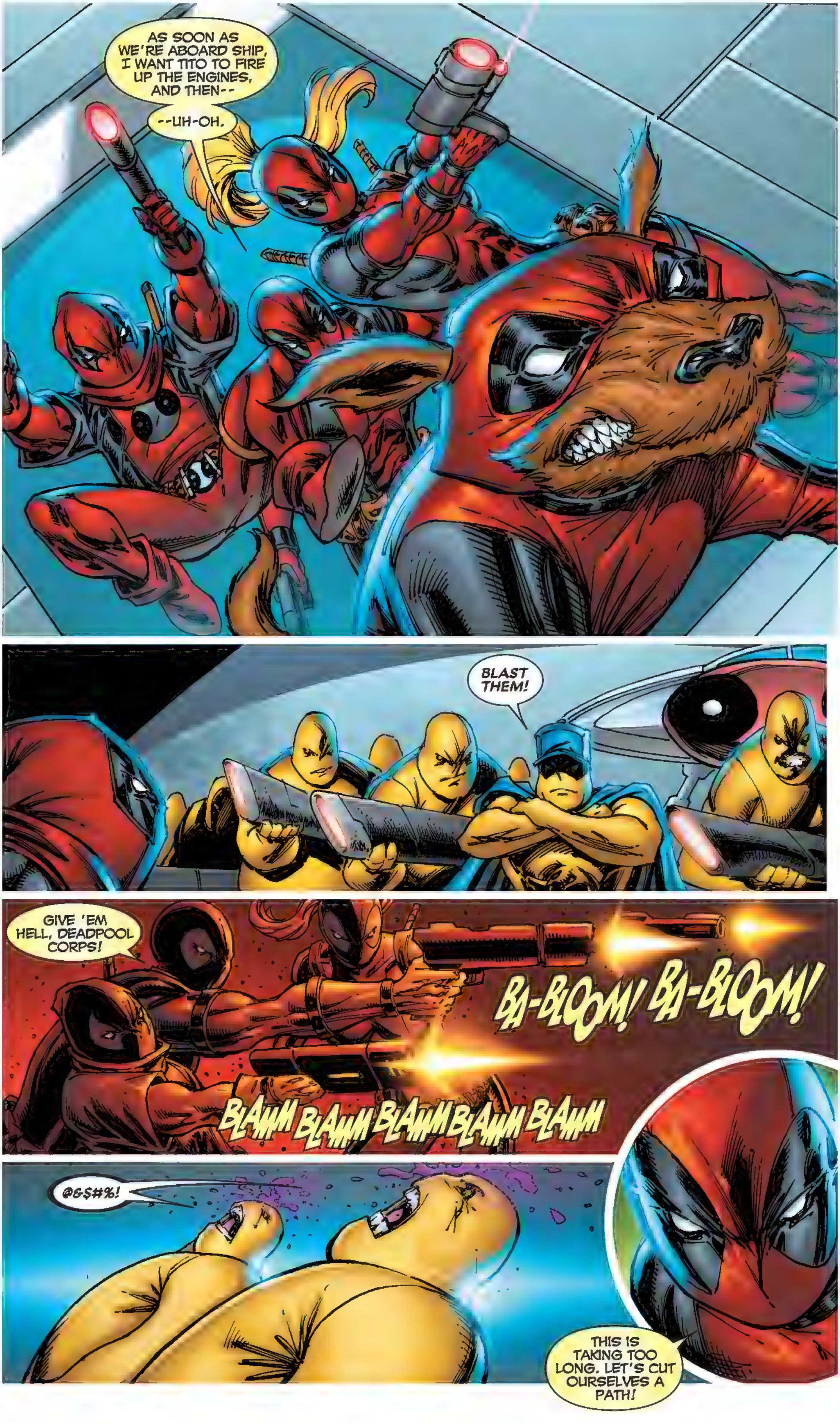

THE CHAMP AND I HAVE TO SECURE THE NAVIGATION ROOM AND TRY TO TAKE CONTROL OF THE SPACE STATION. YOUR JOB IS TO GET TO THE HOLDING CELL AND FREE OUR PALS. WE'RE COUNTING ON YOU, CUJO!
WOOF!
HALT, INTRUDER!
GRRRRRR.
GRRARRAHH!
HOLY #%@&! GET HIM OFF US! GET HIM OFF!
OOFF!

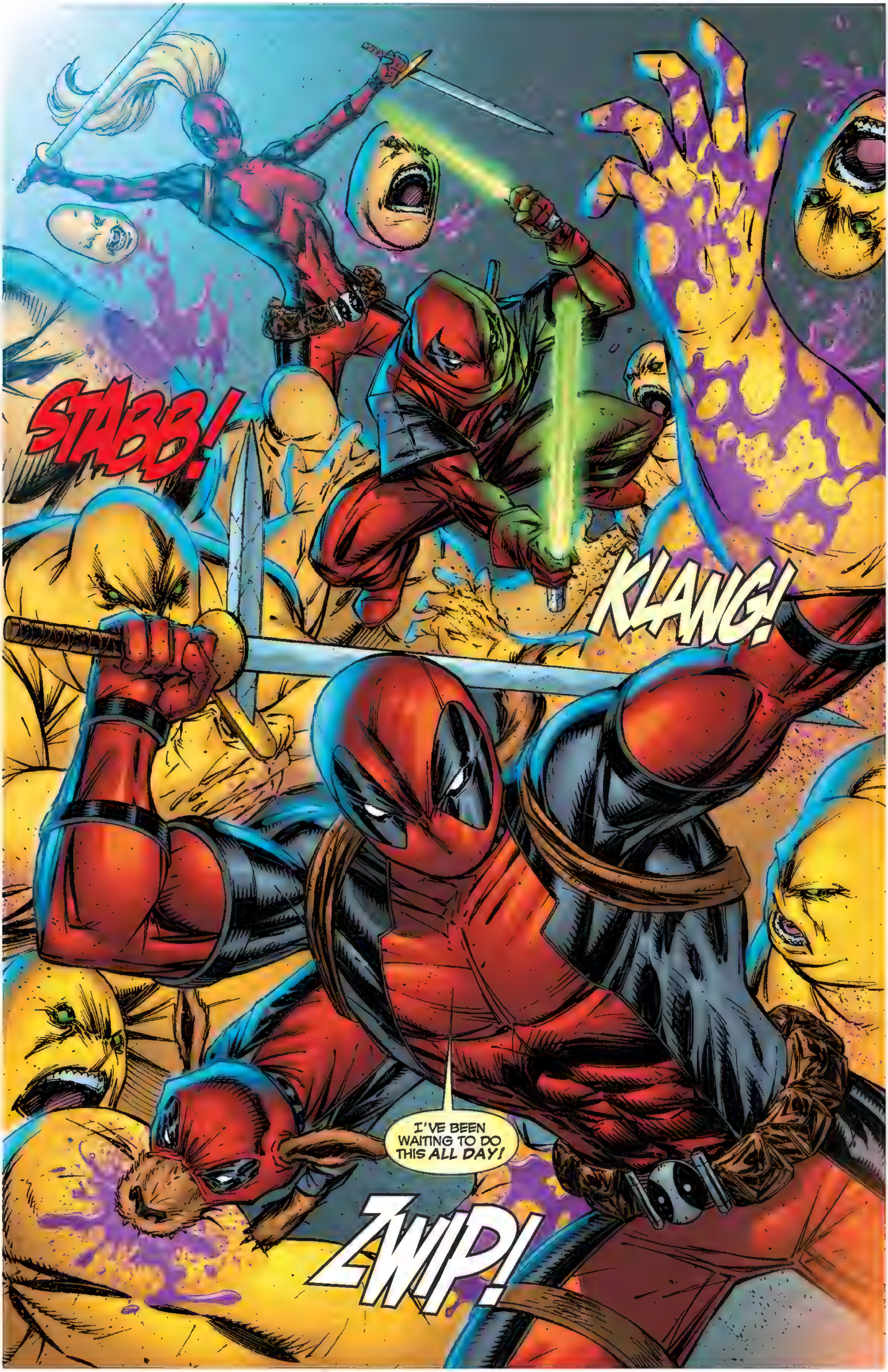

GRRRRRR?
IF WE CAN'T CAPTURE THE CREATURE, THEN *KILL IT!*
IT'S A TRAP! HIS SMALL STATURE LURED US INTO A FALSE SENSE OF SECURITY! SOUND THE ALARM!
SNAP!
BITE!
GRRRRRRR!

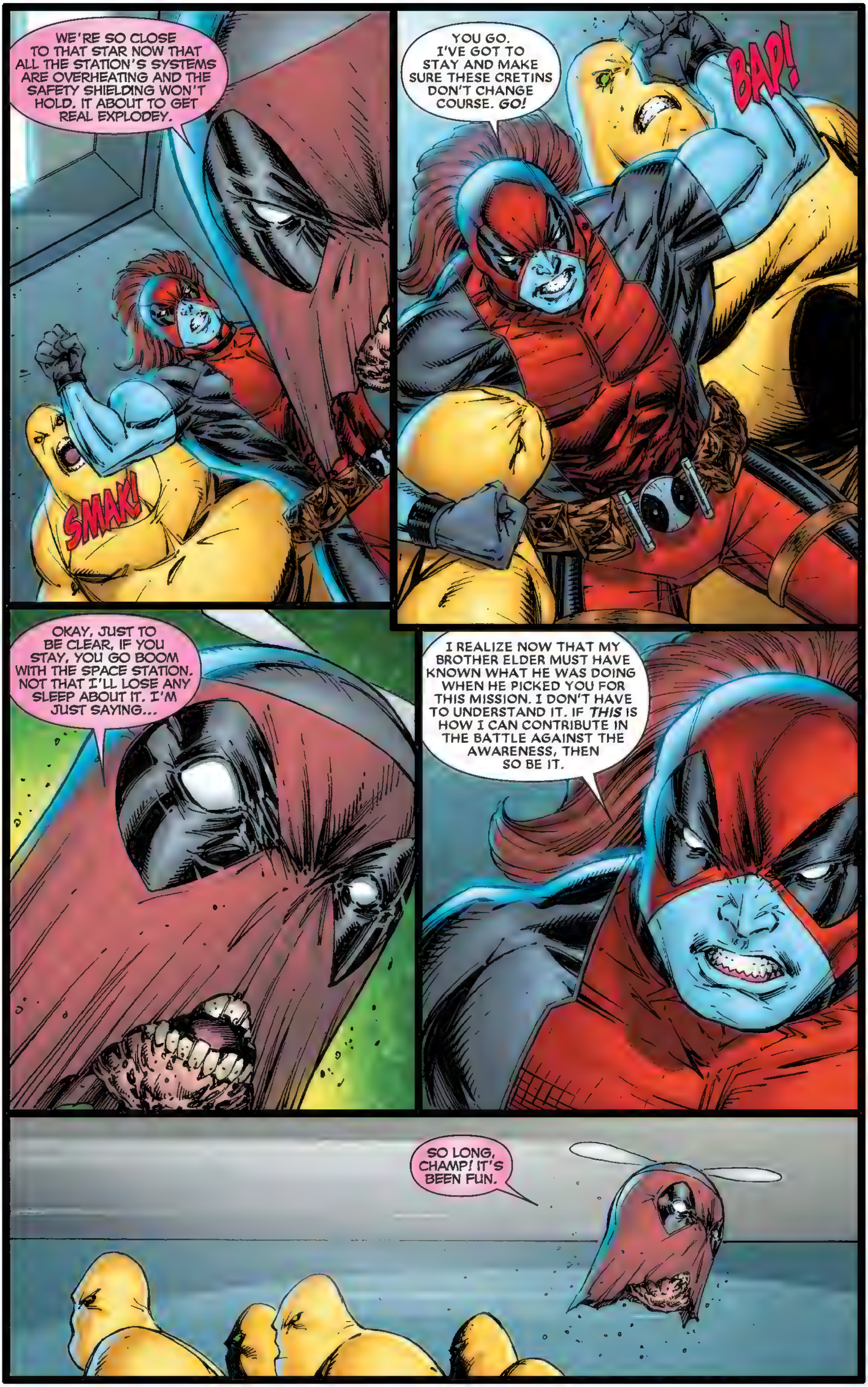

GUYS, DID YOU HEAR THAT?
DID IT SOUND LIKE A MILLION VOICES CRYING OUT IN ANGUISH THEN SUDDENLY SILENCED?
NO. SOUNDED LIKE A MELEE OUT IN THE HALL. WITH SWORDS.
FLOPP
HOLY CATS. IT'S THE DOG.
HOW DID HE ***GET*** HERE?
GET YOUR LAZY ASS UP, MUTT, AND GET US THE HELL OUT OF HERE.
BUT THAT POOR, BRAVE POOCH COULDN'T GET UP. EVEN AS THE DEADPOOL CORPS LANGUISHED IN THEIR CELL, THE MIGHTY HOUND'S LIFEBLOOD LEAKED SLOWLY AWAY. IS THIS THE UNTIMELY END OF DOGPOOL?
YOU SAID THAT OUT LOUD, YOU KNOW. WE CAN HEAR YOU.
WHAT? I THOUGHT YOU'D ENJOY SOME NARRATION.

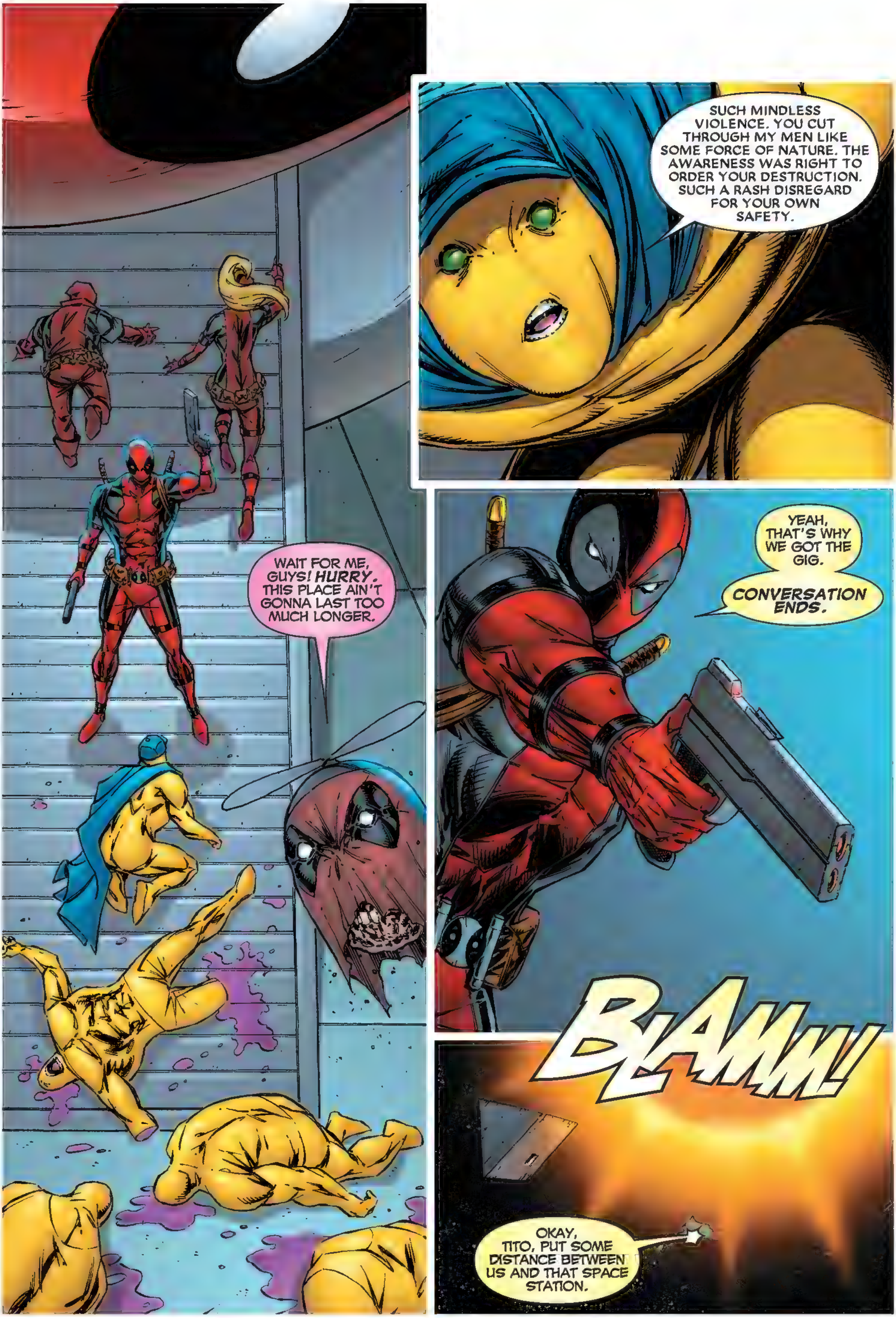

THAT'S SOME QUALITY VIOLENCE, CHAMP. NOW GET OVER HERE. THIS COMPUTER ISN'T VOICE ACTIVATED LIKE THE ONE ON THE *BEA ARTHUR*, SO I NEED YOU TO BE MY HANDS.
WE'RE HEADED RIGHT FOR THAT STAR. REMOVE THE SAFETY PROTOCOLS. WE'RE TAKING THIS STATION RIGHT TO SIZZLE TOWN.
I'VE INCREASED SPEED AS WELL. IT'S GOING TO GET VERY WARM IN A FEW MINUTES.
AROOOGAH! AROOOGAH!
%@$#&! THERE GOES THE ALARM. THIS PLACE IS ABOUT TO BE CRAWLING WITH PISSED-OFF BLUE GUYS.
LET THEM COME! THE CHAMPION WILL DEFEAT THEM ALL.
"YOU JUST HOLD THEM OFF UNTIL THIS THING HEATS UP, CHAMP. THAT STAR WILL TAKE CARE OF THE REST."

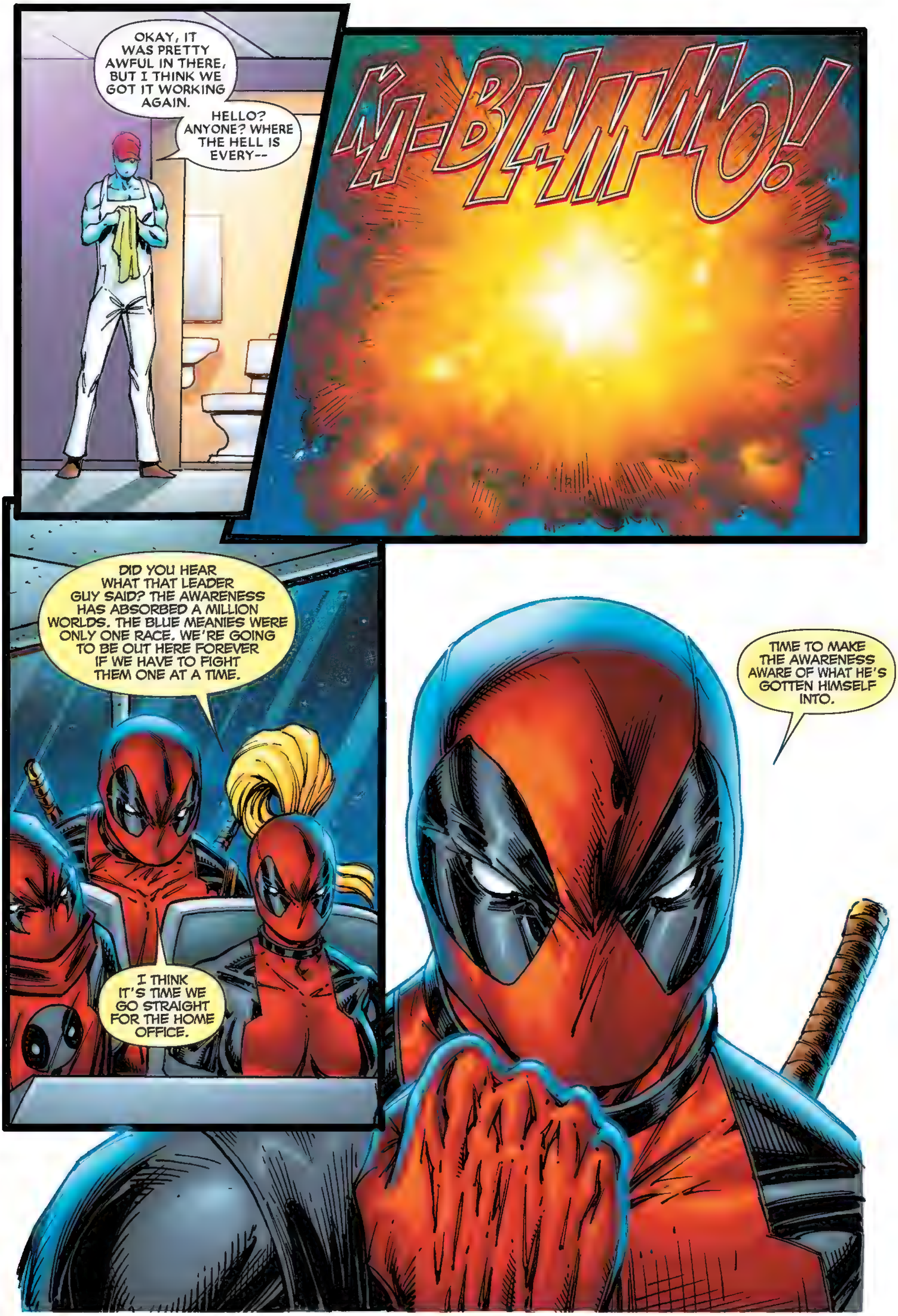

WHO'S A GOOD POOCHY-WOOCHY!
FINALLY!
BZZZZZT
HEY, THEY PUT OUR WEAPONS OVER HERE. SWEET!
HOW CONVENIENT.
NICE JOB, BUDDY! GOOD DOG. OKAY, WHAT'S THE PLAN? SPEAK, BOY, SPEAK.
WOOF WOOF. BARK. GRRRRR. WOOF WOOF WOOF!
I SWEAR I THOUGHT I'D BE ABLE TO UNDERSTAND HIM.
YOU ARE AN IDIOT.
LET'S JUST GET BACK TO THE SHIP AND HAUL BUTT.


AS SOON AS WE'RE ABOARD SHIP, I WANT TITO TO FIRE UP THE ENGINES, AND THEN--
--UH-OH.
BLAST THEM!
GIVE 'EM HELL, DEADPOOL CORPS!
BA-BLOOM! BA-BLOOM!
BLAMM BLAMM BLAMM BLAMM BLAMM
@&$#%!
THIS IS TAKING TOO LONG. LET'S CUT OURSELVES A PATH!

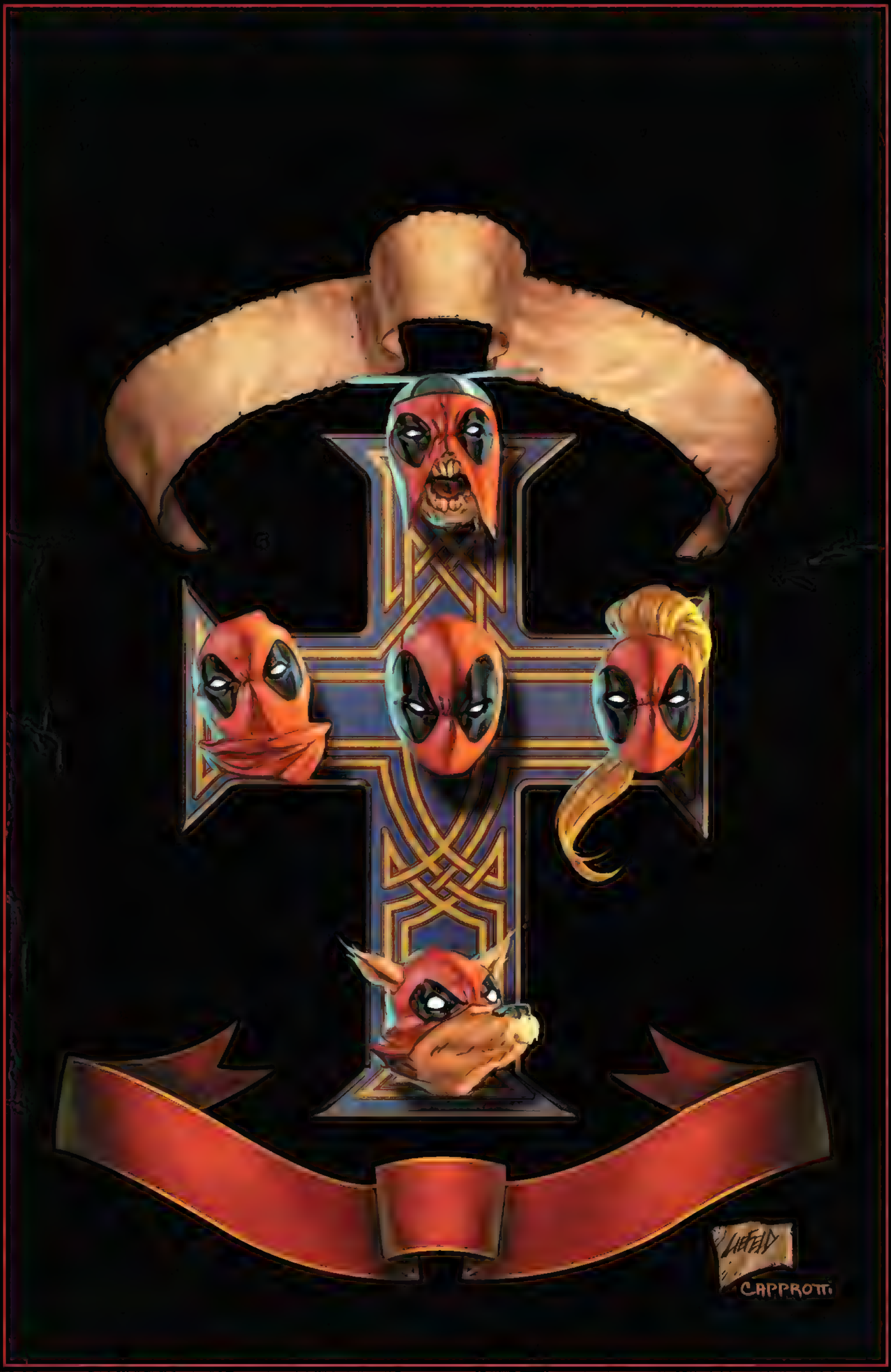

STABB!
KLANG!
I'VE BEEN WAITING TO DO THIS ALL DAY!
ZWIP!


WE'RE SO CLOSE TO THAT STAR NOW THAT ALL THE STATION'S SYSTEMS ARE OVERHEATING AND THE SAFETY SHIELDING WON'T HOLD. IT ABOUT TO GET REAL EXPLODEY.
SMAK!
YOU GO. I'VE GOT TO STAY AND MAKE SURE THESE CRETINS DON'T CHANGE COURSE. *GO!*
BAP!
OKAY, JUST TO BE CLEAR, IF YOU STAY, YOU GO BOOM WITH THE SPACE STATION. NOT THAT I'LL LOSE ANY SLEEP ABOUT IT. I'M JUST SAYING...
I REALIZE NOW THAT MY BROTHER ELDER MUST HAVE KNOWN WHAT HE WAS DOING WHEN HE PICKED YOU FOR THIS MISSION. I DON'T HAVE TO UNDERSTAND IT. IF *THIS* IS HOW I CAN CONTRIBUTE IN THE BATTLE AGAINST THE AWARENESS, THEN SO BE IT.
SO LONG, CHAMP! IT'S BEEN FUN.


WAIT FOR ME, GUYS! *HURRY.* THIS PLACE AIN'T GONNA LAST TOO MUCH LONGER.
SUCH MINDLESS VIOLENCE. YOU CUT THROUGH MY MEN LIKE SOME FORCE OF NATURE. THE AWARENESS WAS RIGHT TO ORDER YOUR DESTRUCTION. SUCH A RASH DISREGARD FOR YOUR OWN SAFETY.
YEAH, THAT'S WHY WE GOT THE GIG.
CONVERSATION ENDS.
BLAMM!
OKAY, TITO, PUT SOME DISTANCE BETWEEN US AND THAT SPACE STATION.


OKAY, IT WAS PRETTY AWFUL IN THERE, BUT I THINK WE GOT IT WORKING AGAIN.
HELLO? ANYONE? WHERE THE HELL IS EVERY--
KA-BLAMMO!
DID YOU HEAR WHAT THAT LEADER GUY SAID? THE AWARENESS HAS ABSORBED A MILLION WORLDS. THE BLUE MEANIES WERE ONLY ONE RACE. WE'RE GOING TO BE OUT HERE FOREVER IF WE HAVE TO FIGHT THEM ONE AT A TIME.
I THINK IT'S TIME WE GO STRAIGHT FOR THE HOME OFFICE.
TIME TO MAKE THE AWARENESS AWARE OF WHAT HE'S GOTTEN HIMSELF INTO.

COMING NEXT MONTH: DEADPOOL CORPS #4

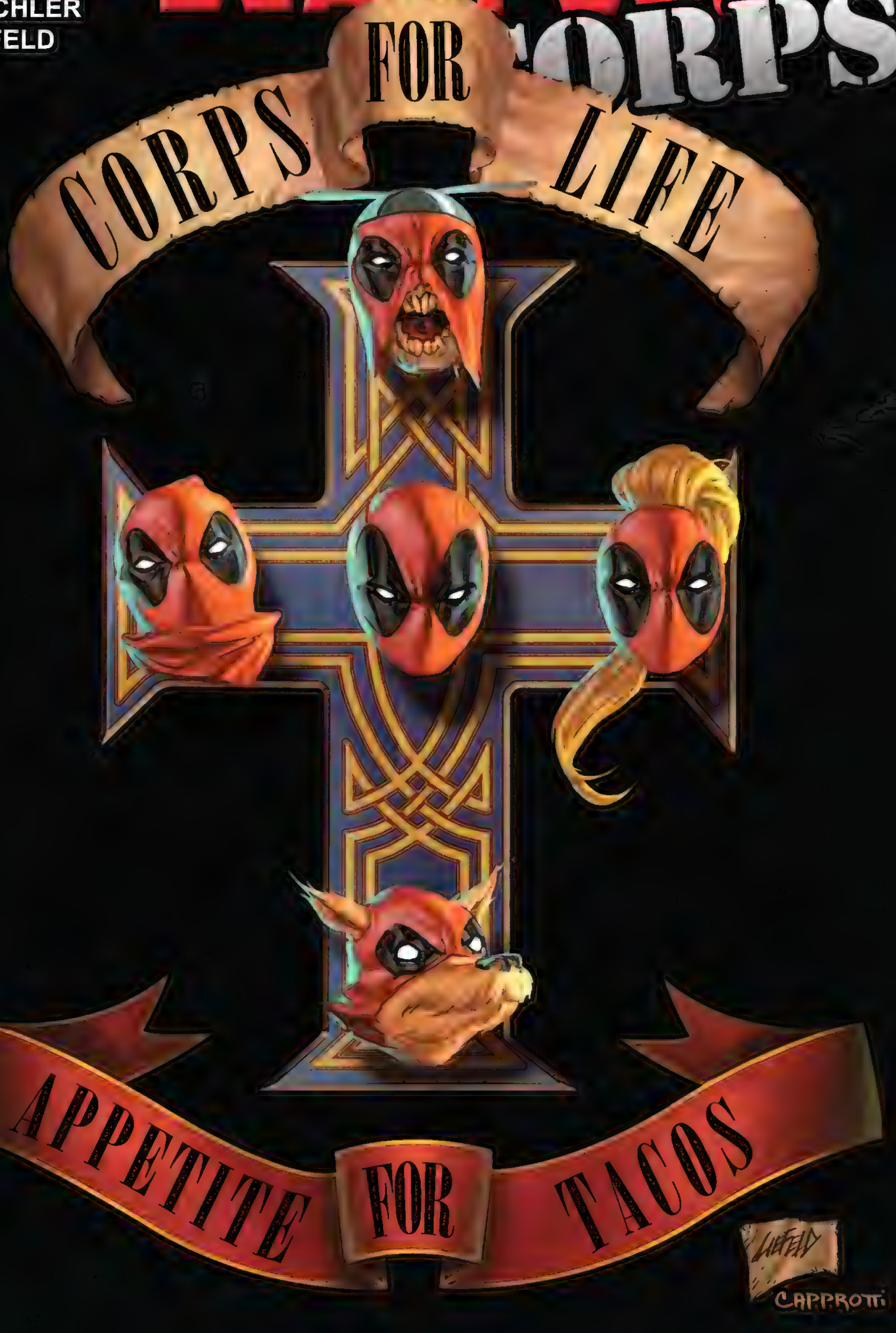

LIEFELD
CAPPROTTI

MARVEL

4

GISCHLER
LIEFELD

DEADPOOL CORPS


CORPS FOR LIFE
APPETITE FOR TACOS
LIEFELD
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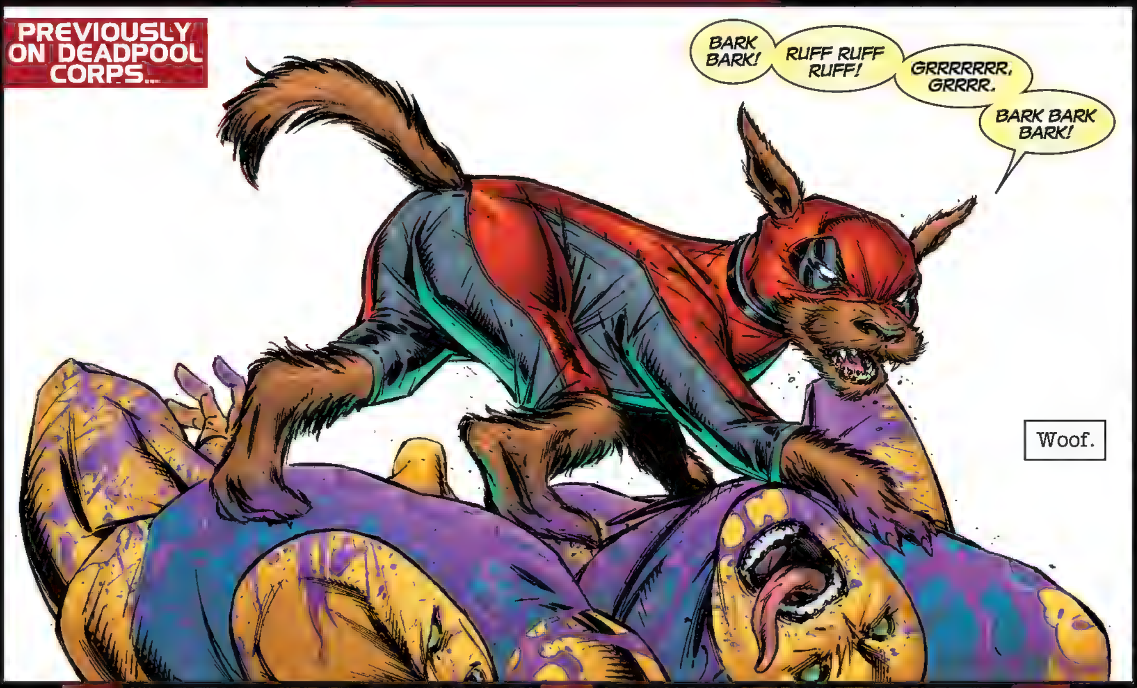
DEADPOOL CORPS


PREVIOUSLY ON DEADPOOL CORPS...
BARK BARK!
RUFF RUFF RUFF!
GRRRRRRRR, GRRRR.
BARK BARK BARK!
Woof.

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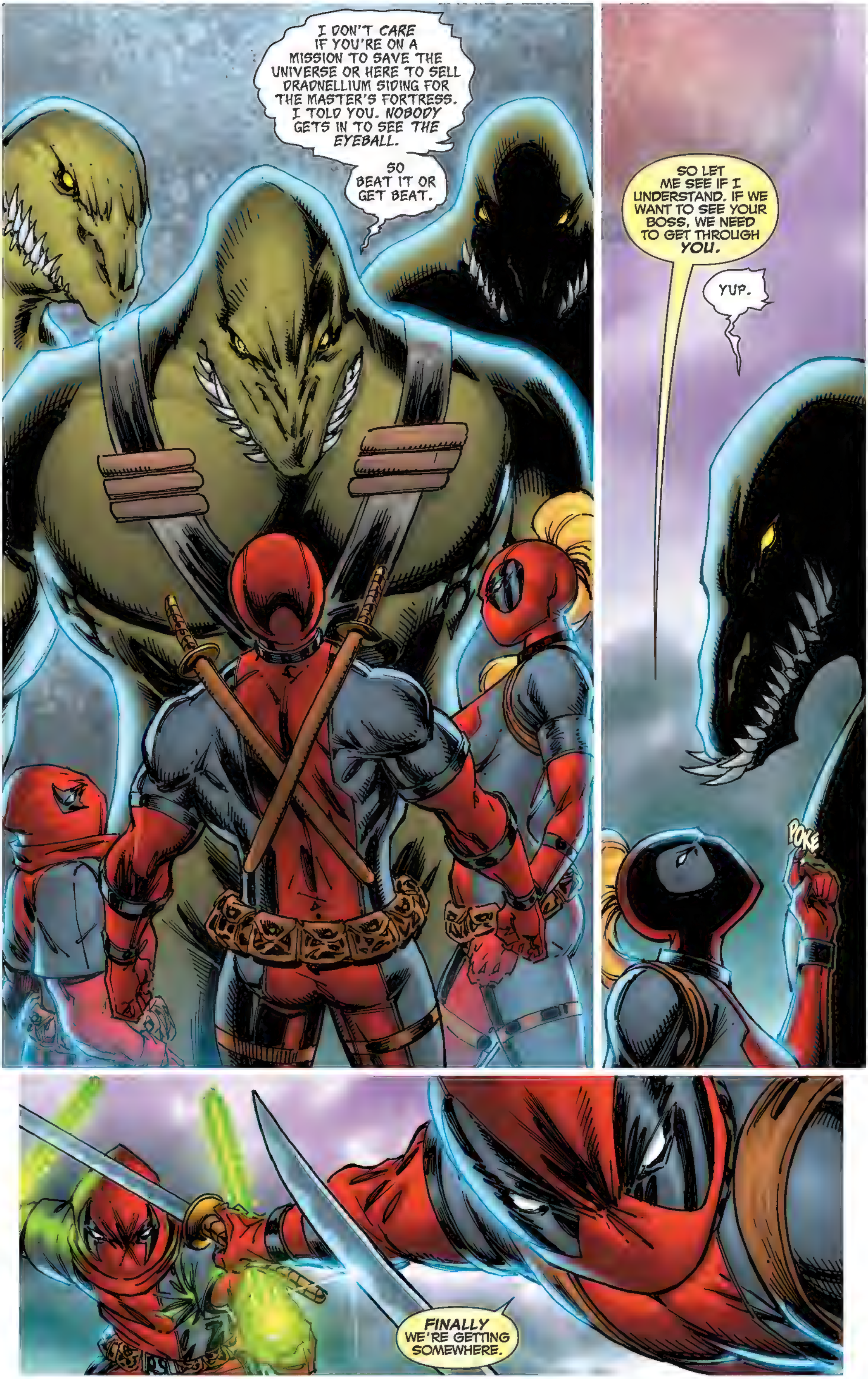
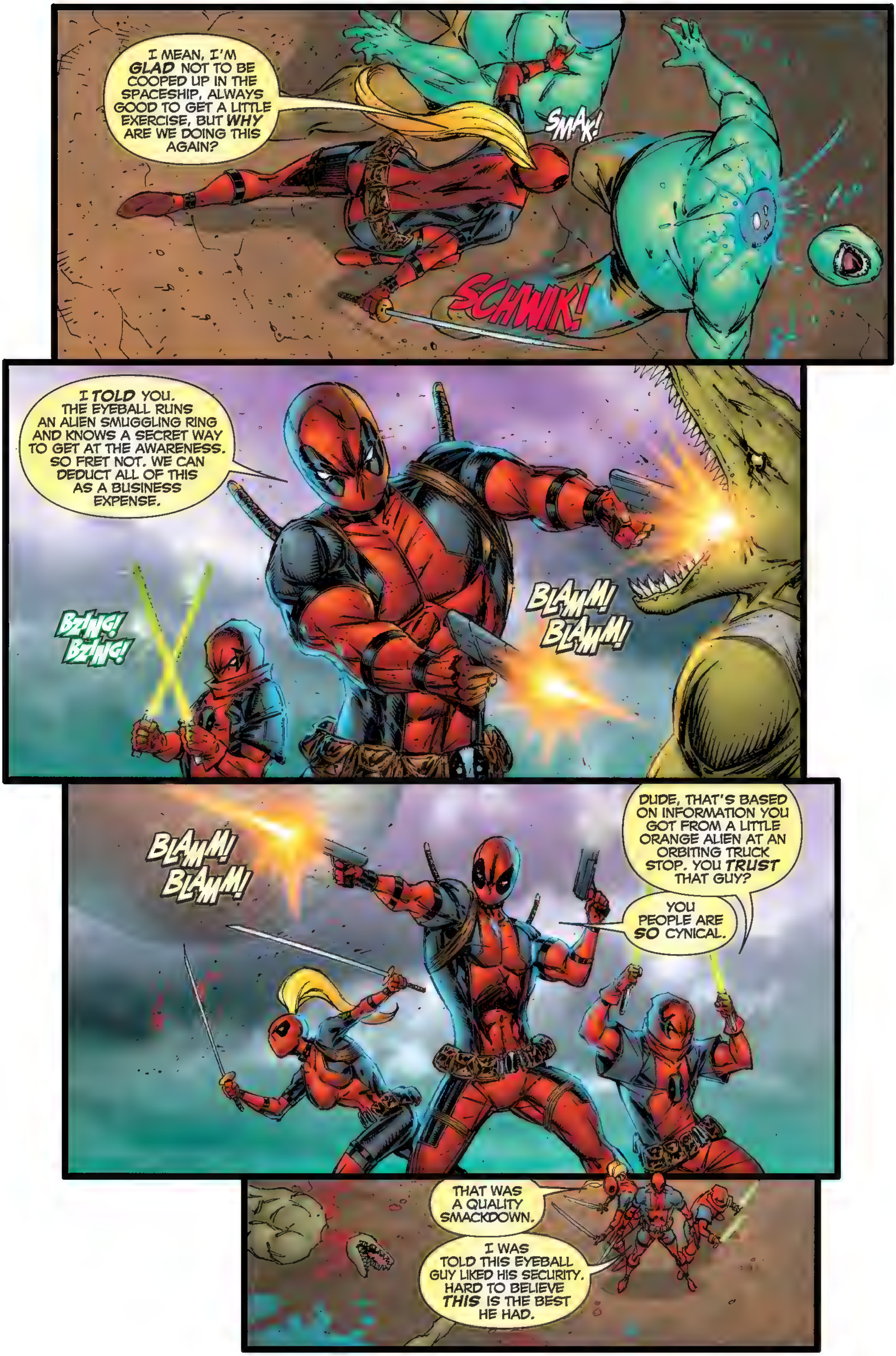
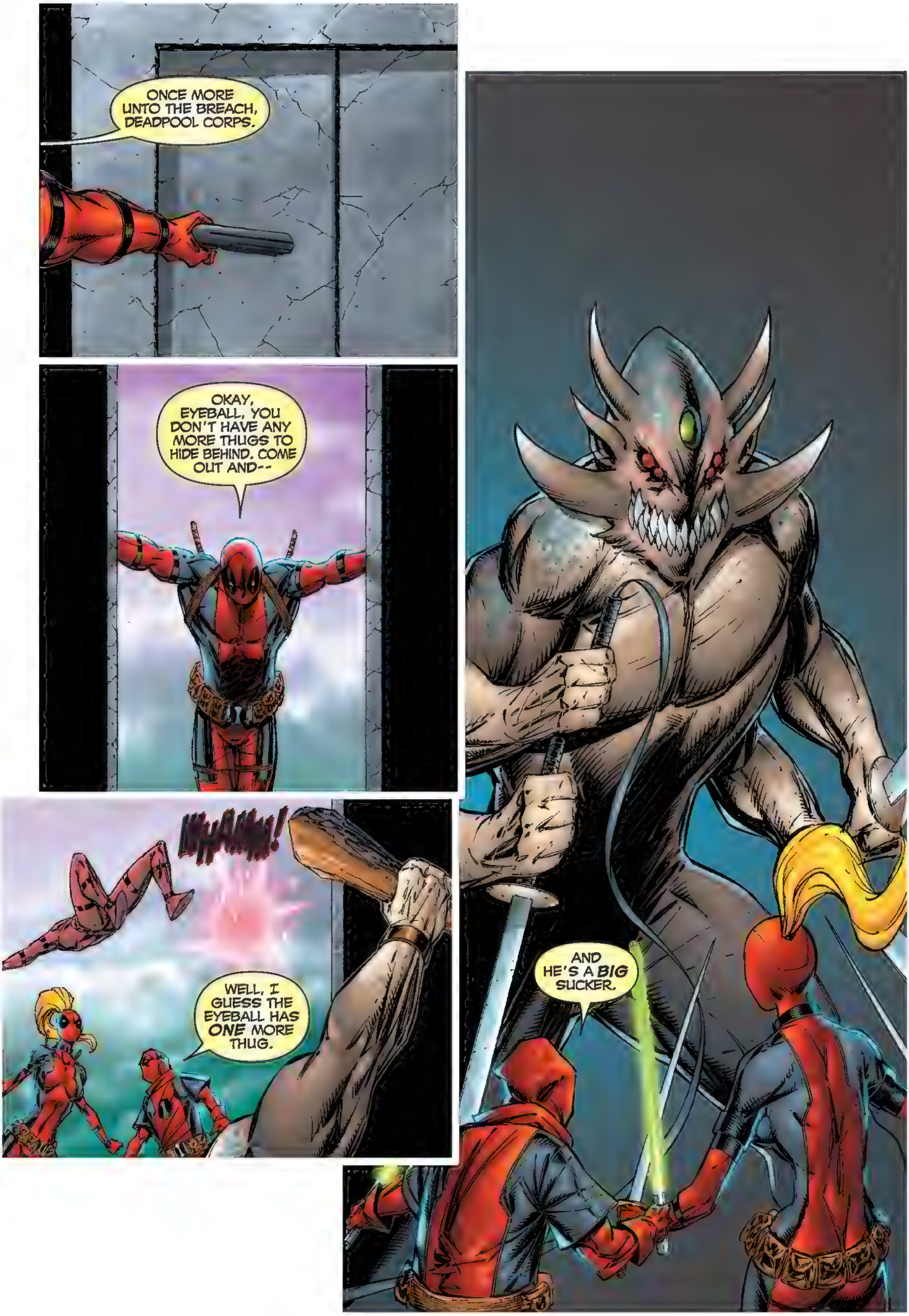
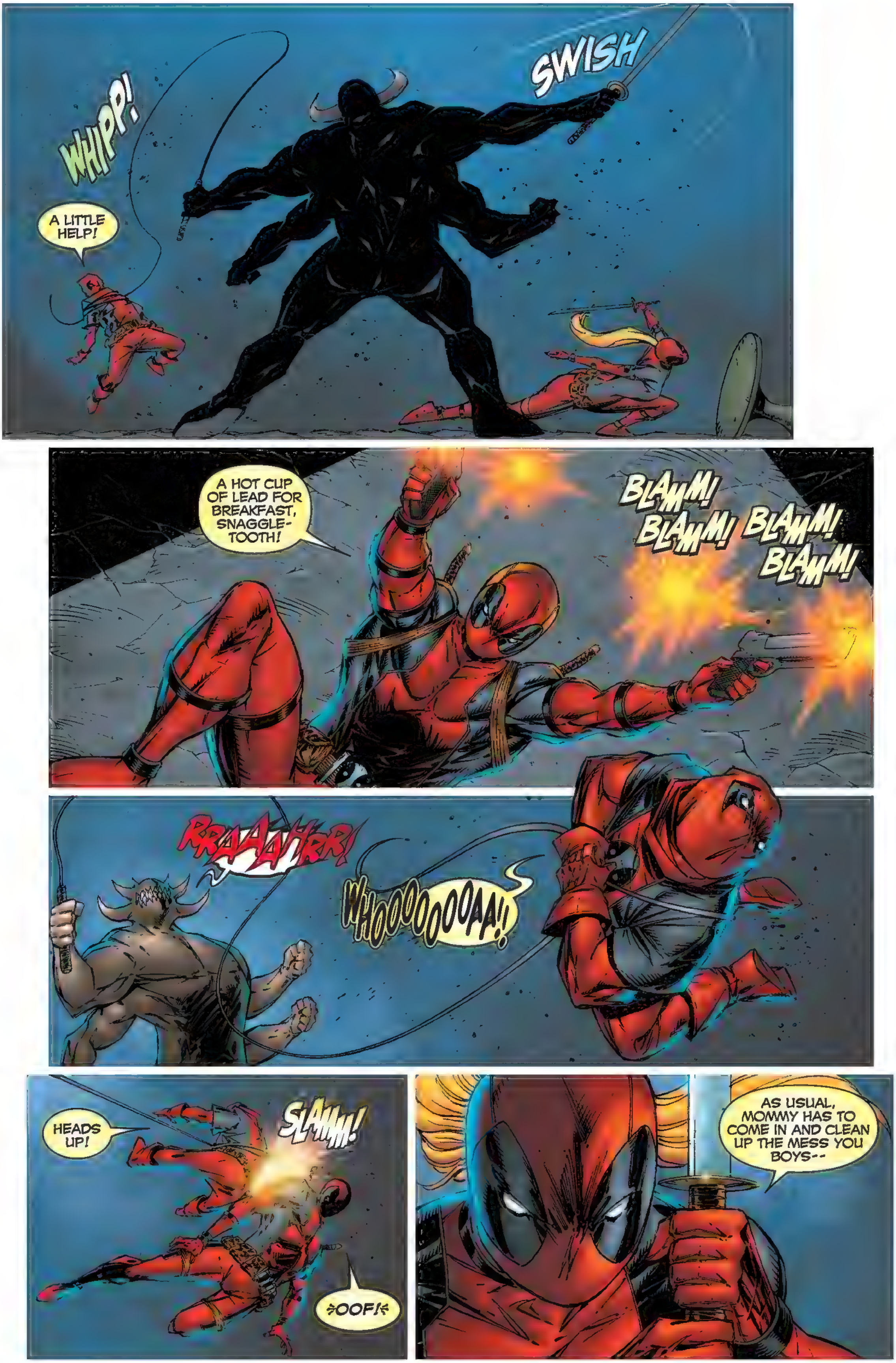
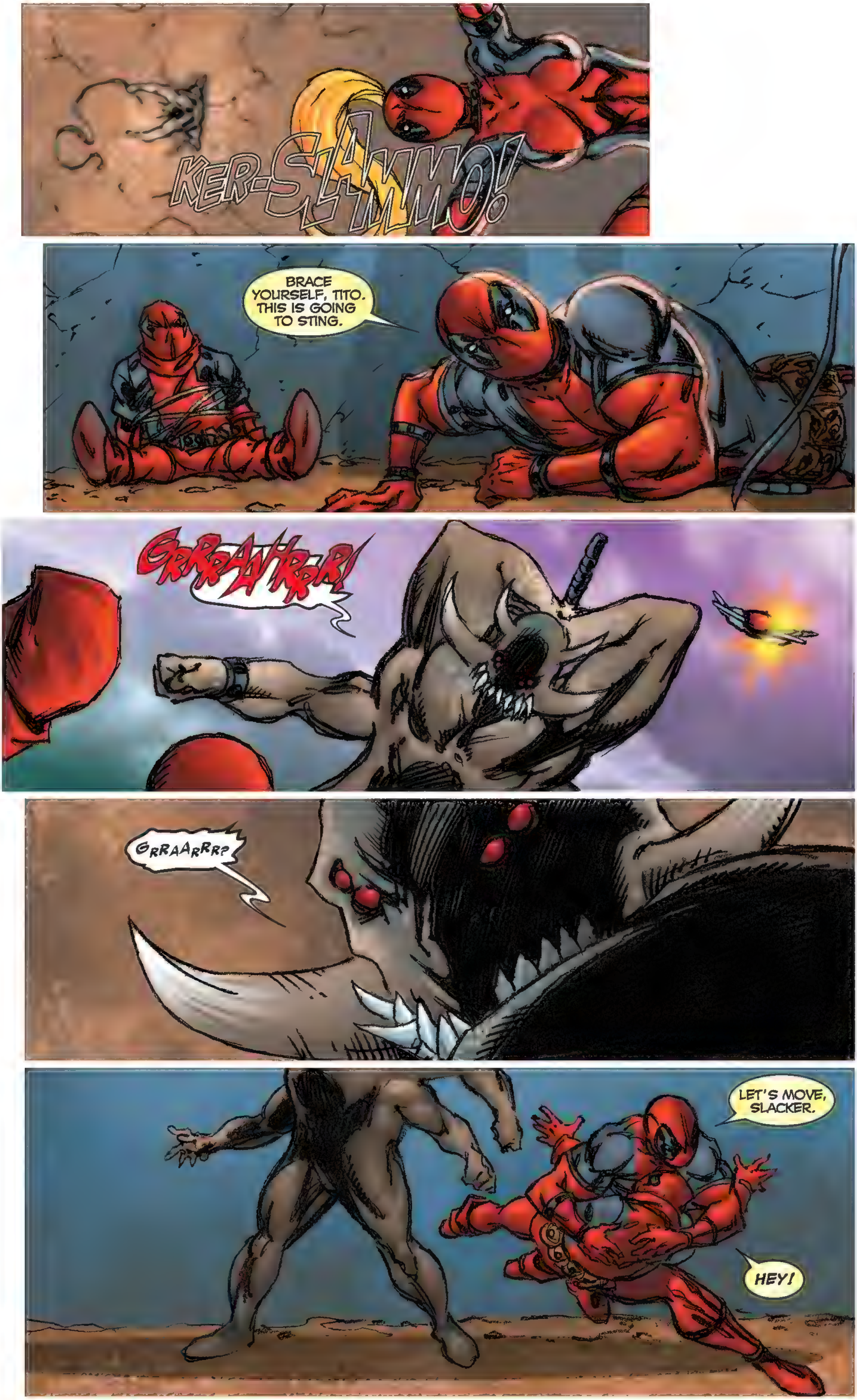

I DON'T CARE IF YOU'RE ON A MISSION TO SAVE THE UNIVERSE OR HERE TO SELL DRADNELLIUM SIDING FOR THE MASTER'S FORTRESS. I TOLD YOU. NOBODY GETS IN TO SEE THE EYEBALL.
SO BEAT IT OR GET BEAT.
SO LET ME SEE IF I UNDERSTAND. IF WE WANT TO SEE YOUR BOSS, WE NEED TO GET THROUGH *YOU*.
YUP.
POKE
FINALLY WE'RE GETTING SOMEWHERE.

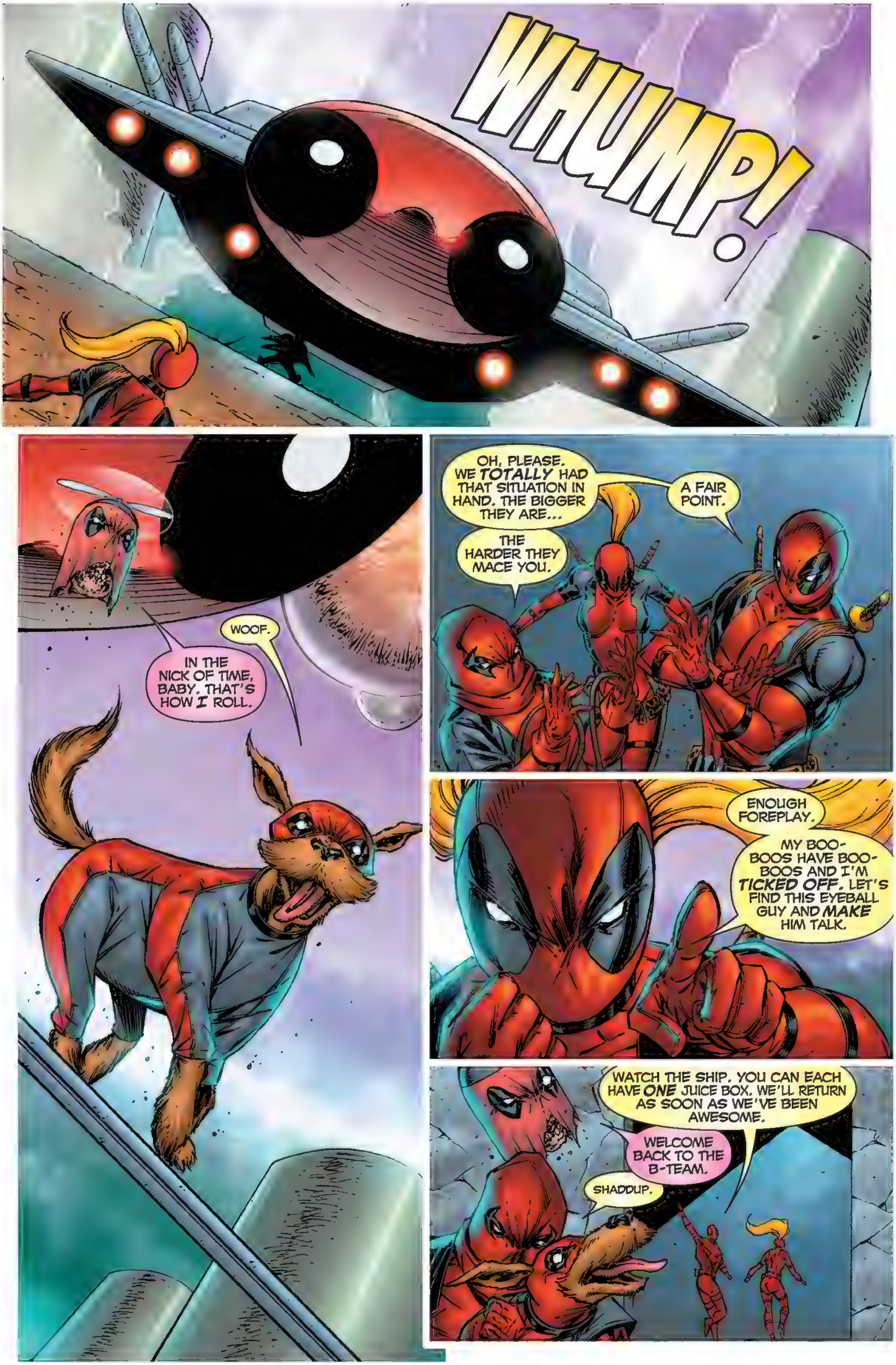
SCHKLING!
JABB!
ZZZWAPP! ZZZWAPP!
BLAMM BLAMM BLAMM BLAMM BLAMM BLAMM BLAMM BLAMM

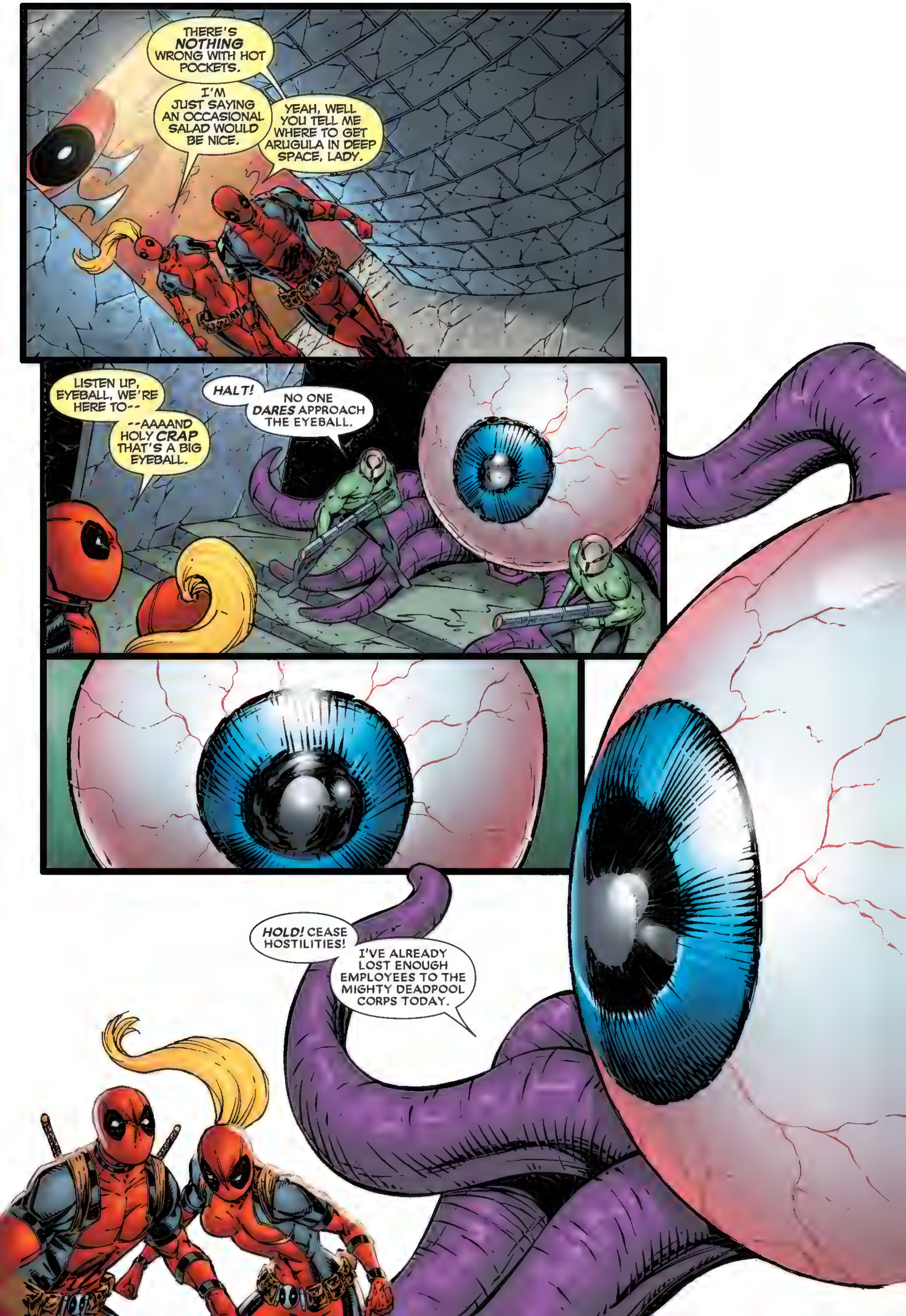

I MEAN, I'M GLAD NOT TO BE COOPED UP IN THE SPACESHIP, ALWAYS GOOD TO GET A LITTLE EXERCISE, BUT WHY ARE WE DOING THIS AGAIN?
SMAK!
SCHWIK!
I TOLD YOU. THE EYEBALL RUNS AN ALIEN SMUGGLING RING AND KNOWS A SECRET WAY TO GET AT THE AWARENESS. SO FRET NOT. WE CAN DEDUCT ALL OF THIS AS A BUSINESS EXPENSE.
BZING! BZING!
BLAMM! BLAMM!
BLAMM! BLAMM!
DUDE, THAT'S BASED ON INFORMATION YOU GOT FROM A LITTLE ORANGE ALIEN AT AN ORBITING TRUCK STOP. YOU TRUST THAT GUY?
YOU PEOPLE ARE SO CYNICAL.
THAT WAS A QUALITY SMACKDOWN.
I WAS TOLD THIS EYEBALL GUY LIKED HIS SECURITY. HARD TO BELIEVE THIS IS THE BEST HE HAD.

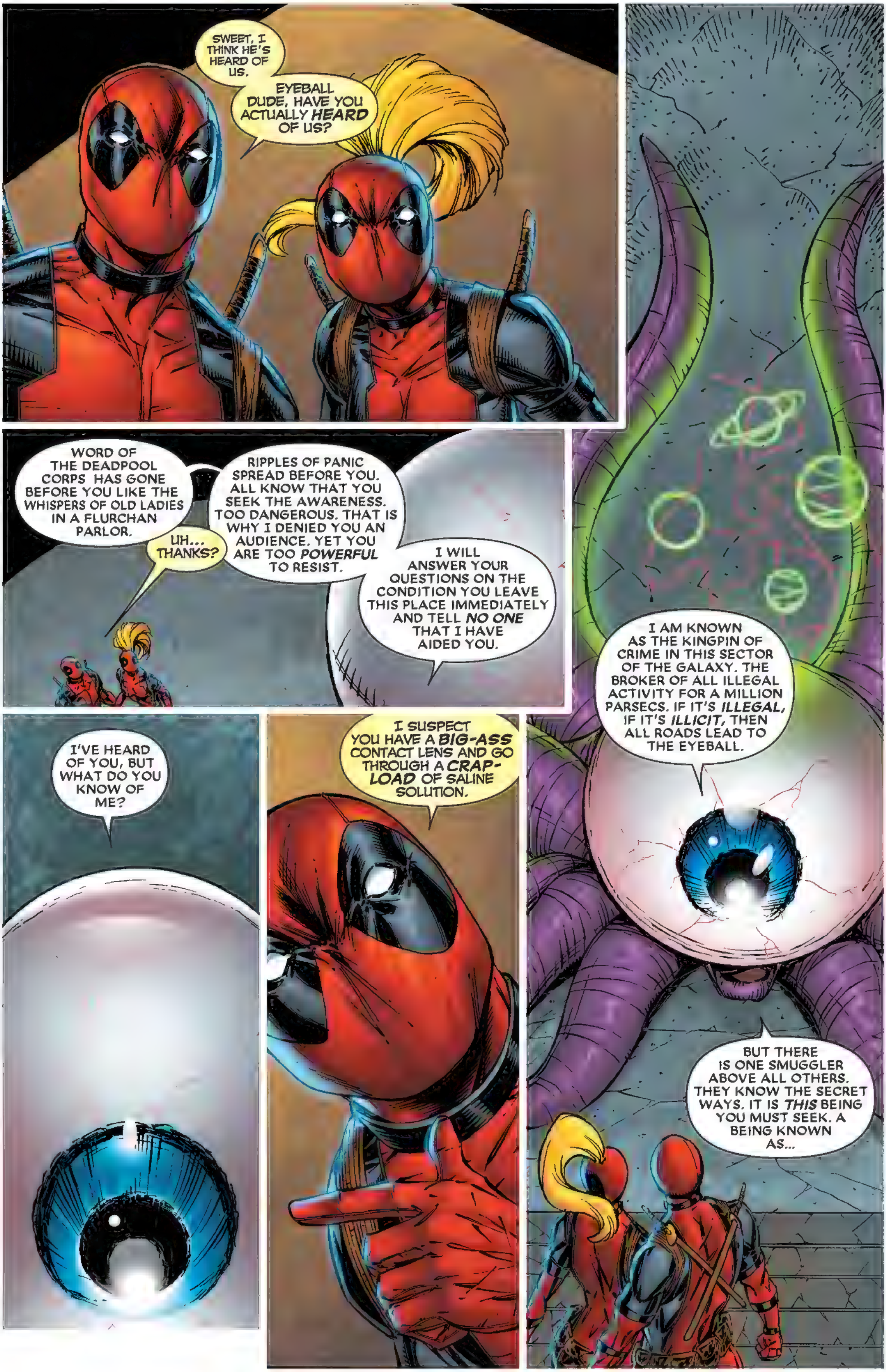

ONCE MORE UNTO THE BREACH, DEADPOOL CORPS.
OKAY, EYEBALL, YOU DON'T HAVE ANY MORE THUGS TO HIDE BEHIND. COME OUT AND--
WHAMM!
WELL, I GUESS THE EYEBALL HAS *ONE* MORE THUG.
AND HE'S A *BIG* SUCKER.

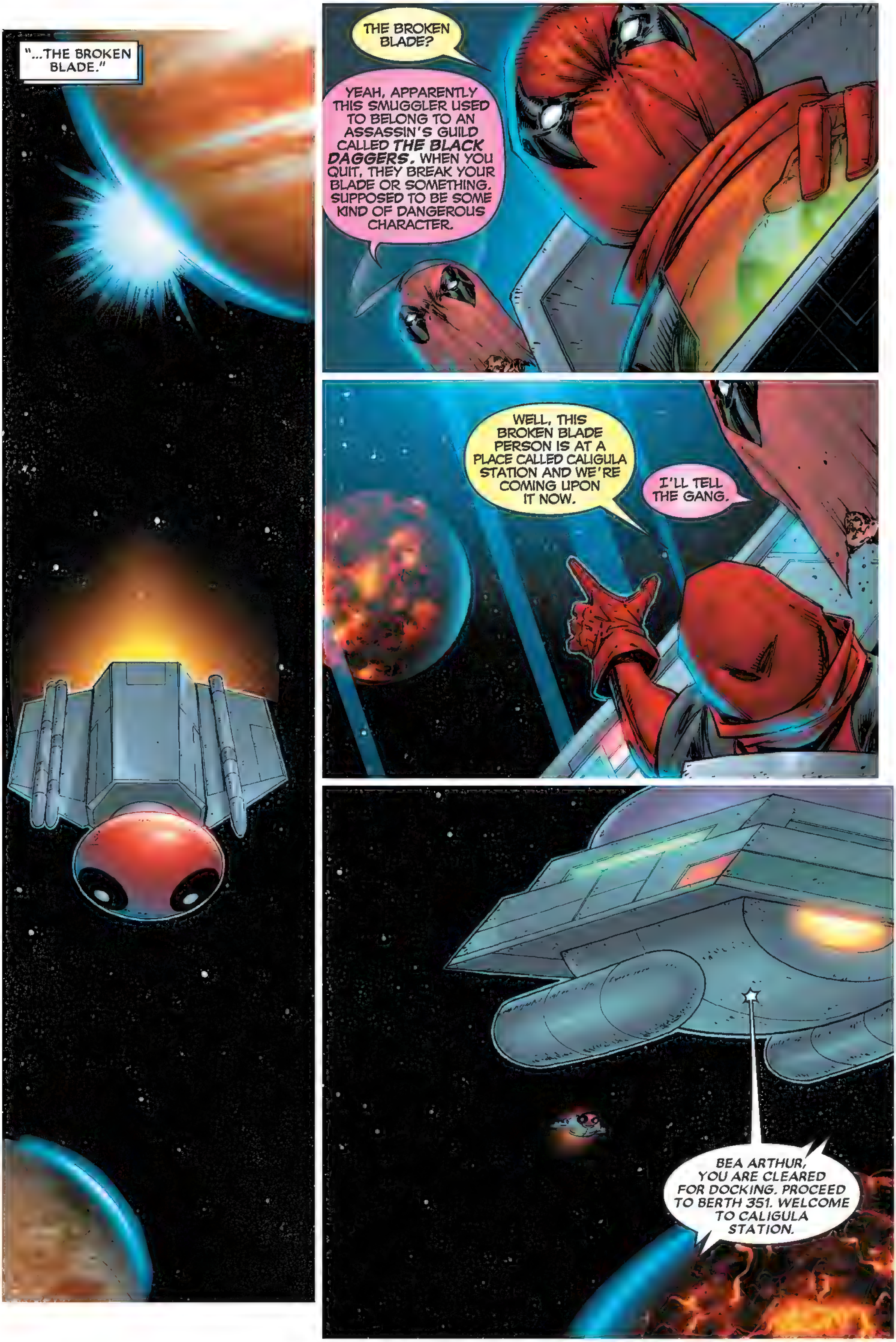

WHIPP!
SWISH
A LITTLE HELP!
A HOT CUP OF LEAD FOR BREAKFAST, SNAGGLE-TOOTH!
BLAMM! BLAMM! BLAMM! BLAMM!
RRAAAHRR!
WHOOOOOOOAA!!
HEADS UP!
SLAMM!
OOF!
AS USUAL, MOMMY HAS TO COME IN AND CLEAN UP THE MESS YOU BOYS--

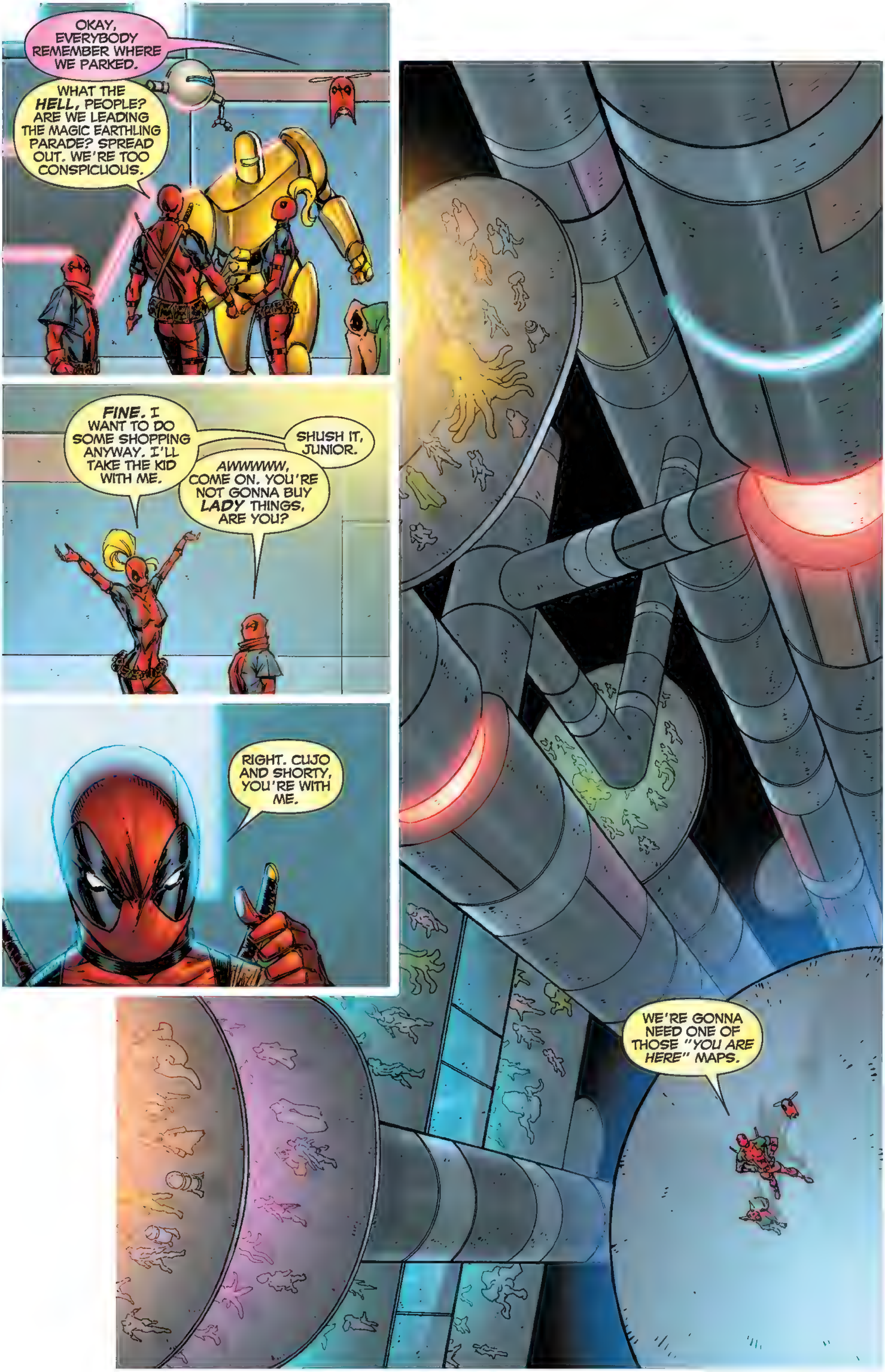

KER-SLAMMO!
BRACE YOURSELF, TITO. THIS IS GOING TO STING.
GRRRAWRRR!
GRRAARRR?
LET'S MOVE, SLACKER.
HEY!

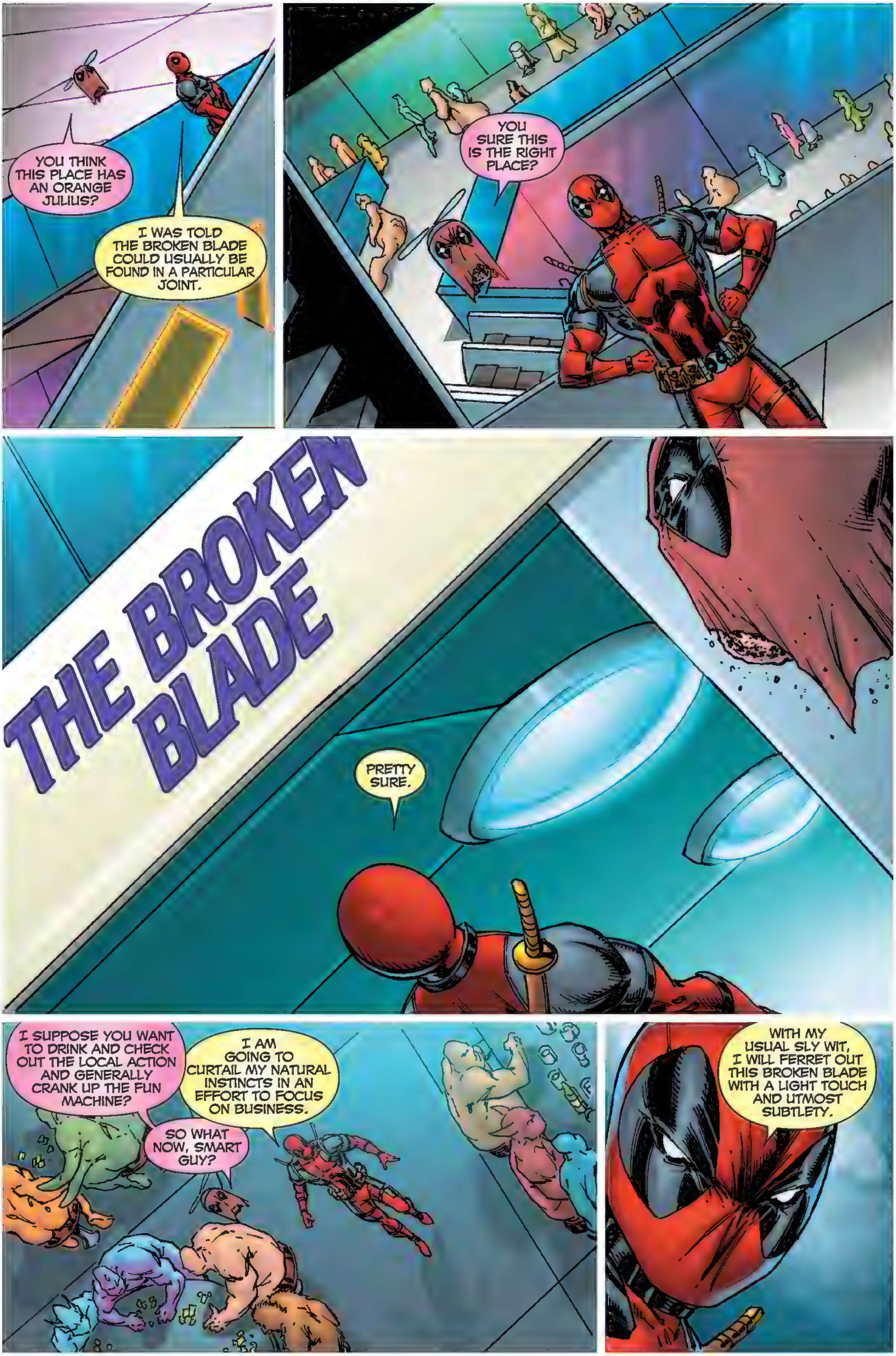

WHUMP!
IN THE NICK OF TIME, BABY. THAT'S HOW *I* ROLL.
WOOF.
OH, PLEASE. WE **TOTALLY** HAD THAT SITUATION IN HAND. THE BIGGER THEY ARE...
THE HARDER THEY MACE YOU.
A FAIR POINT.
ENOUGH FOREPLAY.
MY BOO-BOOS HAVE BOO-BOOS AND I'M **TICKED OFF.** LET'S FIND THIS EYEBALL GUY AND **MAKE** HIM TALK.
WATCH THE SHIP. YOU CAN EACH HAVE **ONE** JUICE BOX. WE'LL RETURN AS SOON AS WE'VE BEEN AWESOME.
WELCOME BACK TO THE B-TEAM.
SHADDUP.

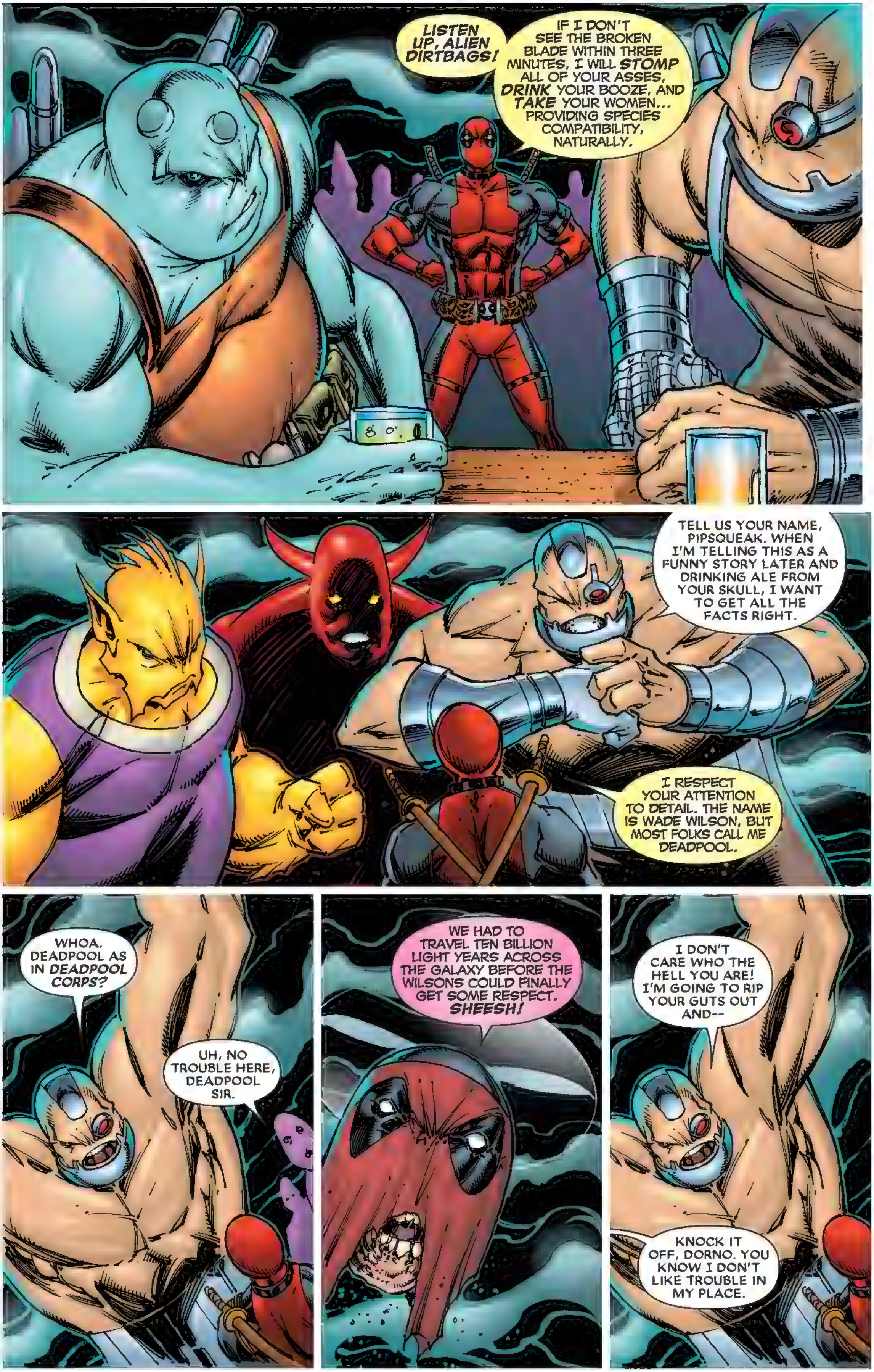

THERE'S **NOTHING** WRONG WITH HOT POCKETS.
I'M JUST SAYING AN OCCASIONAL SALAD WOULD BE NICE.
YEAH, WELL YOU TELL ME WHERE TO GET ARUGULA IN DEEP SPACE, LADY.
LISTEN UP, EYEBALL, WE'RE HERE TO--
--AAAAND HOLY **CRAP** THAT'S A BIG EYEBALL.
HALT!
NO ONE **DARES** APPROACH THE EYEBALL.
HOLD! CEASE HOSTILITIES!
I'VE ALREADY LOST ENOUGH EMPLOYEES TO THE MIGHTY DEADPOOL CORPS TODAY.

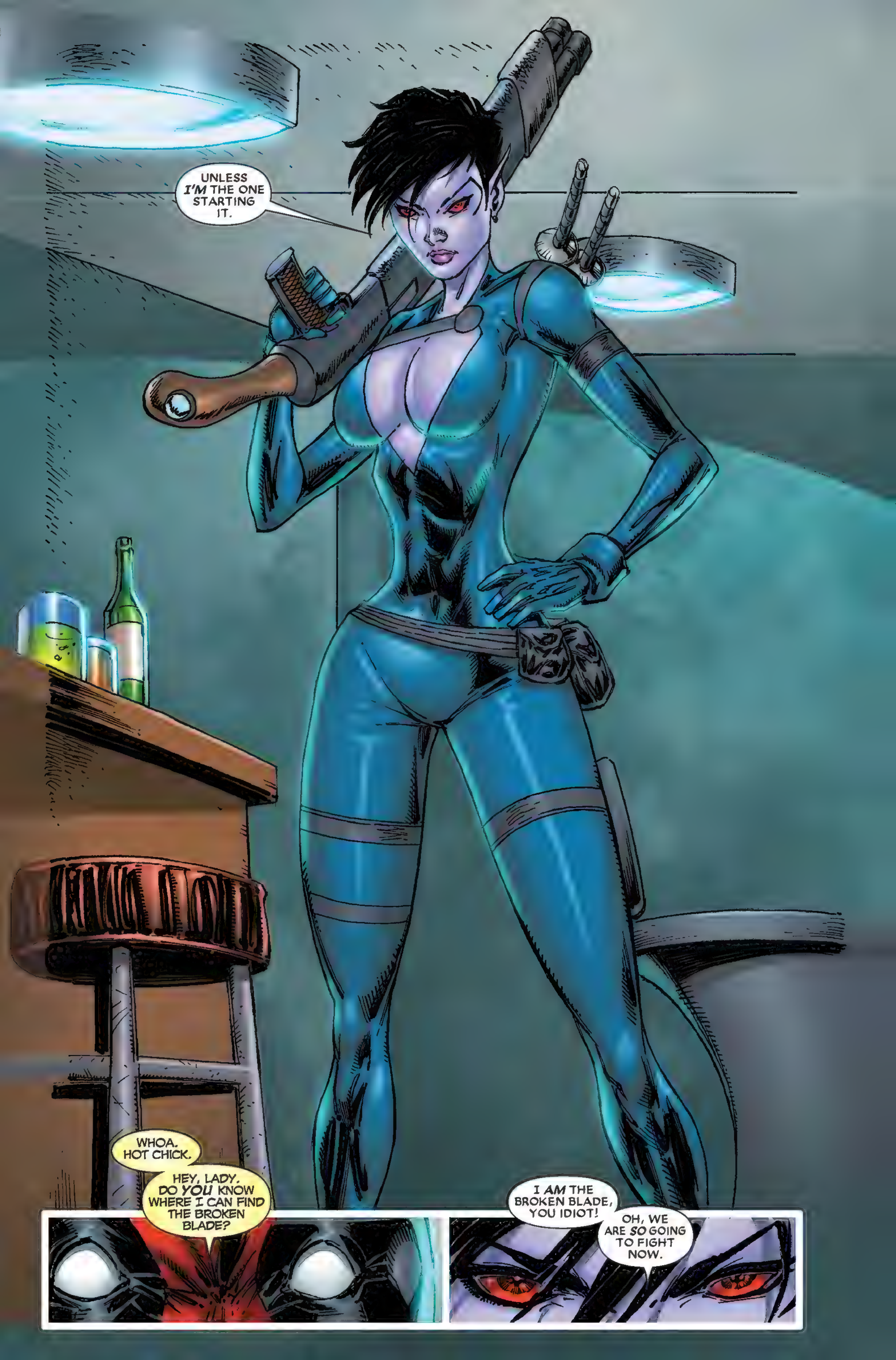

SWEET, I THINK HE'S HEARD OF US.
EYEBALL DUDE, HAVE YOU ACTUALLY **HEARD** OF US?
WORD OF THE DEADPOOL CORPS HAS GONE BEFORE YOU LIKE THE WHISPERS OF OLD LADIES IN A FLURCHAN PARLOR.
UH... THANKS?
RIPPLES OF PANIC SPREAD BEFORE YOU. ALL KNOW THAT YOU SEEK THE AWARENESS. TOO DANGEROUS. THAT IS WHY I DENIED YOU AN AUDIENCE. YET YOU ARE TOO **POWERFUL** TO RESIST.
I WILL ANSWER YOUR QUESTIONS ON THE CONDITION YOU LEAVE THIS PLACE IMMEDIATELY AND TELL **NO ONE** THAT I HAVE AIDED YOU.
I AM KNOWN AS THE KINGPIN OF CRIME IN THIS SECTOR OF THE GALAXY. THE BROKER OF ALL ILLEGAL ACTIVITY FOR A MILLION PARSECS. IF IT'S **ILLEGAL,** IF IT'S **ILLICIT,** THEN ALL ROADS LEAD TO THE EYEBALL.
I'VE HEARD OF YOU, BUT WHAT DO YOU KNOW OF ME?
I SUSPECT YOU HAVE A **BIG-ASS** CONTACT LENS AND GO THROUGH A **CRAP-LOAD** OF SALINE SOLUTION.
BUT THERE IS ONE SMUGGLER ABOVE ALL OTHERS. THEY KNOW THE SECRET WAYS. IT IS **THIS** BEING YOU MUST SEEK. A BEING KNOWN AS...

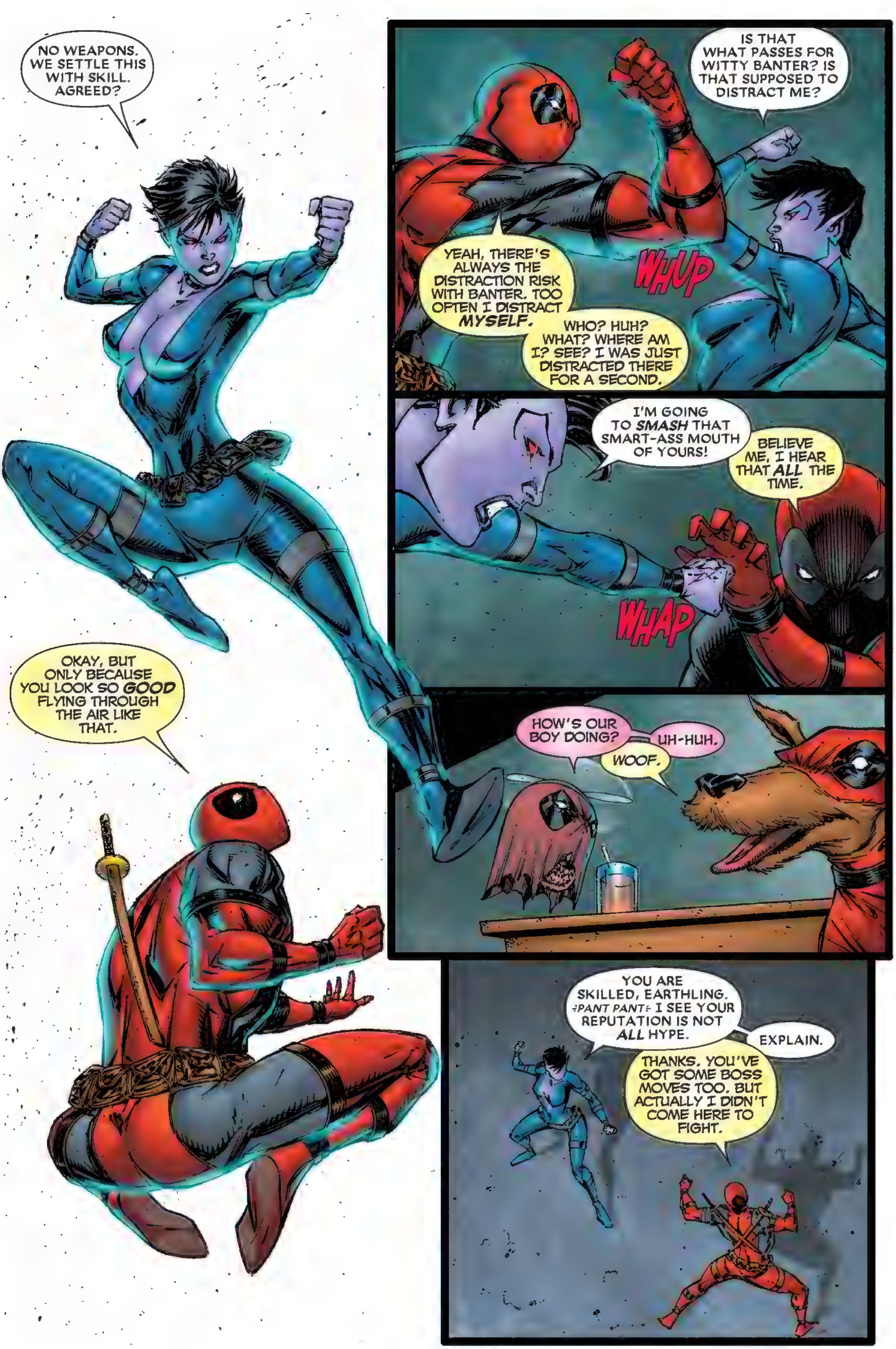

"...THE BROKEN BLADE."
THE BROKEN BLADE?
YEAH, APPARENTLY THIS SMUGGLER USED TO BELONG TO AN ASSASSIN'S GUILD CALLED ***THE BLACK DAGGERS.*** WHEN YOU QUIT, THEY BREAK YOUR BLADE OR SOMETHING. SUPPOSED TO BE SOME KIND OF DANGEROUS CHARACTER.
WELL, THIS BROKEN BLADE PERSON IS AT A PLACE CALLED CALIGULA STATION AND WE'RE COMING UPON IT NOW.
I'LL TELL THE GANG.
BEA ARTHUR, YOU ARE CLEARED FOR DOCKING. PROCEED TO BERTH 351. WELCOME TO CALIGULA STATION.

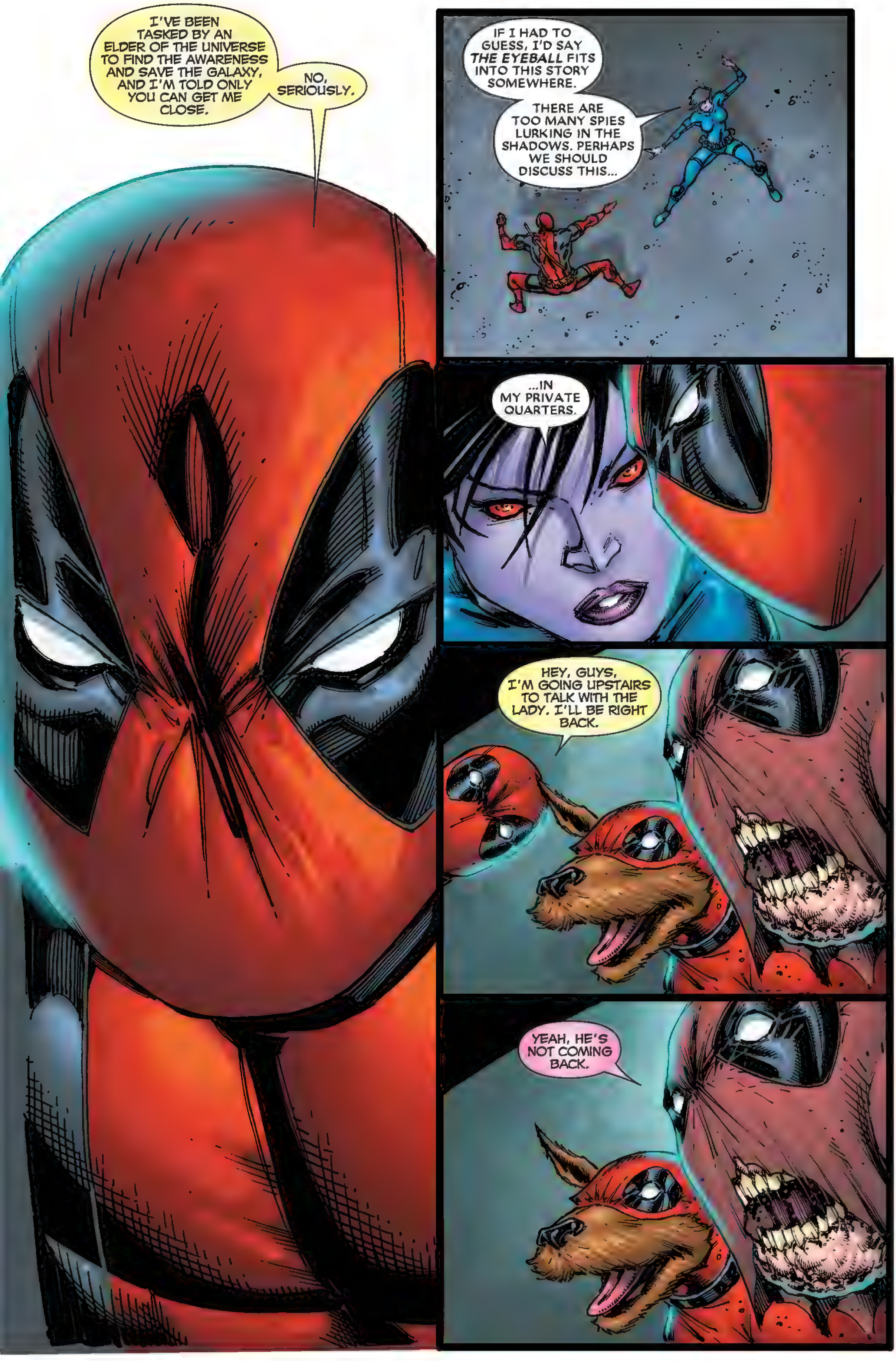

OKAY, EVERYBODY REMEMBER WHERE WE PARKED.
WHAT THE *HELL,* PEOPLE? ARE WE LEADING THE MAGIC EARTHLING PARADE? SPREAD OUT. WE'RE TOO CONSPICUOUS.
FINE. I WANT TO DO SOME SHOPPING ANYWAY. I'LL TAKE THE KID WITH ME.
SHUSH IT, JUNIOR.
AWWWWW, COME ON. YOU'RE NOT GONNA BUY *LADY* THINGS, ARE YOU?
RIGHT. CUJO AND SHORTY, YOU'RE WITH ME.
WE'RE GONNA NEED ONE OF THOSE *"YOU ARE HERE"* MAPS.

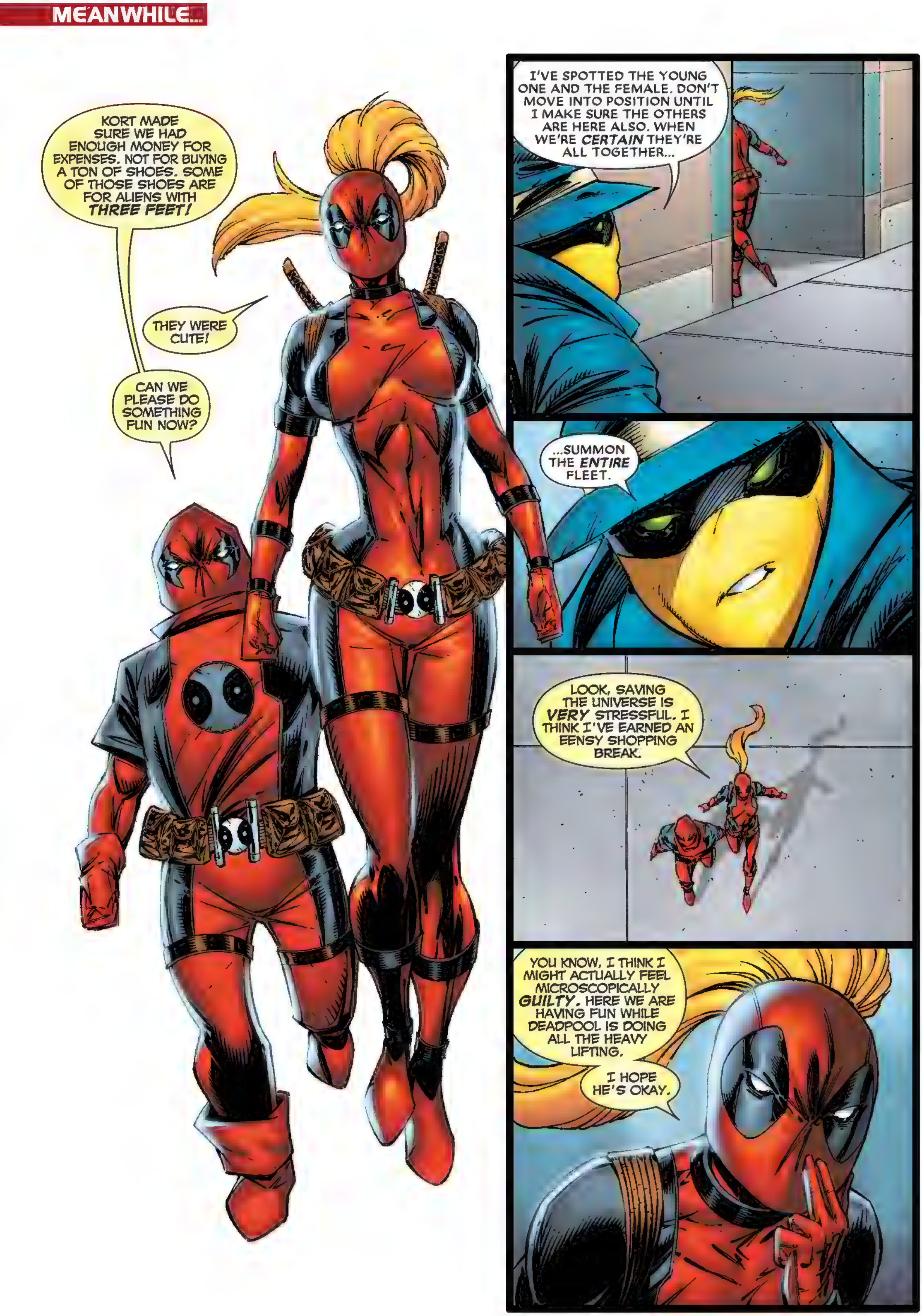

YOU THINK THIS PLACE HAS AN ORANGE JULIUS?
I WAS TOLD THE BROKEN BLADE COULD USUALLY BE FOUND IN A PARTICULAR JOINT.
YOU SURE THIS IS THE RIGHT PLACE?
THE BROKEN BLADE
PRETTY SURE.
I SUPPOSE YOU WANT TO DRINK AND CHECK OUT THE LOCAL ACTION AND GENERALLY CRANK UP THE FUN MACHINE?
I AM GOING TO CURTAIL MY NATURAL INSTINCTS IN AN EFFORT TO FOCUS ON BUSINESS.
SO WHAT NOW, SMART GUY?
WITH MY USUAL SLY WIT, I WILL FERRET OUT THIS BROKEN BLADE WITH A LIGHT TOUCH AND UTMOST SUBTLETY.

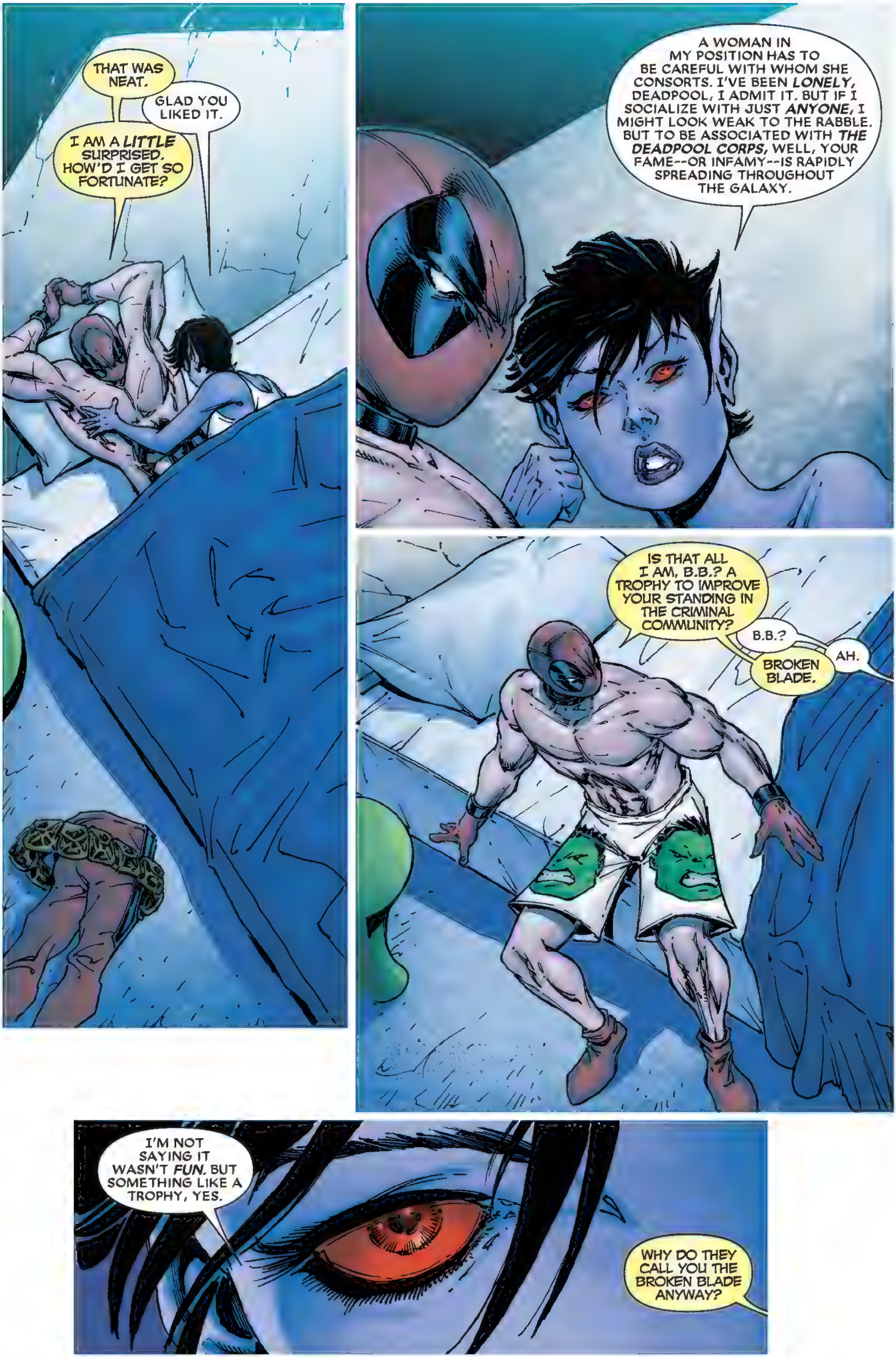

LISTEN UP, ALIEN DIRTBAGS!
IF I DON'T SEE THE BROKEN BLADE WITHIN THREE MINUTES, I WILL *STOMP* ALL OF YOUR ASSES, *DRINK* YOUR BOOZE, AND *TAKE* YOUR WOMEN... PROVIDING SPECIES COMPATIBILITY, NATURALLY.
TELL US YOUR NAME, PIPSQUEAK. WHEN I'M TELLING THIS AS A FUNNY STORY LATER AND DRINKING ALE FROM YOUR SKULL, I WANT TO GET ALL THE FACTS RIGHT.
I RESPECT YOUR ATTENTION TO DETAIL. THE NAME IS WADE WILSON, BUT MOST FOLKS CALL ME DEADPOOL.
WHOA. DEADPOOL AS IN *DEADPOOL CORPS?*
UH, NO TROUBLE HERE, DEADPOOL SIR.
WE HAD TO TRAVEL TEN BILLION LIGHT YEARS ACROSS THE GALAXY BEFORE THE WILSONS COULD FINALLY GET SOME RESPECT. *SHEESH!*
I DON'T CARE WHO THE HELL YOU ARE! I'M GOING TO RIP YOUR GUTS OUT AND--
KNOCK IT OFF, DORNO. YOU KNOW I DON'T LIKE TROUBLE IN MY PLACE.

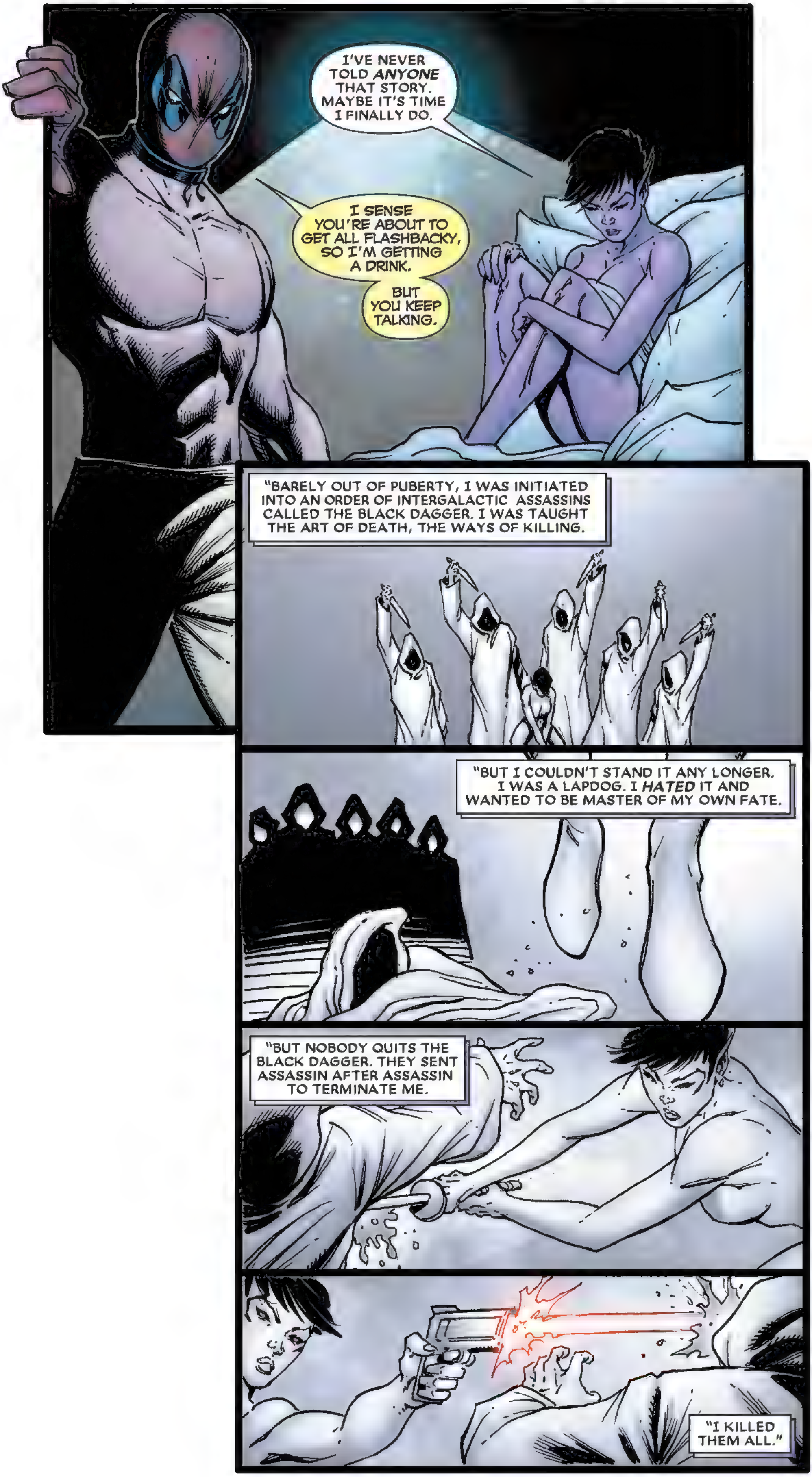

UNLESS *I'M* THE ONE STARTING IT.
WHOA. HOT CHICK.
HEY, LADY. DO *YOU* KNOW WHERE I CAN FIND THE BROKEN BLADE?
I *AM* THE BROKEN BLADE, YOU IDIOT!
OH, WE ARE *SO* GOING TO FIGHT NOW.

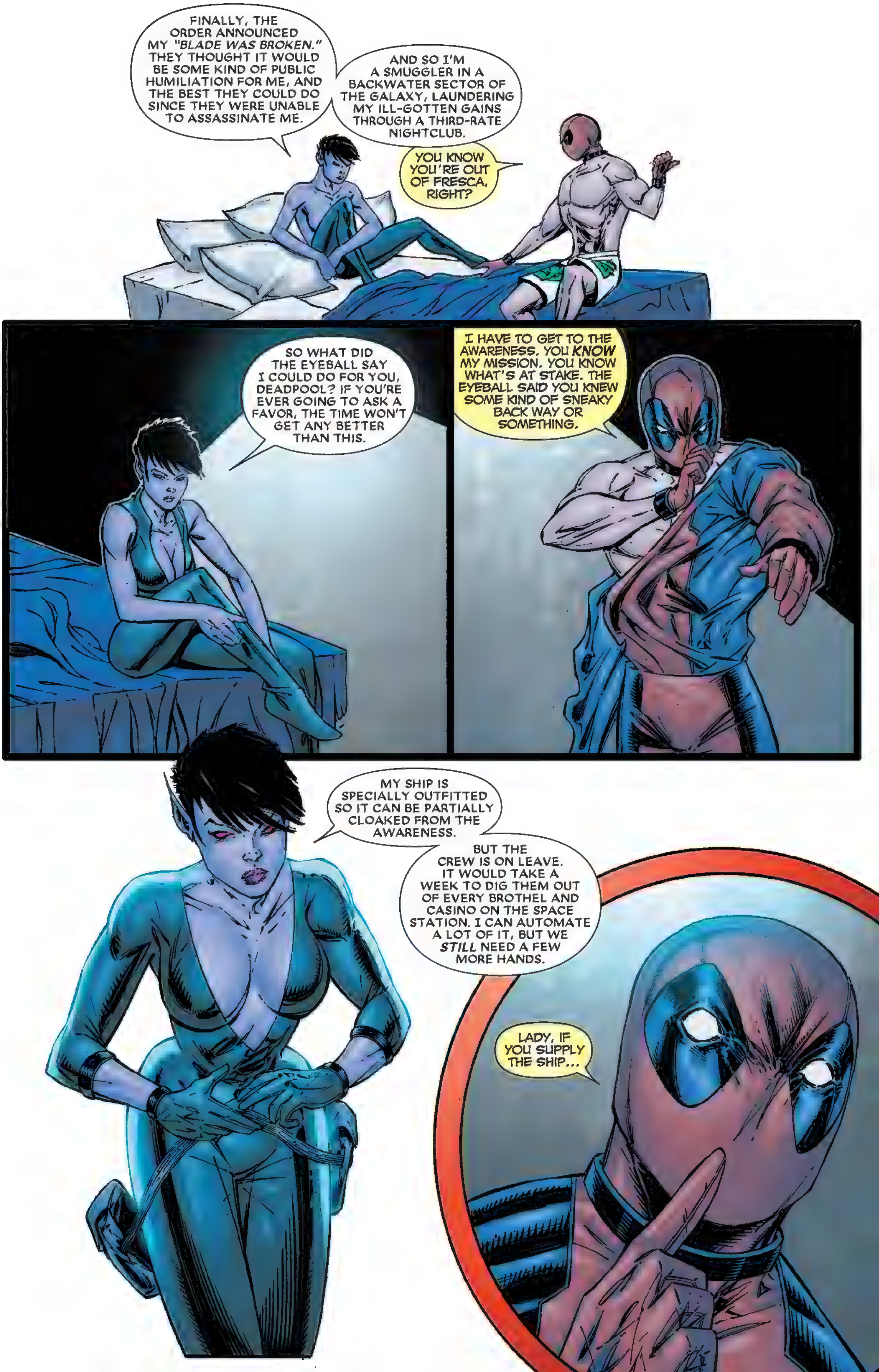

NO WEAPONS. WE SETTLE THIS WITH SKILL. AGREED?
IS THAT WHAT PASSES FOR WITTY BANTER? IS THAT SUPPOSED TO DISTRACT ME?
YEAH, THERE'S ALWAYS THE DISTRACTION RISK WITH BANTER. TOO OFTEN I DISTRACT *MYSELF*.
WHO? HUH? WHAT? WHERE AM I? SEE? I WAS JUST DISTRACTED THERE FOR A SECOND.
WHUP
I'M GOING TO *SMASH* THAT SMART-ASS MOUTH OF YOURS!
BELIEVE ME, I HEAR THAT *ALL* THE TIME.
WHAP
OKAY, BUT ONLY BECAUSE YOU LOOK SO *GOOD* FLYING THROUGH THE AIR LIKE THAT.
HOW'S OUR BOY DOING?
UH-HUH.
WOOF.
YOU ARE SKILLED, EARTHLING. ≠PANT PANT≠ I SEE YOUR REPUTATION IS NOT *ALL* HYPE.
EXPLAIN.
THANKS. YOU'VE GOT SOME BOSS MOVES TOO. BUT ACTUALLY I DIDN'T COME HERE TO FIGHT.

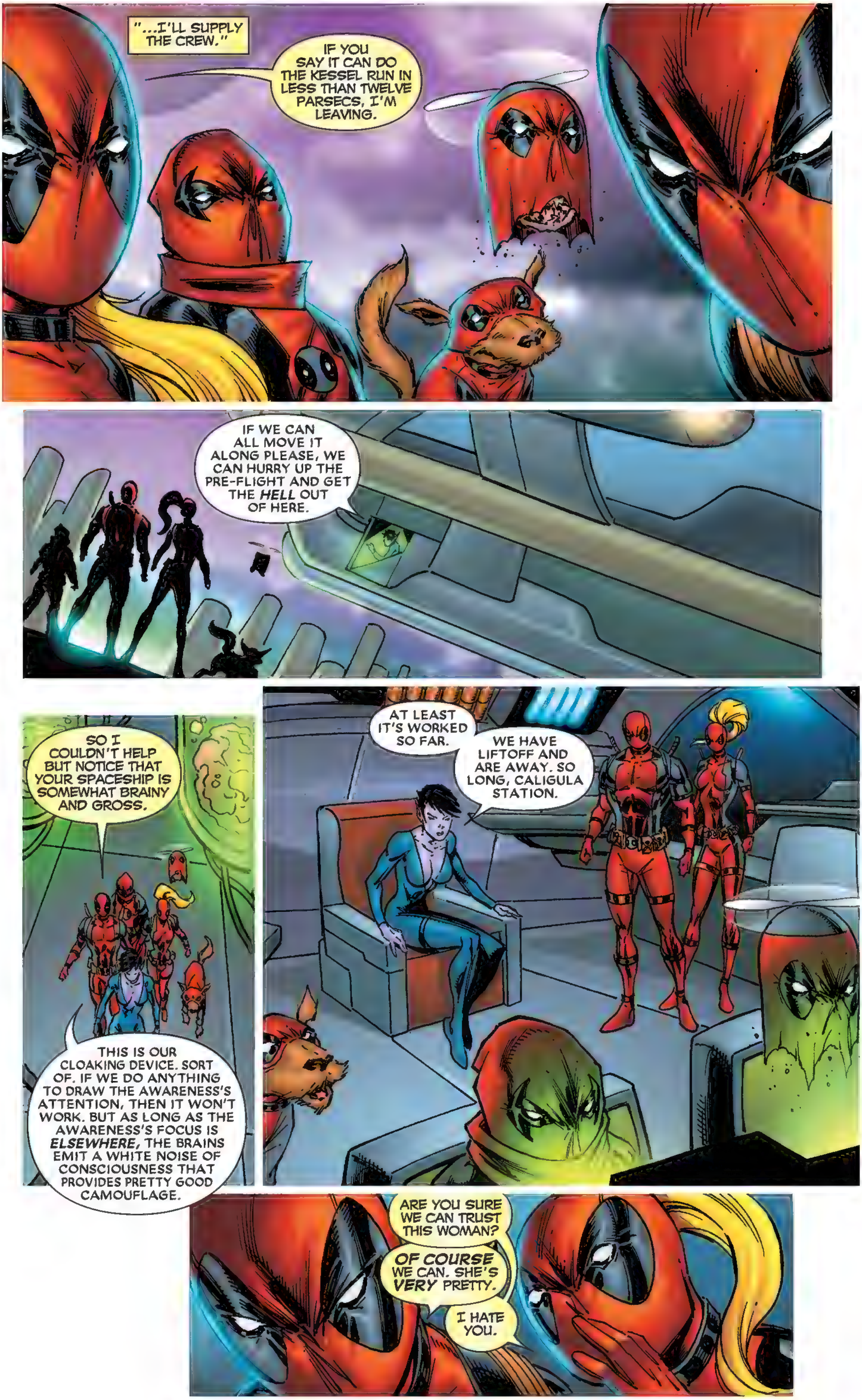

I'VE BEEN TASKED BY AN ELDER OF THE UNIVERSE TO FIND THE AWARENESS AND SAVE THE GALAXY, AND I'M TOLD ONLY YOU CAN GET ME CLOSE.
NO, SERIOUSLY.
IF I HAD TO GUESS, I'D SAY THE EYEBALL FITS INTO THIS STORY SOMEWHERE.
THERE ARE TOO MANY SPIES LURKING IN THE SHADOWS. PERHAPS WE SHOULD DISCUSS THIS...
...IN MY PRIVATE QUARTERS.
HEY, GUYS, I'M GOING UPSTAIRS TO TALK WITH THE LADY. I'LL BE RIGHT BACK.
YEAH, HE'S NOT COMING BACK.

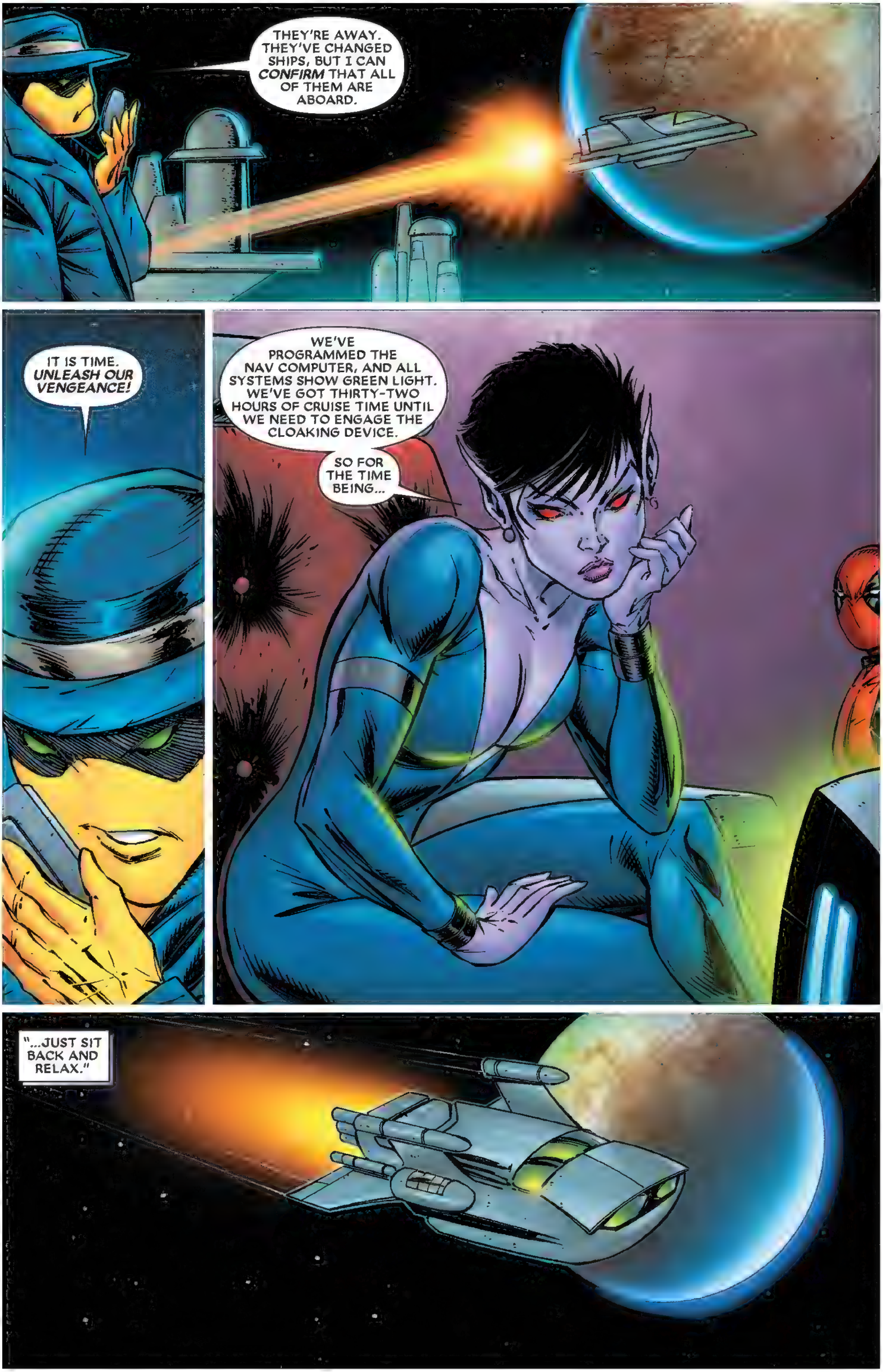

MEANWHILE...
KORT MADE SURE WE HAD ENOUGH MONEY FOR EXPENSES. NOT FOR BUYING A TON OF SHOES. SOME OF THOSE SHOES ARE FOR ALIENS WITH THREE FEET!
THEY WERE CUTE!
CAN WE PLEASE DO SOMETHING FUN NOW?
I'VE SPOTTED THE YOUNG ONE AND THE FEMALE. DON'T MOVE INTO POSITION UNTIL I MAKE SURE THE OTHERS ARE HERE ALSO. WHEN WE'RE CERTAIN THEY'RE ALL TOGETHER...
...SUMMON THE ENTIRE FLEET.
LOOK, SAVING THE UNIVERSE IS VERY STRESSFUL. I THINK I'VE EARNED AN EENSY SHOPPING BREAK.
YOU KNOW, I THINK I MIGHT ACTUALLY FEEL MICROSCOPICALLY GUILTY. HERE WE ARE HAVING FUN WHILE DEADPOOL IS DOING ALL THE HEAVY LIFTING.
I HOPE HE'S OKAY.


THAT WAS NEAT.
GLAD YOU LIKED IT.
I AM A *LITTLE* SURPRISED. HOW'D I GET SO FORTUNATE?
A WOMAN IN MY POSITION HAS TO BE CAREFUL WITH WHOM SHE CONSORTS. I'VE BEEN *LONELY,* DEADPOOL, I ADMIT IT. BUT IF I SOCIALIZE WITH JUST *ANYONE,* I MIGHT LOOK WEAK TO THE RABBLE. BUT TO BE ASSOCIATED WITH *THE DEADPOOL CORPS,* WELL, YOUR FAME--OR INFAMY--IS RAPIDLY SPREADING THROUGHOUT THE GALAXY.
IS THAT ALL I AM, B.B.? A TROPHY TO IMPROVE YOUR STANDING IN THE CRIMINAL COMMUNITY?
B.B.?
BROKEN BLADE.
AH.
I'M NOT SAYING IT WASN'T *FUN.* BUT SOMETHING LIKE A TROPHY, YES.
WHY DO THEY CALL YOU THE BROKEN BLADE ANYWAY?

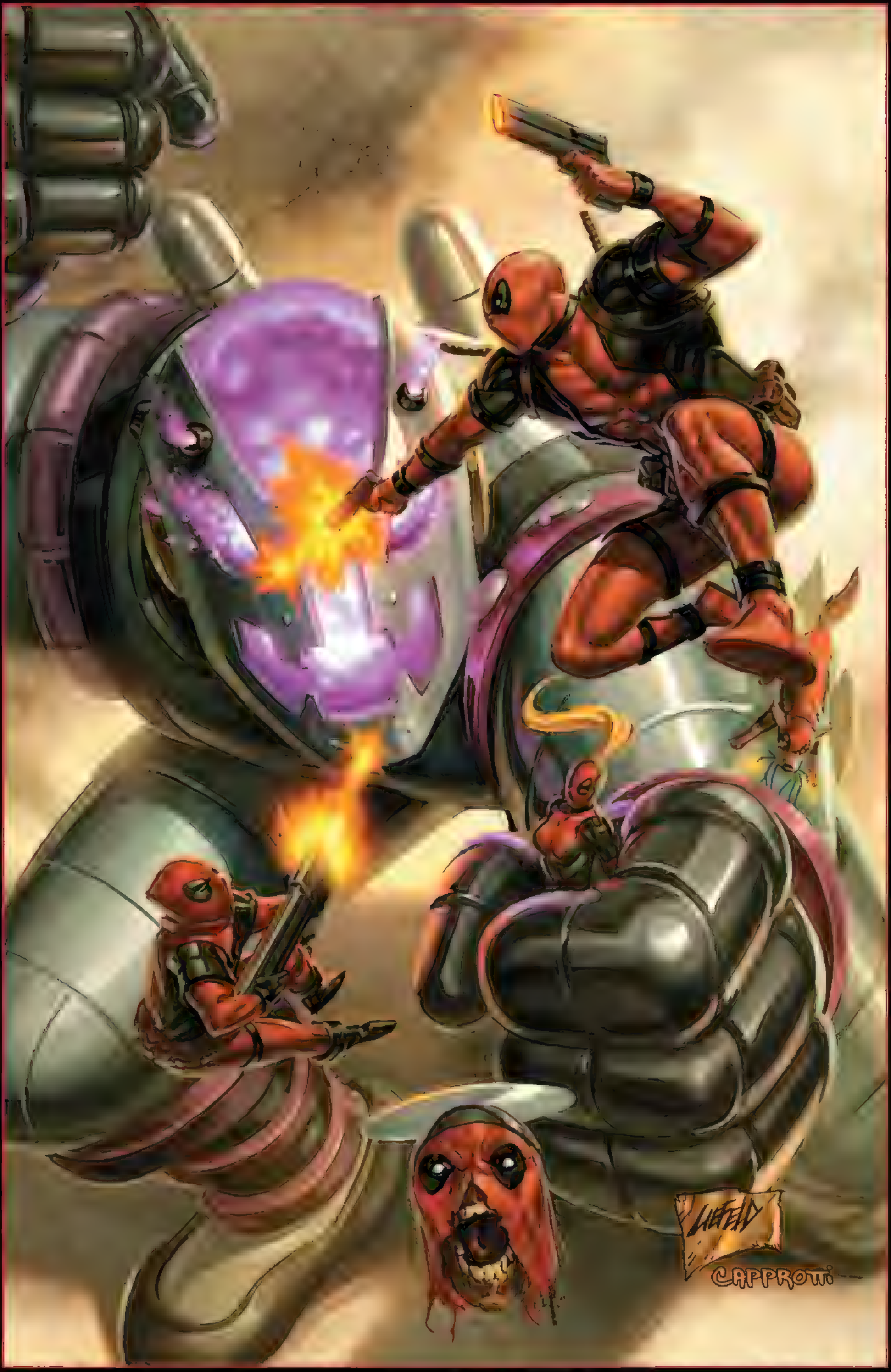

I'VE NEVER TOLD *ANYONE* THAT STORY. MAYBE IT'S TIME I FINALLY DO.
I SENSE YOU'RE ABOUT TO GET ALL FLASHBACKY, SO I'M GETTING A DRINK.
BUT YOU KEEP TALKING.
"BARELY OUT OF PUBERTY, I WAS INITIATED INTO AN ORDER OF INTERGALACTIC ASSASSINS CALLED THE BLACK DAGGER. I WAS TAUGHT THE ART OF DEATH, THE WAYS OF KILLING.
"BUT I COULDN'T STAND IT ANY LONGER. I WAS A LAPDOG. I *HATED* IT AND WANTED TO BE MASTER OF MY OWN FATE.
"BUT NOBODY QUITS THE BLACK DAGGER. THEY SENT ASSASSIN AFTER ASSASSIN TO TERMINATE ME.
"I KILLED THEM ALL."


FINALLY, THE ORDER ANNOUNCED MY *"BLADE WAS BROKEN."* THEY THOUGHT IT WOULD BE SOME KIND OF PUBLIC HUMILIATION FOR ME, AND THE BEST THEY COULD DO SINCE THEY WERE UNABLE TO ASSASSINATE ME.
AND SO I'M A SMUGGLER IN A BACKWATER SECTOR OF THE GALAXY, LAUNDERING MY ILL-GOTTEN GAINS THROUGH A THIRD-RATE NIGHTCLUB.
YOU KNOW YOU'RE OUT OF FRESCA, RIGHT?
SO WHAT DID THE EYEBALL SAY I COULD DO FOR YOU, DEADPOOL? IF YOU'RE EVER GOING TO ASK A FAVOR, THE TIME WON'T GET ANY BETTER THAN THIS.
I HAVE TO GET TO THE AWARENESS. YOU ***KNOW*** MY MISSION. YOU KNOW WHAT'S AT STAKE. THE EYEBALL SAID YOU KNEW SOME KIND OF SNEAKY BACK WAY OR SOMETHING.
MY SHIP IS SPECIALLY OUTFITTED SO IT CAN BE PARTIALLY CLOAKED FROM THE AWARENESS.
BUT THE CREW IS ON LEAVE. IT WOULD TAKE A WEEK TO DIG THEM OUT OF EVERY BROTHEL AND CASINO ON THE SPACE STATION. I CAN AUTOMATE A LOT OF IT, BUT WE ***STILL*** NEED A FEW MORE HANDS.
LADY, IF YOU SUPPLY THE SHIP...


"...I'LL SUPPLY THE CREW."
IF YOU SAY IT CAN DO THE KESSEL RUN IN LESS THAN TWELVE PARSECS, I'M LEAVING.
IF WE CAN ALL MOVE IT ALONG PLEASE, WE CAN HURRY UP THE PRE-FLIGHT AND GET THE *HELL* OUT OF HERE.
SO I COULDN'T HELP BUT NOTICE THAT YOUR SPACESHIP IS SOMEWHAT BRAINY AND GROSS.
THIS IS OUR CLOAKING DEVICE. SORT OF. IF WE DO ANYTHING TO DRAW THE AWARENESS'S ATTENTION, THEN IT WON'T WORK. BUT AS LONG AS THE AWARENESS'S FOCUS IS *ELSEWHERE,* THE BRAINS EMIT A WHITE NOISE OF CONSCIOUSNESS THAT PROVIDES PRETTY GOOD CAMOUFLAGE.
AT LEAST IT'S WORKED SO FAR.
WE HAVE LIFTOFF AND ARE AWAY. SO LONG, CALIGULA STATION.
ARE YOU SURE WE CAN TRUST THIS WOMAN?
OF COURSE WE CAN. SHE'S *VERY* PRETTY.
I HATE YOU.


THEY'RE AWAY. THEY'VE CHANGED SHIPS, BUT I CAN *CONFIRM* THAT ALL OF THEM ARE ABOARD.
IT IS TIME. ***UNLEASH OUR VENGEANCE!***
WE'VE PROGRAMMED THE NAV COMPUTER, AND ALL SYSTEMS SHOW GREEN LIGHT. WE'VE GOT THIRTY-TWO HOURS OF CRUISE TIME UNTIL WE NEED TO ENGAGE THE CLOAKING DEVICE.
SO FOR THE TIME BEING...
"...JUST SIT BACK AND RELAX."

COMING NEXT MONTH: DEADPOOL CORPS #5


LIEFELD
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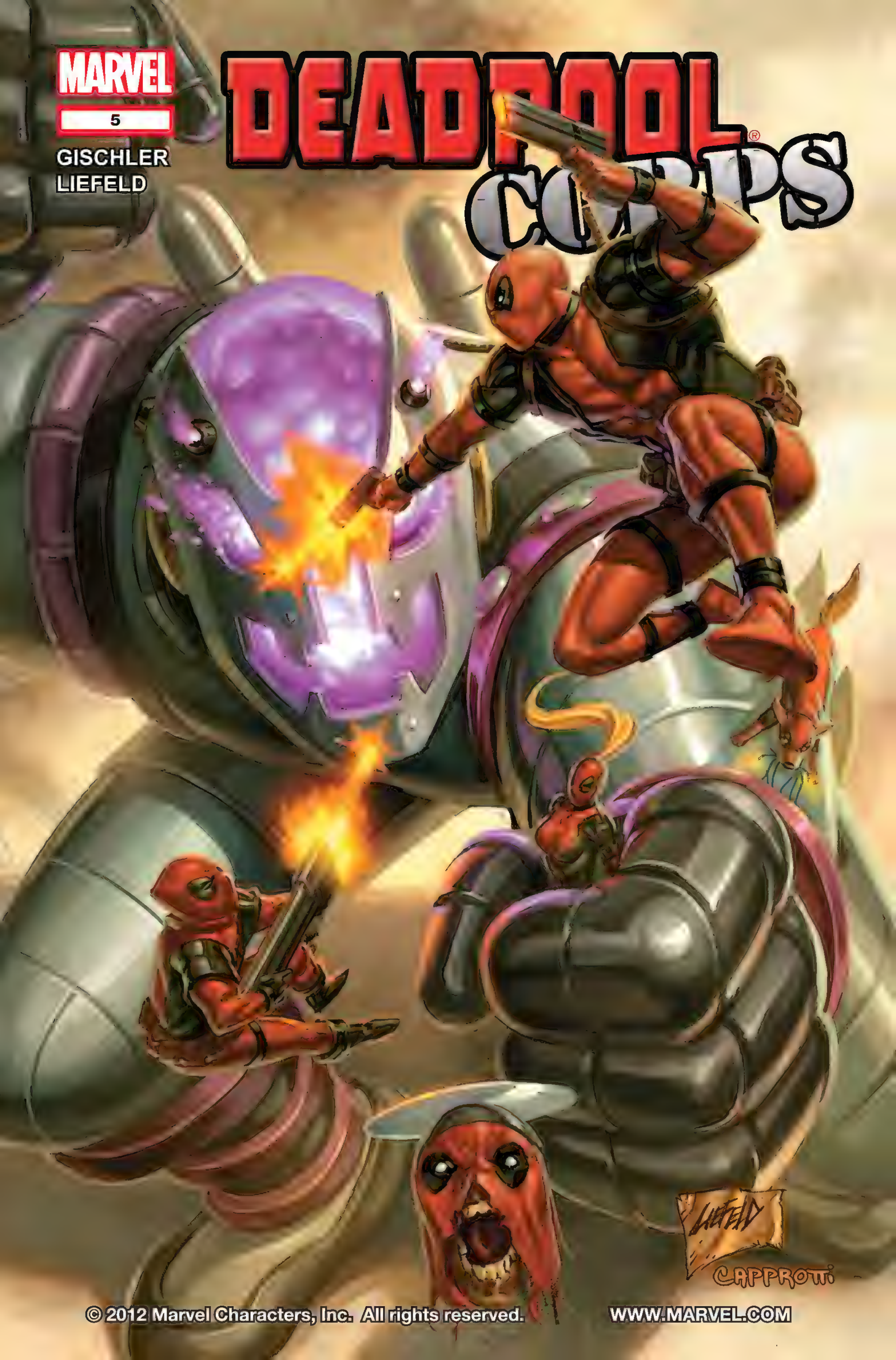
MARVEL
LIEFELD
CAPPROTTI

DEADPOOL® CORPS

5

GISCHLER
LIEFELD

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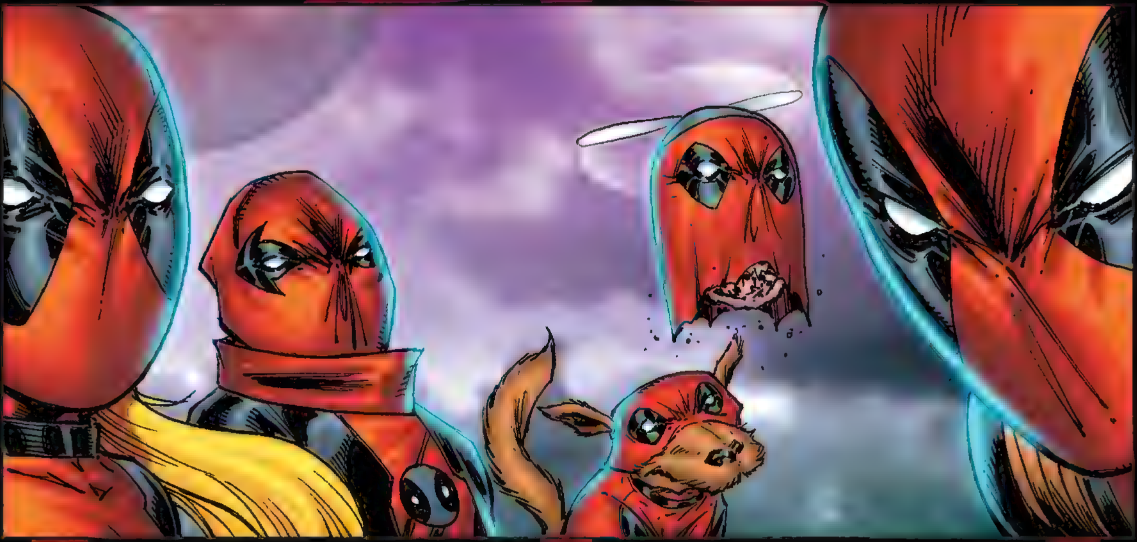
DEADPOOL CORPS



Mercenary extraordinaire Deadpool was tasked by the Elders of the Universe to assemble a team capable of withstanding the awesome might of the Awareness, a cosmic entity whose appetite is boundless and whose evil has devoured entire galaxies.

Since there was nothing good on TV, Deadpool agreed to help and gathered up alternate-dimension versions of himself and so the DEADPOOL CORPS was born!

Now Deadpool, Lady Deadpool, Kidpool, Dogpool and Headpool are hitching a ride on a smuggler's ship, piloted by the mysterious Space Pirate the Broken Blade, who has promised that she can escort the Corps to the Awareness.

But en route, they find themselves ambushed by a fleet of the Awareness' slaveships.

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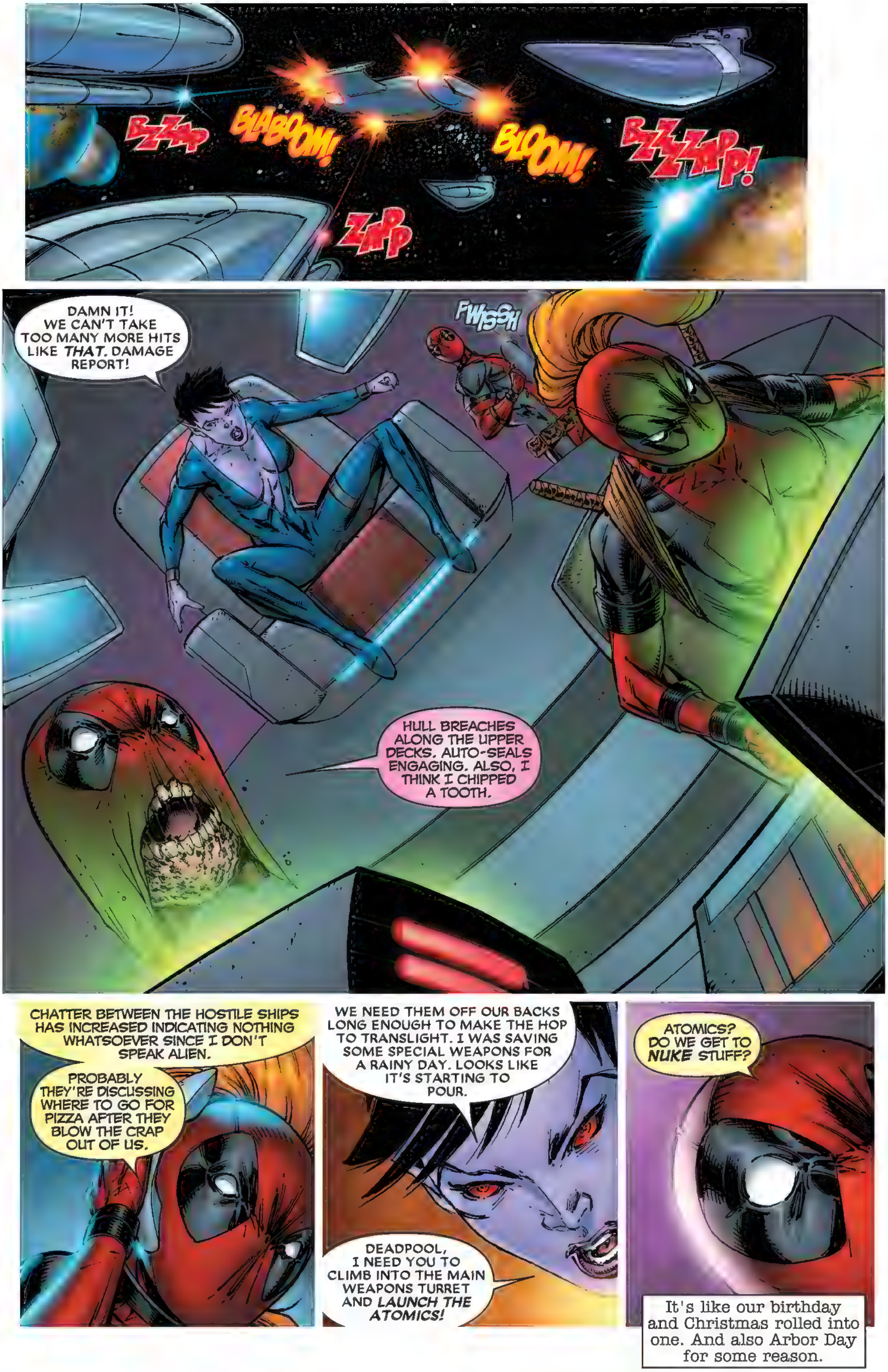
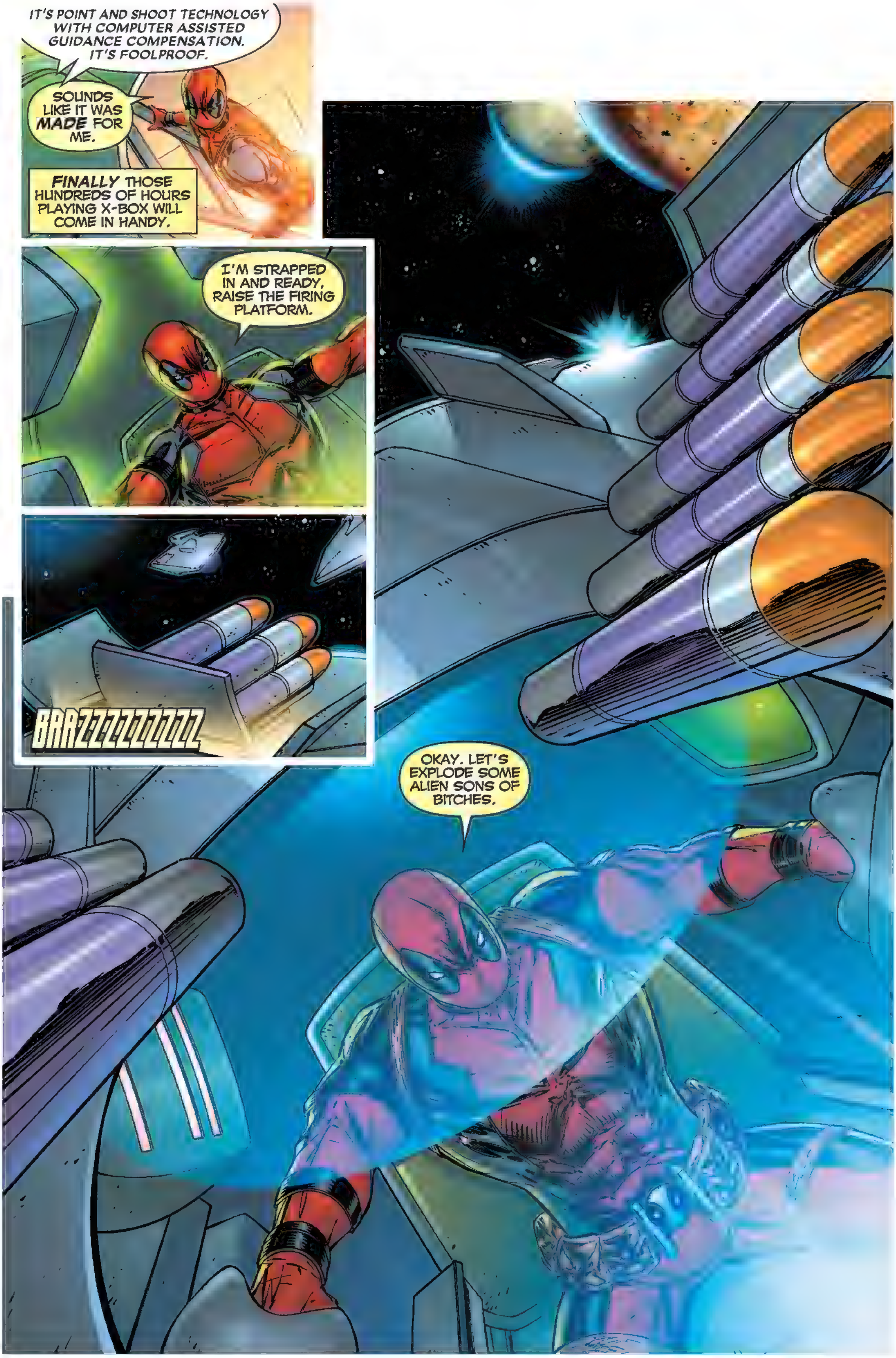
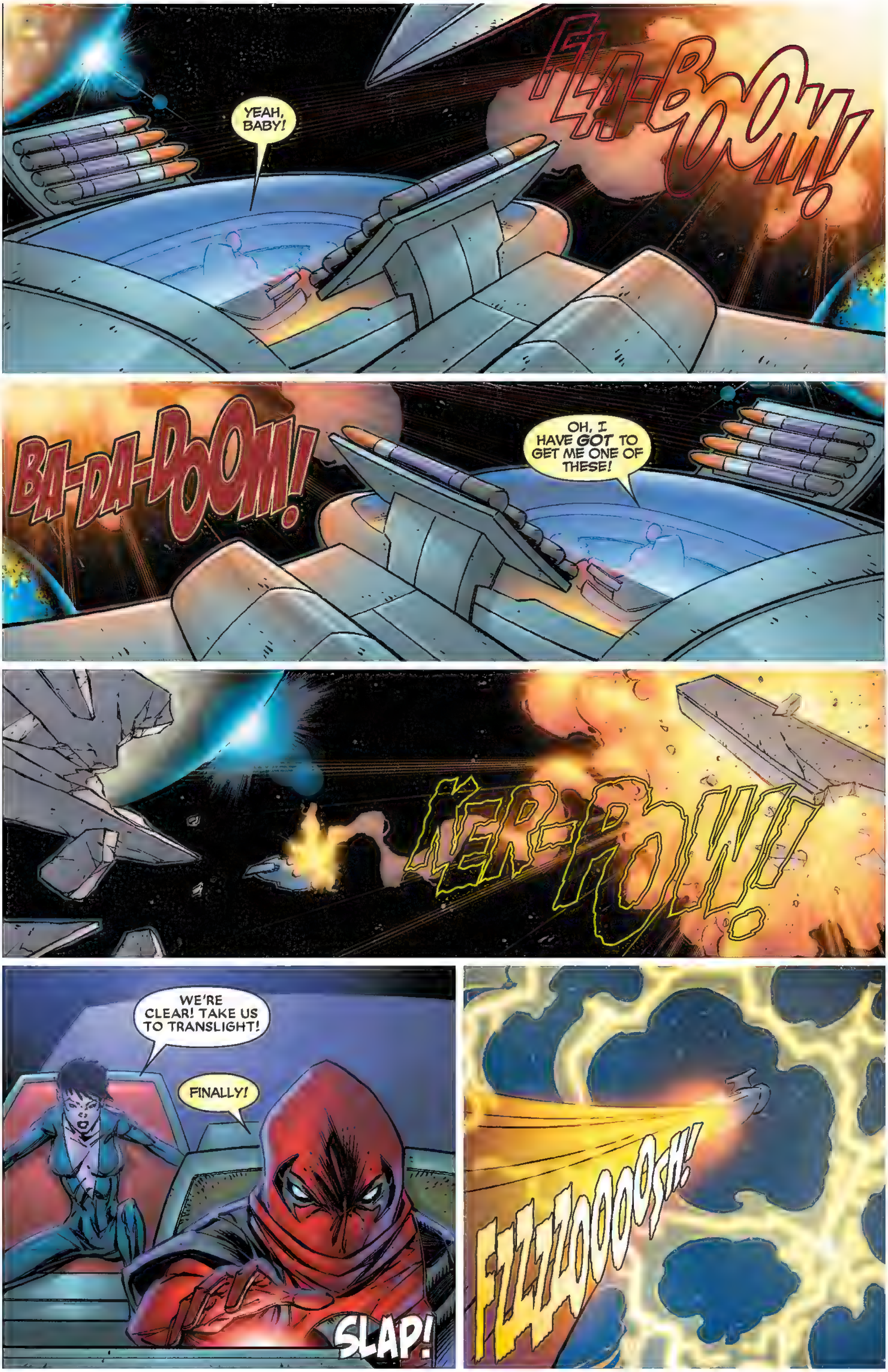
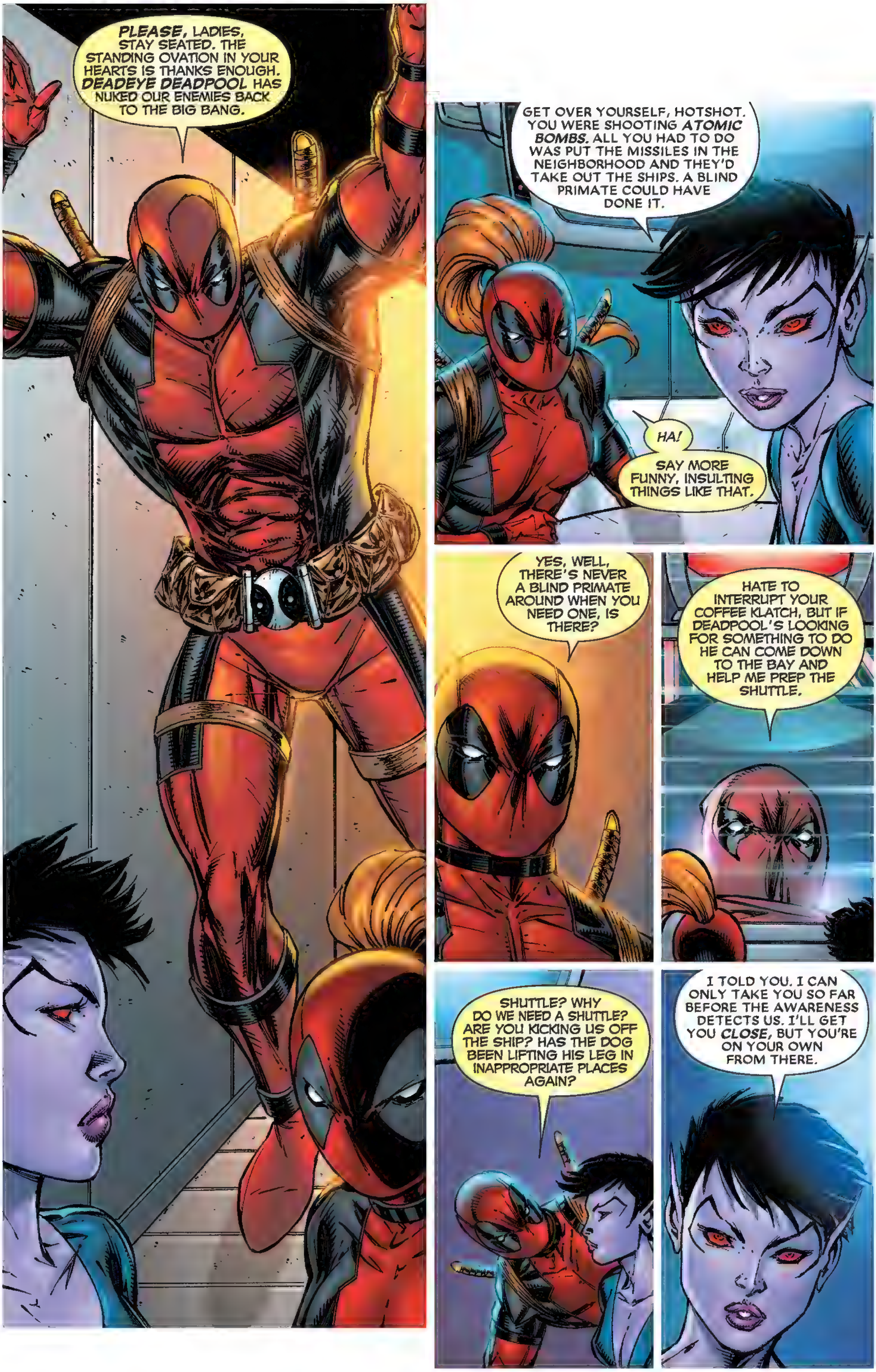
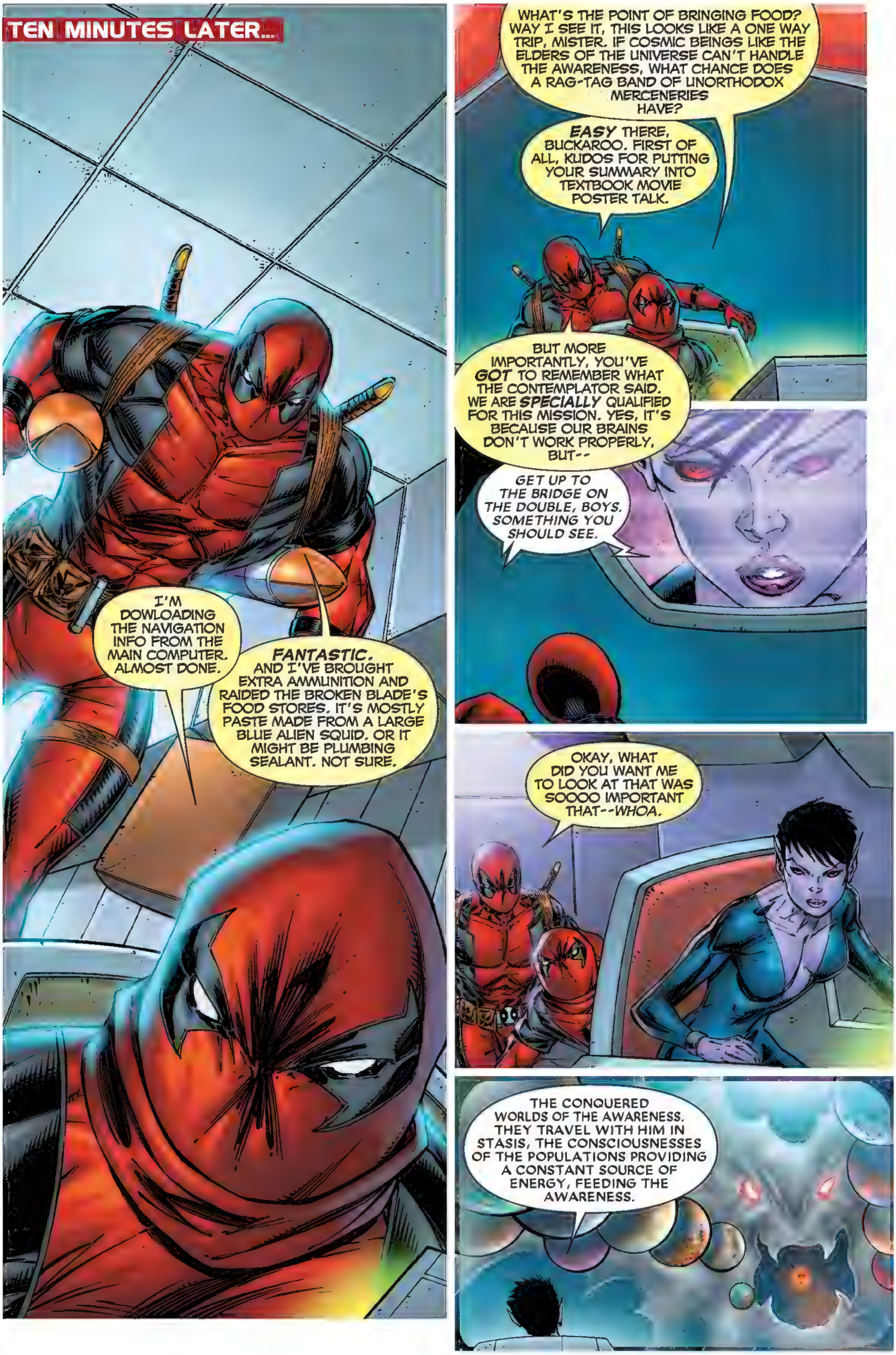
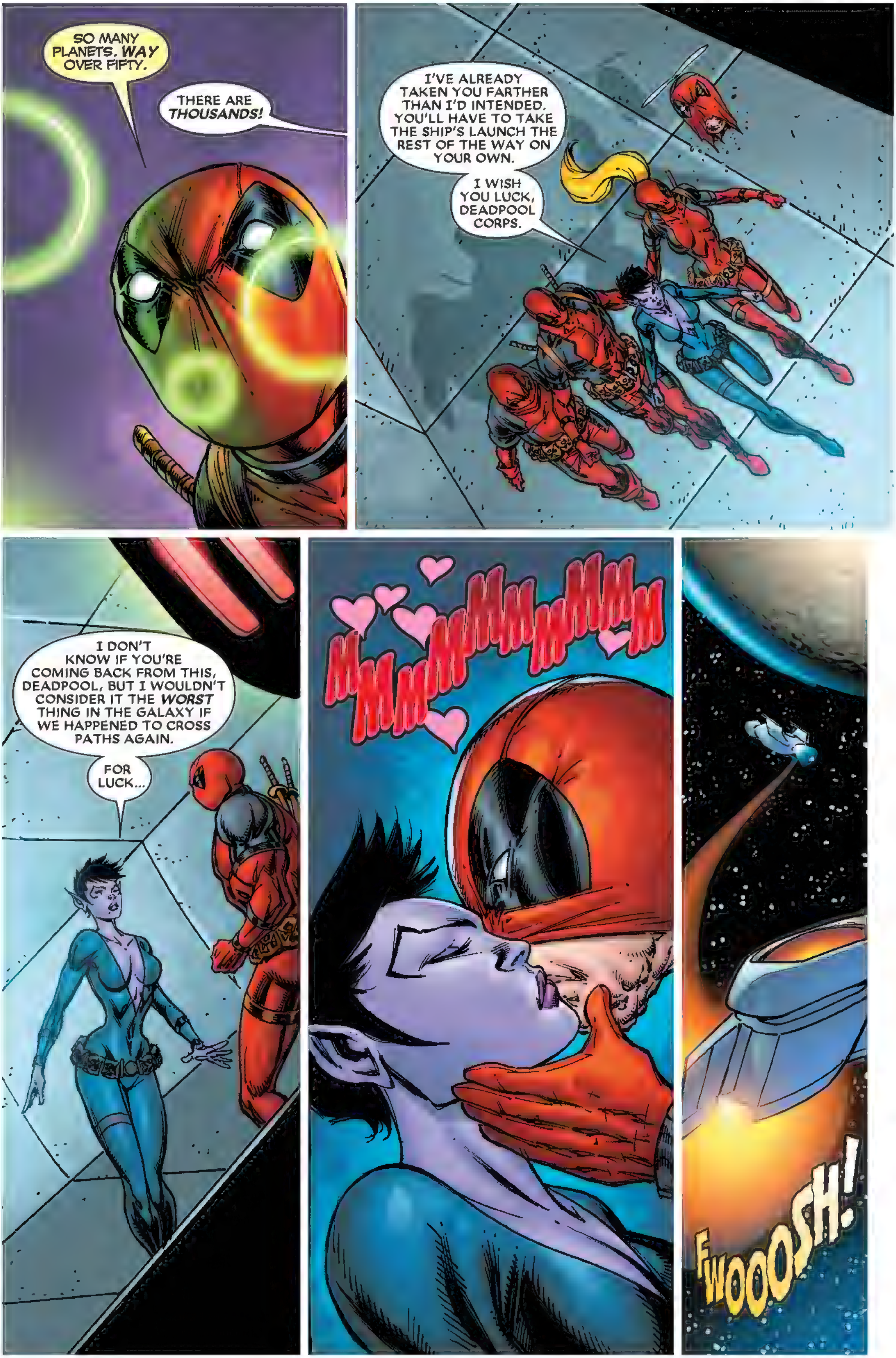

BZZAP
BLABOOM!
BLOOM!
BZZZZAPP!
ZAPP
DAMN IT! WE CAN'T TAKE TOO MANY MORE HITS LIKE *THAT.* DAMAGE REPORT!
FWISSH
HULL BREACHES ALONG THE UPPER DECKS. AUTO-SEALS ENGAGING. ALSO, I THINK I CHIPPED A TOOTH.
CHATTER BETWEEN THE HOSTILE SHIPS HAS INCREASED INDICATING NOTHING WHATSOEVER SINCE I DON'T SPEAK ALIEN.
PROBABLY THEY'RE DISCUSSING WHERE TO GO FOR PIZZA AFTER THEY BLOW THE CRAP OUT OF US.
WE NEED THEM OFF OUR BACKS LONG ENOUGH TO MAKE THE HOP TO TRANSLIGHT. I WAS SAVING SOME SPECIAL WEAPONS FOR A RAINY DAY. LOOKS LIKE IT'S STARTING TO POUR.
DEADPOOL, I NEED YOU TO CLIMB INTO THE MAIN WEAPONS TURRET AND *LAUNCH THE ATOMICS!*
ATOMICS? DO WE GET TO *NUKE* STUFF?
It's like our birthday and Christmas rolled into one. And also Arbor Day for some reason.

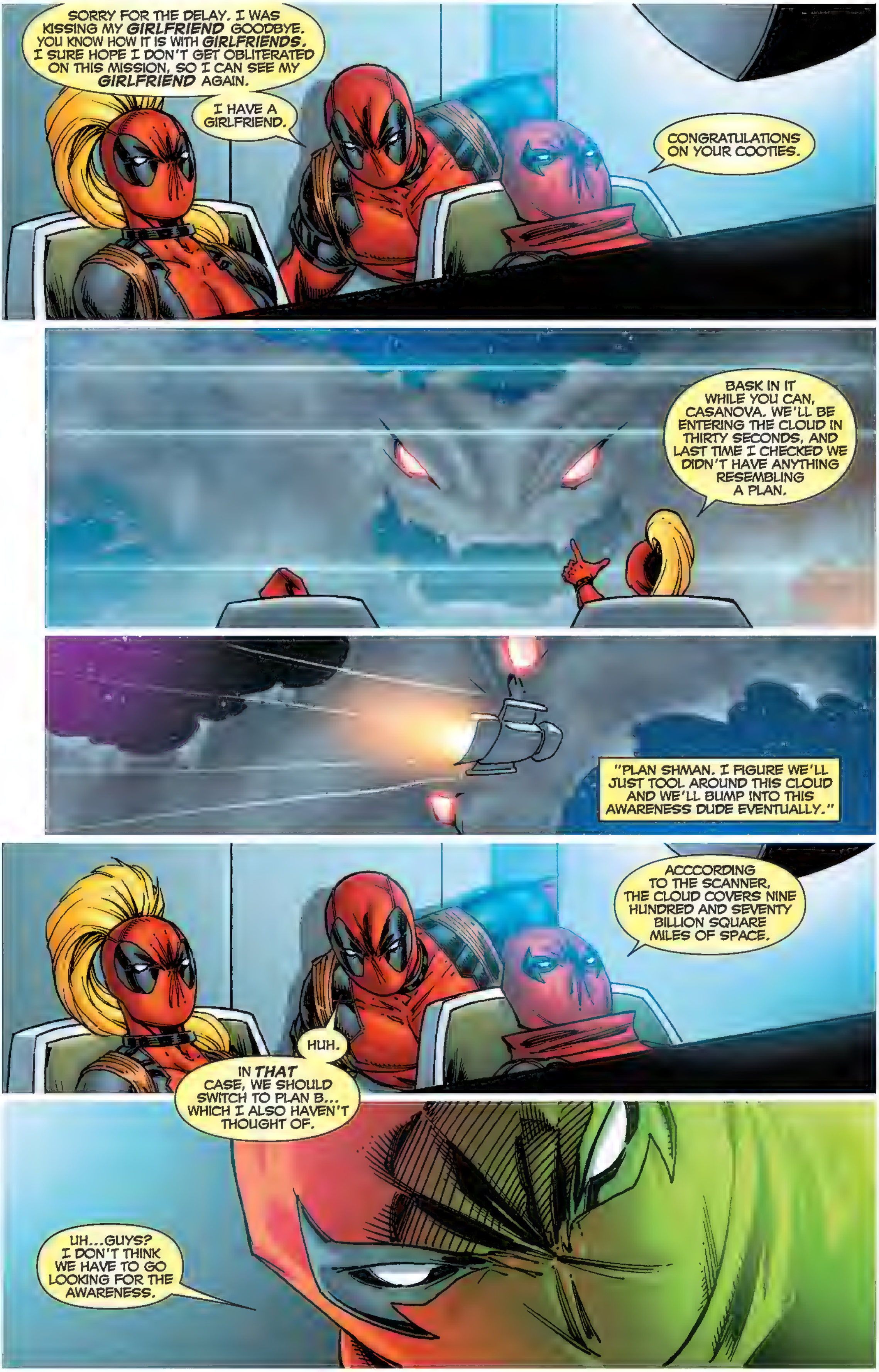

IT'S POINT AND SHOOT TECHNOLOGY WITH COMPUTER ASSISTED GUIDANCE COMPENSATION. IT'S FOOLPROOF.
SOUNDS LIKE IT WAS *MADE* FOR ME.
FINALLY THOSE HUNDREDS OF HOURS PLAYING X-BOX WILL COME IN HANDY.
I'M STRAPPED IN AND READY, RAISE THE FIRING PLATFORM.
BRRZZZZZZZZZ
OKAY. LET'S EXPLODE SOME ALIEN SONS OF BITCHES.

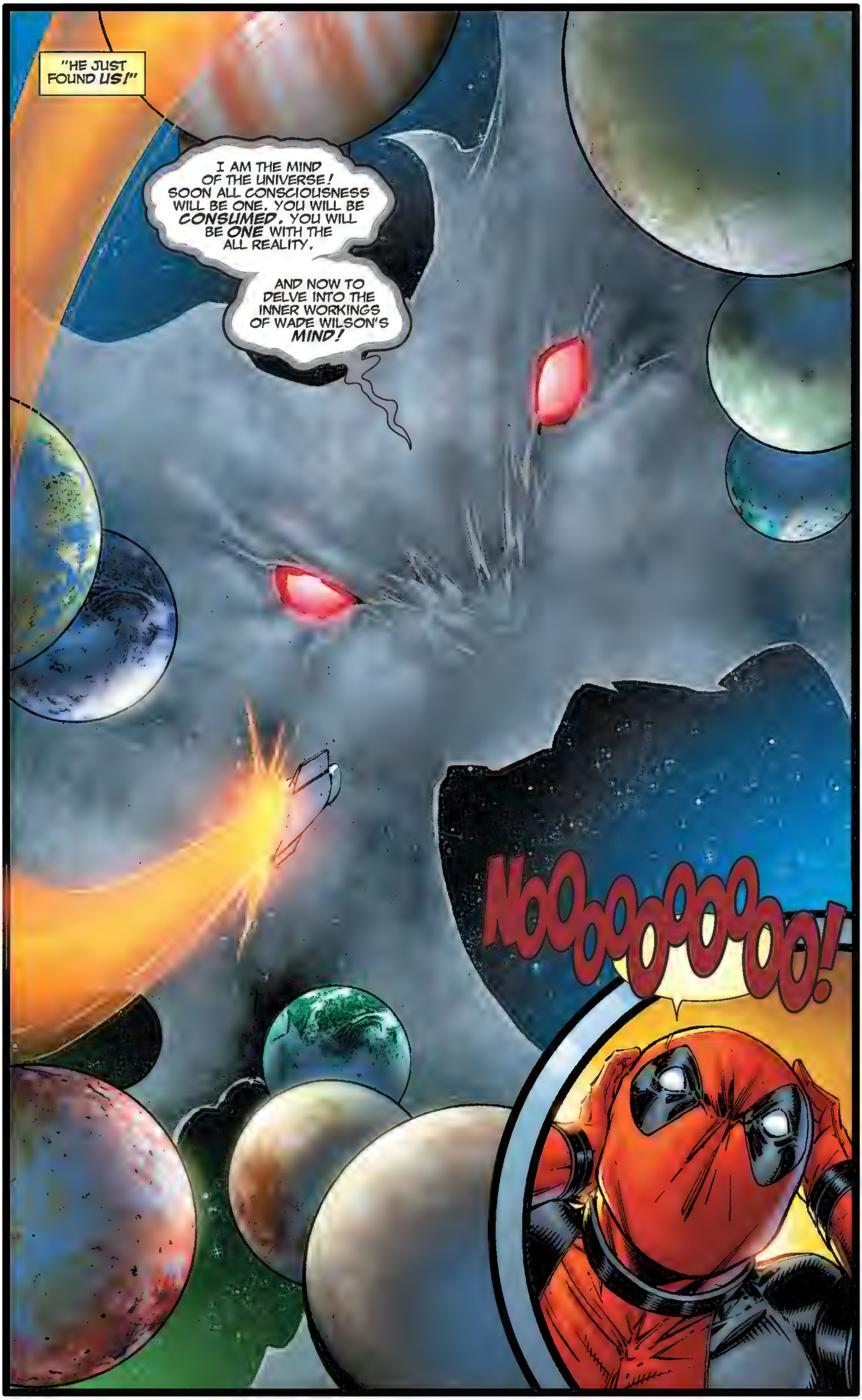

FLA-BOOM!
YEAH, BABY!
BA-DA-DOOM!
OH, I HAVE *GOT* TO GET ME ONE OF THESE!
KER-POW!
WE'RE CLEAR! TAKE US TO TRANSLIGHT!
FINALLY!
SLAP!
FZZZZOOOOSH!

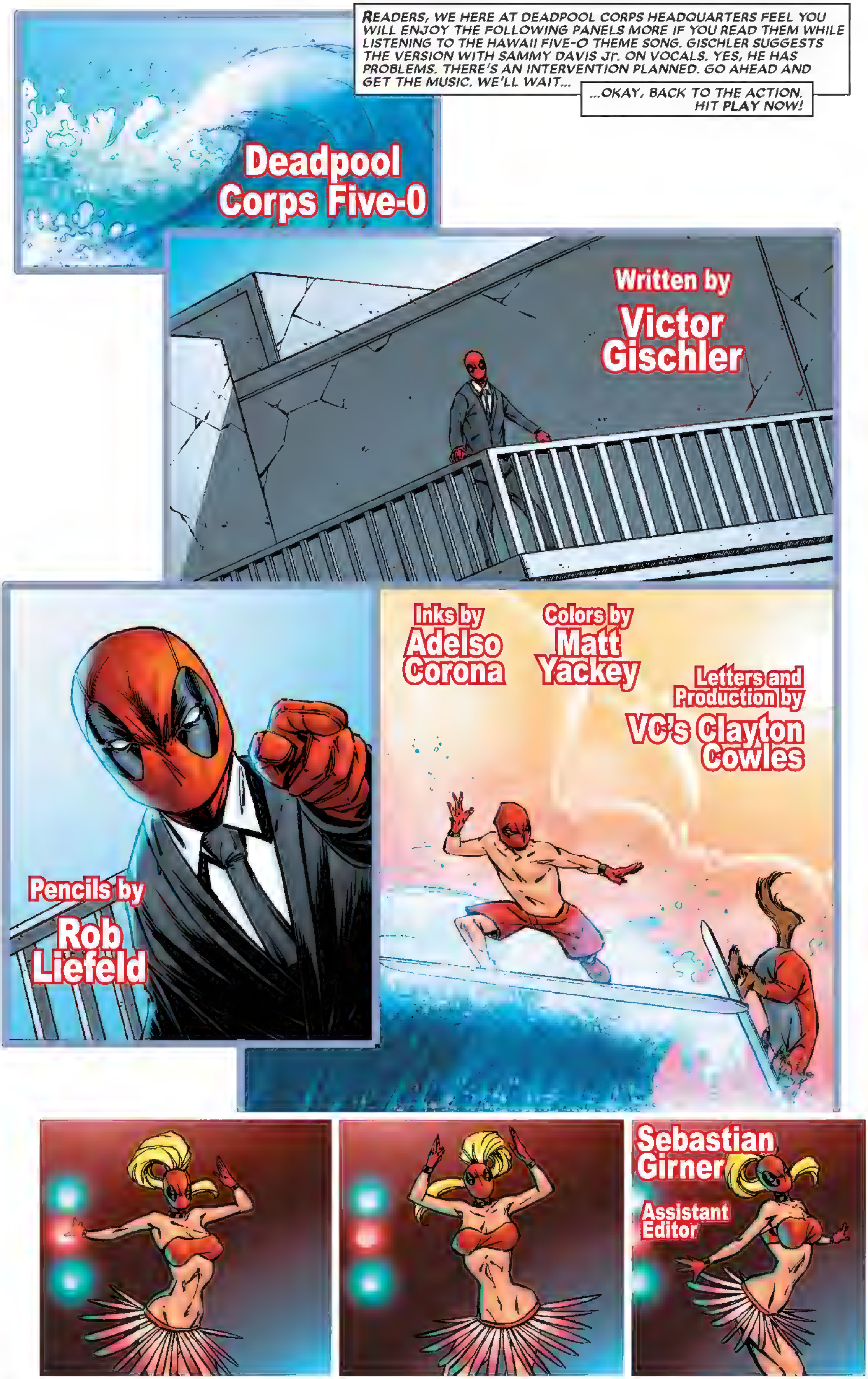

PLEASE, LADIES, STAY SEATED. THE STANDING OVATION IN YOUR HEARTS IS THANKS ENOUGH. DEADEYE DEADPOOL HAS NUKED OUR ENEMIES BACK TO THE BIG BANG.
GET OVER YOURSELF, HOTSHOT. YOU WERE SHOOTING ATOMIC BOMBS. ALL YOU HAD TO DO WAS PUT THE MISSILES IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD AND THEY'D TAKE OUT THE SHIPS. A BLIND PRIMATE COULD HAVE DONE IT.
HA!
SAY MORE FUNNY, INSULTING THINGS LIKE THAT.
YES, WELL, THERE'S NEVER A BLIND PRIMATE AROUND WHEN YOU NEED ONE, IS THERE?
HATE TO INTERRUPT YOUR COFFEE KLATCH, BUT IF DEADPOOL'S LOOKING FOR SOMETHING TO DO HE CAN COME DOWN TO THE BAY AND HELP ME PREP THE SHUTTLE.
SHUTTLE? WHY DO WE NEED A SHUTTLE? ARE YOU KICKING US OFF THE SHIP? HAS THE DOG BEEN LIFTING HIS LEG IN INAPPROPRIATE PLACES AGAIN?
I TOLD YOU. I CAN ONLY TAKE YOU SO FAR BEFORE THE AWARENESS DETECTS US. I'LL GET YOU CLOSE, BUT YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN FROM THERE.


TEN MINUTES LATER...
I'M DOWLOADING THE NAVIGATION INFO FROM THE MAIN COMPUTER. ALMOST DONE.
FANTASTIC. AND I'VE BROUGHT EXTRA AMMUNITION AND RAIDED THE BROKEN BLADE'S FOOD STORES. IT'S MOSTLY PASTE MADE FROM A LARGE BLUE ALIEN SQUID. OR IT MIGHT BE PLUMBING SEALANT. NOT SURE.
WHAT'S THE POINT OF BRINGING FOOD? WAY I SEE IT, THIS LOOKS LIKE A ONE WAY TRIP, MISTER. IF COSMIC BEINGS LIKE THE ELDERS OF THE UNIVERSE CAN'T HANDLE THE AWARENESS, WHAT CHANCE DOES A RAG-TAG BAND OF UNORTHODOX MERCENERIES HAVE?
EASY THERE, BUCKAROO. FIRST OF ALL, KUDOS FOR PUTTING YOUR SUMMARY INTO TEXTBOOK MOVIE POSTER TALK.
BUT MORE IMPORTANTLY, YOU'VE *GOT* TO REMEMBER WHAT THE CONTEMPLATOR SAID. WE ARE *SPECIALLY* QUALIFIED FOR THIS MISSION. YES, IT'S BECAUSE OUR BRAINS DON'T WORK PROPERLY, BUT--
GET UP TO THE BRIDGE ON THE DOUBLE, BOYS. SOMETHING YOU SHOULD SEE.
OKAY, WHAT DID YOU WANT ME TO LOOK AT THAT WAS SOOOO IMPORTANT THAT--*WHOA.*
THE CONQUERED WORLDS OF THE AWARENESS. THEY TRAVEL WITH HIM IN STASIS, THE CONSCIOUSNESSES OF THE POPULATIONS PROVIDING A CONSTANT SOURCE OF ENERGY, FEEDING THE AWARENESS.

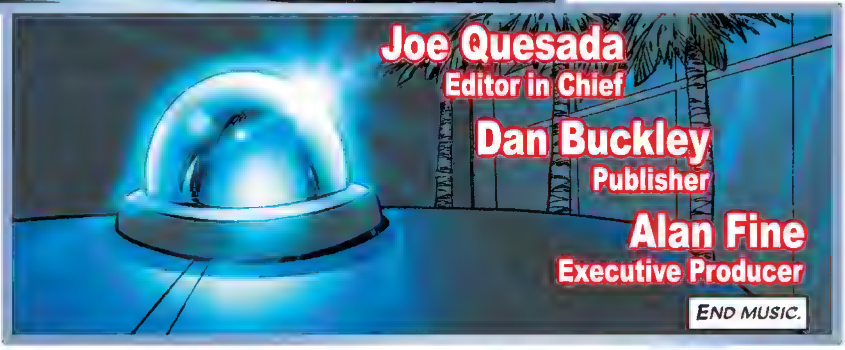

SO MANY PLANETS. *WAY* OVER FIFTY.
THERE ARE *THOUSANDS!*
I'VE ALREADY TAKEN YOU FARTHER THAN I'D INTENDED. YOU'LL HAVE TO TAKE THE SHIP'S LAUNCH THE REST OF THE WAY ON YOUR OWN.
I WISH YOU LUCK, DEADPOOL CORPS.
I DON'T KNOW IF YOU'RE COMING BACK FROM THIS, DEADPOOL, BUT I WOULDN'T CONSIDER IT THE *WORST* THING IN THE GALAXY IF WE HAPPENED TO CROSS PATHS AGAIN.
FOR LUCK...
MMMMMMMMMMMMMM
FWOOOSH!


SORRY FOR THE DELAY. I WAS KISSING MY **GIRLFRIEND** GOODBYE. YOU KNOW HOW IT IS WITH **GIRLFRIENDS.** I SURE HOPE I DON'T GET OBLITERATED ON THIS MISSION, SO I CAN SEE MY **GIRLFRIEND** AGAIN.
I HAVE A GIRLFRIEND.
CONGRATULATIONS ON YOUR COOTIES.
BASK IN IT WHILE YOU CAN, CASANOVA. WE'LL BE ENTERING THE CLOUD IN THIRTY SECONDS, AND LAST TIME I CHECKED WE DIDN'T HAVE ANYTHING RESEMBLING A PLAN.
"PLAN SHMAN. I FIGURE WE'LL JUST TOOL AROUND THIS CLOUD AND WE'LL BUMP INTO THIS AWARENESS DUDE EVENTUALLY."
ACCCORDING TO THE SCANNER, THE CLOUD COVERS NINE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY BILLION SQUARE MILES OF SPACE.
HUH.
IN *THAT* CASE, WE SHOULD SWITCH TO PLAN B... WHICH I ALSO HAVEN'T THOUGHT OF.
UH...GUYS? I DON'T THINK WE HAVE TO GO LOOKING FOR THE AWARENESS.


"HE JUST FOUND US!"
I AM THE MIND OF THE UNIVERSE! SOON ALL CONSCIOUSNESS WILL BE ONE. YOU WILL BE CONSUMED. YOU WILL BE ONE WITH THE ALL REALITY.
AND NOW TO DELVE INTO THE INNER WORKINGS OF WADE WILSON'S MIND!
NOOOOOOOOOOO!


READERS, WE HERE AT DEADPOOL CORPS HEADQUARTERS FEEL YOU WILL ENJOY THE FOLLOWING PANELS MORE IF YOU READ THEM WHILE LISTENING TO THE HAWAII FIVE-O THEME SONG. GISCHLER SUGGESTS THE VERSION WITH SAMMY DAVIS Jr. ON VOCALS. YES, HE HAS PROBLEMS. THERE'S AN INTERVENTION PLANNED. GO AHEAD AND GET THE MUSIC. WE'LL WAIT...
...OKAY, BACK TO THE ACTION. HIT PLAY NOW!
Deadpool Corps Five-0
Written by Victor Gischler
Pencils by Rob Liefeld
Inks by Adelso Corona
Colors by Matt Yackey
Letters and Production by VC's Clayton Cowles
Sebastian Girner Assistant Editor

Axel Alonso
Editor


Joe Quesada
Editor in Chief
Dan Buckley
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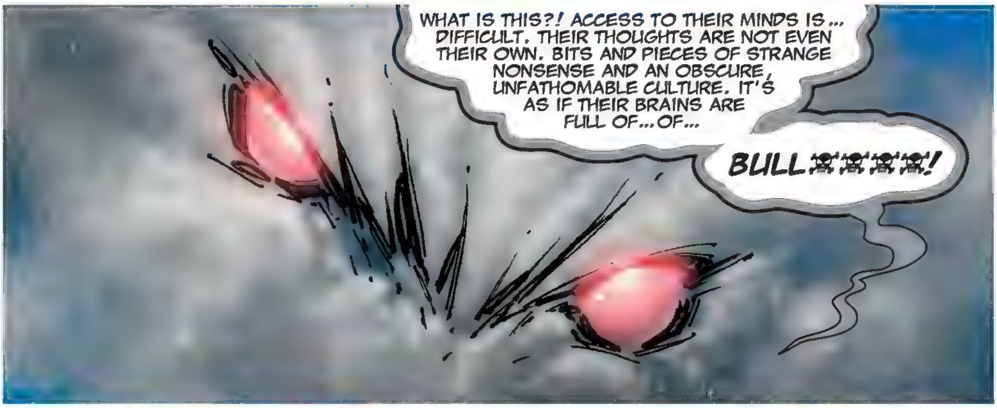
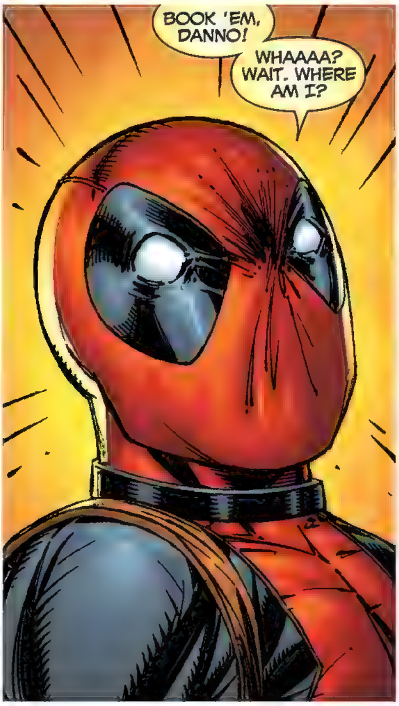
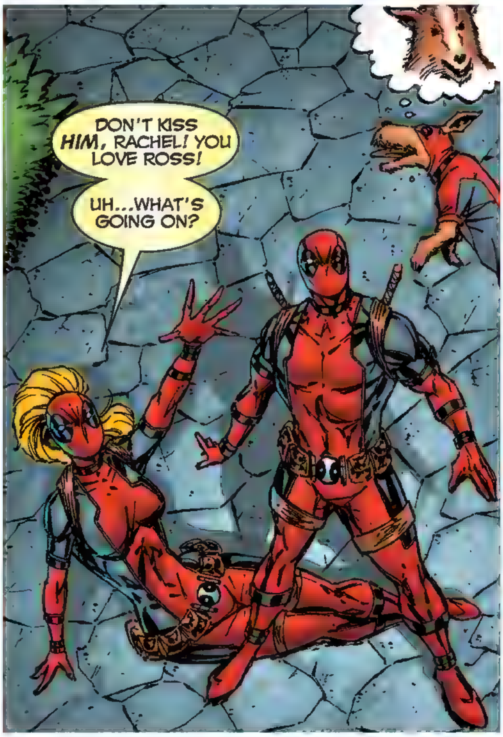
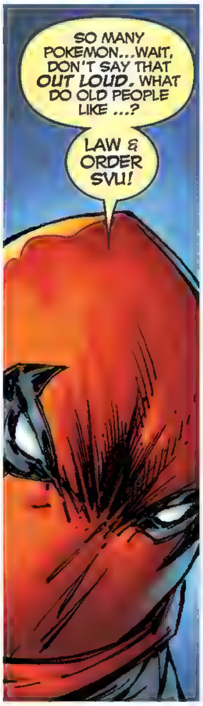
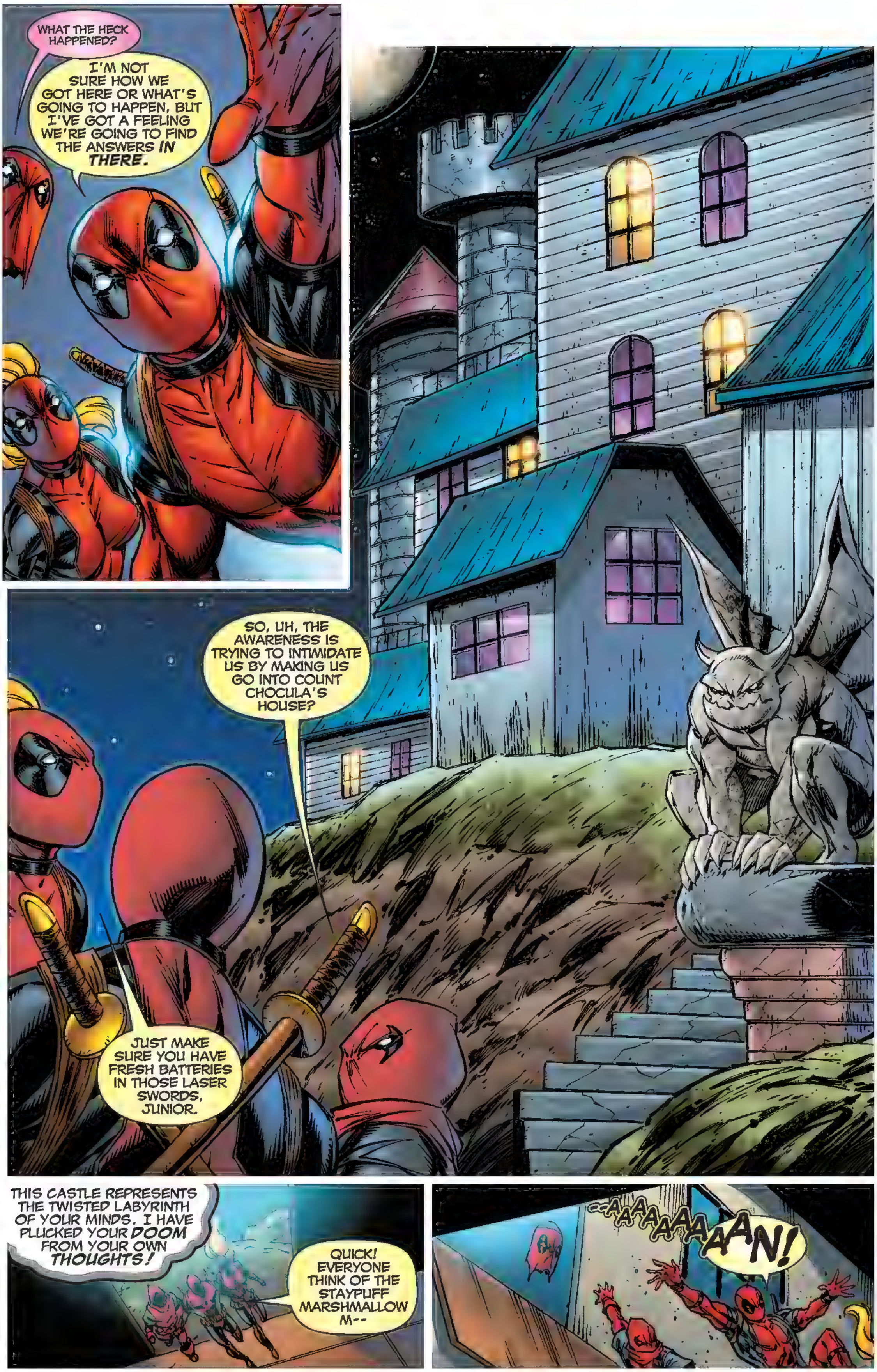
Alan Fine
Executive Producer
END MUSIC.

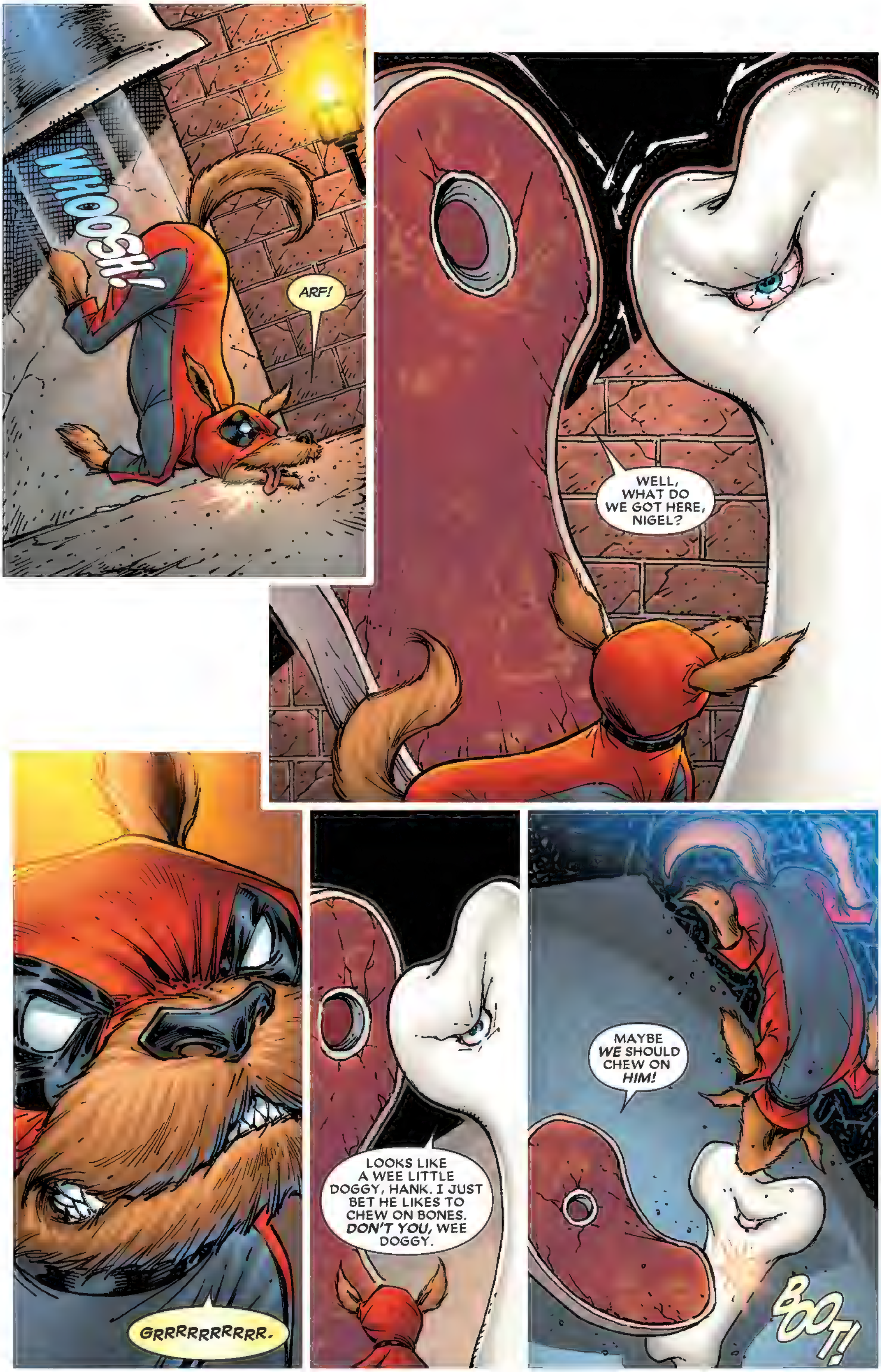

WHAT IS THIS?! ACCESS TO THEIR MINDS IS... DIFFICULT. THEIR THOUGHTS ARE NOT EVEN THEIR OWN. BITS AND PIECES OF STRANGE NONSENSE AND AN OBSCURE, UNFATHOMABLE CULTURE. IT'S AS IF THEIR BRAINS ARE FULL OF...OF...
BULL☠☠☠☠!

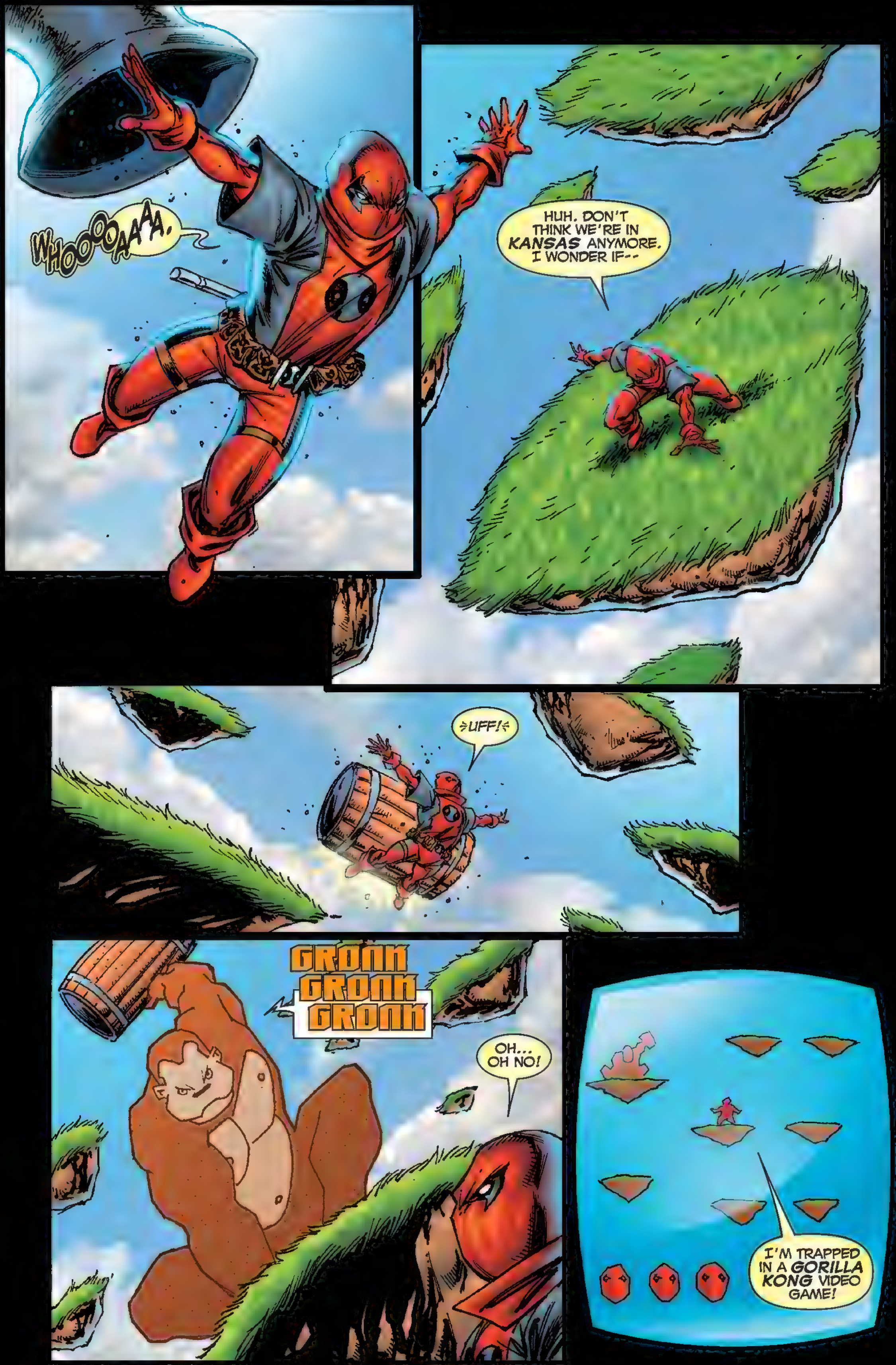

BOOK 'EM, DANNO!
WHAAAA? WAIT. WHERE AM I?

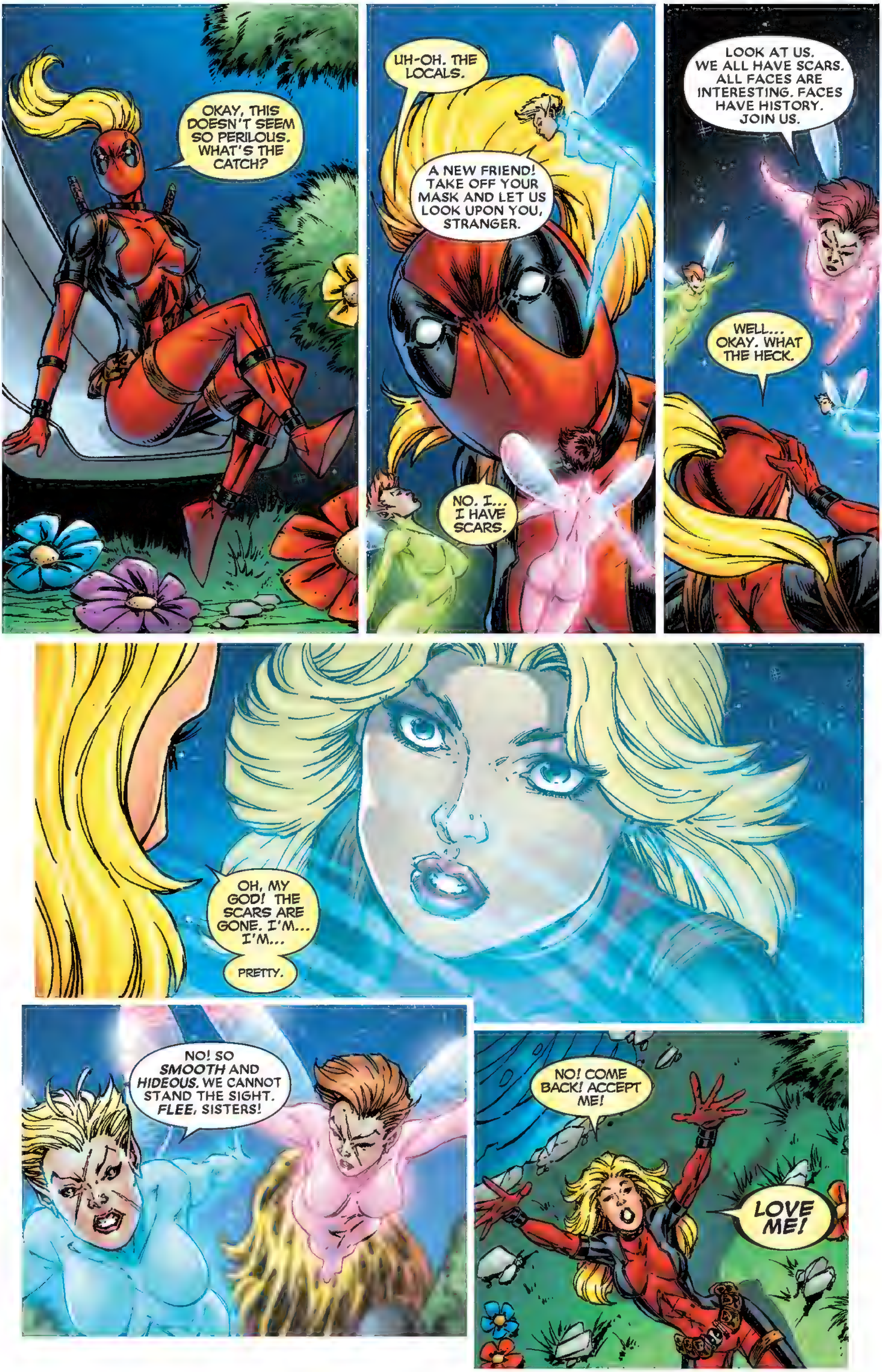

DON'T KISS HIM, RACHEL! YOU LOVE ROSS!
UH...WHAT'S GOING ON?

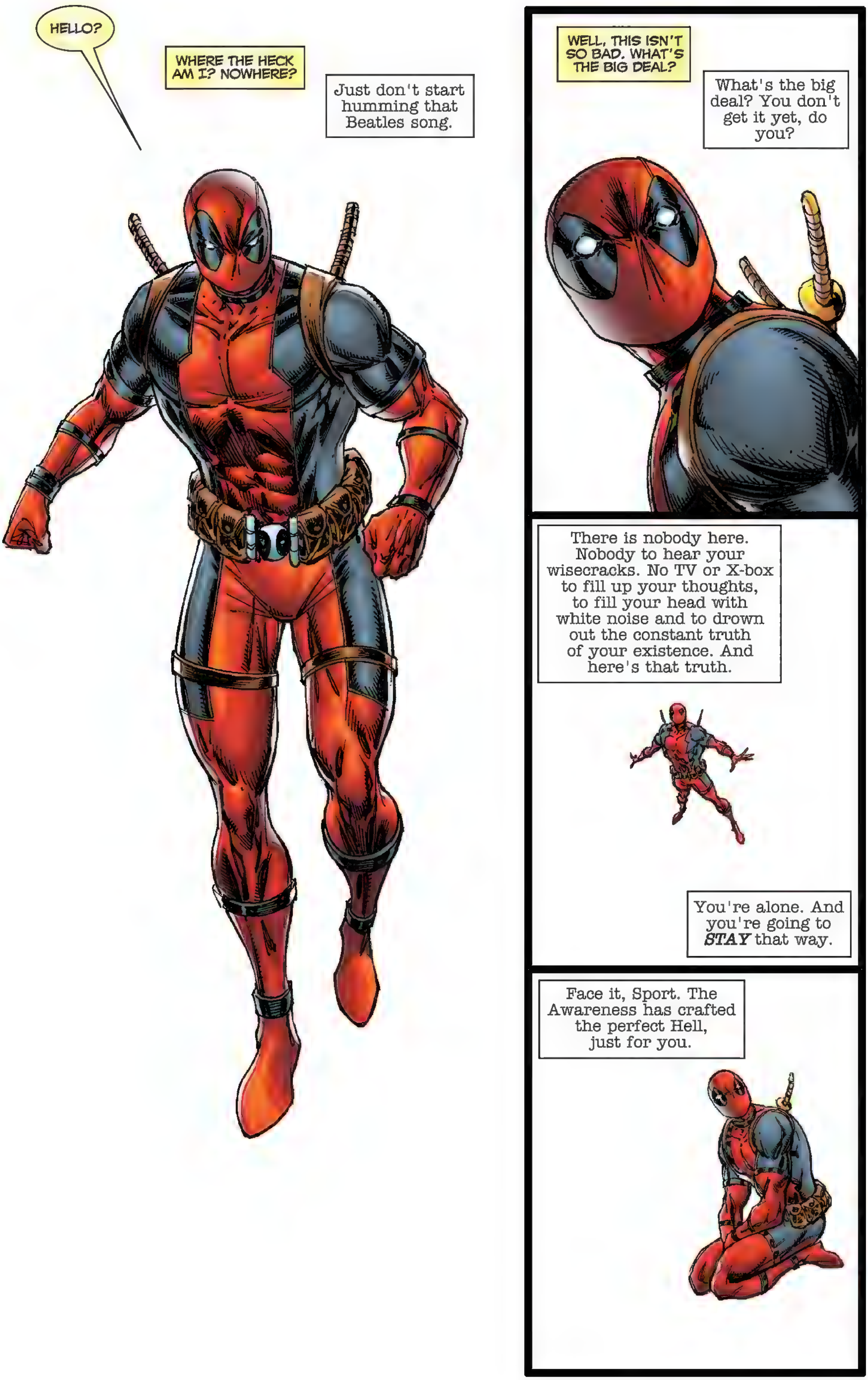

SO MANY POKEMON...WAIT, DON'T SAY THAT OUT LOUD. WHAT DO OLD PEOPLE LIKE ...?
LAW & ORDER SVU!

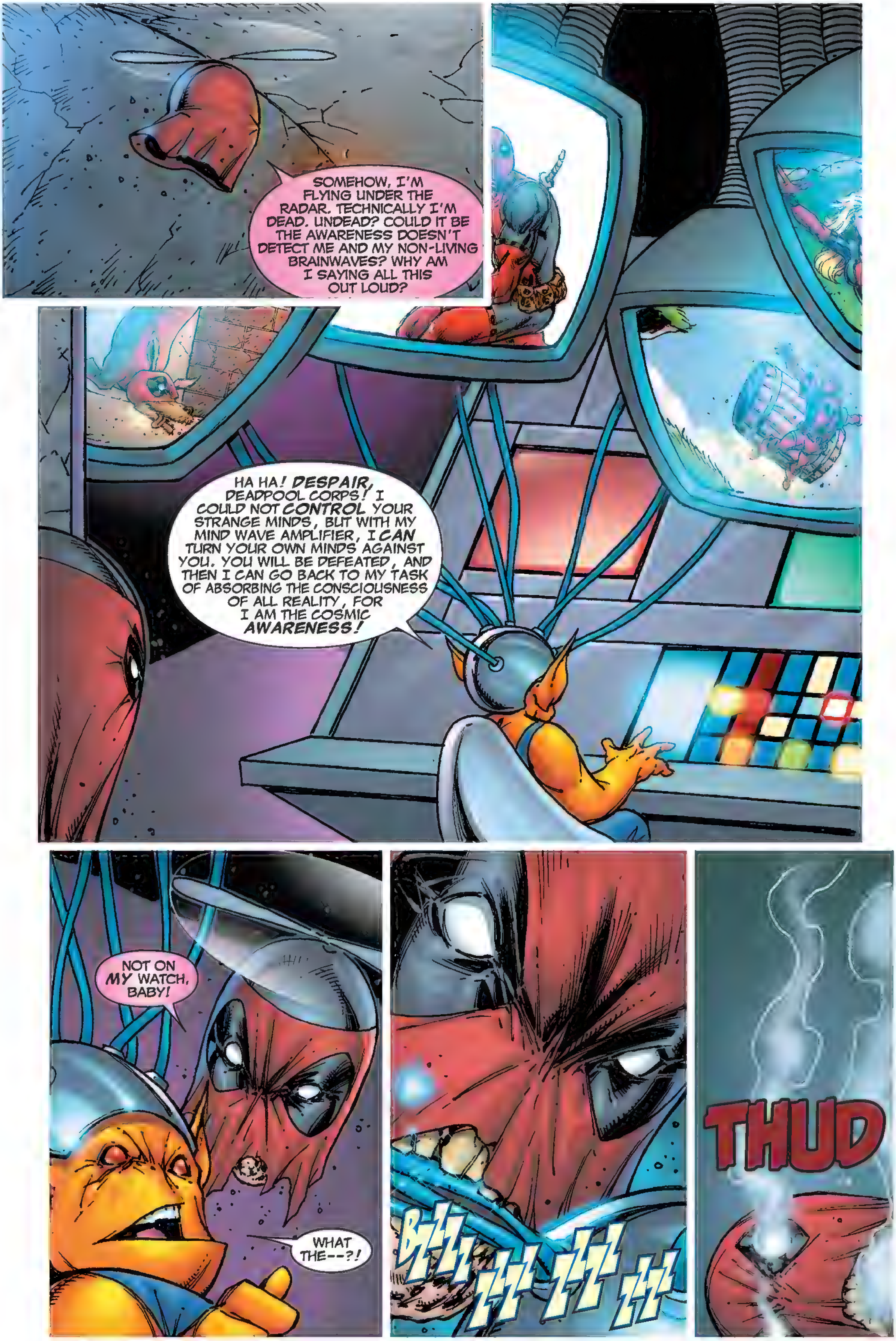

WHAT THE HECK HAPPENED?
I'M NOT SURE HOW WE GOT HERE OR WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN, BUT I'VE GOT A FEELING WE'RE GOING TO FIND THE ANSWERS *IN THERE.*
SO, UH, THE AWARENESS IS TRYING TO INTIMIDATE US BY MAKING US GO INTO COUNT CHOCULA'S HOUSE?
JUST MAKE SURE YOU HAVE FRESH BATTERIES IN THOSE LASER SWORDS, JUNIOR.
THIS CASTLE REPRESENTS THE TWISTED LABYRINTH OF YOUR MINDS. I HAVE PLUCKED YOUR *DOOM* FROM YOUR OWN *THOUGHTS!*
QUICK! EVERYONE THINK OF THE STAYPUFF MARSHMALLOW M--
--AAAAAAAAAN!

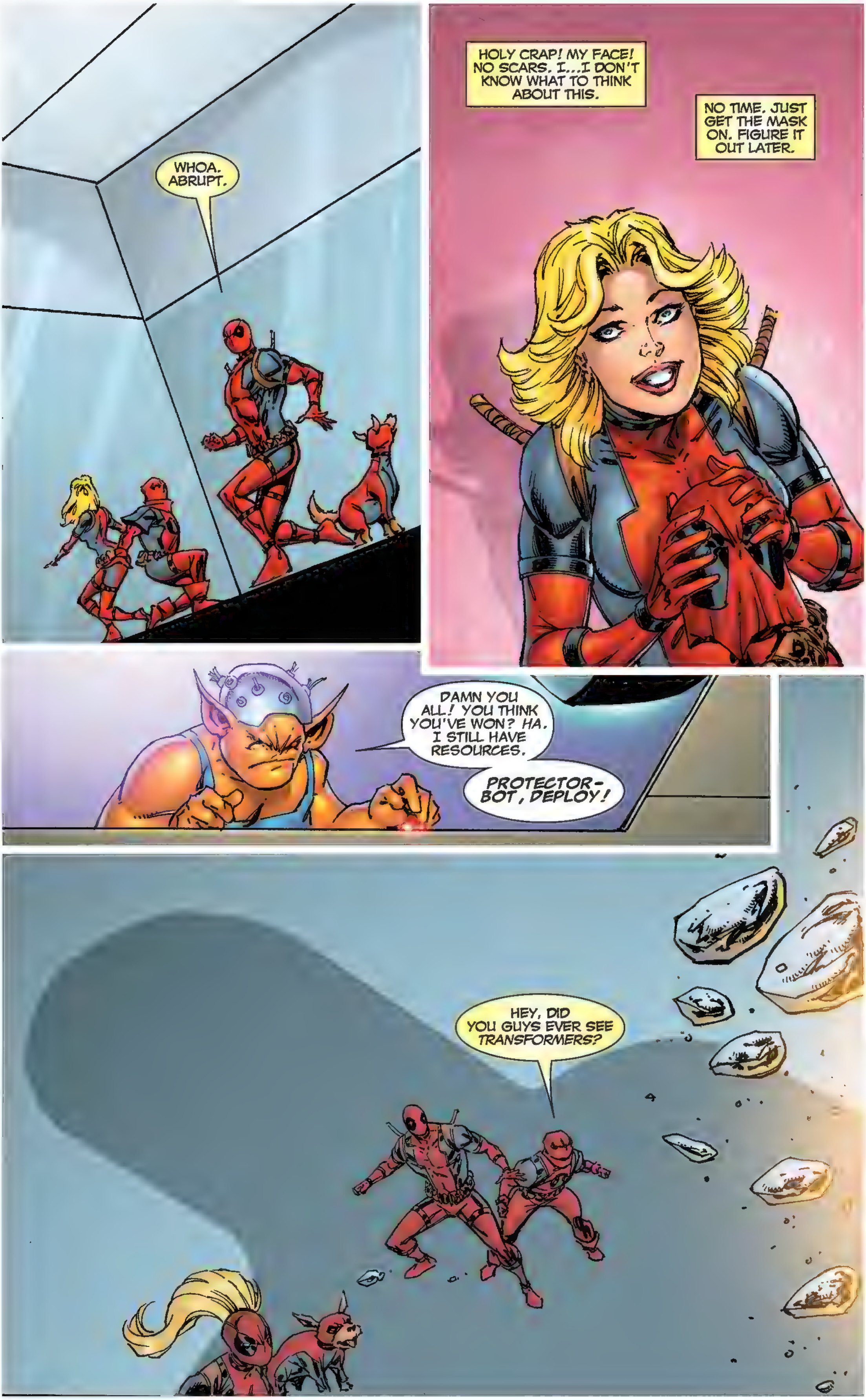

WHOOOSH!
ARF!
WELL, WHAT DO WE GOT HERE, NIGEL?
GRRRRRRRRRR.
LOOKS LIKE A WEE LITTLE DOGGY, HANK. I JUST BET HE LIKES TO CHEW ON BONES. *DON'T YOU*, WEE DOGGY.
MAYBE *WE* SHOULD CHEW ON *HIM!*
BOOT!

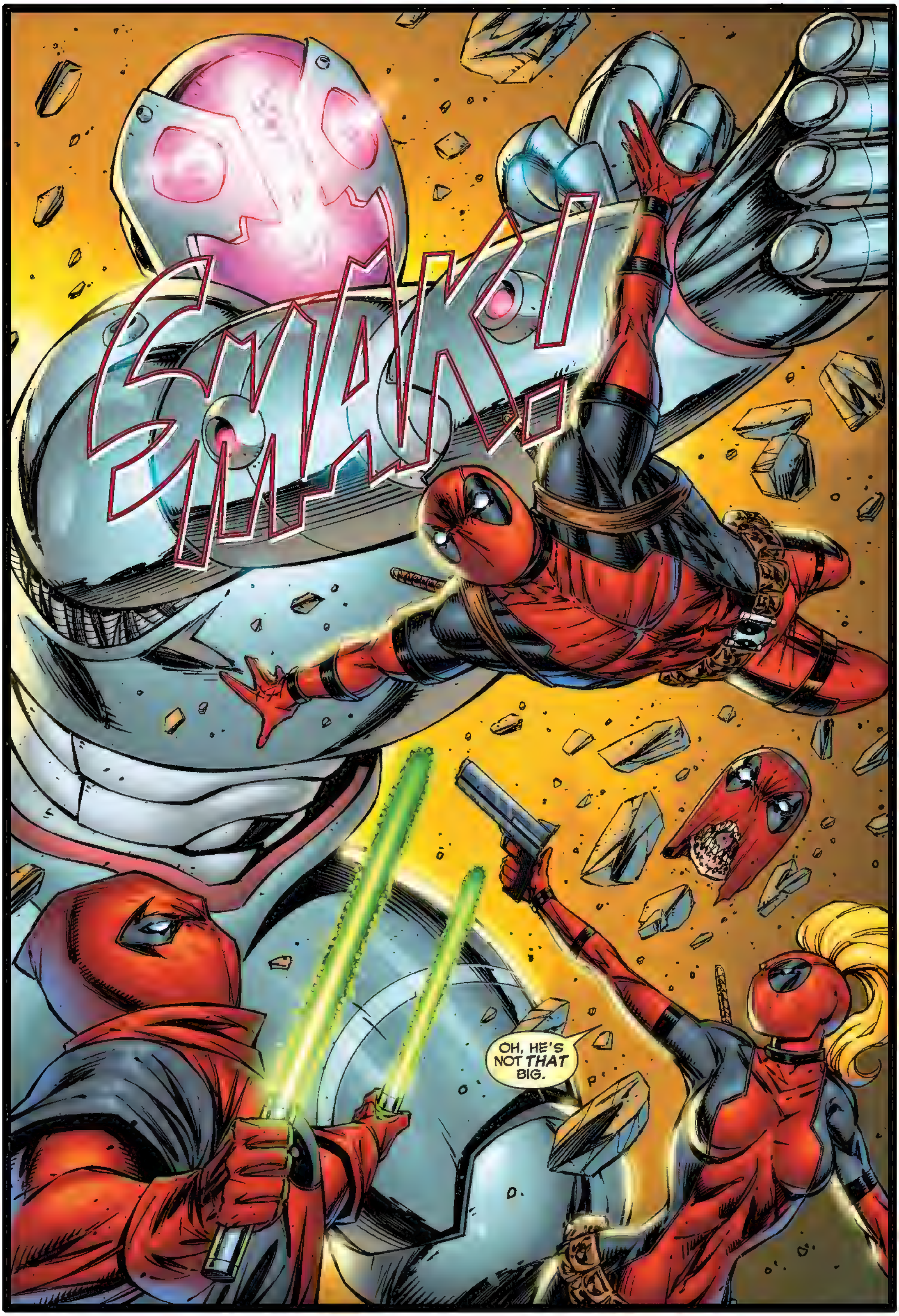

WHOOOOAAAA.
HUH. DON'T THINK WE'RE IN *KANSAS* ANYMORE. I WONDER IF--
UFF!
GRONK GRONK GRONK
OH... OH NO!
I'M TRAPPED IN A *GORILLA KONG* VIDEO GAME!

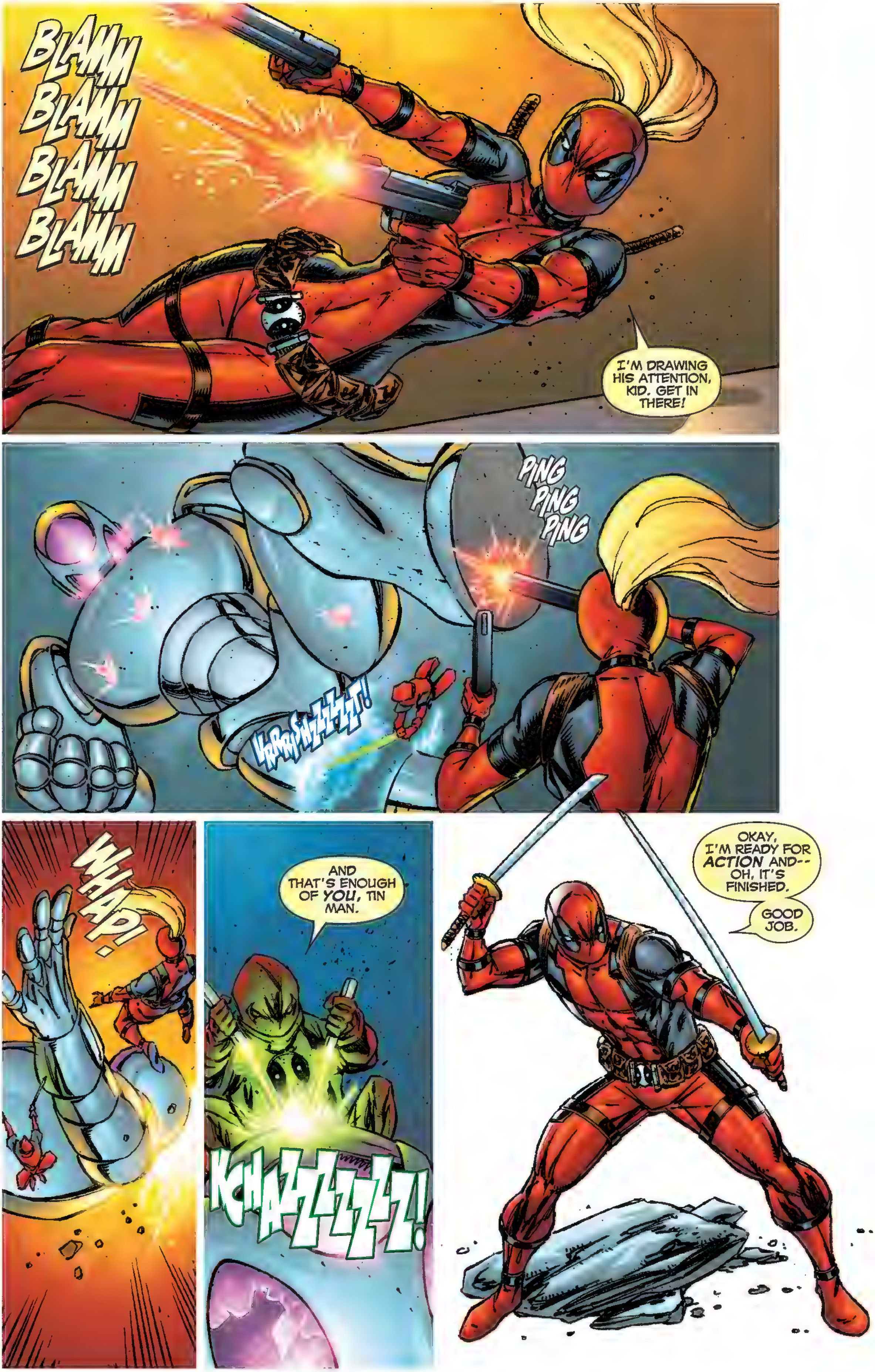

OKAY, THIS DOESN'T SEEM SO PERILOUS. WHAT'S THE CATCH?
UH-OH. THE LOCALS.
A NEW FRIEND! TAKE OFF YOUR MASK AND LET US LOOK UPON YOU, STRANGER.
NO. I... I HAVE SCARS.
LOOK AT US. WE ALL HAVE SCARS. ALL FACES ARE INTERESTING. FACES HAVE HISTORY. JOIN US.
WELL... OKAY. WHAT THE HECK.
OH, MY GOD! THE SCARS ARE GONE. I'M... I'M...
PRETTY.
NO! SO SMOOTH AND HIDEOUS. WE CANNOT STAND THE SIGHT. FLEE, SISTERS!
NO! COME BACK! ACCEPT ME!
LOVE ME!

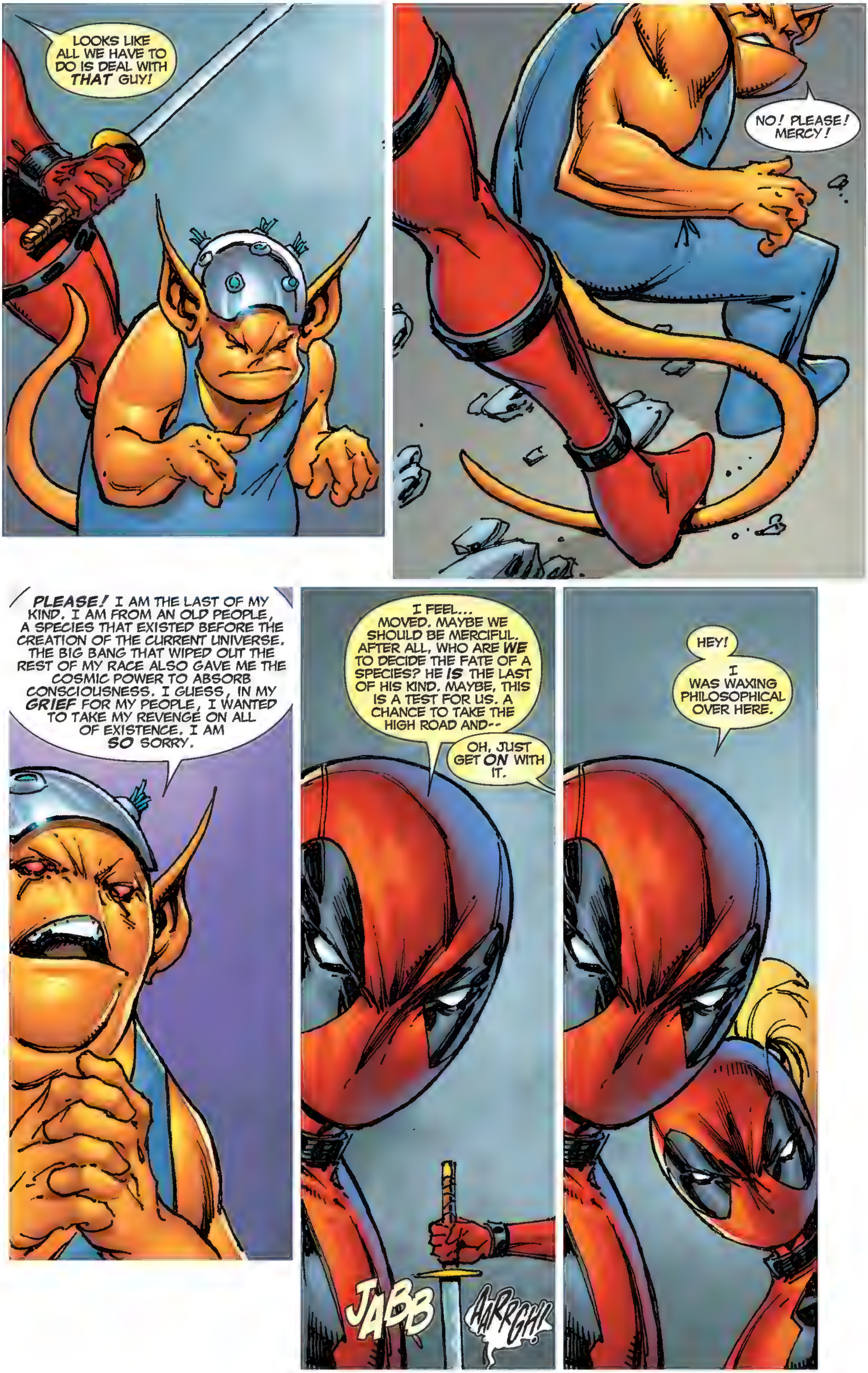

HELLO?
WHERE THE HECK AM I? NOWHERE?
Just don't start humming that Beatles song.
WELL, THIS ISN'T SO BAD. WHAT'S THE BIG DEAL?
What's the big deal? You don't get it yet, do you?
There is nobody here. Nobody to hear your wisecracks. No TV or X-box to fill up your thoughts, to fill your head with white noise and to drown out the constant truth of your existence. And here's that truth.
You're alone. And you're going to *STAY* that way.
Face it, Sport. The Awareness has crafted the perfect Hell, just for you.

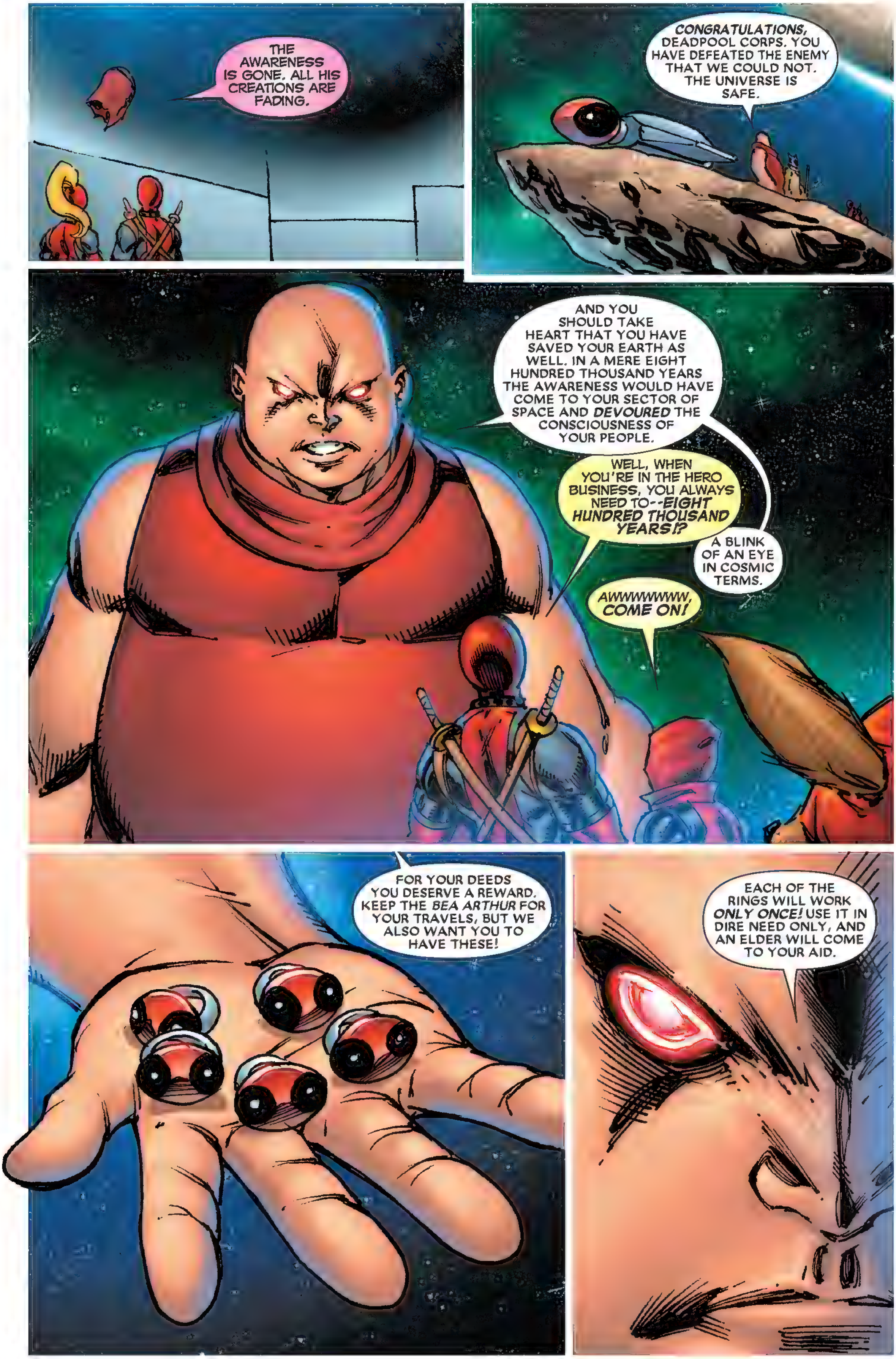

SOMEHOW, I'M FLYING UNDER THE RADAR. TECHNICALLY I'M DEAD. UNDEAD? COULD IT BE THE AWARENESS DOESN'T DETECT ME AND MY NON-LIVING BRAINWAVES? WHY AM I SAYING ALL THIS OUT LOUD?
HA HA! *DESPAIR,* DEADPOOL CORPS! I COULD NOT **CONTROL** YOUR STRANGE MINDS, BUT WITH MY MIND WAVE AMPLIFIER, I *CAN* TURN YOUR OWN MINDS AGAINST YOU. YOU WILL BE DEFEATED, AND THEN I CAN GO BACK TO MY TASK OF ABSORBING THE CONSCIOUSNESS OF ALL REALITY, FOR I AM THE COSMIC ***AWARENESS!***
NOT ON *MY* WATCH, BABY!
WHAT THE--?!
BZZZZ ZZZZ ZZZZ ZZZZ
THUD

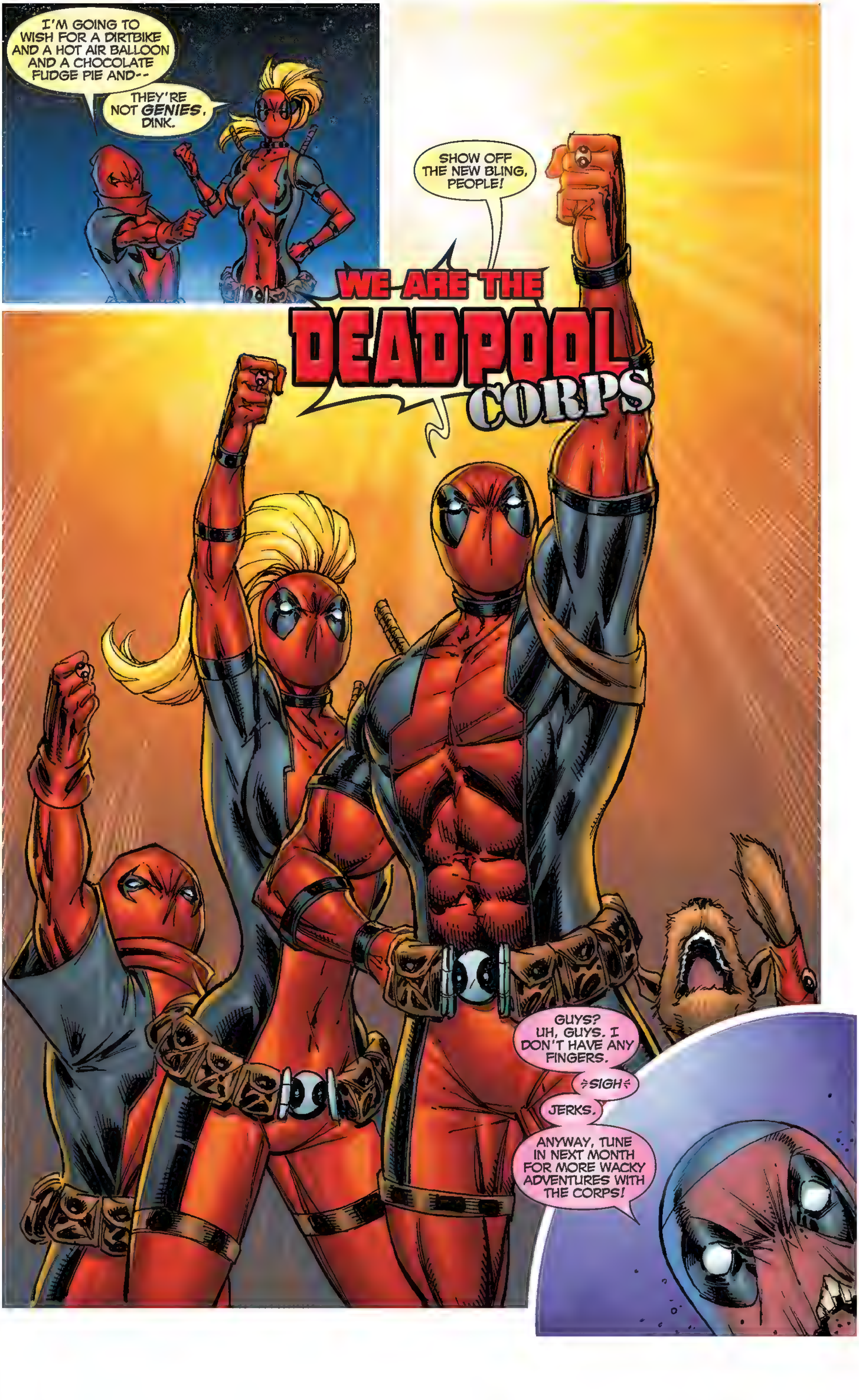

WHOA. ABRUPT.
HOLY CRAP! MY FACE! NO SCARS. I...I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO THINK ABOUT THIS.
NO TIME. JUST GET THE MASK ON. FIGURE IT OUT LATER.
DAMN YOU ALL! YOU THINK YOU'VE WON? HA. I STILL HAVE RESOURCES.
PROTECTOR-BOT, DEPLOY!
HEY, DID YOU GUYS EVER SEE *TRANSFORMERS?*


SMAK!!
OH, HE'S NOT *THAT* BIG.


BLAMM
BLAMM
BLAMM
BLAMM
I'M DRAWING HIS ATTENTION, KID. GET IN THERE!
PING PING PING
VRRRSHZZZZZT!
WHAP!
AND THAT'S ENOUGH OF *YOU*, TIN MAN.
KCHAZZZZZZZZ!
OKAY, I'M READY FOR *ACTION* AND-- OH, IT'S FINISHED.
GOOD JOB.


LOOKS LIKE ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS DEAL WITH *THAT* GUY!
NO! PLEASE! MERCY!
PLEASE! I AM THE LAST OF MY KIND. I AM FROM AN OLD PEOPLE, A SPECIES THAT EXISTED BEFORE THE CREATION OF THE CURRENT UNIVERSE. THE BIG BANG THAT WIPED OUT THE REST OF MY RACE ALSO GAVE ME THE COSMIC POWER TO ABSORB CONSCIOUSNESS. I GUESS, IN MY *GRIEF* FOR MY PEOPLE, I WANTED TO TAKE MY REVENGE ON ALL OF EXISTENCE. I AM *SO* SORRY.
I FEEL... MOVED. MAYBE WE SHOULD BE MERCIFUL. AFTER ALL, WHO ARE *WE* TO DECIDE THE FATE OF A SPECIES? HE *IS* THE LAST OF HIS KIND. MAYBE, THIS IS A TEST FOR US. A CHANCE TO TAKE THE HIGH ROAD AND--
OH, JUST GET *ON* WITH IT.
JABB
AARRGH!
HEY!
I WAS WAXING PHILOSOPHICAL OVER HERE.


THE AWARENESS IS GONE. ALL HIS CREATIONS ARE FADING.
CONGRATULATIONS, DEADPOOL CORPS. YOU HAVE DEFEATED THE ENEMY THAT WE COULD NOT. THE UNIVERSE IS SAFE.
AND YOU SHOULD TAKE HEART THAT YOU HAVE SAVED YOUR EARTH AS WELL. IN A MERE EIGHT HUNDRED THOUSAND YEARS THE AWARENESS WOULD HAVE COME TO YOUR SECTOR OF SPACE AND *DEVOURED* THE CONSCIOUSNESS OF YOUR PEOPLE.
WELL, WHEN YOU'RE IN THE HERO BUSINESS, YOU ALWAYS NEED TO--***EIGHT HUNDRED THOUSAND YEARS!?***
A BLINK OF AN EYE IN COSMIC TERMS.
AWWWWWWW, ***COME ON!***
FOR YOUR DEEDS YOU DESERVE A REWARD. KEEP THE *BEA ARTHUR* FOR YOUR TRAVELS, BUT WE ALSO WANT YOU TO HAVE THESE!
EACH OF THE RINGS WILL WORK ***ONLY ONCE!*** USE IT IN DIRE NEED ONLY, AND AN ELDER WILL COME TO YOUR AID.


I'M GOING TO WISH FOR A DIRTBIKE AND A HOT AIR BALLOON AND A CHOCOLATE FUDGE PIE AND--
THEY'RE NOT *GENIES*, DINK.
SHOW OFF THE NEW BLING, PEOPLE!
WE ARE THE DEADPOOL CORPS
GUYS? UH, GUYS. I DON'T HAVE ANY FINGERS.
SIGH
JERKS.
ANYWAY, TUNE IN NEXT MONTH FOR MORE WACKY ADVENTURES WITH THE CORPS!

DEADPOOL CORPS

MARVEL

6

GISCHLER
MYCHAELS
YACKEY

LIEFELD
AFTER COCKRUM
YACKEY

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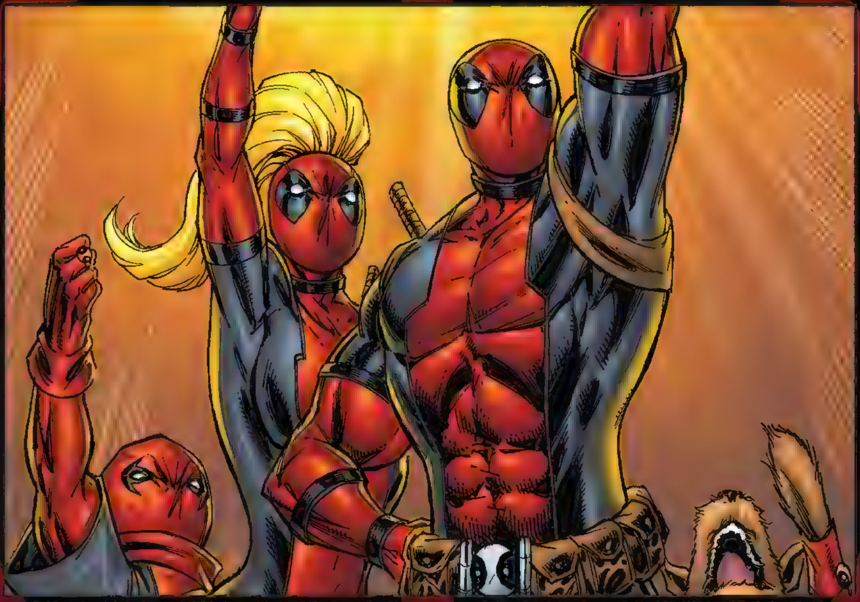
When the Elders of the Universe sensed the coming of a threat of galactic proportions they asked Deadpool, the Merc with the Mouth, to assemble a team fearless (and stupid) enough to stand against it.

Never one to back down from a mission spelling certain death, Deadpool scoured the multiverse and gathered alternate versions of himself: Lady Deadpool, Kidpool, Dogpool and Headpool.

Together they form the

DEADPOOL CORPS



During their adventures to save the galaxy they encountered (and humiliated on several occasions) the Champion, an Elder of the Universe who was consumed with rage at the prospect of the Corps being chosen over him to defend all that is.

Now the team is traveling through a freshly saved universe, trying to find their way home…

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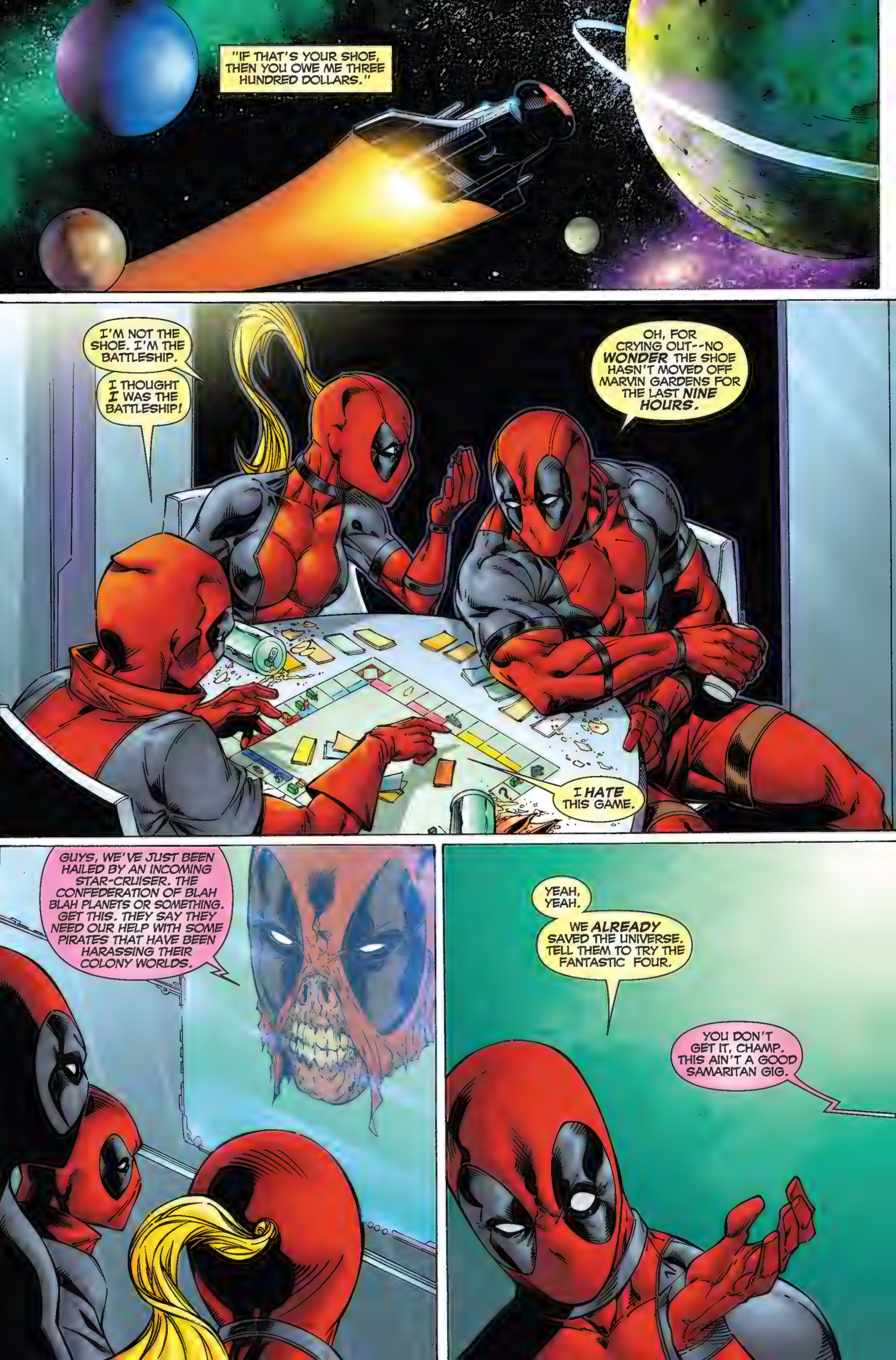
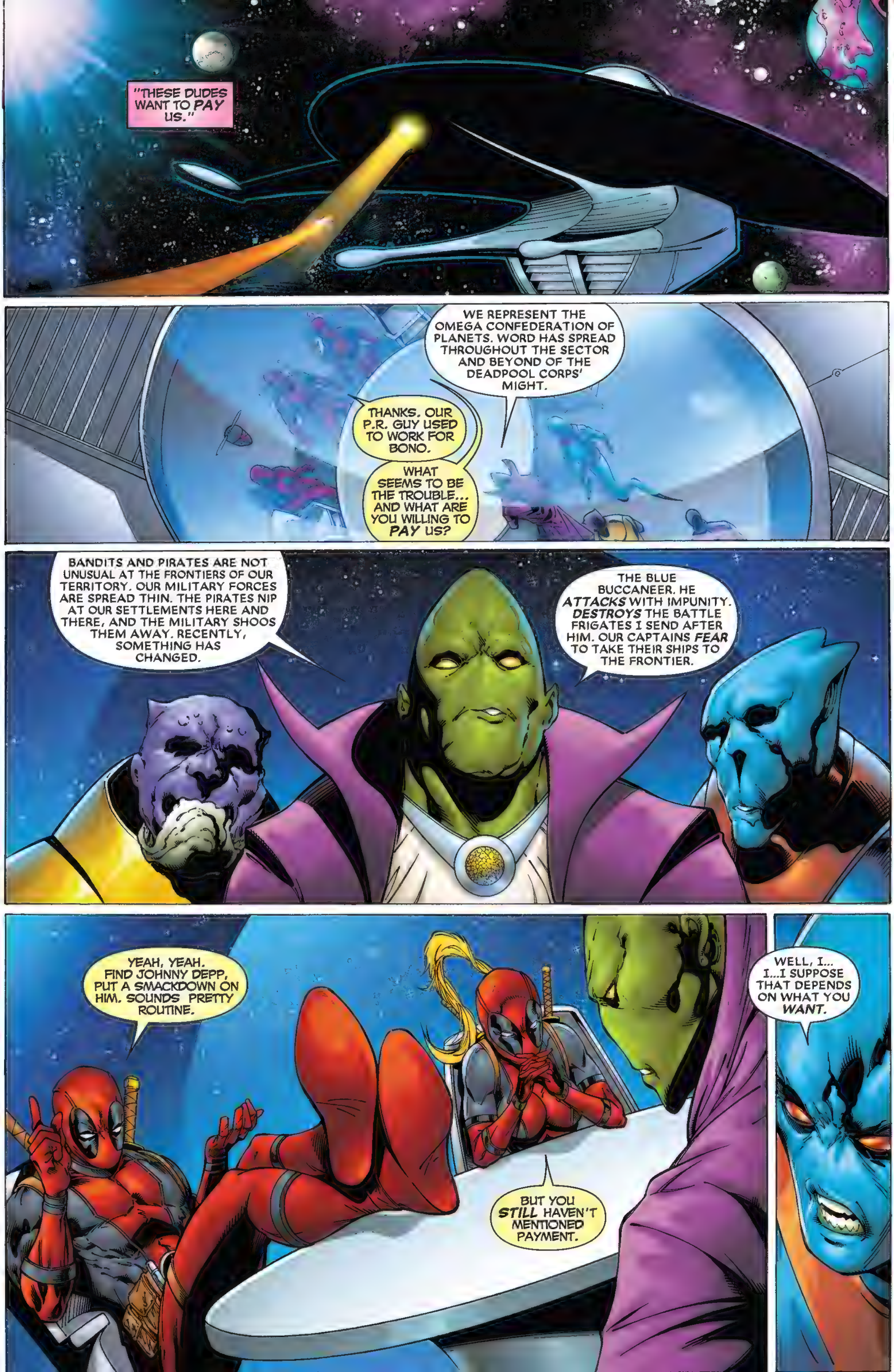
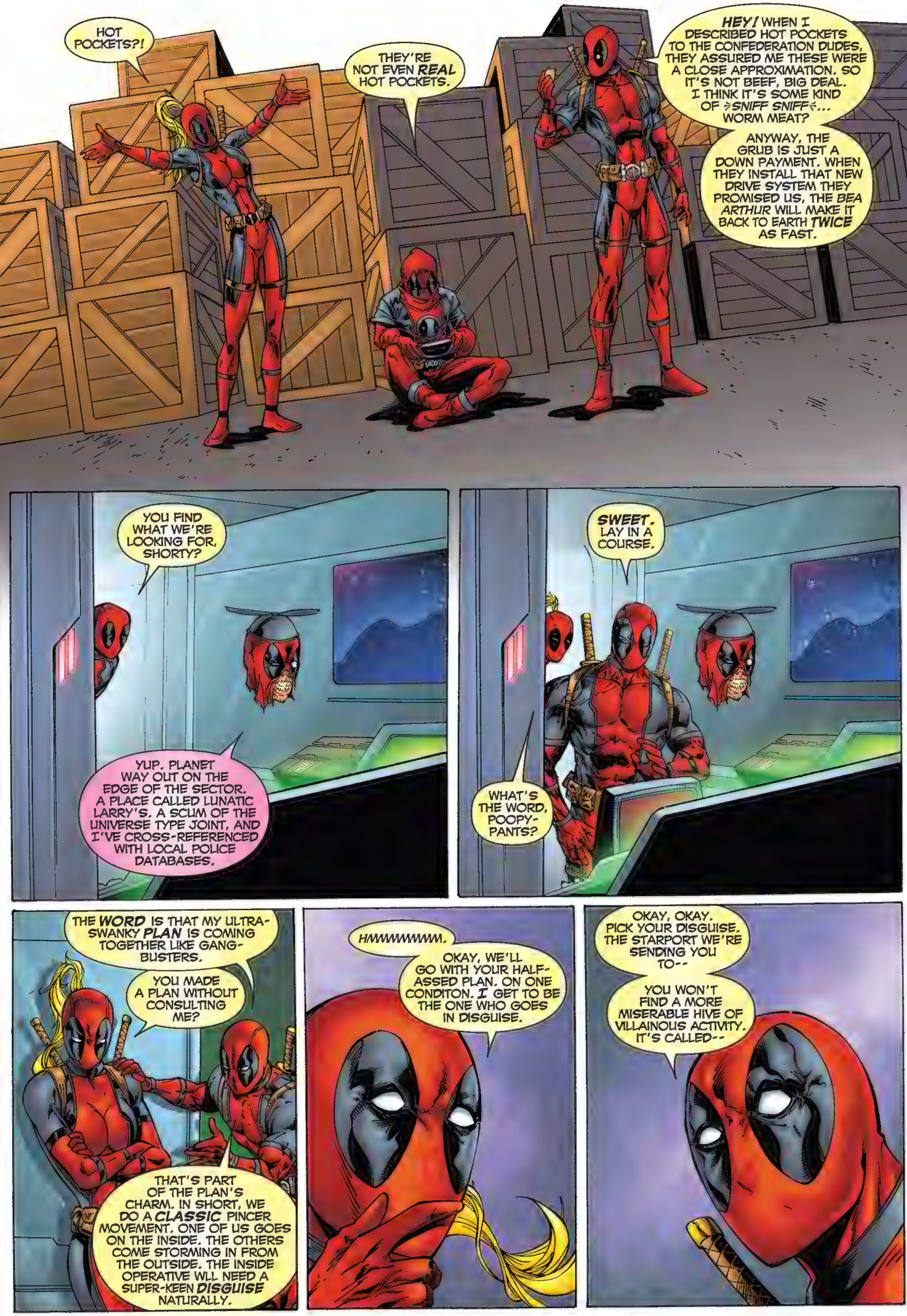
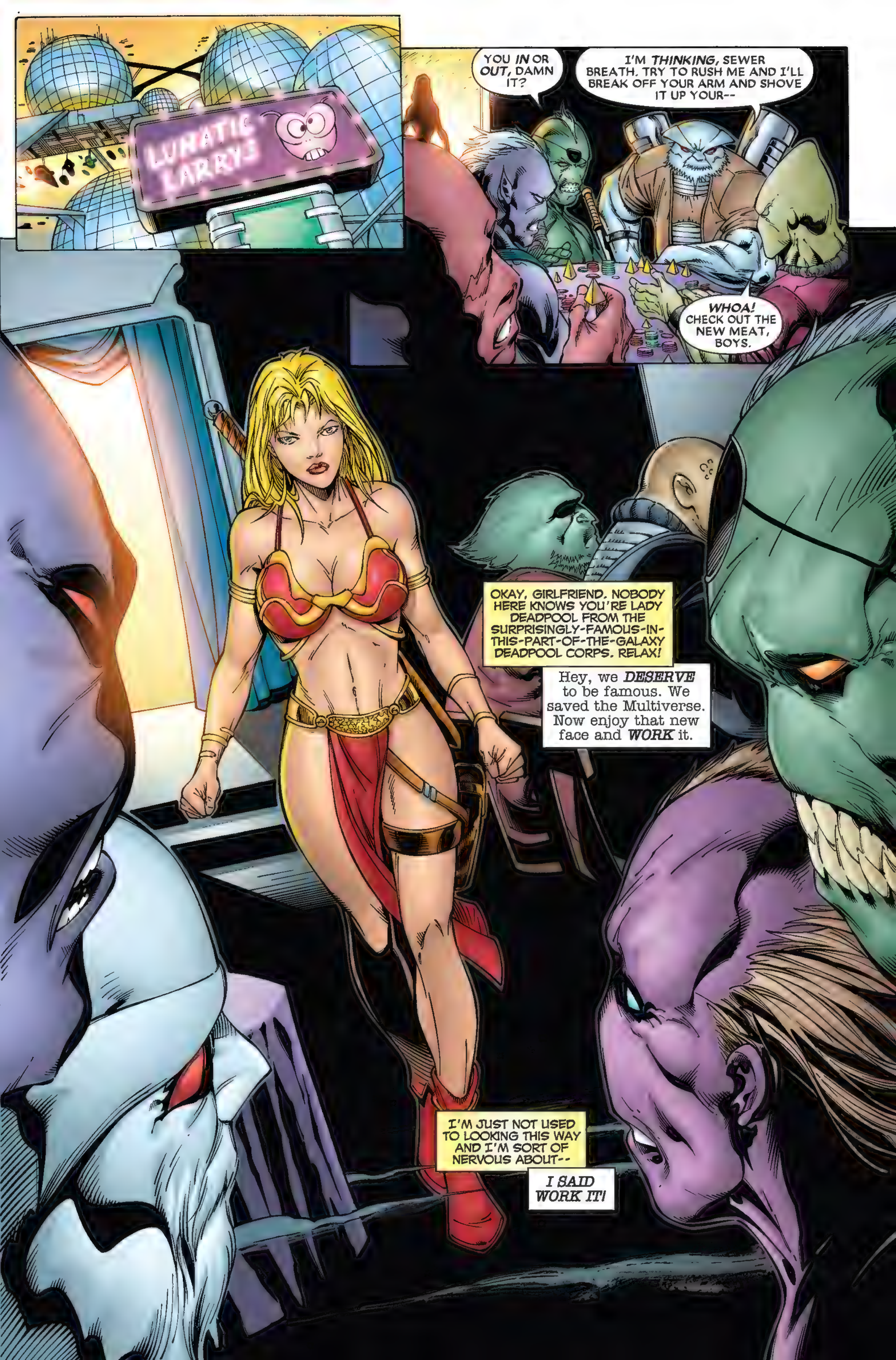
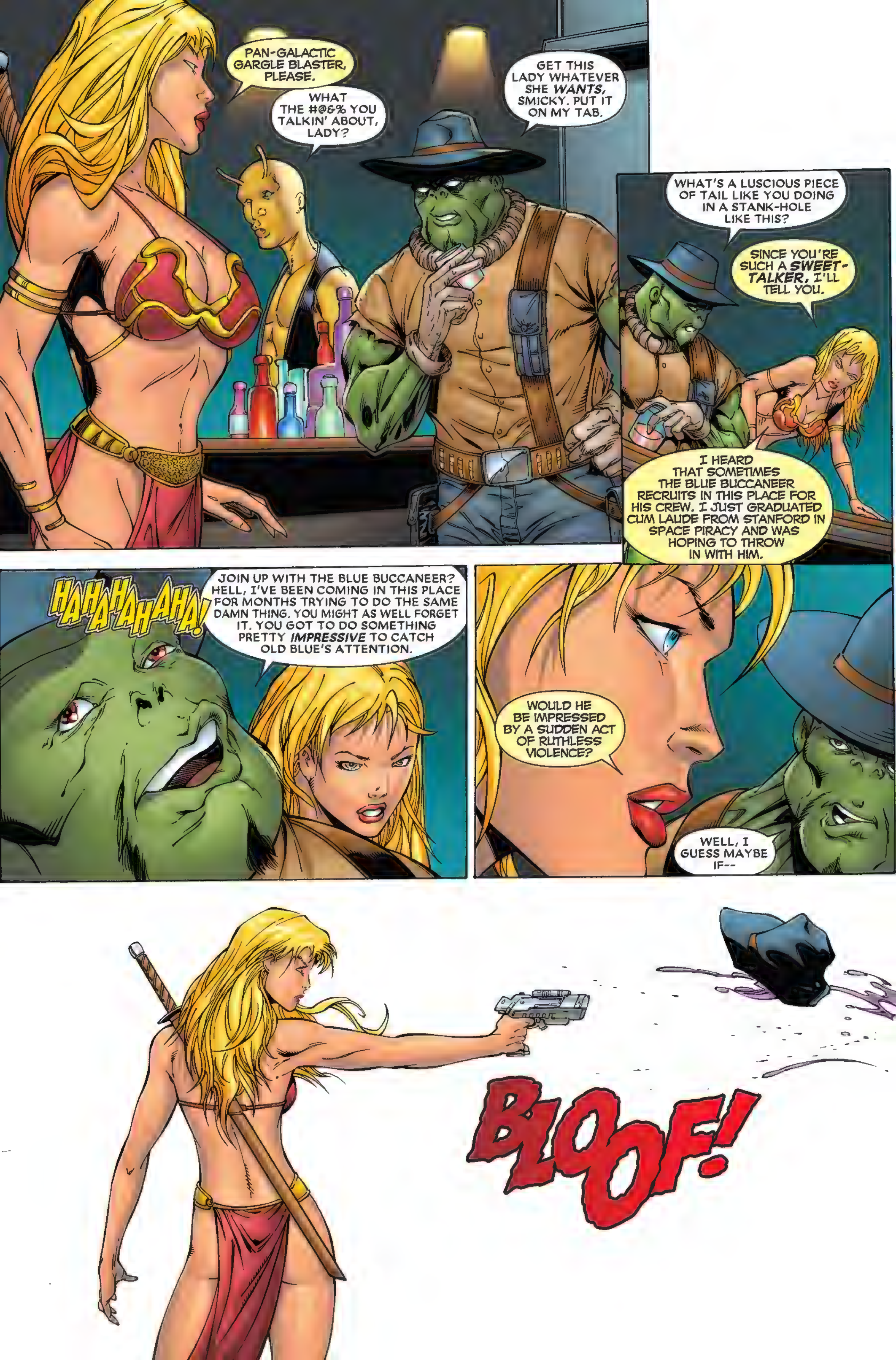
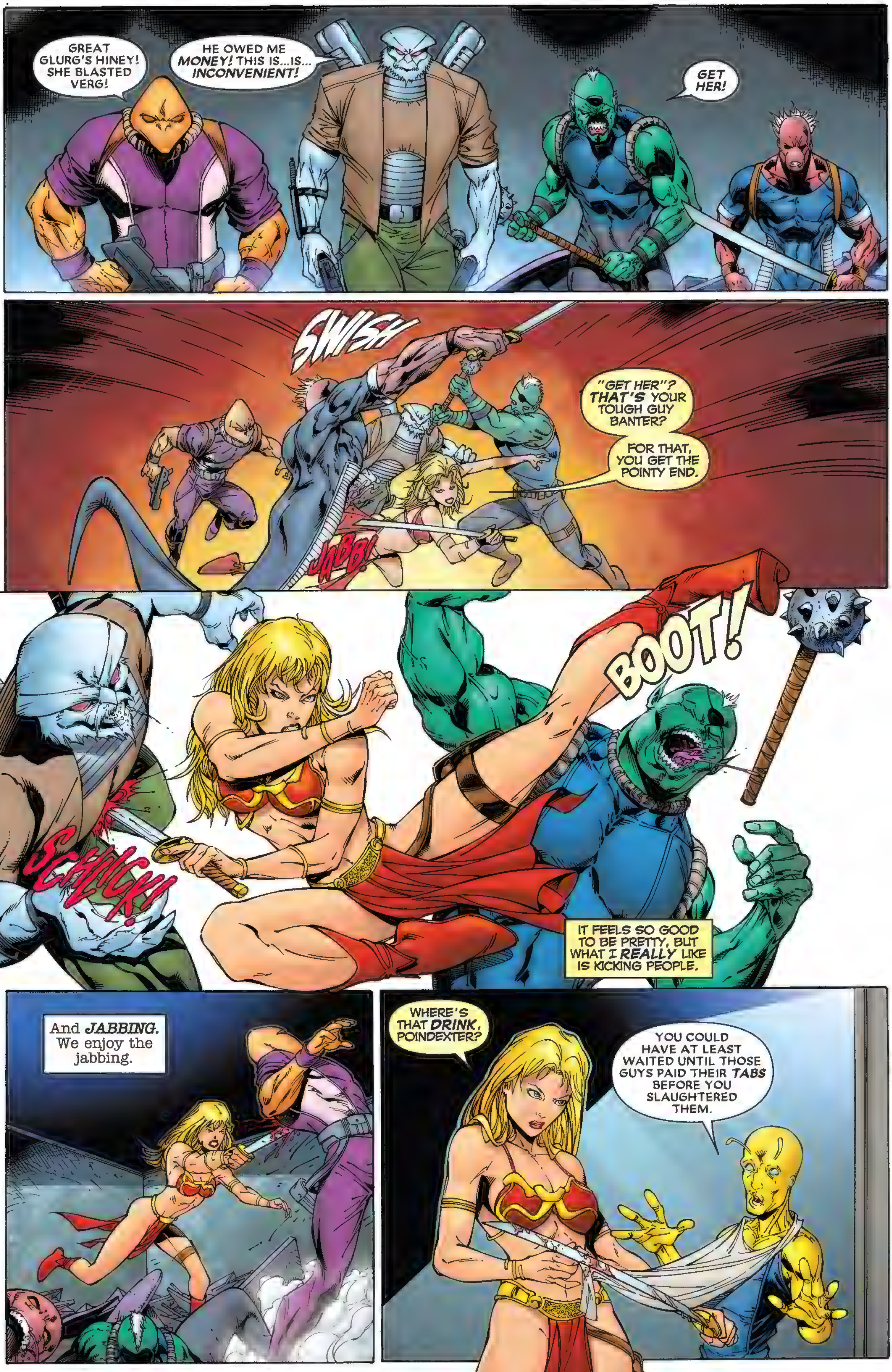

"IF THAT'S YOUR SHOE, THEN YOU OWE ME THREE HUNDRED DOLLARS."
I'M NOT THE SHOE. I'M THE BATTLESHIP.
I THOUGHT *I* WAS THE BATTLESHIP!
OH, FOR CRYING OUT--NO **WONDER** THE SHOE HASN'T MOVED OFF MARVIN GARDENS FOR THE LAST ***NINE HOURS.***
I ***HATE*** THIS GAME.
GUYS, WE'VE JUST BEEN HAILED BY AN INCOMING STAR-CRUISER. THE CONFEDERATION OF BLAH BLAH PLANETS OR SOMETHING. GET THIS. THEY SAY THEY NEED OUR HELP WITH SOME PIRATES THAT HAVE BEEN HARASSING THEIR COLONY WORLDS.
YEAH, YEAH.
WE ***ALREADY*** SAVED THE UNIVERSE. TELL THEM TO TRY THE FANTASTIC FOUR.
YOU DON'T GET IT, CHAMP. THIS AIN'T A GOOD SAMARITAN GIG.

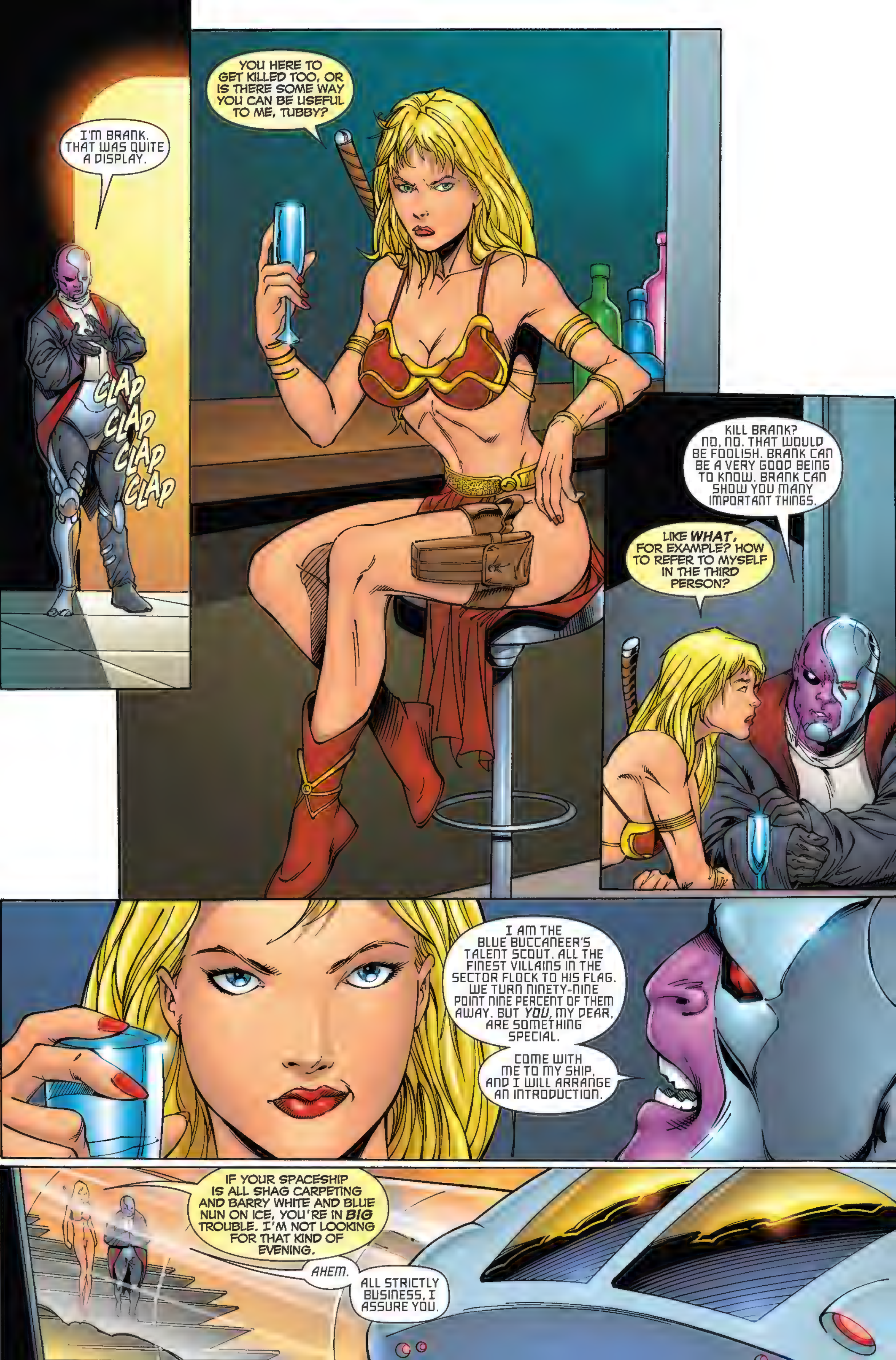

"THESE DUDES WANT TO *PAY* US."
WE REPRESENT THE OMEGA CONFEDERATION OF PLANETS. WORD HAS SPREAD THROUGHOUT THE SECTOR AND BEYOND OF THE DEADPOOL CORPS' MIGHT.
THANKS. OUR P.R. GUY USED TO WORK FOR BONO.
WHAT SEEMS TO BE THE TROUBLE... AND WHAT ARE YOU WILLING TO *PAY* US?
BANDITS AND PIRATES ARE NOT UNUSUAL AT THE FRONTIERS OF OUR TERRITORY. OUR MILITARY FORCES ARE SPREAD THIN. THE PIRATES NIP AT OUR SETTLEMENTS HERE AND THERE, AND THE MILITARY SHOOS THEM AWAY. RECENTLY, SOMETHING HAS CHANGED.
THE BLUE BUCCANEER. HE *ATTACKS* WITH IMPUNITY. *DESTROYS* THE BATTLE FRIGATES I SEND AFTER HIM. OUR CAPTAINS *FEAR* TO TAKE THEIR SHIPS TO THE FRONTIER.
YEAH, YEAH. FIND JOHNNY DEPP, PUT A SMACKDOWN ON HIM. SOUNDS PRETTY ROUTINE.
BUT YOU *STILL* HAVEN'T MENTIONED PAYMENT.
WELL, I... I...I SUPPOSE THAT DEPENDS ON WHAT YOU *WANT*.

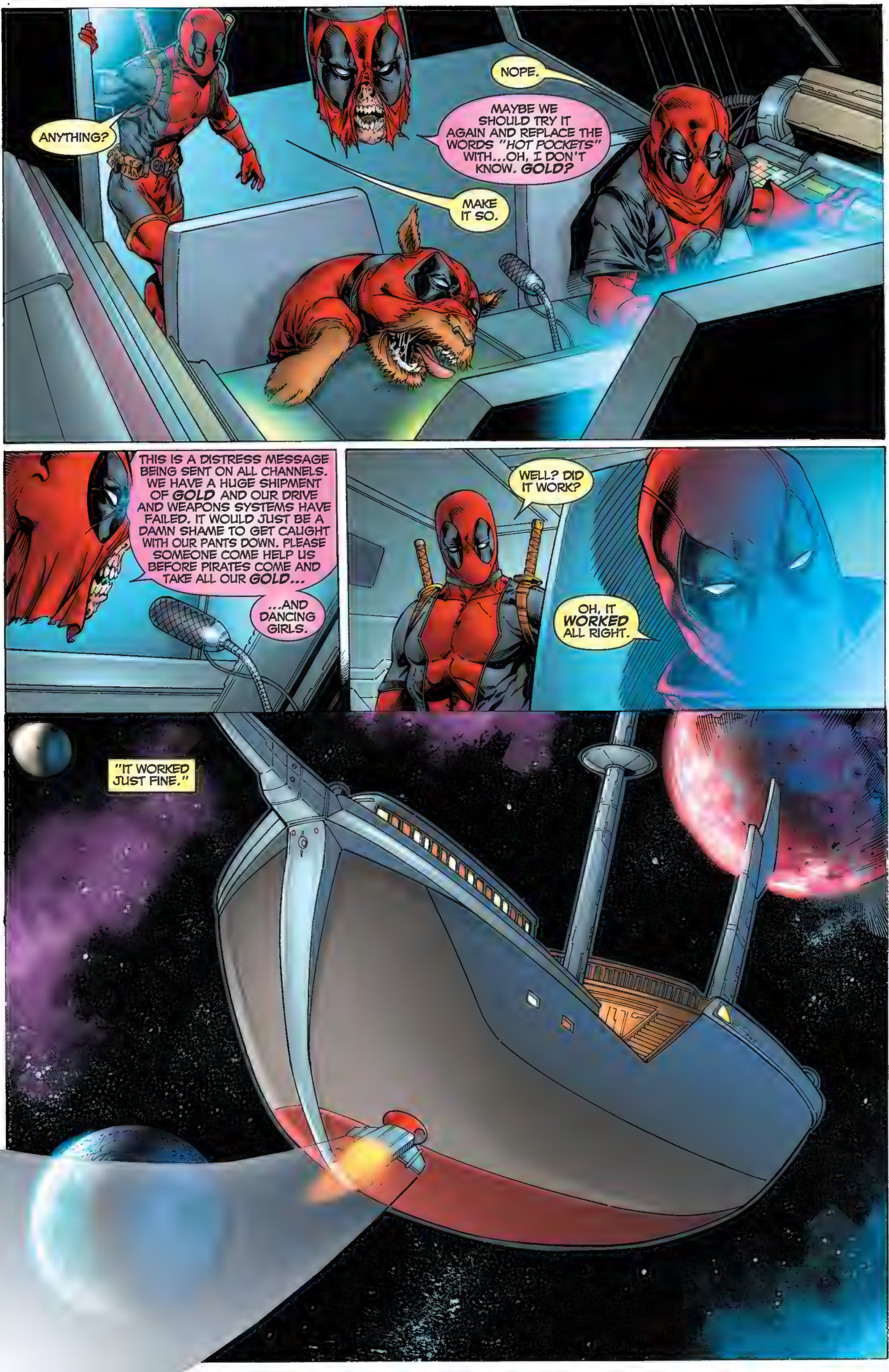

HOT POCKETS?!
THEY'RE NOT EVEN **REAL** HOT POCKETS.
HEY! WHEN I DESCRIBED HOT POCKETS TO THE CONFEDERATION DUDES, THEY ASSURED ME THESE WERE A CLOSE APPROXIMATION. SO IT'S NOT BEEF, BIG DEAL. I THINK IT'S SOME KIND OF ⊰*SNIFF SNIFF*⊱... WORM MEAT?
ANYWAY, THE GRUB IS JUST A DOWN PAYMENT. WHEN THEY INSTALL THAT NEW DRIVE SYSTEM THEY PROMISED US, THE *BEA ARTHUR* WILL MAKE IT BACK TO EARTH **TWICE** AS FAST.
YOU FIND WHAT WE'RE LOOKING FOR, SHORTY?
YUP. PLANET WAY OUT ON THE EDGE OF THE SECTOR. A PLACE CALLED LUNATIC LARRY'S. A SCUM OF THE UNIVERSE TYPE JOINT, AND I'VE CROSS-REFERENCED WITH LOCAL POLICE DATABASES.
SWEET. LAY IN A COURSE.
WHAT'S THE WORD, POOPY-PANTS?
THE **WORD** IS THAT MY ULTRA-SWANKY **PLAN** IS COMING TOGETHER LIKE GANG-BUSTERS.
YOU MADE A PLAN WITHOUT CONSULTING ME?
THAT'S PART OF THE PLAN'S CHARM. IN SHORT, WE DO A **CLASSIC** PINCER MOVEMENT. ONE OF US GOES ON THE INSIDE. THE OTHERS COME STORMING IN FROM THE OUTSIDE. THE INSIDE OPERATIVE WLL NEED A SUPER-KEEN **DISGUISE** NATURALLY.
HMMMMMMMM.
OKAY, WE'LL GO WITH YOUR HALF-ASSED PLAN. ON ONE CONDITON. ***I*** GET TO BE THE ONE WHO GOES IN DISGUISE.
OKAY, OKAY. PICK YOUR DISGUISE. THE STARPORT WE'RE SENDING YOU TO--
YOU WON'T FIND A MORE MISERABLE HIVE OF VILLAINOUS ACTIVITY. IT'S CALLED--

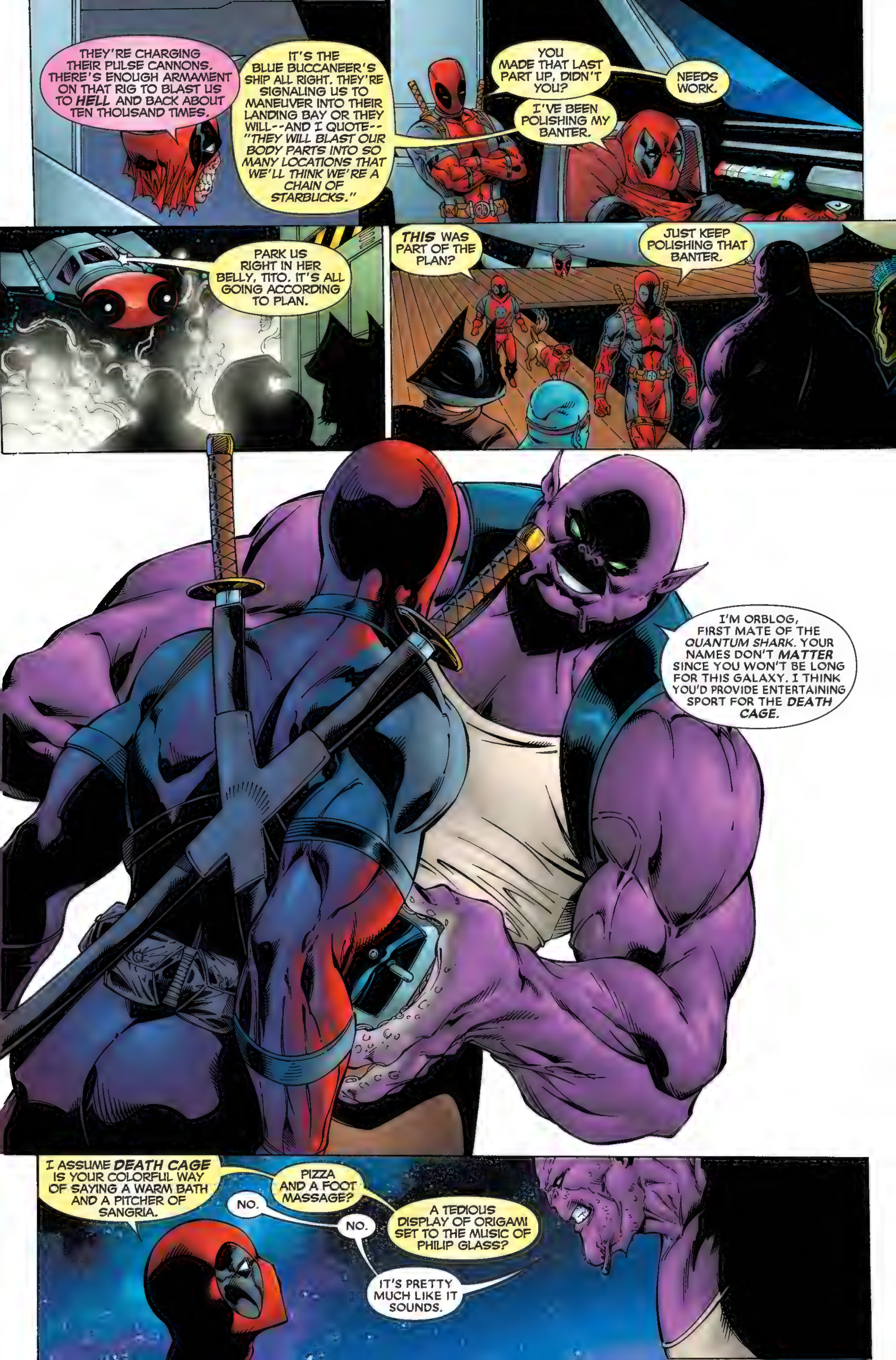

LUNATIC LARRY'S
YOU *IN* OR *OUT*, DAMN IT?
I'M *THINKING*, SEWER BREATH. TRY TO RUSH ME AND I'LL BREAK OFF YOUR ARM AND SHOVE IT UP YOUR--
WHOA! CHECK OUT THE NEW MEAT, BOYS.
OKAY, GIRLFRIEND. NOBODY HERE KNOWS YOU'RE LADY DEADPOOL FROM THE SURPRISINGLY-FAMOUS-IN-THIS-PART-OF-THE-GALAXY DEADPOOL CORPS. RELAX!
Hey, we *DESERVE* to be famous. We saved the Multiverse. Now enjoy that new face and *WORK* it.
I'M JUST NOT USED TO LOOKING THIS WAY AND I'M SORT OF NERVOUS ABOUT--
I SAID WORK IT!

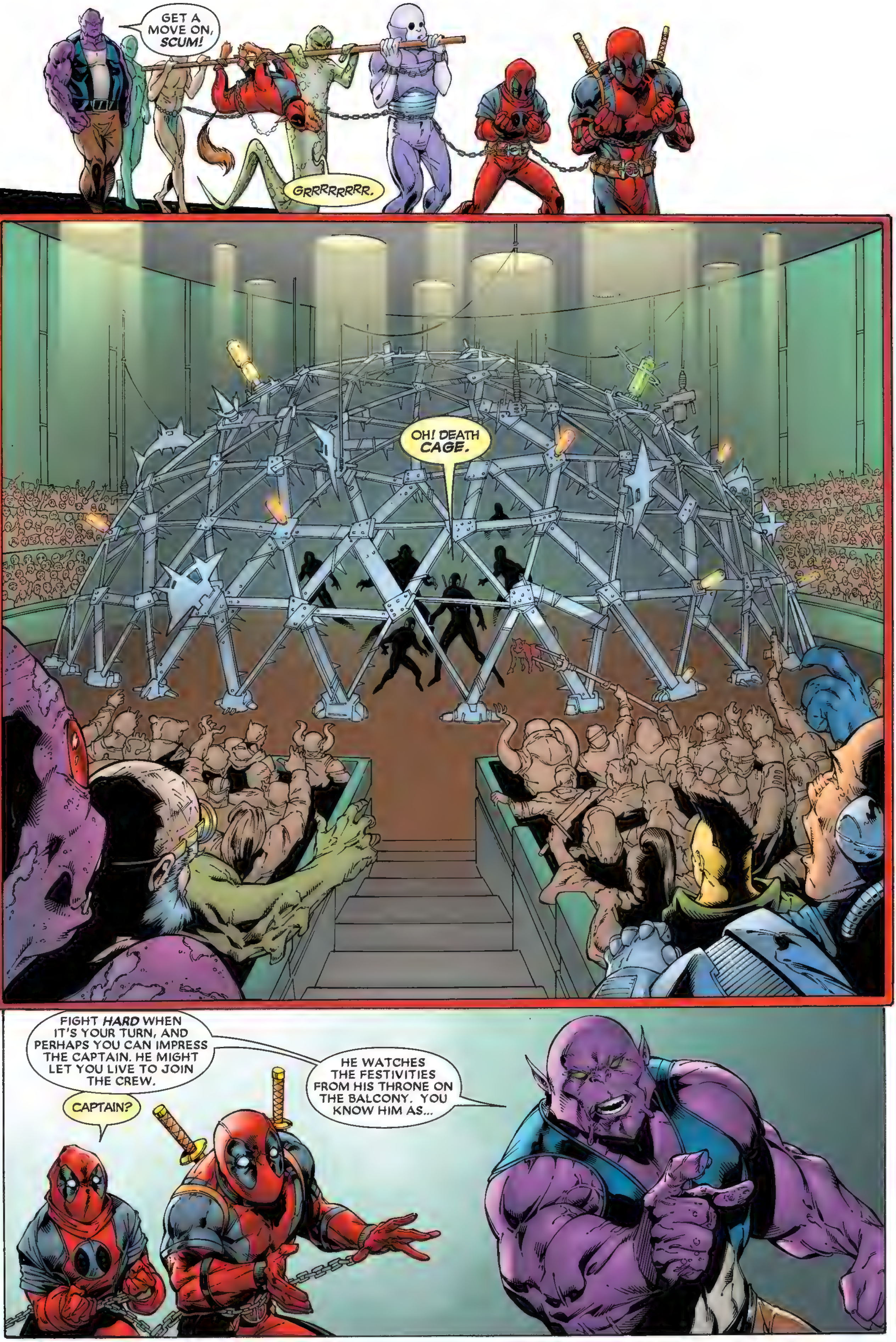

PAN-GALACTIC GARGLE BLASTER, PLEASE.
WHAT THE #@&% YOU TALKIN' ABOUT, LADY?
GET THIS LADY WHATEVER SHE *WANTS*, SMICKY. PUT IT ON MY TAB.
WHAT'S A LUSCIOUS PIECE OF TAIL LIKE YOU DOING IN A STANK-HOLE LIKE THIS?
SINCE YOU'RE SUCH A ***SWEET-TALKER,*** I'LL TELL YOU.
I HEARD THAT SOMETIMES THE BLUE BUCCANEER RECRUITS IN THIS PLACE FOR HIS CREW. I JUST GRADUATED CUM LAUDE FROM STANFORD IN SPACE PIRACY AND WAS HOPING TO THROW IN WITH HIM.
HAHAHAHAHAHA!
JOIN UP WITH THE BLUE BUCCANEER? HELL, I'VE BEEN COMING IN THIS PLACE FOR MONTHS TRYING TO DO THE SAME DAMN THING. YOU MIGHT AS WELL FORGET IT. YOU GOT TO DO SOMETHING PRETTY *IMPRESSIVE* TO CATCH OLD BLUE'S ATTENTION.
WOULD HE BE IMPRESSED BY A SUDDEN ACT OF RUTHLESS VIOLENCE?
WELL, I GUESS MAYBE IF--
BLOOOF!

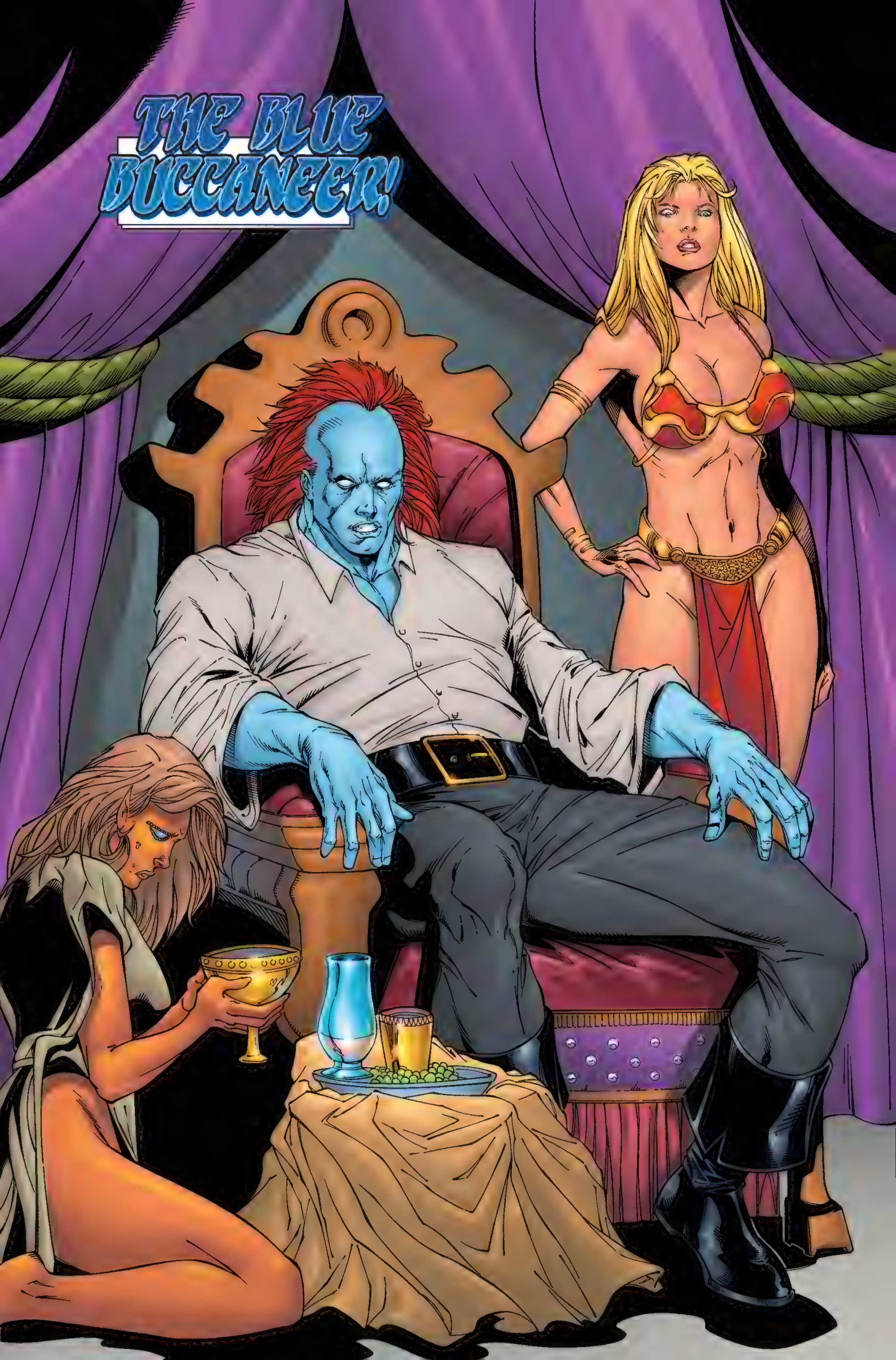

GREAT GLURG'S HINEY! SHE BLASTED VERG!
HE OWED ME *MONEY!* THIS IS...IS... *INCONVENIENT!*
GET HER!
SWISH
"GET HER"? *THAT'S* YOUR TOUGH GUY BANTER?
FOR THAT, YOU GET THE POINTY END.
JABB!
BOOT!
SCHLICK!
IT FEELS SO GOOD TO BE PRETTY, BUT WHAT I *REALLY* LIKE IS KICKING PEOPLE.
And *JABBING*. We enjoy the jabbing.
WHERE'S THAT *DRINK*, POINDEXTER?
YOU COULD HAVE AT LEAST WAITED UNTIL THOSE GUYS PAID THEIR *TABS* BEFORE YOU SLAUGHTERED THEM.

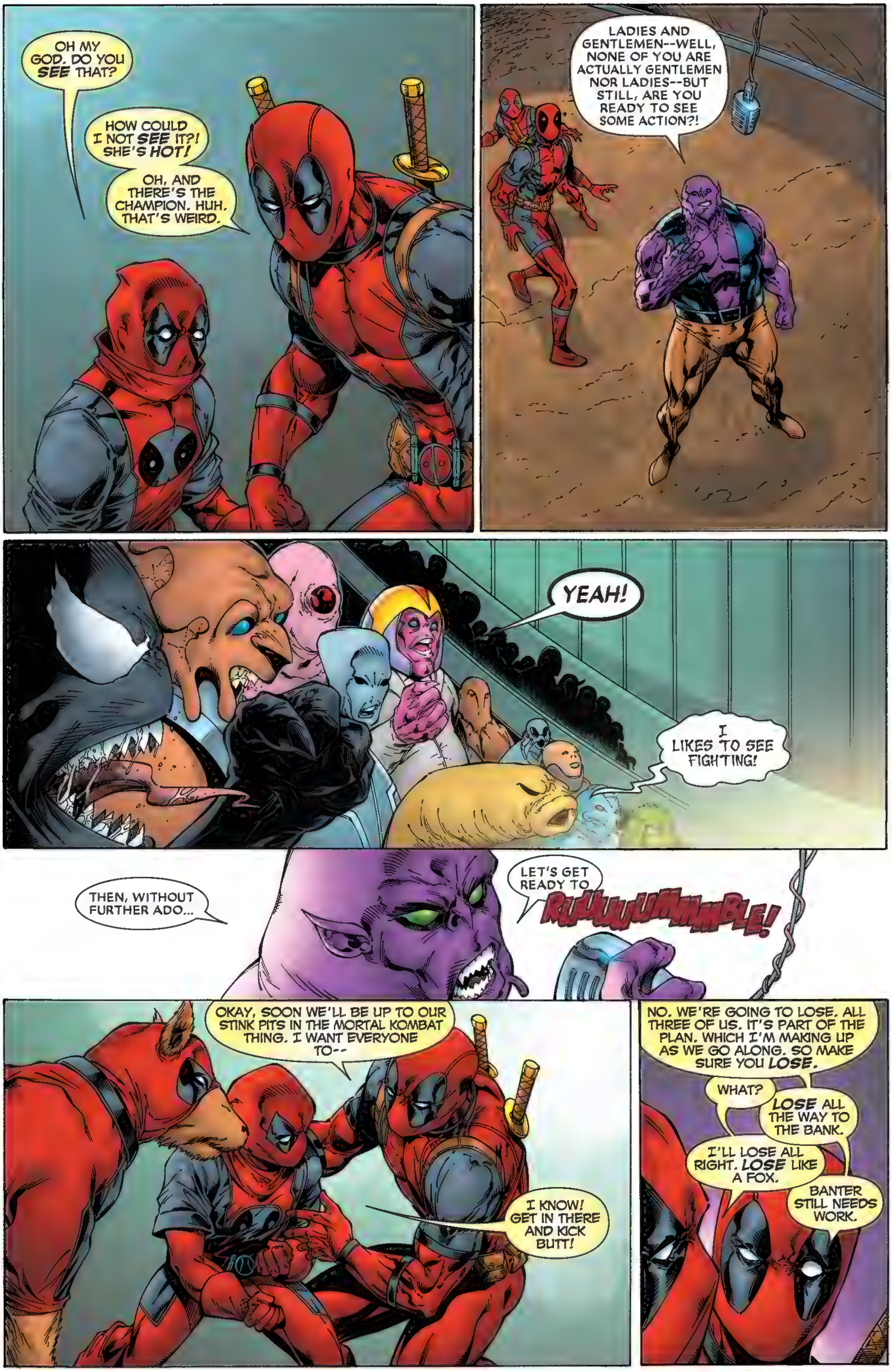

I'M BRANK. THAT WAS QUITE A DISPLAY.
CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP
YOU HERE TO GET KILLED TOO, OR IS THERE SOME WAY YOU CAN BE USEFUL TO ME, TUBBY?
KILL BRANK? NO, NO. THAT WOULD BE FOOLISH. BRANK CAN BE A VERY GOOD BEING TO KNOW. BRANK CAN SHOW YOU MANY IMPORTANT THINGS.
LIKE *WHAT*, FOR EXAMPLE? HOW TO REFER TO MYSELF IN THE THIRD PERSON?
I AM THE BLUE BUCCANEER'S TALENT SCOUT. ALL THE FINEST VILLAINS IN THE SECTOR FLOCK TO HIS FLAG. WE TURN NINETY-NINE POINT NINE PERCENT OF THEM AWAY. BUT *YOU*, MY DEAR, ARE SOMETHING SPECIAL.
COME WITH ME TO MY SHIP, AND I WILL ARRANGE AN INTRODUCTION.
IF YOUR SPACESHIP IS ALL SHAG CARPETING AND BARRY WHITE AND BLUE NUN ON ICE, YOU'RE IN *BIG* TROUBLE. I'M NOT LOOKING FOR THAT KIND OF EVENING.
AHEM.
ALL STRICTLY BUSINESS, I ASSURE YOU.

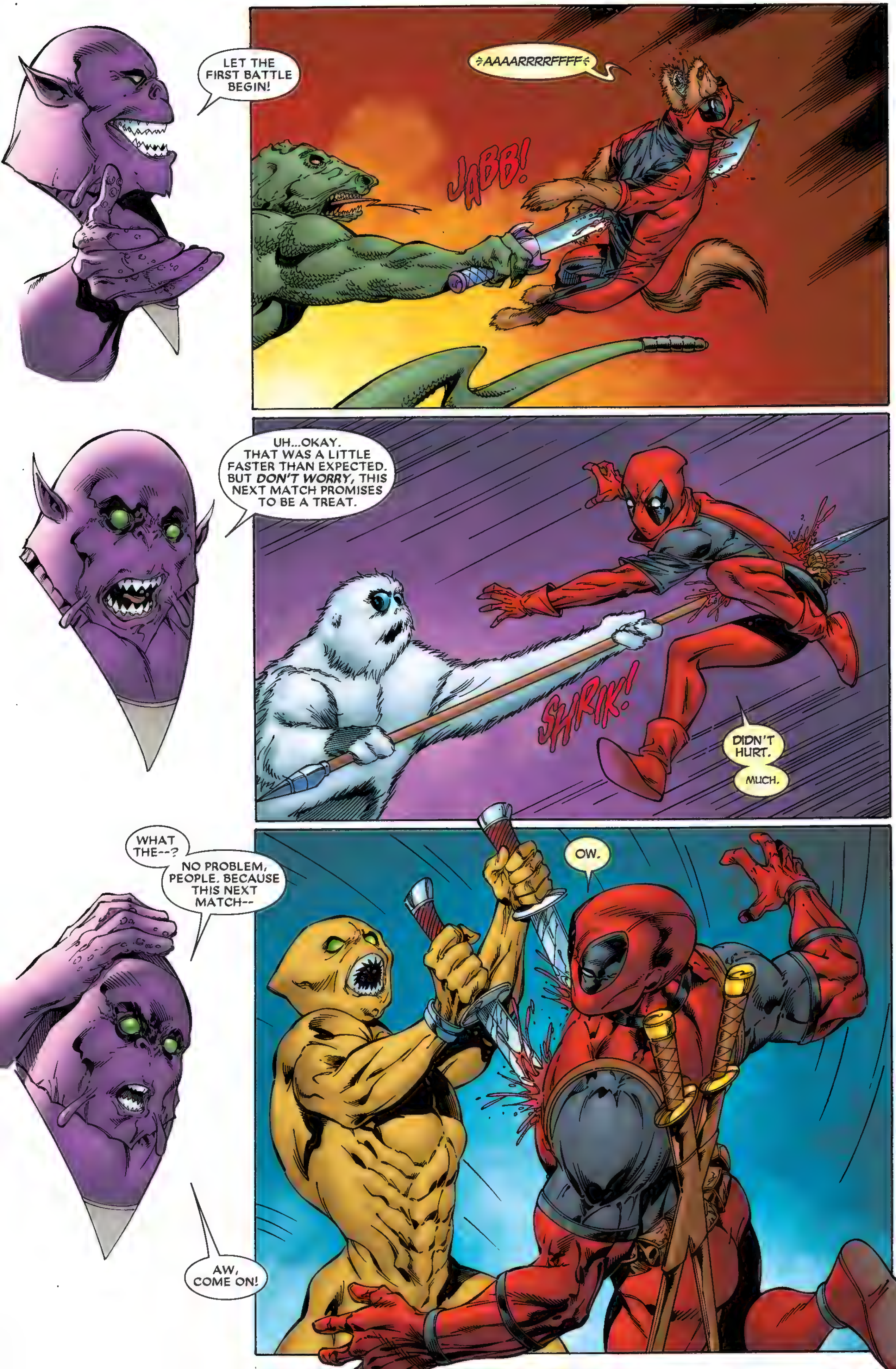

ANYTHING?
NOPE.
MAYBE WE SHOULD TRY IT AGAIN AND REPLACE THE WORDS "HOT POCKETS" WITH...OH, I DON'T KNOW. GOLD?
MAKE IT SO.
THIS IS A DISTRESS MESSAGE BEING SENT ON ALL CHANNELS. WE HAVE A HUGE SHIPMENT OF GOLD AND OUR DRIVE AND WEAPONS SYSTEMS HAVE FAILED. IT WOULD JUST BE A DAMN SHAME TO GET CAUGHT WITH OUR PANTS DOWN. PLEASE SOMEONE COME HELP US BEFORE PIRATES COME AND TAKE ALL OUR GOLD...
...AND DANCING GIRLS.
WELL? DID IT WORK?
OH, IT WORKED ALL RIGHT.
"IT WORKED JUST FINE."

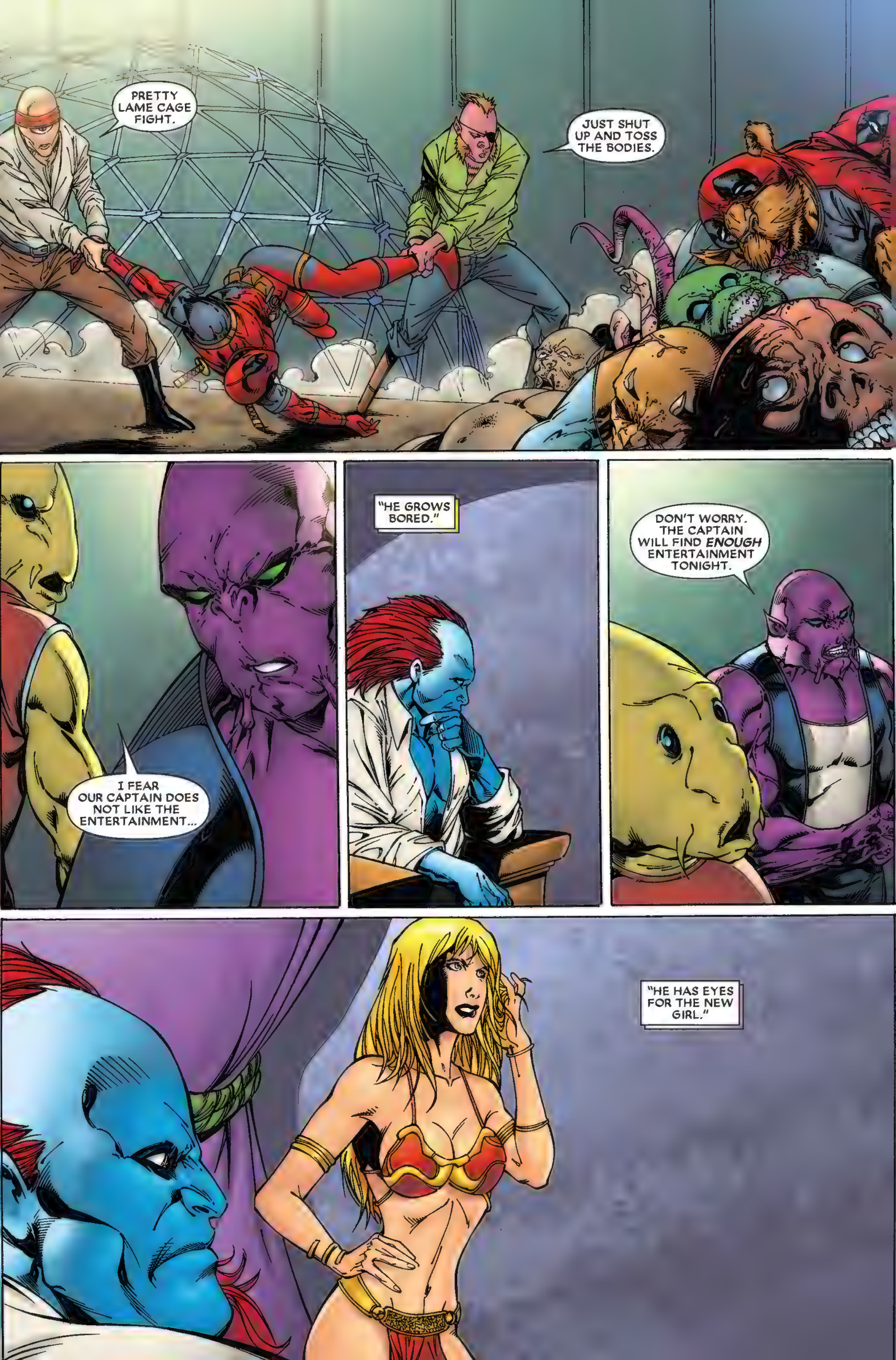

THEY'RE CHARGING THEIR PULSE CANNONS. THERE'S ENOUGH ARMAMENT ON THAT RIG TO BLAST US TO **HELL** AND BACK ABOUT TEN THOUSAND TIMES.
IT'S THE BLUE BUCCANEER'S SHIP ALL RIGHT. THEY'RE SIGNALING US TO MANEUVER INTO THEIR LANDING BAY OR THEY WILL--AND I QUOTE--*"THEY WILL BLAST OUR BODY PARTS INTO SO MANY LOCATIONS THAT WE'LL THINK WE'RE A CHAIN OF STARBUCKS."*
YOU MADE THAT LAST PART UP, DIDN'T YOU?
I'VE BEEN POLISHING MY BANTER.
NEEDS WORK.
PARK US RIGHT IN HER BELLY, TITO. IT'S ALL GOING ACCORDING TO PLAN.
THIS WAS PART OF THE PLAN?
JUST KEEP POLISHING THAT BANTER.
I'M ORBLOG, FIRST MATE OF THE *QUANTUM SHARK*. YOUR NAMES DON'T ***MATTER*** SINCE YOU WON'T BE LONG FOR THIS GALAXY. I THINK YOU'D PROVIDE ENTERTAINING SPORT FOR THE ***DEATH CAGE.***
I ASSUME ***DEATH CAGE*** IS YOUR COLORFUL WAY OF SAYING A WARM BATH AND A PITCHER OF SANGRIA.
NO.
PIZZA AND A FOOT MASSAGE?
NO.
A TEDIOUS DISPLAY OF ORIGAMI SET TO THE MUSIC OF PHILIP GLASS?
IT'S PRETTY MUCH LIKE IT SOUNDS.

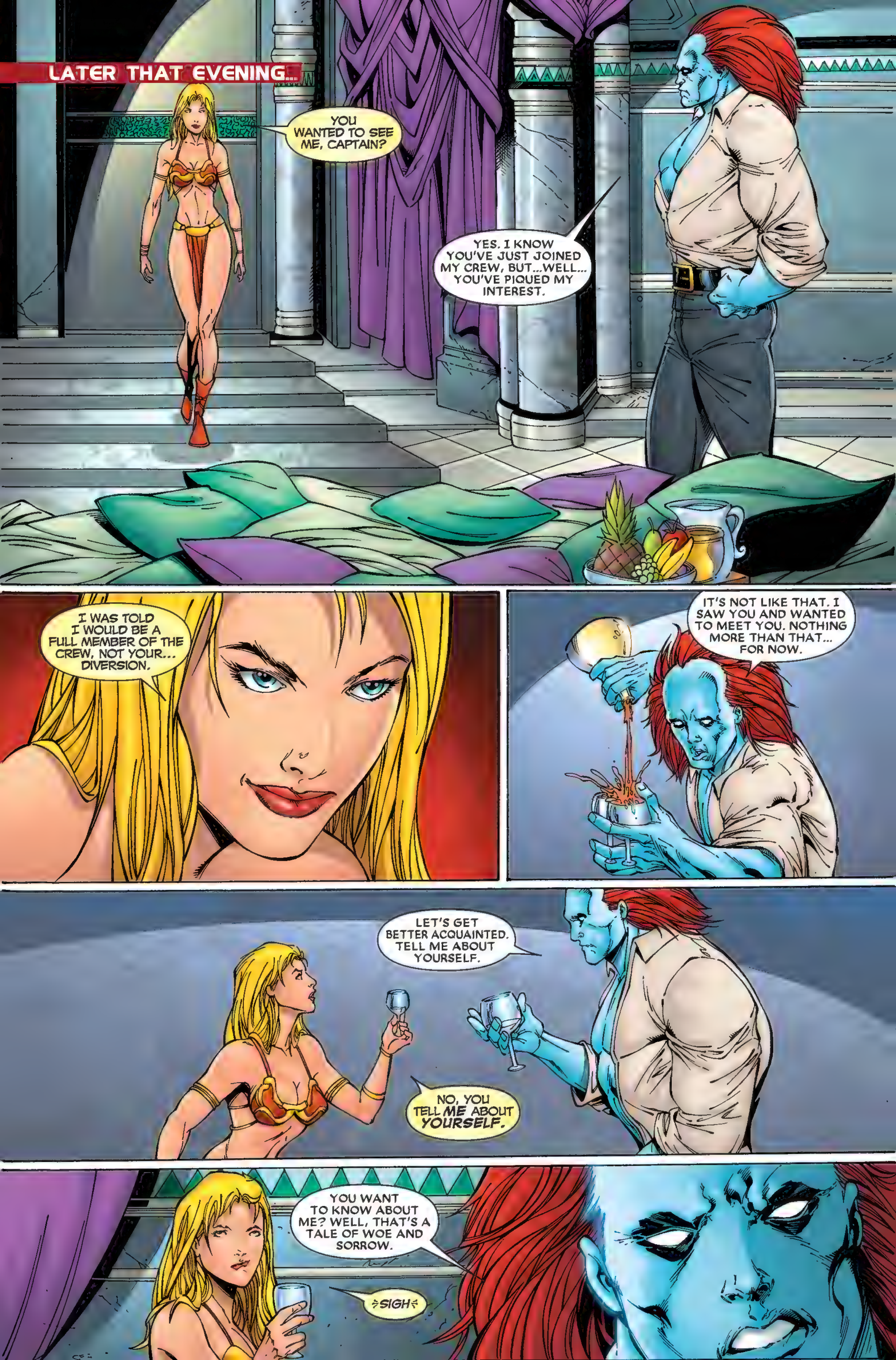

GET A MOVE ON, *SCUM!*
GRRRRRRRR.
OH! DEATH *CAGE.*
FIGHT *HARD* WHEN IT'S YOUR TURN, AND PERHAPS YOU CAN IMPRESS THE CAPTAIN. HE MIGHT LET YOU LIVE TO JOIN THE CREW.
HE WATCHES THE FESTIVITIES FROM HIS THRONE ON THE BALCONY. YOU KNOW HIM AS...
CAPTAIN?

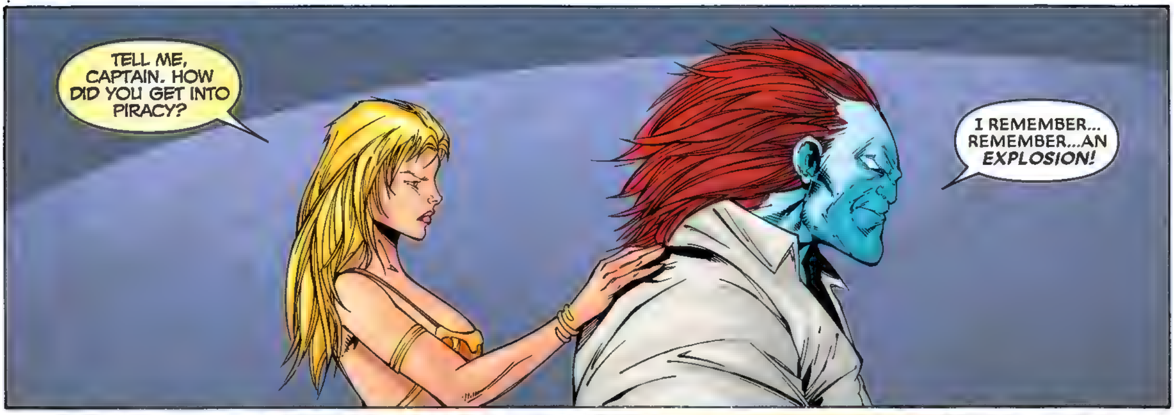

THE BLUE BUCCANEER!

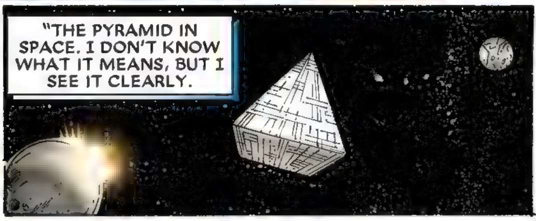

OH MY GOD. DO YOU *SEE* THAT?
HOW COULD I NOT *SEE* IT?! SHE'S *HOT!*
OH, AND THERE'S THE CHAMPION. HUH. THAT'S WEIRD.
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN--WELL, NONE OF YOU ARE ACTUALLY GENTLEMEN NOR LADIES--BUT STILL, ARE YOU READY TO SEE SOME ACTION?!
YEAH!
I LIKES TO SEE FIGHTING!
THEN, WITHOUT FURTHER ADO...
LET'S GET READY TO RUUUUUMMMBLE!
OKAY, SOON WE'LL BE UP TO OUR STINK PITS IN THE MORTAL KOMBAT THING. I WANT EVERYONE TO--
I KNOW! GET IN THERE AND KICK BUTT!
NO. WE'RE GOING TO LOSE. ALL THREE OF US. IT'S PART OF THE PLAN. WHICH I'M MAKING UP AS WE GO ALONG. SO MAKE SURE YOU *LOSE.*
WHAT?
LOSE ALL THE WAY TO THE BANK.
I'LL LOSE ALL RIGHT. *LOSE* LIKE A FOX.
BANTER STILL NEEDS WORK.

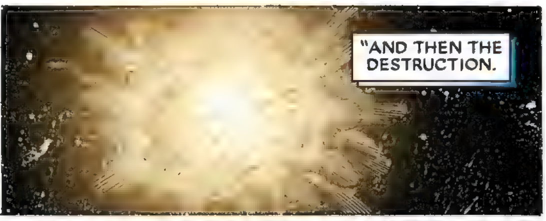

LET THE FIRST BATTLE BEGIN!
AAAARRRRFFFF
JABB!
UH...OKAY. THAT WAS A LITTLE FASTER THAN EXPECTED. BUT *DON'T WORRY,* THIS NEXT MATCH PROMISES TO BE A TREAT.
SHRIK!
DIDN'T HURT.
MUCH.
WHAT THE--?
NO PROBLEM, PEOPLE. BECAUSE THIS NEXT MATCH--
OW.
AW, COME ON!

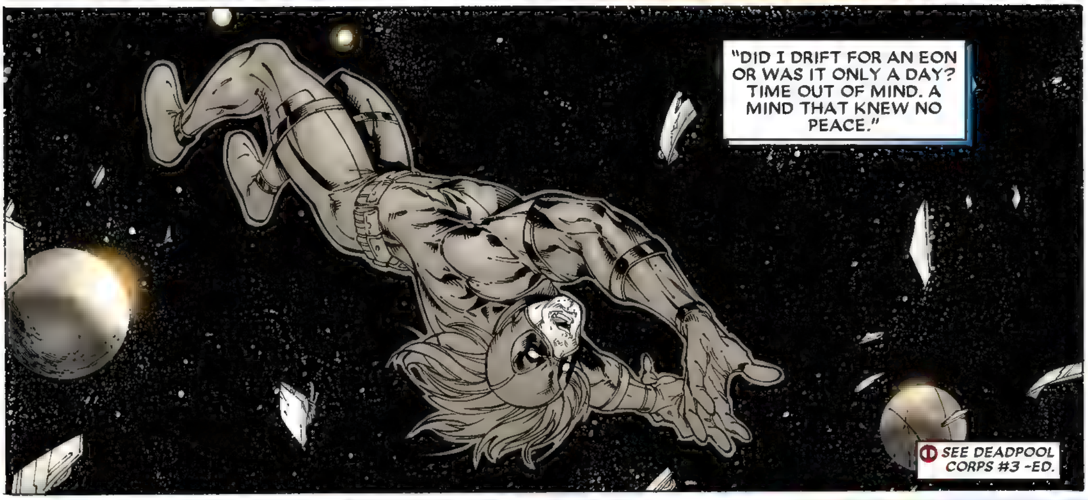

PRETTY LAME CAGE FIGHT.
JUST SHUT UP AND TOSS THE BODIES.
I FEAR OUR CAPTAIN DOES NOT LIKE THE ENTERTAINMENT...
"HE GROWS BORED."
DON'T WORRY. THE CAPTAIN WILL FIND *ENOUGH* ENTERTAINMENT TONIGHT.
"HE HAS EYES FOR THE NEW GIRL."

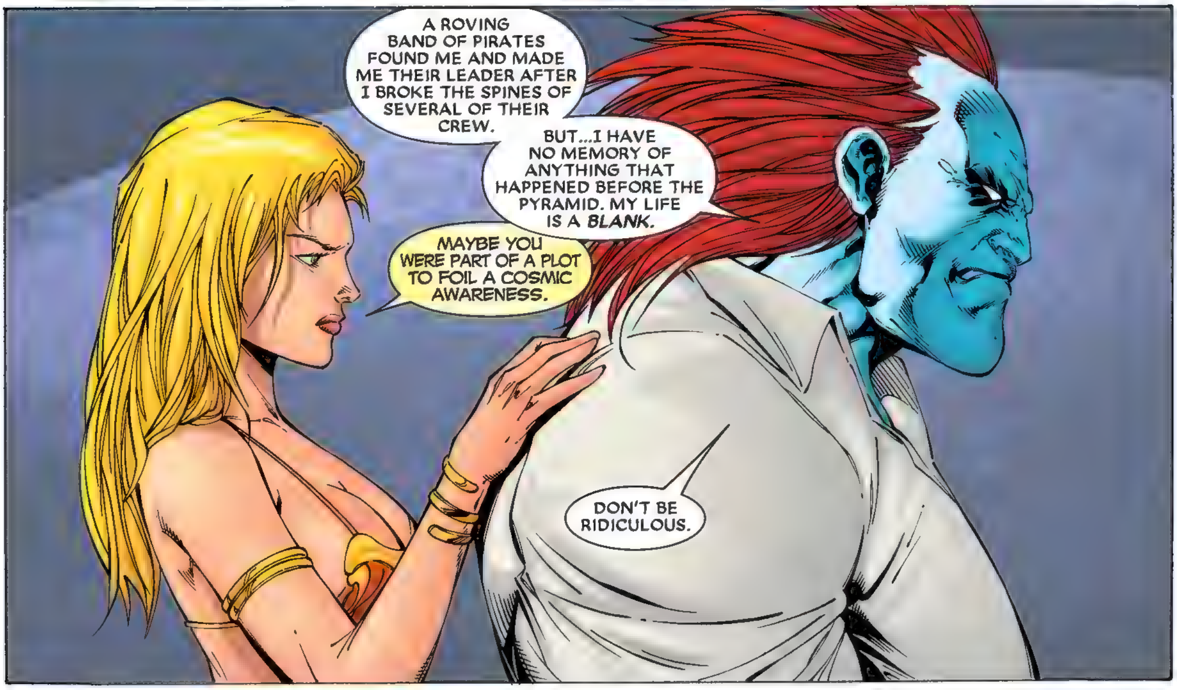

LATER THAT EVENING...
YOU WANTED TO SEE ME, CAPTAIN?
YES. I KNOW YOU'VE JUST JOINED MY CREW, BUT...WELL... YOU'VE PIQUED MY INTEREST.
I WAS TOLD I WOULD BE A FULL MEMBER OF THE CREW, NOT YOUR... DIVERSION.
IT'S NOT LIKE THAT. I SAW YOU AND WANTED TO MEET YOU. NOTHING MORE THAN THAT... FOR NOW.
LET'S GET BETTER ACQUAINTED. TELL ME ABOUT YOURSELF.
NO, YOU TELL *ME* ABOUT *YOURSELF.*
YOU WANT TO KNOW ABOUT ME? WELL, THAT'S A TALE OF WOE AND SORROW.
SIGH

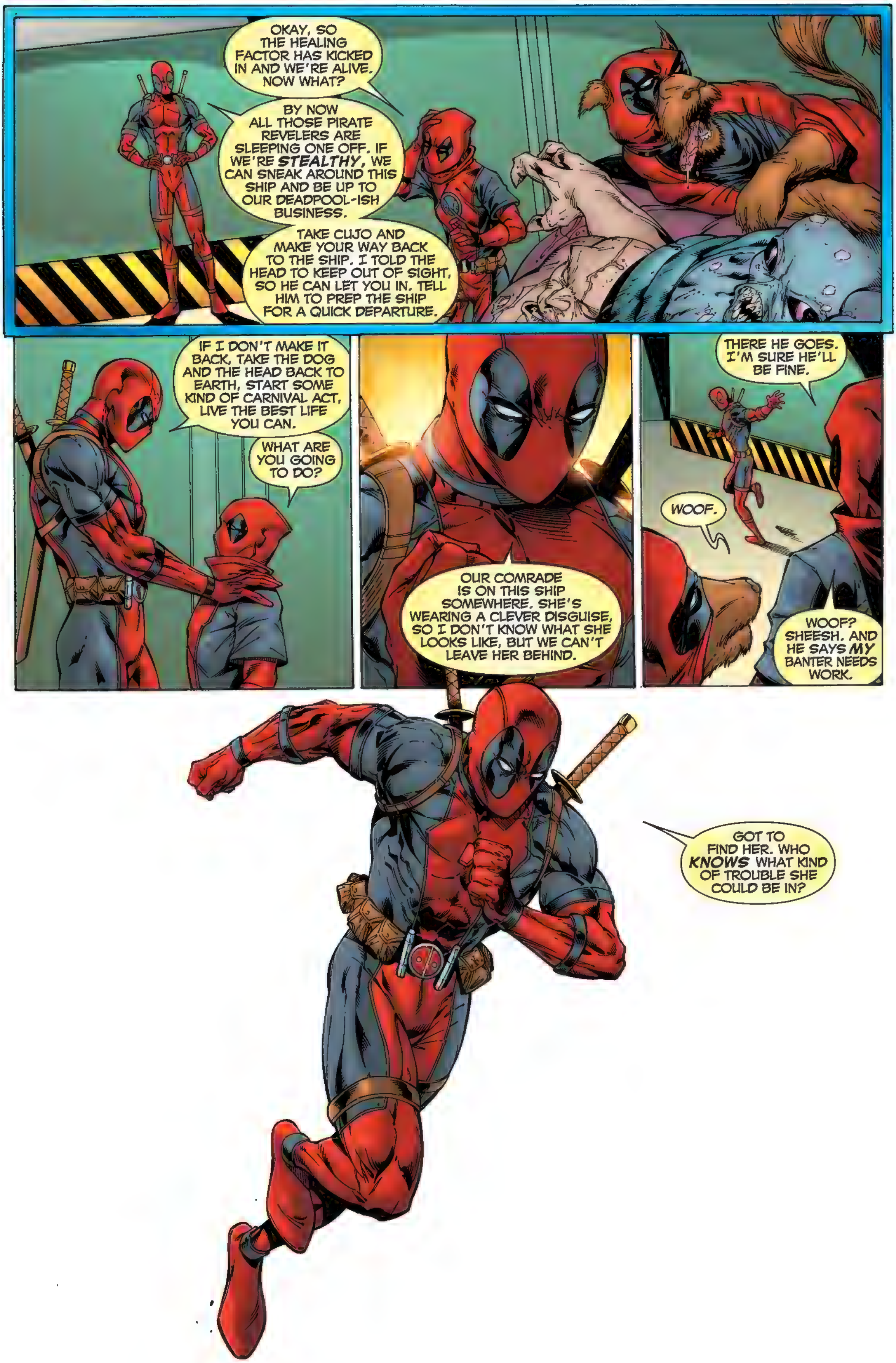

TELL ME, CAPTAIN. HOW DID YOU GET INTO PIRACY?
I REMEMBER... REMEMBER...AN *EXPLOSION!*

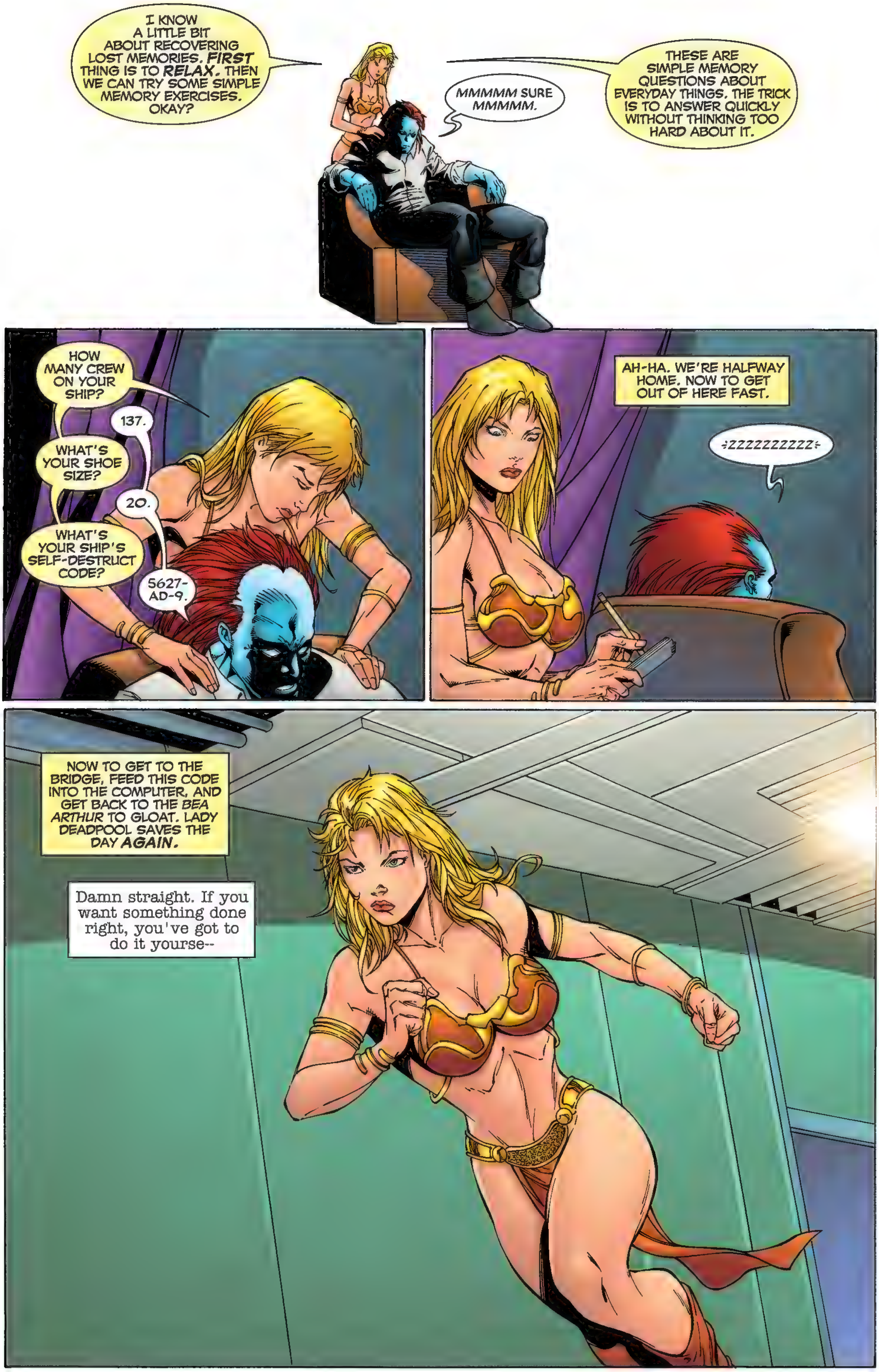

"THE PYRAMID IN SPACE. I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT MEANS, BUT I SEE IT CLEARLY.

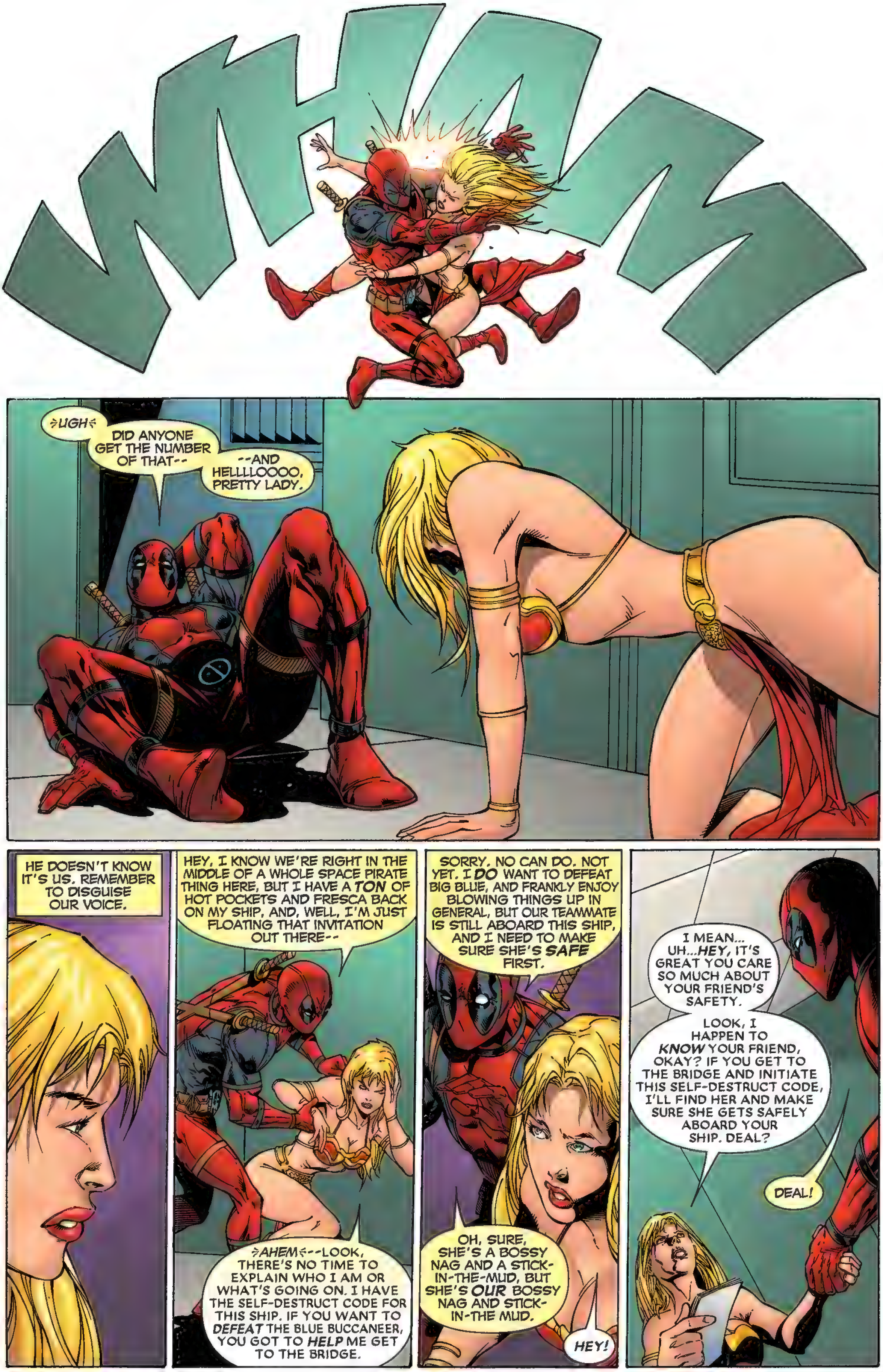

"AND THEN THE DESTRUCTION.

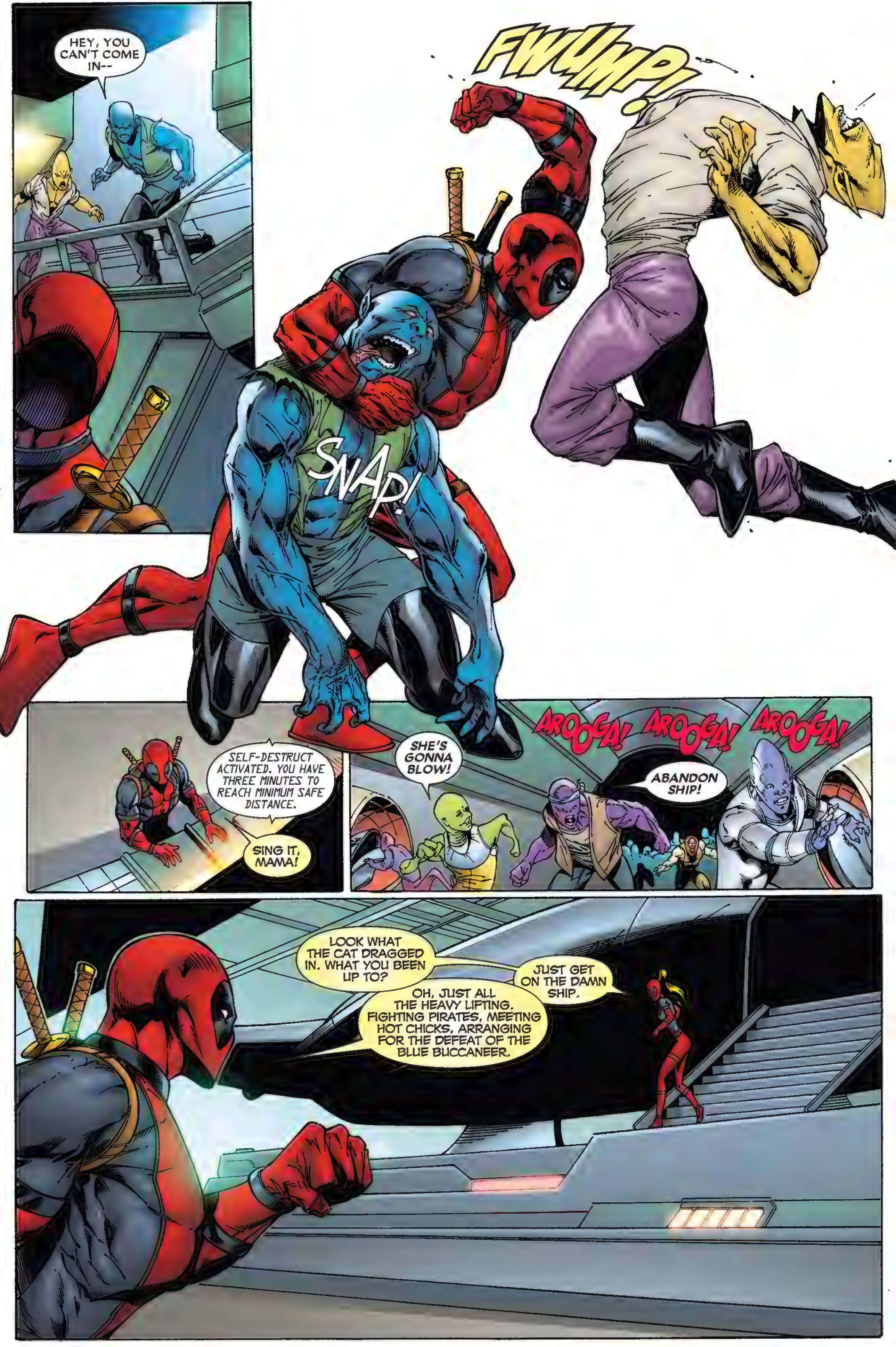

"DID I DRIFT FOR AN EON OR WAS IT ONLY A DAY? TIME OUT OF MIND. A MIND THAT KNEW NO PEACE."
SEE DEADPOOL CORPS #3 -ED.

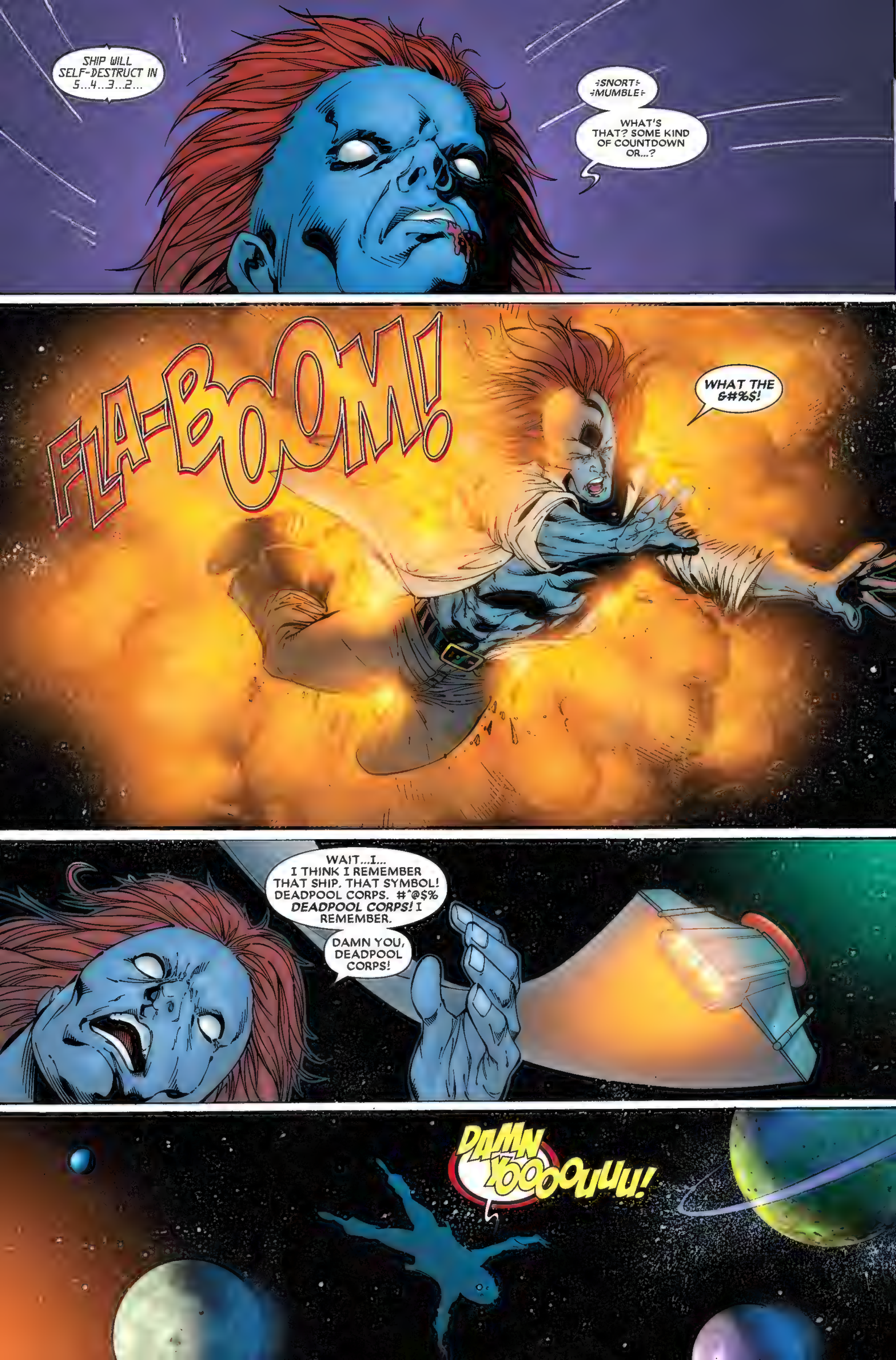

A ROVING BAND OF PIRATES FOUND ME AND MADE ME THEIR LEADER AFTER I BROKE THE SPINES OF SEVERAL OF THEIR CREW.
BUT...I HAVE NO MEMORY OF ANYTHING THAT HAPPENED BEFORE THE PYRAMID. MY LIFE IS A *BLANK.*
MAYBE YOU WERE PART OF A PLOT TO FOIL A COSMIC AWARENESS.
DON'T BE RIDICULOUS.

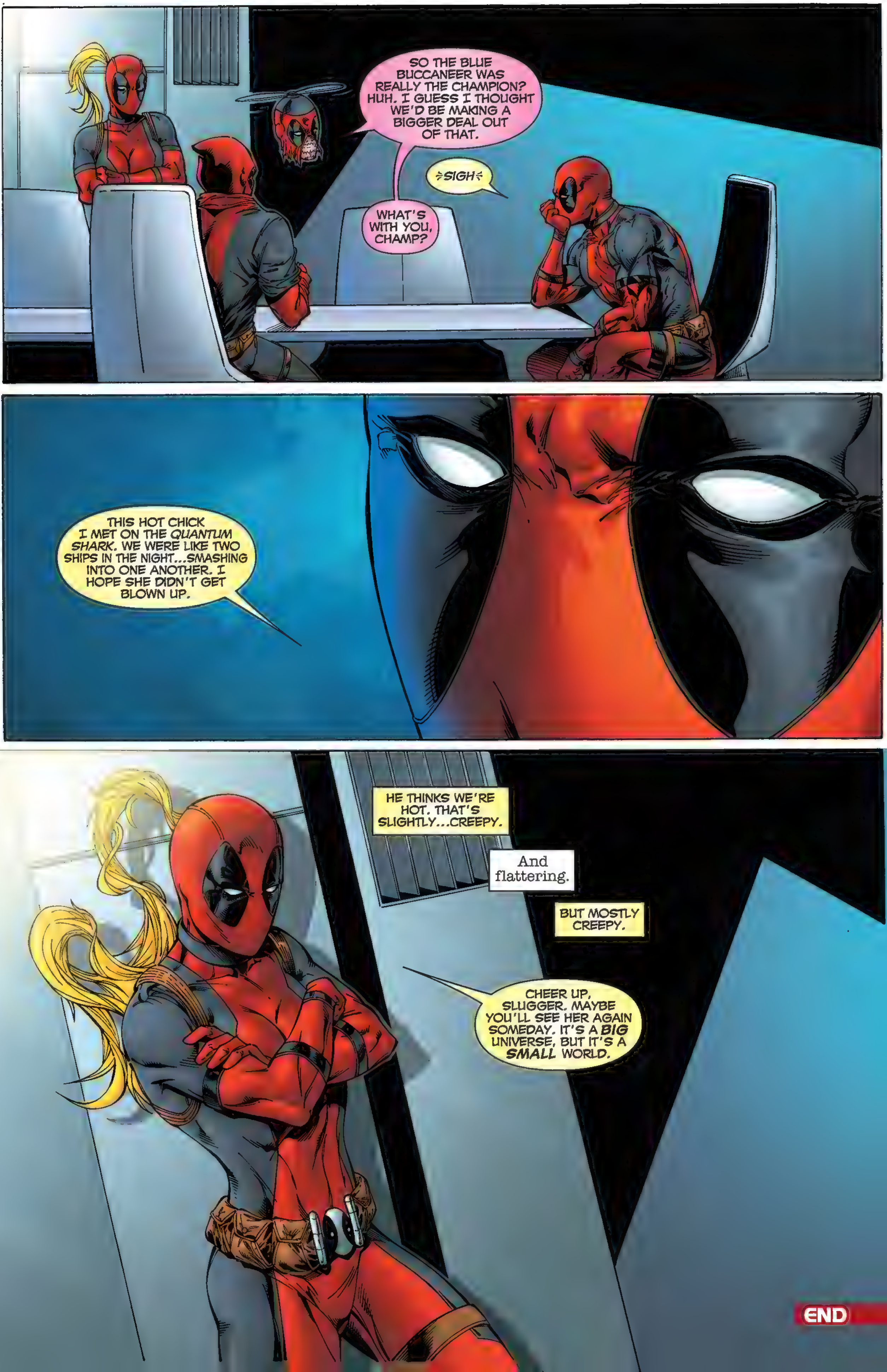

OKAY, SO THE HEALING FACTOR HAS KICKED IN AND WE'RE ALIVE. NOW WHAT?
BY NOW ALL THOSE PIRATE REVELERS ARE SLEEPING ONE OFF. IF WE'RE **STEALTHY**, WE CAN SNEAK AROUND THIS SHIP AND BE UP TO OUR DEADPOOL-ISH BUSINESS.
TAKE CUJO AND MAKE YOUR WAY BACK TO THE SHIP. I TOLD THE HEAD TO KEEP OUT OF SIGHT, SO HE CAN LET YOU IN. TELL HIM TO PREP THE SHIP FOR A QUICK DEPARTURE.
IF I DON'T MAKE IT BACK, TAKE THE DOG AND THE HEAD BACK TO EARTH, START SOME KIND OF CARNIVAL ACT, LIVE THE BEST LIFE YOU CAN.
WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?
OUR COMRADE IS ON THIS SHIP SOMEWHERE. SHE'S WEARING A CLEVER DISGUISE, SO I DON'T KNOW WHAT SHE LOOKS LIKE, BUT WE CAN'T LEAVE HER BEHIND.
THERE HE GOES. I'M SURE HE'LL BE FINE.
WOOF.
WOOF? SHEESH. AND HE SAYS ***MY*** BANTER NEEDS WORK.
GOT TO FIND HER. WHO ***KNOWS*** WHAT KIND OF TROUBLE SHE COULD BE IN?


I KNOW A LITTLE BIT ABOUT RECOVERING LOST MEMORIES. *FIRST* THING IS TO *RELAX*. THEN WE CAN TRY SOME SIMPLE MEMORY EXERCISES. OKAY?
MMMMM SURE MMMMM.
THESE ARE SIMPLE MEMORY QUESTIONS ABOUT EVERYDAY THINGS. THE TRICK IS TO ANSWER QUICKLY WITHOUT THINKING TOO HARD ABOUT IT.
HOW MANY CREW ON YOUR SHIP?
137.
WHAT'S YOUR SHOE SIZE?
20.
WHAT'S YOUR SHIP'S SELF-DESTRUCT CODE?
5627-AD-9.
AH-HA. WE'RE HALFWAY HOME. NOW TO GET OUT OF HERE FAST.
ZZZZZZZZZZZ
NOW TO GET TO THE BRIDGE, FEED THIS CODE INTO THE COMPUTER, AND GET BACK TO THE *BEA ARTHUR* TO GLOAT. LADY DEADPOOL SAVES THE DAY *AGAIN*.
Damn straight. If you want something done right, you've got to do it yourse--

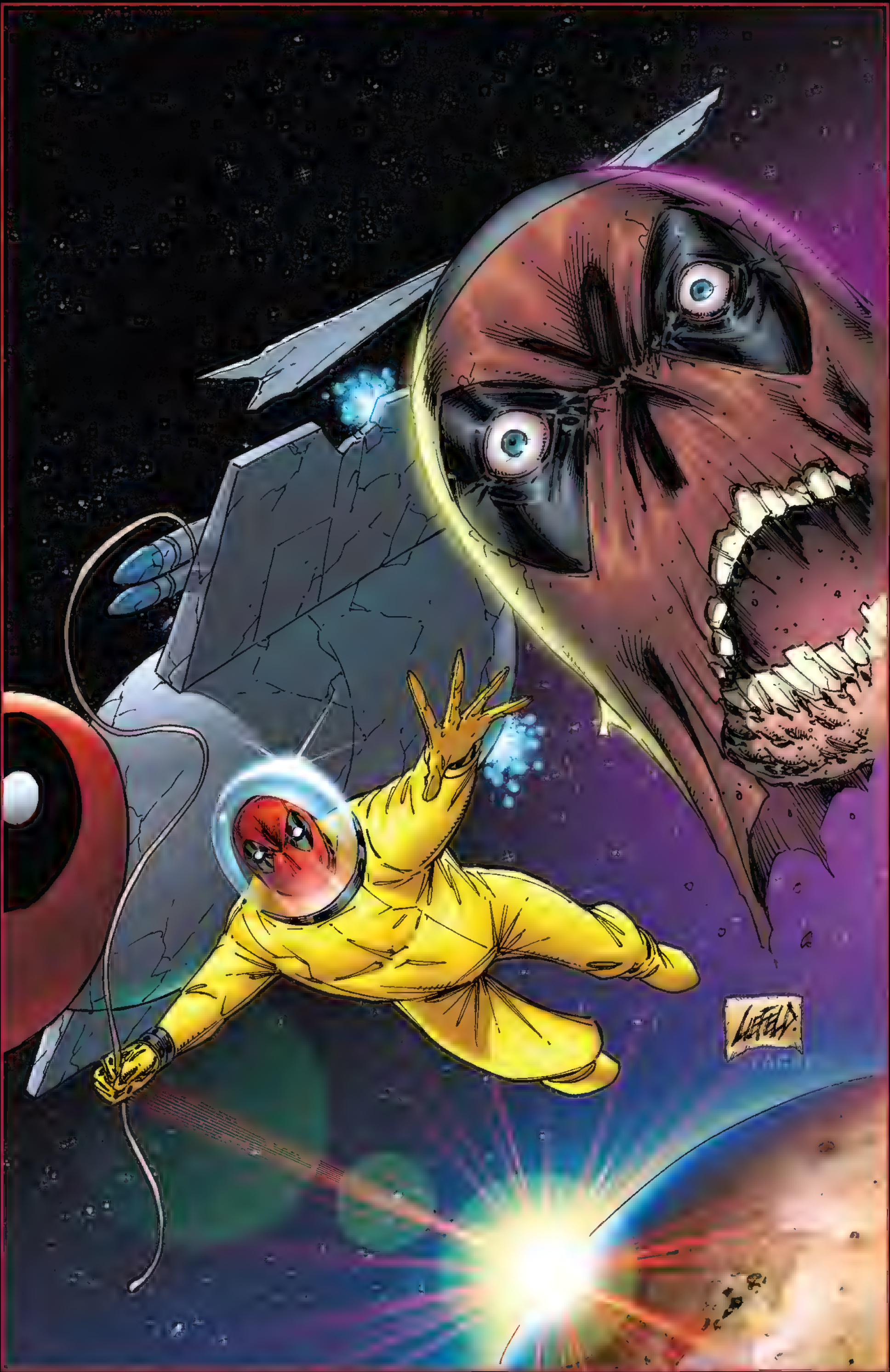

WHAM
⊰UGH⊱
DID ANYONE GET THE NUMBER OF THAT--
--AND HELLLLOOOO, PRETTY LADY.
HE DOESN'T KNOW IT'S US. REMEMBER TO DISGUISE OUR VOICE.
HEY, I KNOW WE'RE RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF A WHOLE SPACE PIRATE THING HERE, BUT I HAVE A *TON* OF HOT POCKETS AND FRESCA BACK ON MY SHIP, AND, WELL, I'M JUST FLOATING THAT INVITATION OUT THERE--
⊰AHEM⊱--LOOK, THERE'S NO TIME TO EXPLAIN WHO I AM OR WHAT'S GOING ON. I HAVE THE SELF-DESTRUCT CODE FOR THIS SHIP. IF YOU WANT TO *DEFEAT* THE BLUE BUCCANEER, YOU GOT TO *HELP* ME GET TO THE BRIDGE.
SORRY. NO CAN DO. NOT YET. I *DO* WANT TO DEFEAT BIG BLUE, AND FRANKLY ENJOY BLOWING THINGS UP IN GENERAL, BUT OUR TEAMMATE IS STILL ABOARD THIS SHIP, AND I NEED TO MAKE SURE SHE'S *SAFE* FIRST.
OH, SURE, SHE'S A BOSSY NAG AND A STICK-IN-THE-MUD, BUT SHE'S *OUR* BOSSY NAG AND STICK-IN-THE MUD.
HEY!
I MEAN... UH...*HEY,* IT'S GREAT YOU CARE SO MUCH ABOUT YOUR FRIEND'S SAFETY.
LOOK, I HAPPEN TO *KNOW* YOUR FRIEND, OKAY? IF YOU GET TO THE BRIDGE AND INITIATE THIS SELF-DESTRUCT CODE, I'LL FIND HER AND MAKE SURE SHE GETS SAFELY ABOARD YOUR SHIP. DEAL?
DEAL!


HEY, YOU CAN'T COME IN--
FWUMP!
SNAP!
SELF-DESTRUCT ACTIVATED. YOU HAVE THREE MINUTES TO REACH MINIMUM SAFE DISTANCE.
SING IT, MAMA!
AROOGA! AROOGA! AROOGA!
SHE'S GONNA BLOW!
ABANDON SHIP!
LOOK WHAT THE CAT DRAGGED IN. WHAT YOU BEEN UP TO?
JUST GET ON THE DAMN SHIP.
OH, JUST ALL THE HEAVY LIFTING. FIGHTING PIRATES, MEETING HOT CHICKS, ARRANGING FOR THE DEFEAT OF THE BLUE BUCCANEER.


SHIP WILL SELF-DESTRUCT IN 5...4...3...2...
÷SNORT÷ ÷MUMBLE÷
WHAT'S THAT? SOME KIND OF COUNTDOWN OR...?
FLA-BOOM!
WHAT THE &#%$!
WAIT...I... I THINK I REMEMBER THAT SHIP. THAT SYMBOL! DEADPOOL CORPS. #^@$% DEADPOOL CORPS! I REMEMBER.
DAMN YOU, DEADPOOL CORPS!
DAMN YOOOOUUU!


SO THE BLUE BUCCANEER WAS REALLY THE CHAMPION? HUH. I GUESS I THOUGHT WE'D BE MAKING A BIGGER DEAL OUT OF THAT.
WHAT'S WITH YOU, CHAMP?
≑SIGH≑
THIS HOT CHICK I MET ON THE *QUANTUM SHARK*. WE WERE LIKE TWO SHIPS IN THE NIGHT...SMASHING INTO ONE ANOTHER. I HOPE SHE DIDN'T GET BLOWN UP.
HE THINKS WE'RE HOT. THAT'S SLIGHTLY...CREEPY.
And flattering.
BUT MOSTLY CREEPY.
CHEER UP, SLUGGER. MAYBE YOU'LL SEE HER AGAIN SOMEDAY. IT'S A ***BIG*** UNIVERSE, BUT IT'S A ***SMALL*** WORLD.
END

COMING NEXT MONTH: DEADPOOL CORPS #7



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DEADPOOL
CORPS
MARVEL
7
GISCHLER
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LIEFELD
YACKEY

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When the Elders of the Universe sensed the coming of a threat of galactic proportions they asked Deadpool, the Merc with the Mouth, to assemble a team fearless (and stupid) enough to stand against it.

Never one to back down from a mission spelling certain death, Deadpool scoured the multiverse and gathered alternate versions of himself: Lady Deadpool, Kidpool, Dogpool and Headpool.

Together they form the

DEADPOOL CORPS

Now the team is traveling through a freshly-saved Universe, trying to find their way home...

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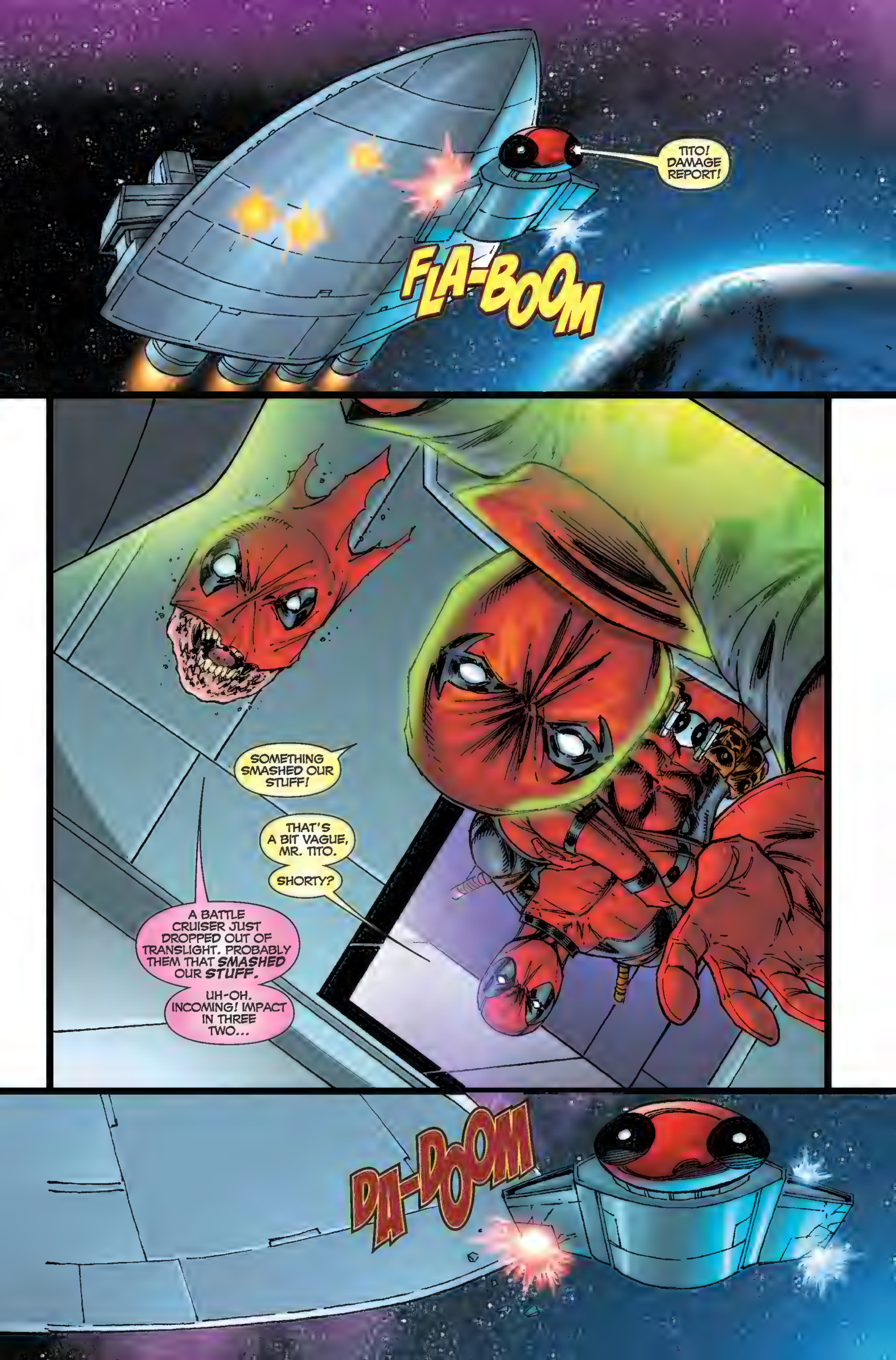
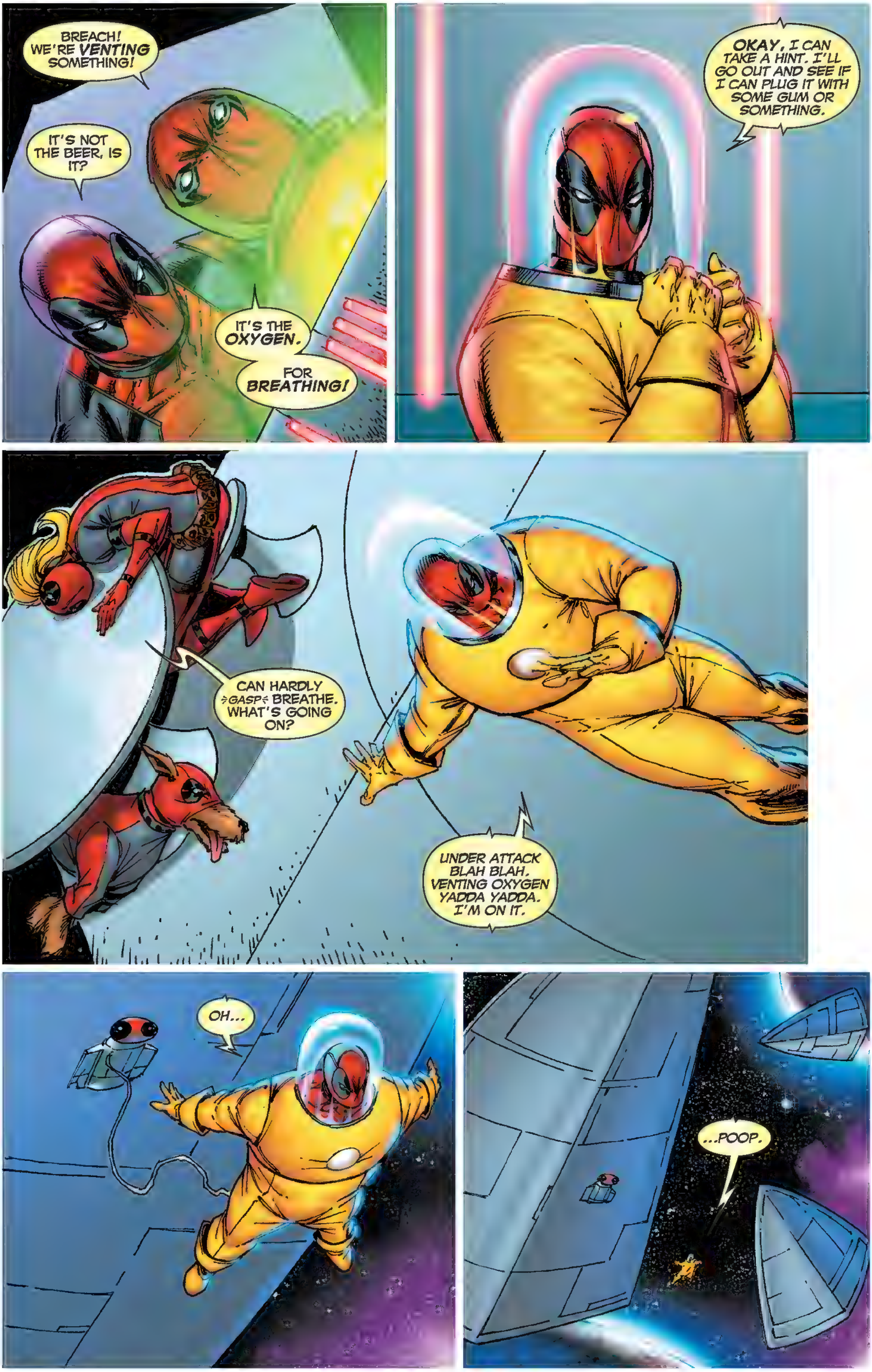
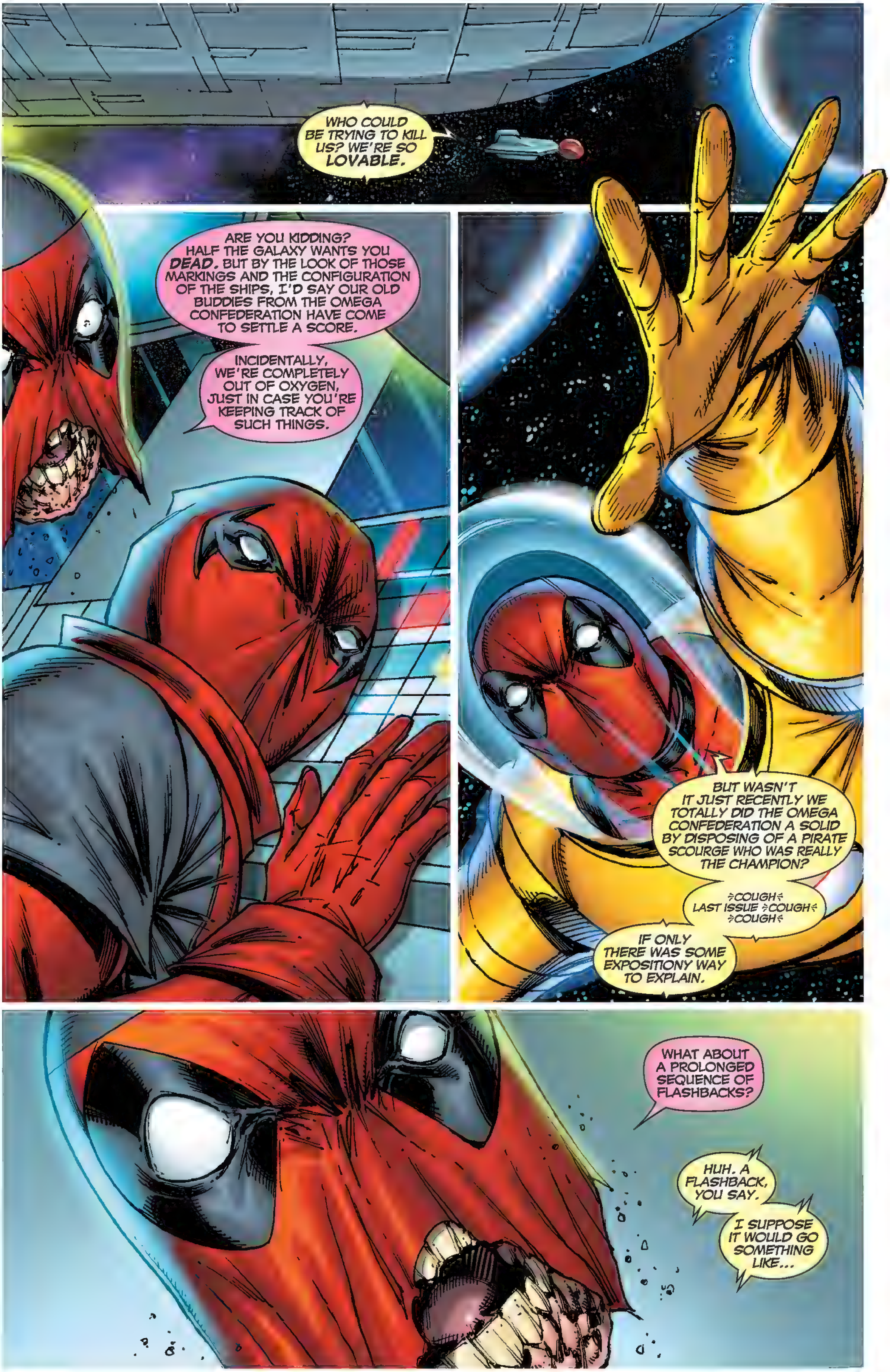
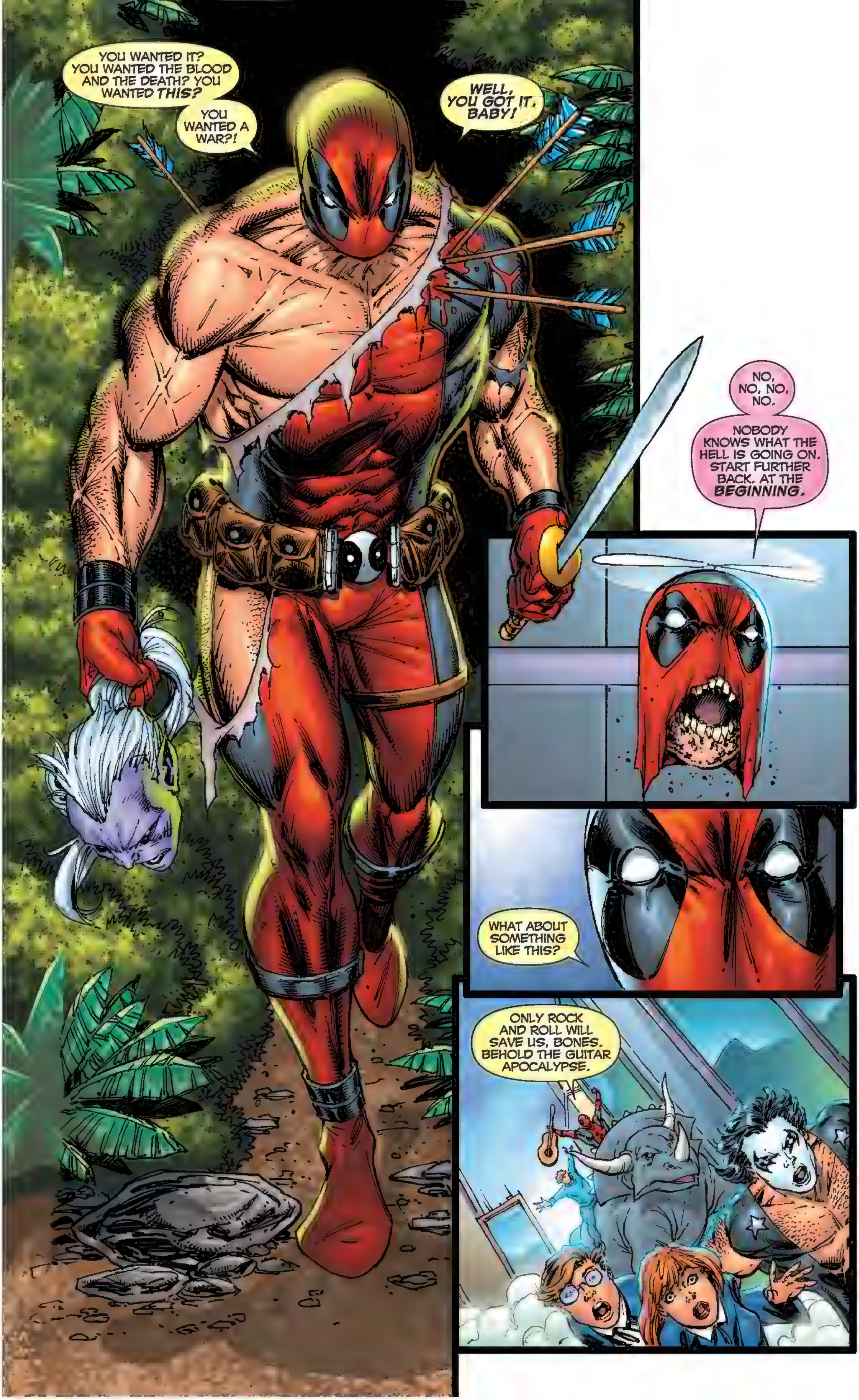
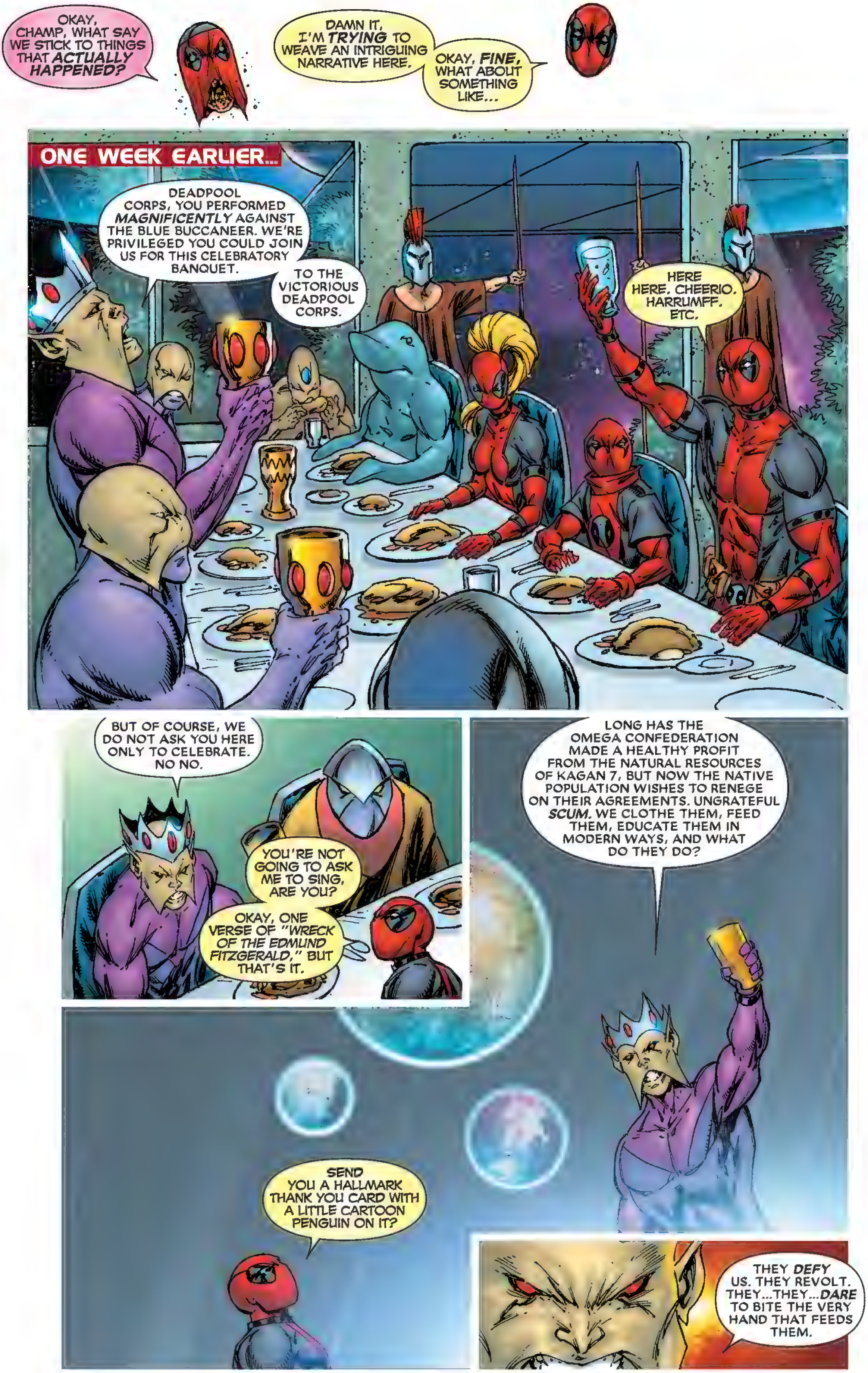
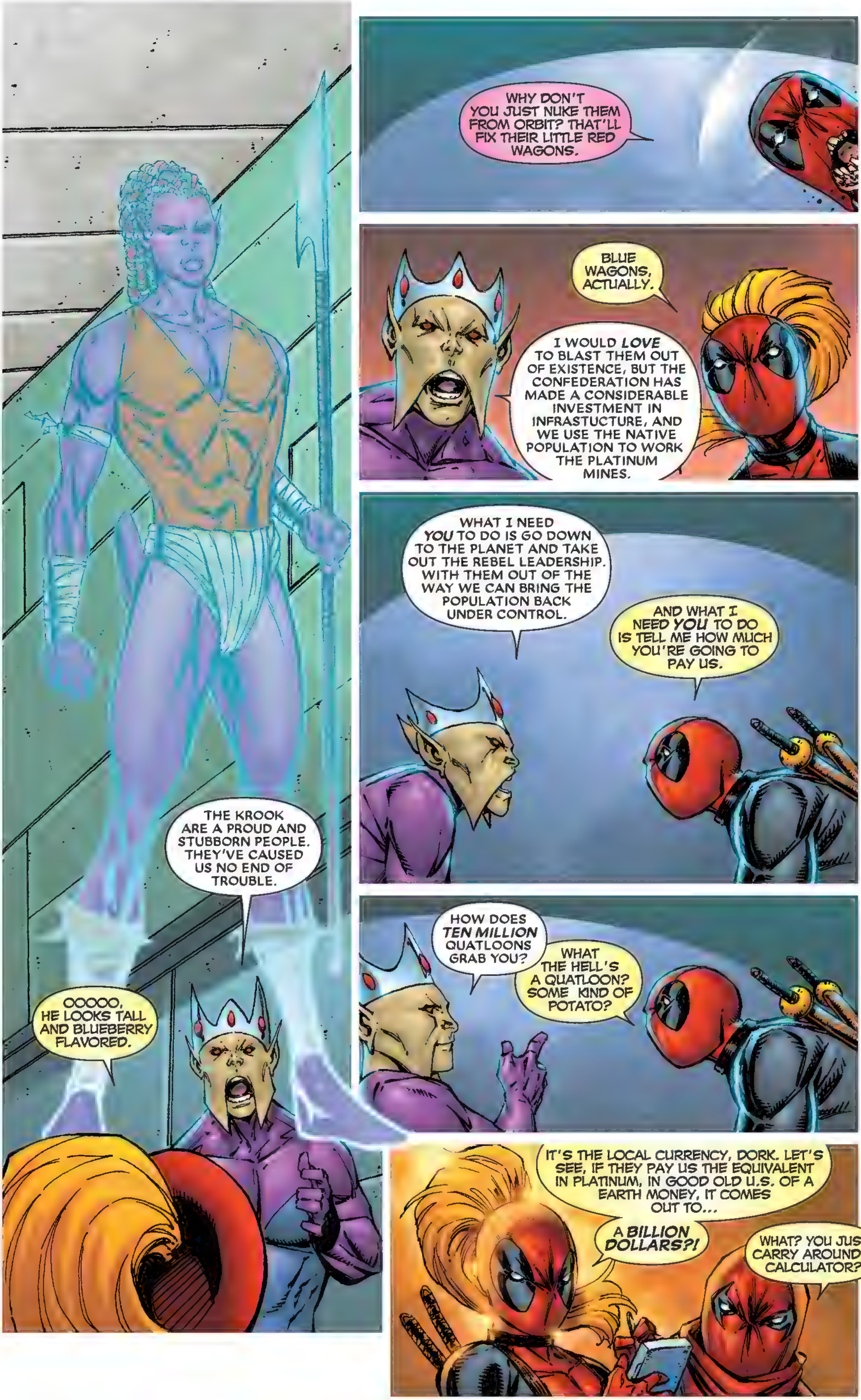

TITO! DAMAGE REPORT!
FLA-BOOM
SOMETHING SMASHED OUR STUFF!
THAT'S A BIT VAGUE, MR. TITO.
SHORTY?
A BATTLE CRUISER JUST DROPPED OUT OF TRANSLIGHT. PROBABLY THEM THAT SMASHED OUR STUFF.
UH-OH. INCOMING! IMPACT IN THREE TWO...
DA-DOOM

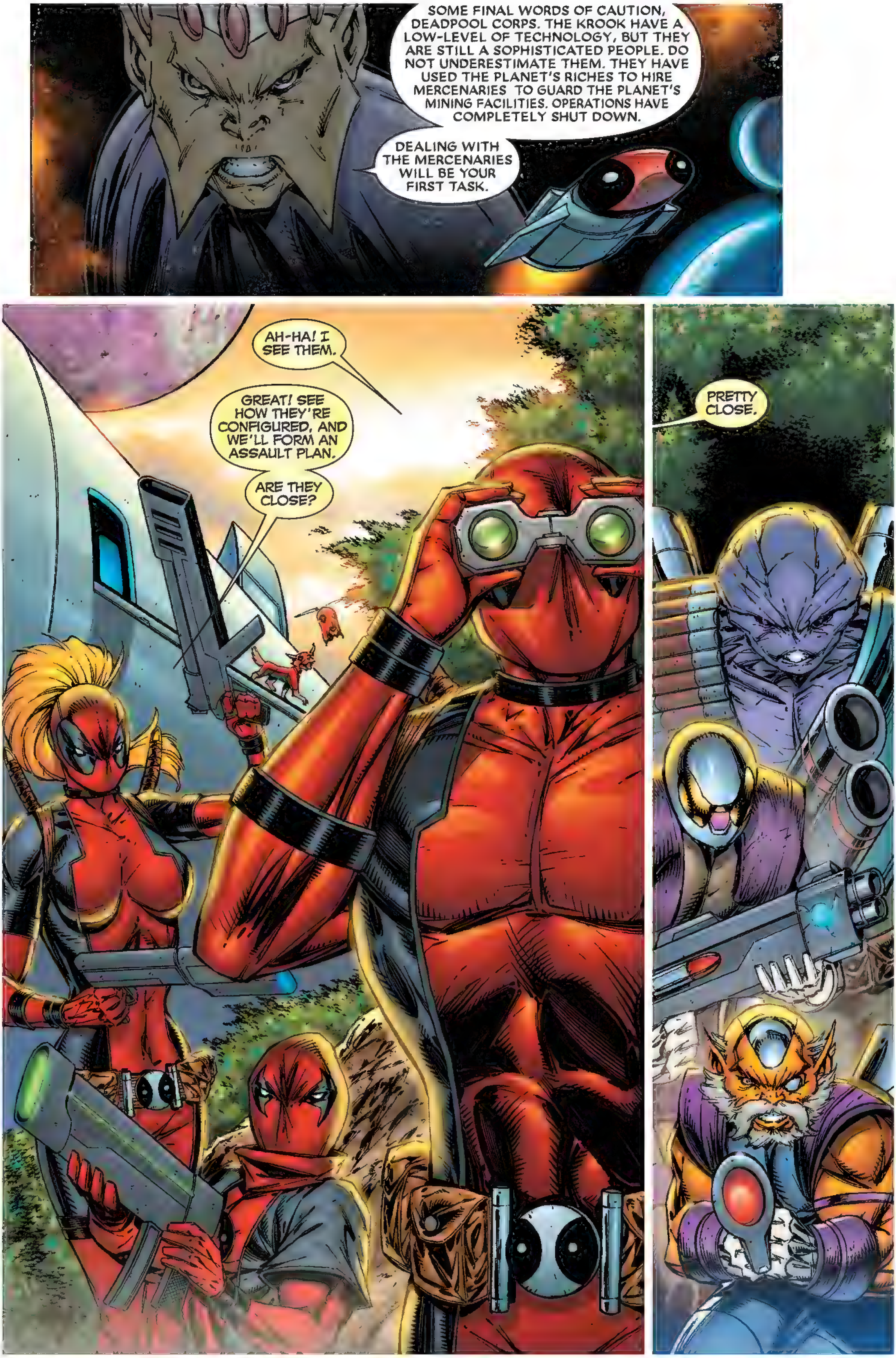

BREACH! WE'RE *VENTING* SOMETHING!
IT'S NOT THE BEER, IS IT?
IT'S THE *OXYGEN.*
FOR *BREATHING!*
OKAY, I CAN TAKE A HINT. I'LL GO OUT AND SEE IF I CAN PLUG IT WITH SOME GUM OR SOMETHING.
CAN HARDLY *GASP* BREATHE. WHAT'S GOING ON?
UNDER ATTACK BLAH BLAH. VENTING OXYGEN YADDA YADDA. I'M ON IT.
OH...
...POOP.

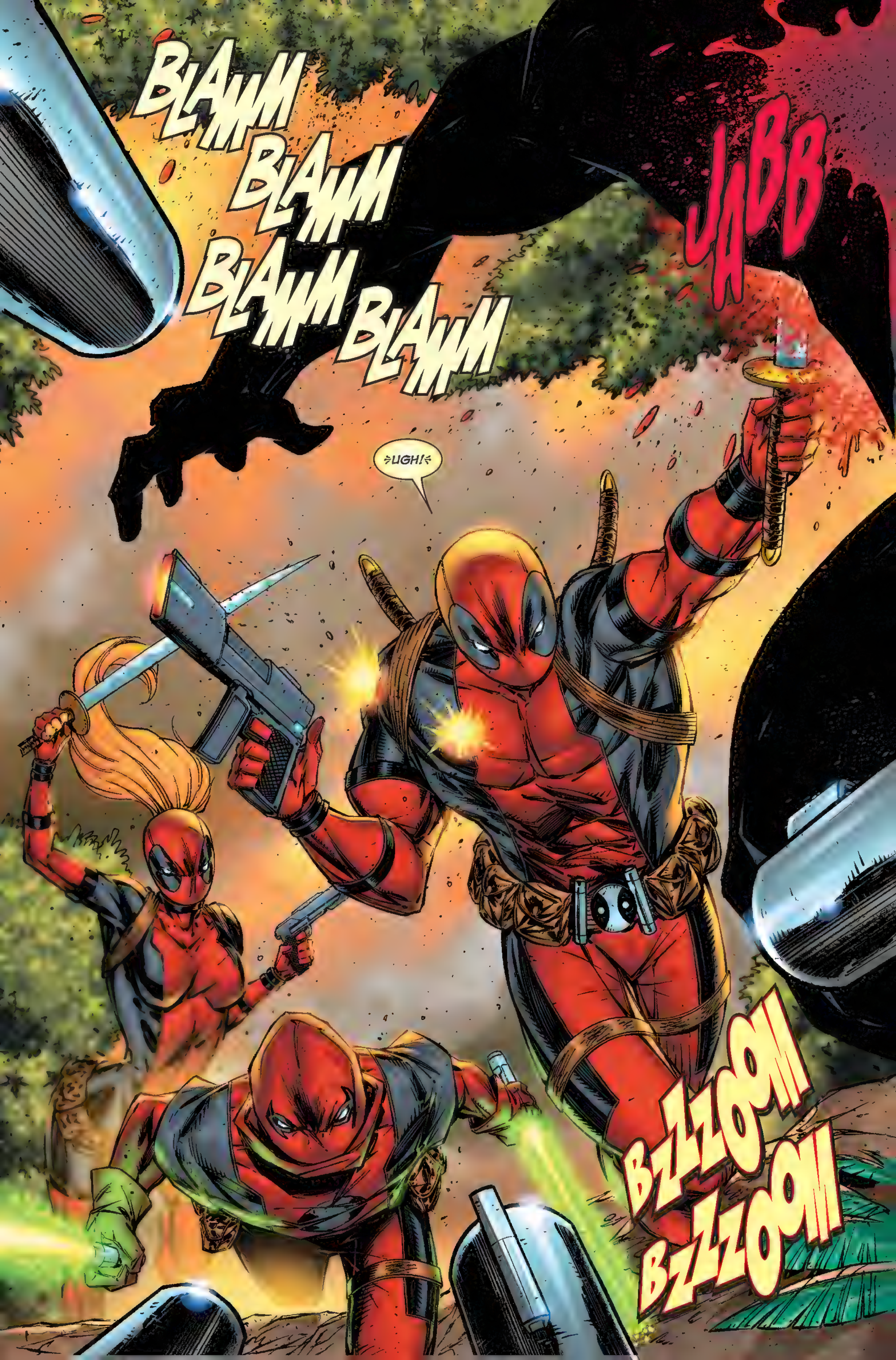

WHO COULD BE TRYING TO KILL US? WE'RE SO **LOVABLE.**
ARE YOU KIDDING? HALF THE GALAXY WANTS YOU **DEAD.** BUT BY THE LOOK OF THOSE MARKINGS AND THE CONFIGURATION OF THE SHIPS, I'D SAY OUR OLD BUDDIES FROM THE OMEGA CONFEDERATION HAVE COME TO SETTLE A SCORE.
INCIDENTALLY, WE'RE COMPLETELY OUT OF OXYGEN, JUST IN CASE YOU'RE KEEPING TRACK OF SUCH THINGS.
BUT WASN'T IT JUST RECENTLY WE TOTALLY DID THE OMEGA CONFEDERATION A SOLID BY DISPOSING OF A PIRATE SCOURGE WHO WAS REALLY THE CHAMPION?
⋟COUGH⋞ LAST ISSUE ⋟COUGH⋞ ⋟COUGH⋞
IF ONLY THERE WAS SOME EXPOSITIONY WAY TO EXPLAIN.
WHAT ABOUT A PROLONGED SEQUENCE OF FLASHBACKS?
HUH. A FLASHBACK, YOU SAY.
I SUPPOSE IT WOULD GO SOMETHING LIKE...

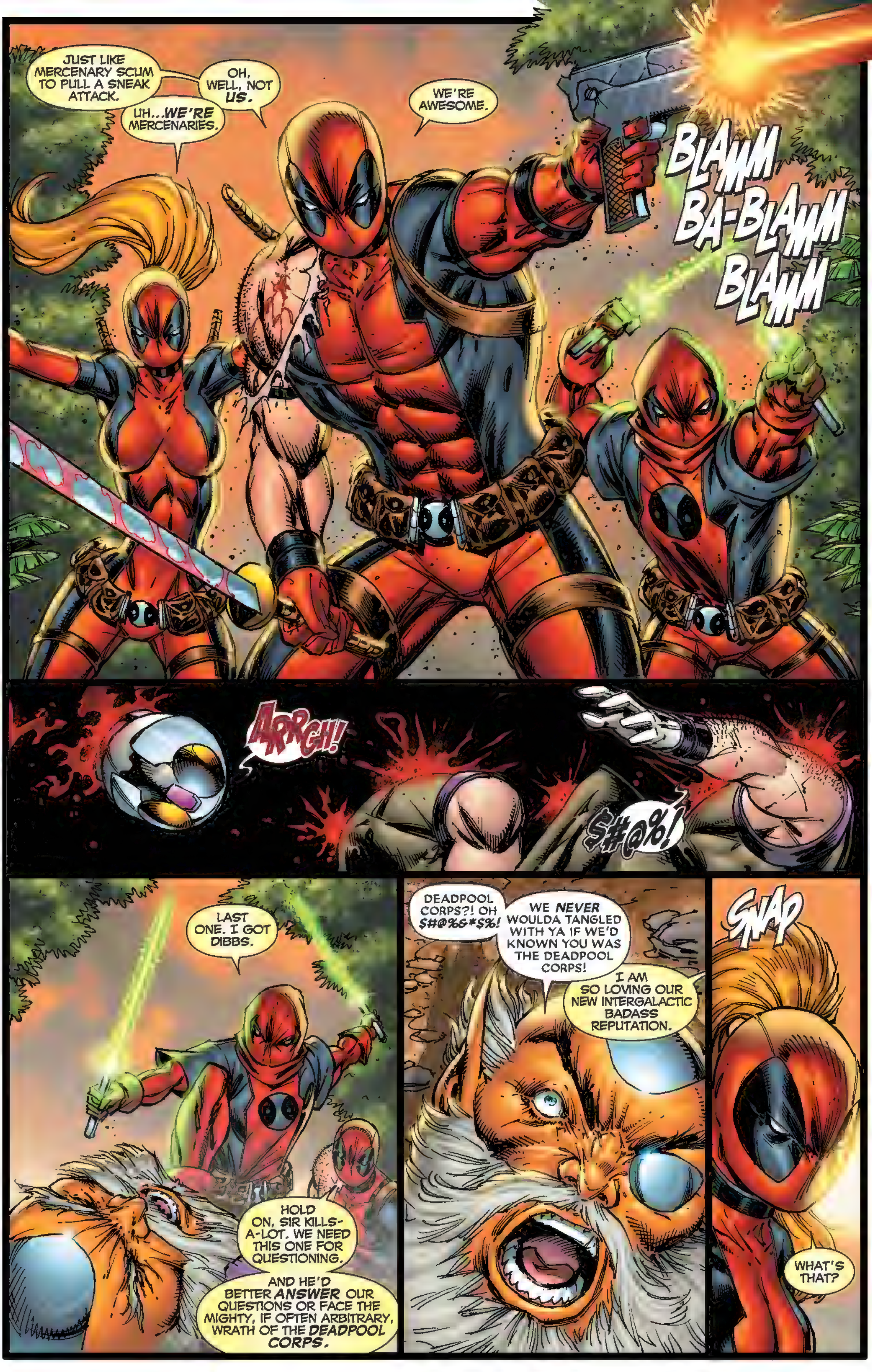

YOU WANTED IT? YOU WANTED THE BLOOD AND THE DEATH? YOU WANTED *THIS?*
YOU WANTED A WAR?!
WELL, YOU GOT IT, BABY!
NO, NO, NO, NO.
NOBODY KNOWS WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON. START FURTHER BACK. AT THE *BEGINNING.*
WHAT ABOUT SOMETHING LIKE THIS?
ONLY ROCK AND ROLL WILL SAVE US, BONES. BEHOLD THE GUITAR APOCALYPSE.

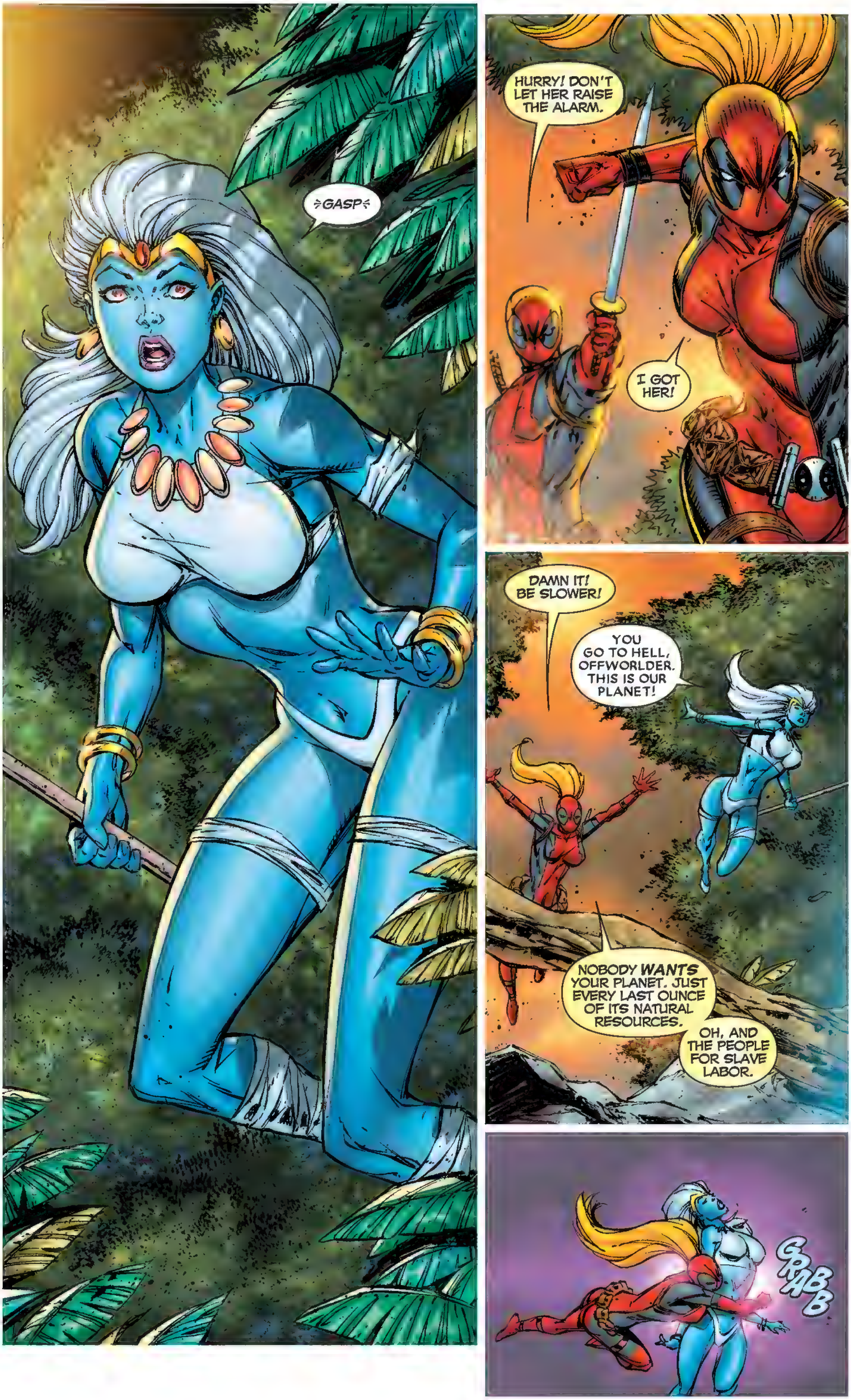

OKAY, CHAMP, WHAT SAY WE STICK TO THINGS THAT *ACTUALLY HAPPENED?*
DAMN IT, I'M ***TRYING*** TO WEAVE AN INTRIGUING NARRATIVE HERE.
OKAY, ***FINE,*** WHAT ABOUT SOMETHING LIKE...
ONE WEEK EARLIER...
DEADPOOL CORPS, YOU PERFORMED ***MAGNIFICENTLY*** AGAINST THE BLUE BUCCANEER. WE'RE PRIVILEGED YOU COULD JOIN US FOR THIS CELEBRATORY BANQUET.
TO THE VICTORIOUS DEADPOOL CORPS.
HERE HERE. CHEERIO. HARRUMFF. ETC.
BUT OF COURSE, WE DO NOT ASK YOU HERE ONLY TO CELEBRATE. NO NO.
YOU'RE NOT GOING TO ASK ME TO SING, ARE YOU?
OKAY, ONE VERSE OF *"WRECK OF THE EDMUND FITZGERALD,"* BUT THAT'S IT.
LONG HAS THE OMEGA CONFEDERATION MADE A HEALTHY PROFIT FROM THE NATURAL RESOURCES OF KAGAN 7, BUT NOW THE NATIVE POPULATION WISHES TO RENEGE ON THEIR AGREEMENTS. UNGRATEFUL ***SCUM.*** WE CLOTHE THEM, FEED THEM, EDUCATE THEM IN MODERN WAYS, AND WHAT DO THEY DO?
SEND YOU A HALLMARK THANK YOU CARD WITH A LITTLE CARTOON PENGUIN ON IT?
THEY ***DEFY*** US. THEY REVOLT. THEY...THEY...***DARE*** TO BITE THE VERY HAND THAT FEEDS THEM.

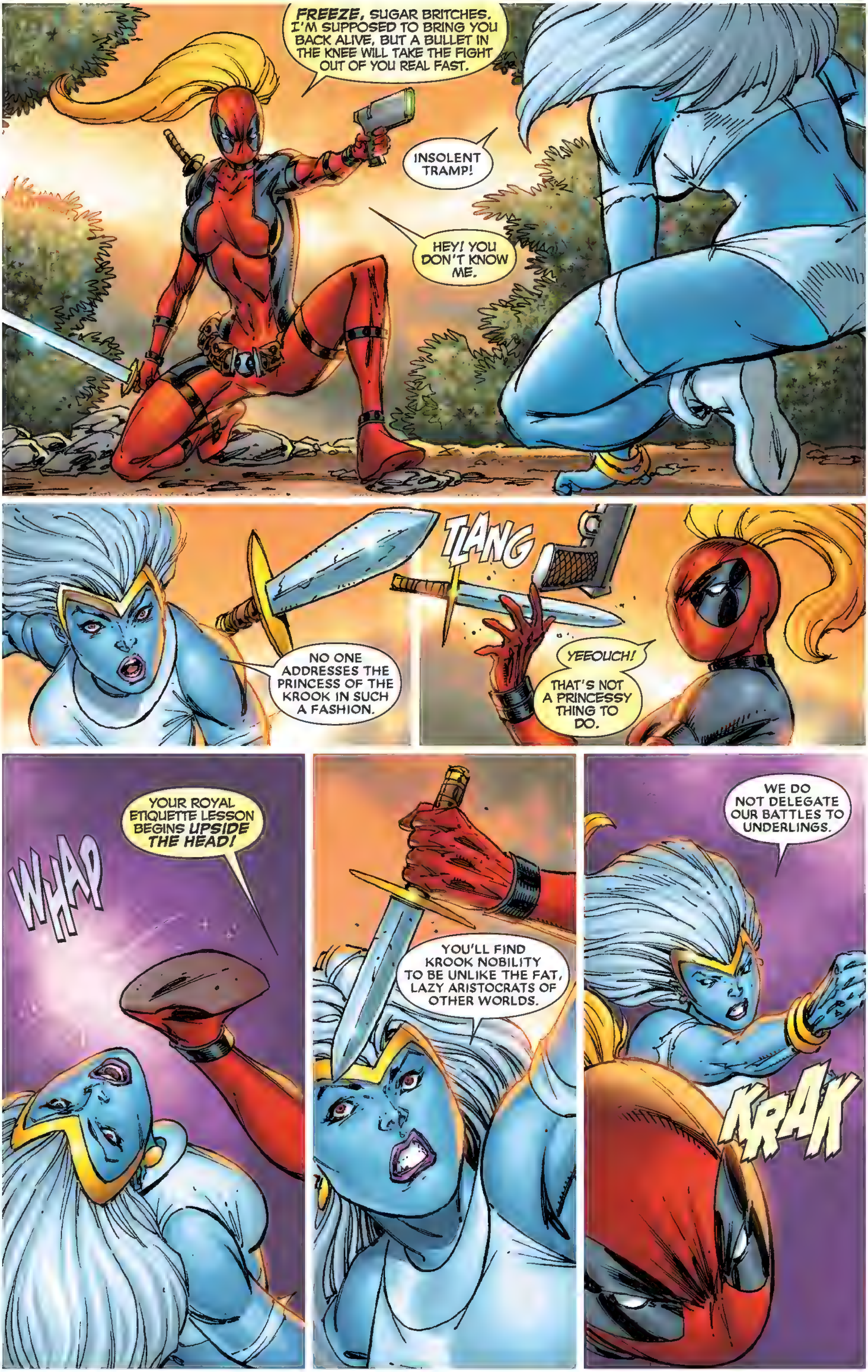

THE KROOK ARE A PROUD AND STUBBORN PEOPLE. THEY'VE CAUSED US NO END OF TROUBLE.
OOOOO, HE LOOKS TALL AND BLUEBERRY FLAVORED.
WHY DON'T YOU JUST NUKE THEM FROM ORBIT? THAT'LL FIX THEIR LITTLE RED WAGONS.
BLUE WAGONS, ACTUALLY.
I WOULD *LOVE* TO BLAST THEM OUT OF EXISTENCE, BUT THE CONFEDERATION HAS MADE A CONSIDERABLE INVESTMENT IN INFRASTUCTURE, AND WE USE THE NATIVE POPULATION TO WORK THE PLATINUM MINES.
WHAT I NEED *YOU* TO DO IS GO DOWN TO THE PLANET AND TAKE OUT THE REBEL LEADERSHIP. WITH THEM OUT OF THE WAY WE CAN BRING THE POPULATION BACK UNDER CONTROL.
AND WHAT I NEED *YOU* TO DO IS TELL ME HOW MUCH YOU'RE GOING TO PAY US.
HOW DOES *TEN MILLION* QUATLOONS GRAB YOU?
WHAT THE HELL'S A QUATLOON? SOME KIND OF POTATO?
IT'S THE LOCAL CURRENCY, DORK. LET'S SEE, IF THEY PAY US THE EQUIVALENT IN PLATINUM, IN GOOD OLD U.S. OF A EARTH MONEY, IT COMES OUT TO...
A *BILLION DOLLARS?!*
WHAT? YOU JUST CARRY AROUND A CALCULATOR?

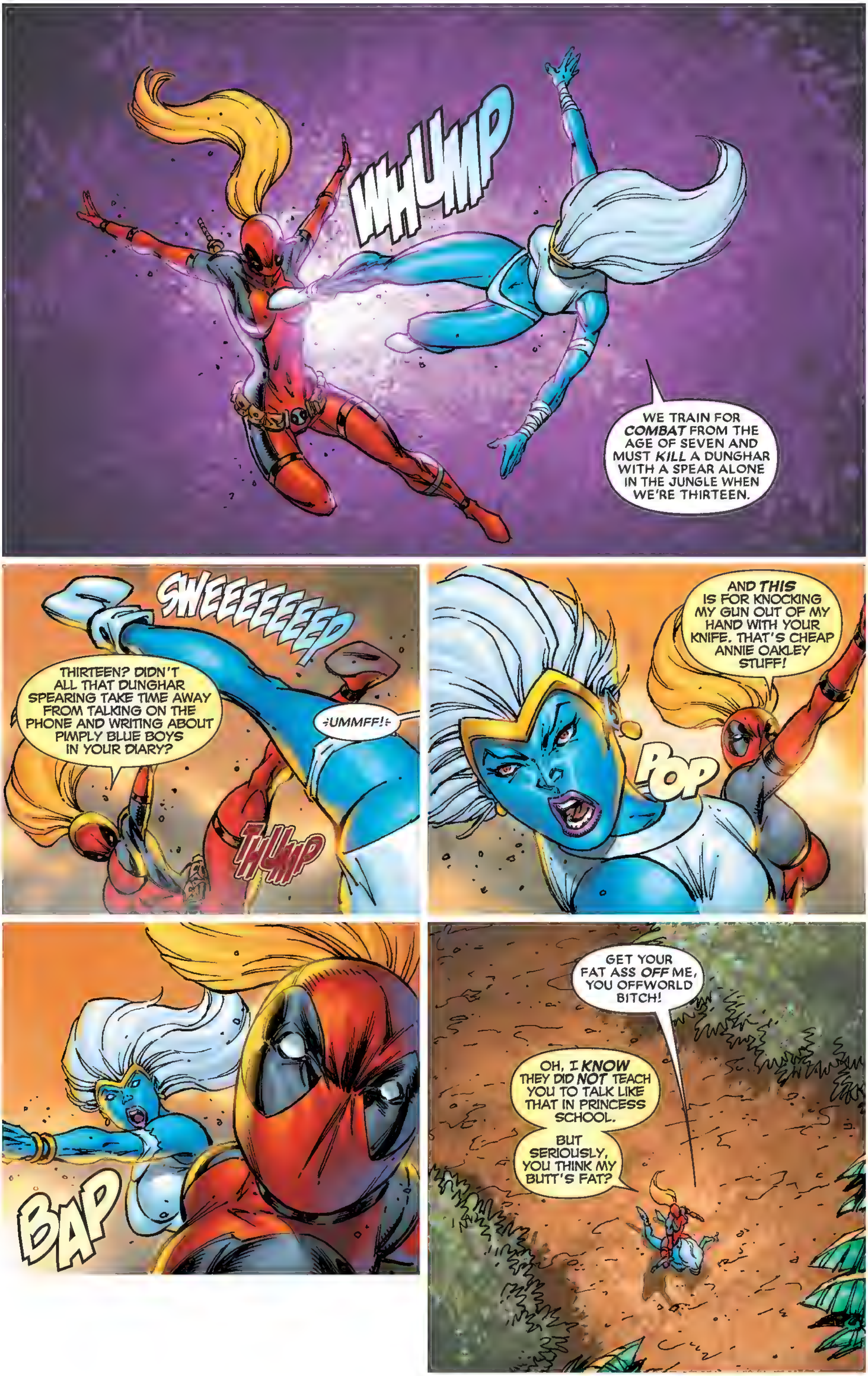

SOME FINAL WORDS OF CAUTION, DEADPOOL CORPS. THE KROOK HAVE A LOW-LEVEL OF TECHNOLOGY, BUT THEY ARE STILL A SOPHISTICATED PEOPLE. DO NOT UNDERESTIMATE THEM. THEY HAVE USED THE PLANET'S RICHES TO HIRE MERCENARIES TO GUARD THE PLANET'S MINING FACILITIES. OPERATIONS HAVE COMPLETELY SHUT DOWN.
DEALING WITH THE MERCENARIES WILL BE YOUR FIRST TASK.
AH-HA! I SEE THEM.
GREAT! SEE HOW THEY'RE CONFIGURED, AND WE'LL FORM AN ASSAULT PLAN.
ARE THEY CLOSE?
PRETTY CLOSE.

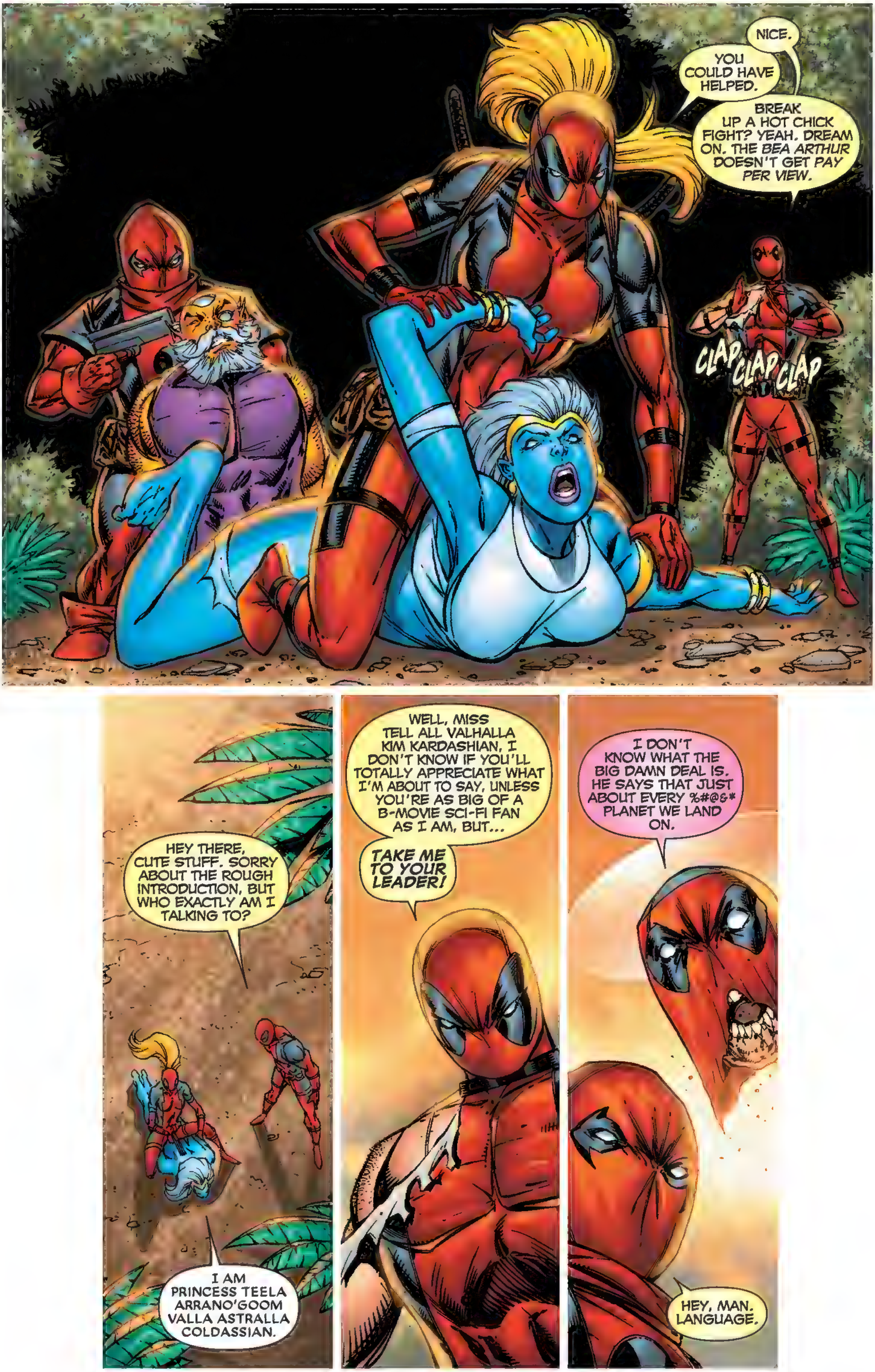

BLAMM
BLAMM
BLAMM
BLAMM
JABB
UGH!
BZZZOOM
BZZZOOM

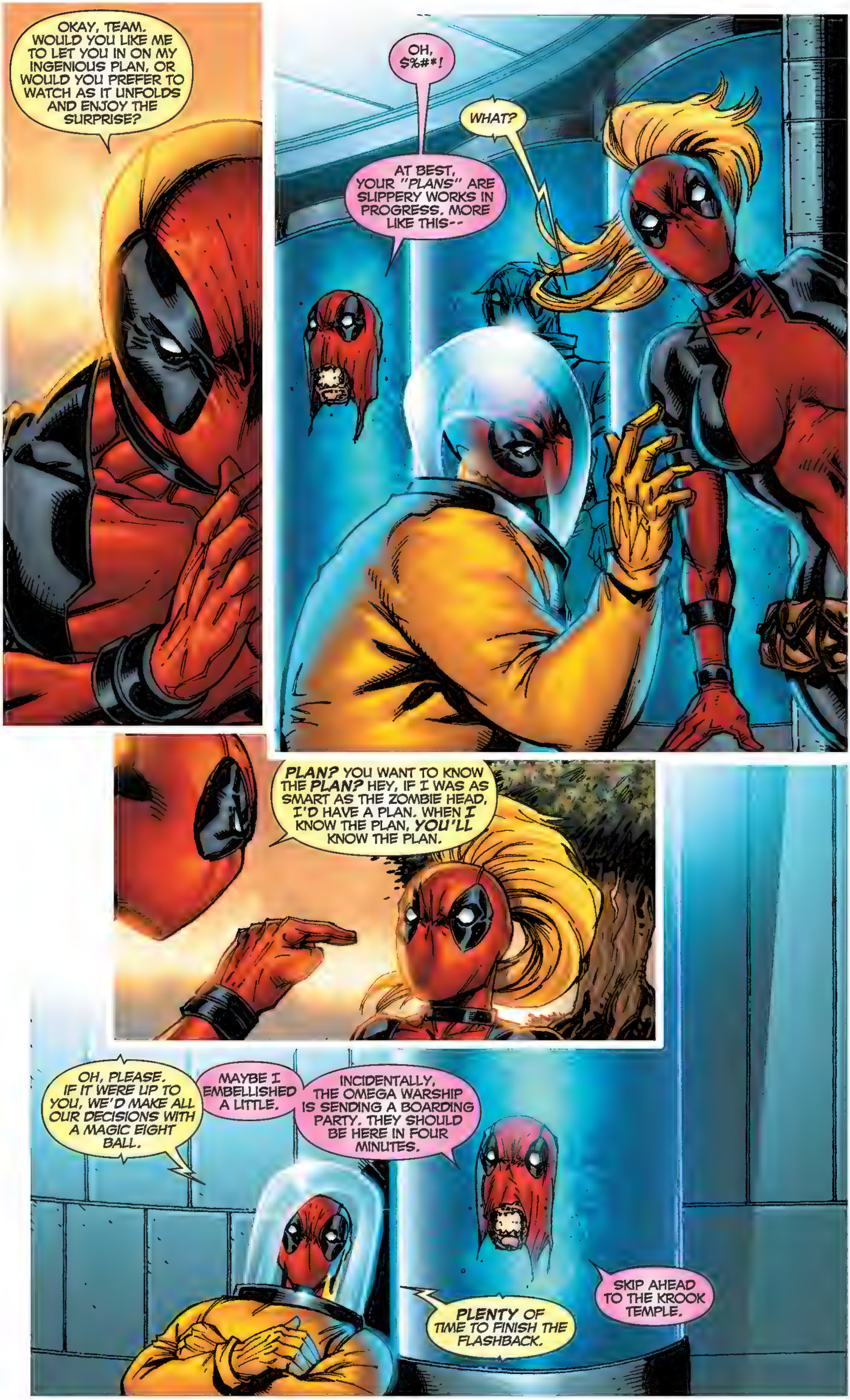

JUST LIKE MERCENARY SCUM TO PULL A SNEAK ATTACK.
OH, WELL, NOT *US*.
UH...*WE'RE* MERCENARIES.
WE'RE AWESOME.
BLAMM BA-BLAMM BLAMM
ARRGH!
$#@%!
LAST ONE. I GOT DIBBS.
HOLD ON, SIR KILLS-A-LOT. WE NEED THIS ONE FOR QUESTIONING.
AND HE'D BETTER *ANSWER* OUR QUESTIONS OR FACE THE MIGHTY, IF OFTEN ARBITRARY, WRATH OF THE *DEADPOOL CORPS*.
DEADPOOL CORPS?! OH *$#@%&*$%!*
WE *NEVER* WOULDA TANGLED WITH YA IF WE'D KNOWN YOU WAS THE DEADPOOL CORPS!
I AM SO LOVING OUR NEW INTERGALACTIC BADASS REPUTATION.
SNAP
WHAT'S THAT?

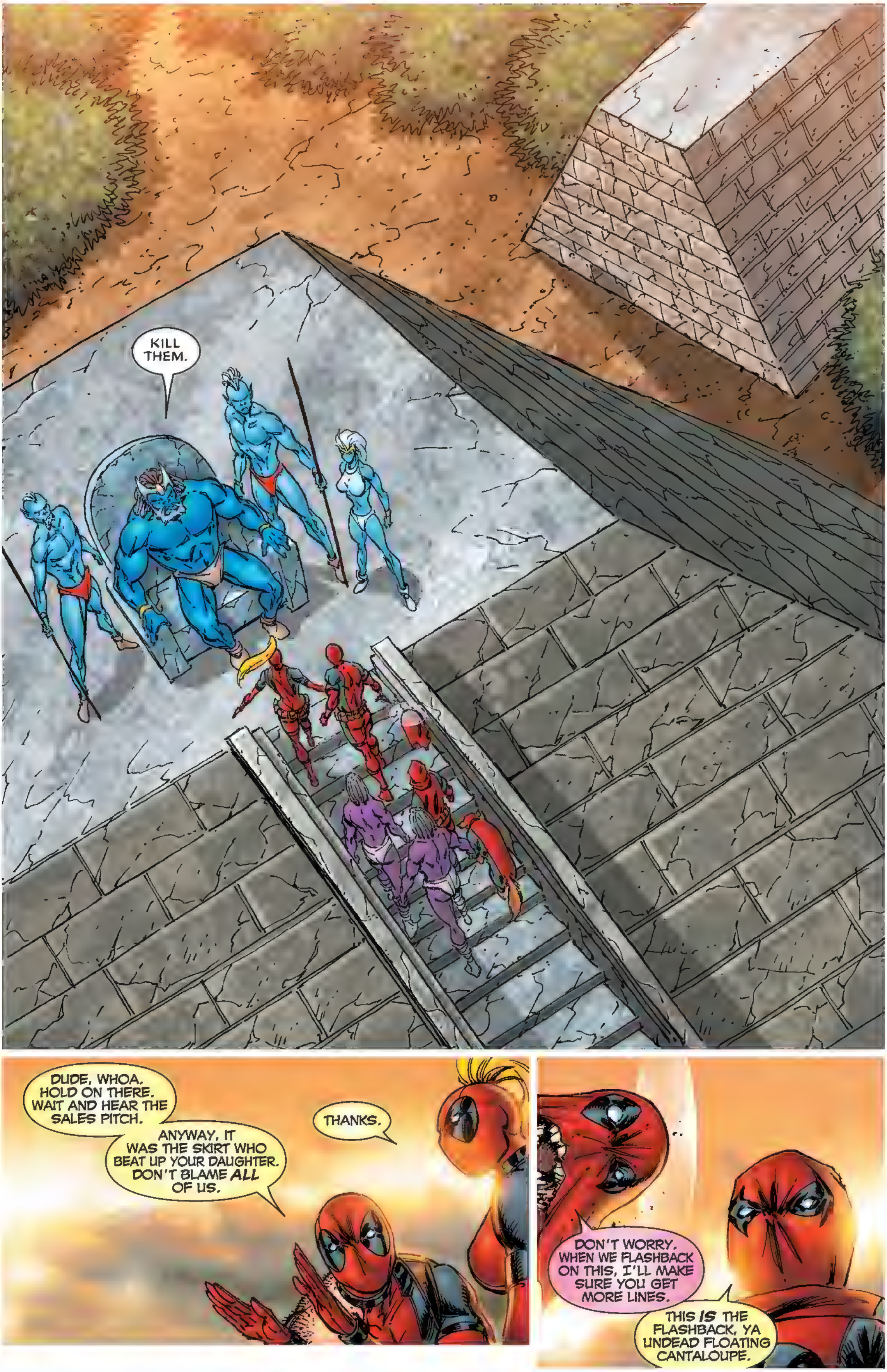

⋟GASP⋞
HURRY! DON'T LET HER RAISE THE ALARM.
I GOT HER!
DAMN IT! BE SLOWER!
YOU GO TO HELL, OFFWORLDER. THIS IS OUR PLANET!
NOBODY *WANTS* YOUR PLANET. JUST EVERY LAST OUNCE OF ITS NATURAL RESOURCES.
OH, AND THE PEOPLE FOR SLAVE LABOR.
GRABB

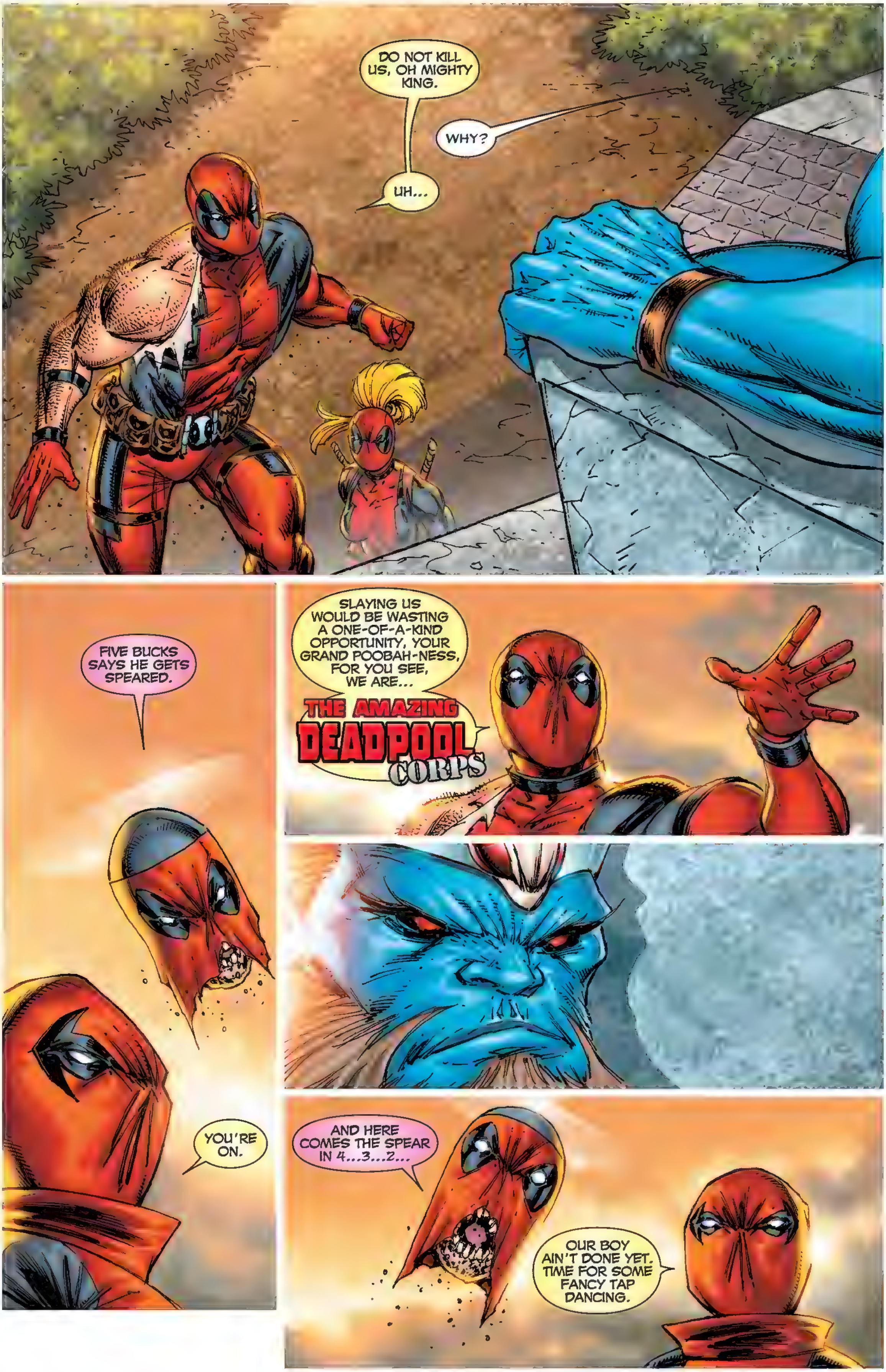

FREEZE, SUGAR BRITCHES. I'M SUPPOSED TO BRING YOU BACK ALIVE, BUT A BULLET IN THE KNEE WILL TAKE THE FIGHT OUT OF YOU REAL FAST.
INSOLENT TRAMP!
HEY! YOU DON'T KNOW ME.
NO ONE ADDRESSES THE PRINCESS OF THE KROOK IN SUCH A FASHION.
TLANG
YEEOUCH!
THAT'S NOT A PRINCESSY THING TO DO.
YOUR ROYAL ETIQUETTE LESSON BEGINS UPSIDE THE HEAD!
WHAP
YOU'LL FIND KROOK NOBILITY TO BE UNLIKE THE FAT, LAZY ARISTOCRATS OF OTHER WORLDS.
WE DO NOT DELEGATE OUR BATTLES TO UNDERLINGS.
KRAK

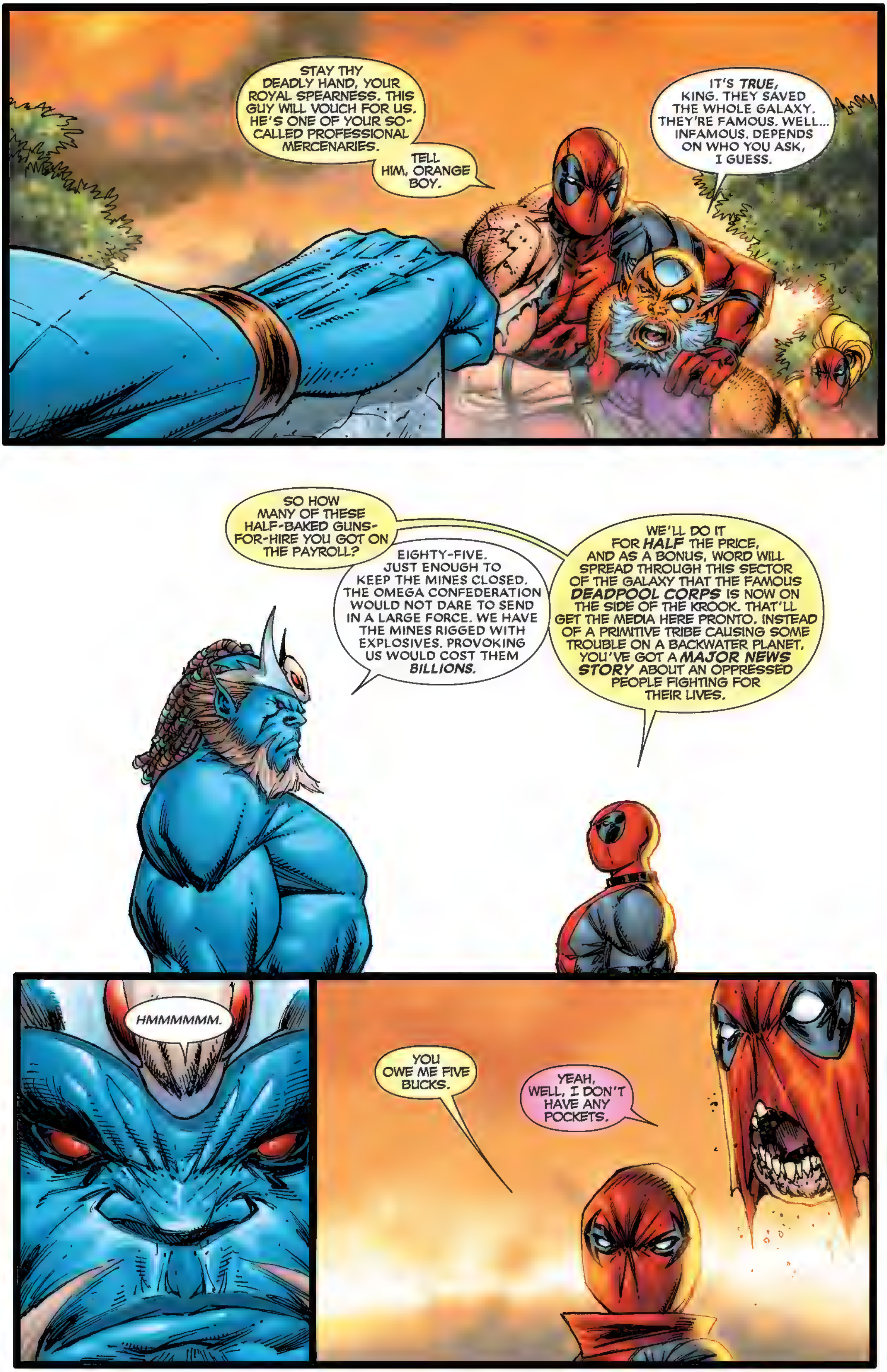

WHUMP
WE TRAIN FOR COMBAT FROM THE AGE OF SEVEN AND MUST KILL A DUNGHAR WITH A SPEAR ALONE IN THE JUNGLE WHEN WE'RE THIRTEEN.
SWEEEEEEEP
THIRTEEN? DIDN'T ALL THAT DUNGHAR SPEARING TAKE TIME AWAY FROM TALKING ON THE PHONE AND WRITING ABOUT PIMPLY BLUE BOYS IN YOUR DIARY?
UMMFF!
THUMP
AND THIS IS FOR KNOCKING MY GUN OUT OF MY HAND WITH YOUR KNIFE. THAT'S CHEAP ANNIE OAKLEY STUFF!
POP
BAP
GET YOUR FAT ASS OFF ME, YOU OFFWORLD BITCH!
OH, I KNOW THEY DID NOT TEACH YOU TO TALK LIKE THAT IN PRINCESS SCHOOL.
BUT SERIOUSLY, YOU THINK MY BUTT'S FAT?

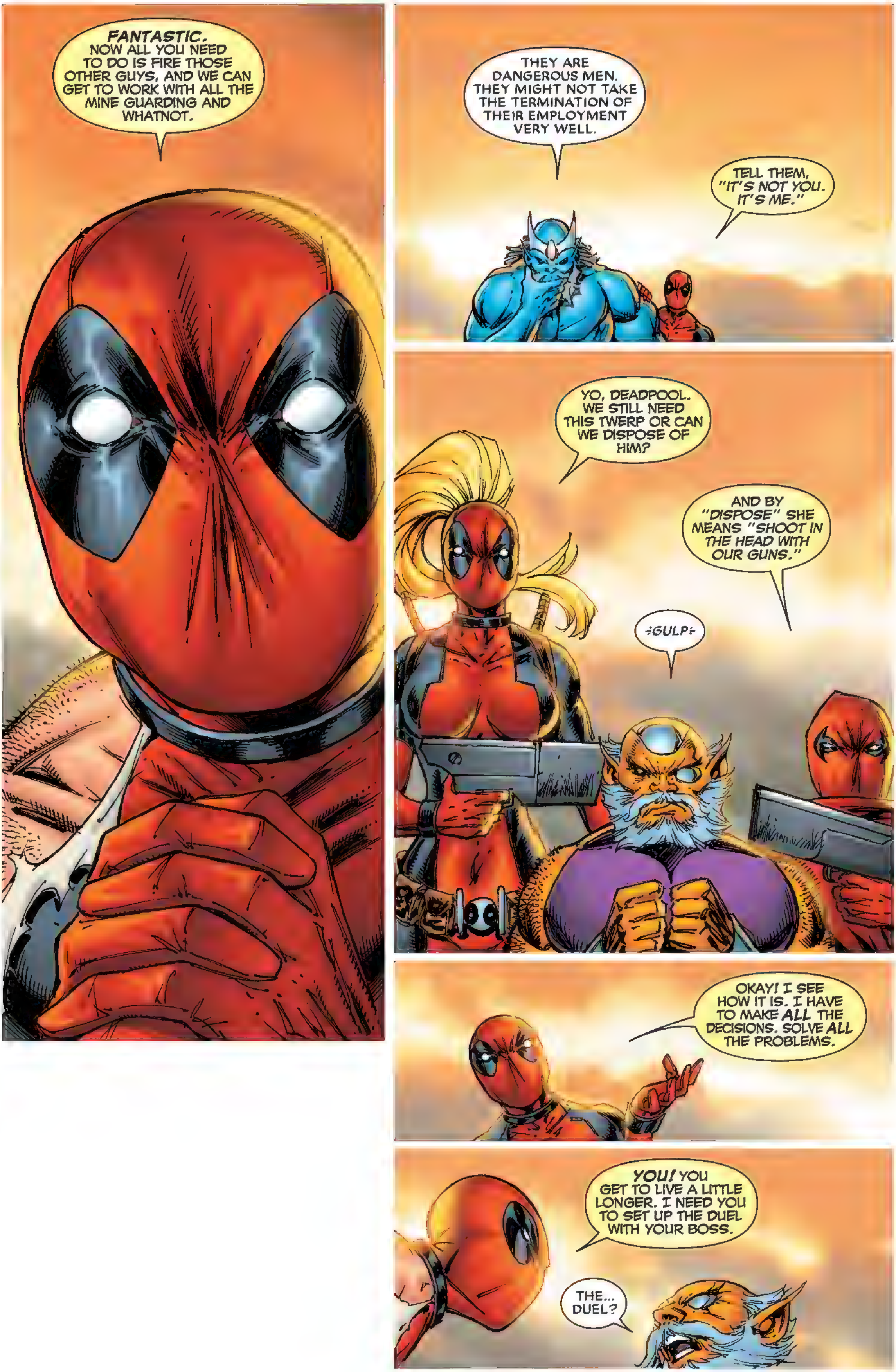

YOU COULD HAVE HELPED.
NICE.
BREAK UP A HOT CHICK FIGHT? YEAH. DREAM ON. THE BEA ARTHUR DOESN'T GET PAY PER VIEW.
CLAP CLAP CLAP
HEY THERE, CUTE STUFF. SORRY ABOUT THE ROUGH INTRODUCTION, BUT WHO EXACTLY AM I TALKING TO?
I AM PRINCESS TEELA ARRANO'GOOM VALLA ASTRALLA COLDASSIAN.
WELL, MISS TELL ALL VALHALLA KIM KARDASHIAN, I DON'T KNOW IF YOU'LL TOTALLY APPRECIATE WHAT I'M ABOUT TO SAY, UNLESS YOU'RE AS BIG OF A B-MOVIE SCI-FI FAN AS I AM, BUT...
TAKE ME TO YOUR LEADER!
I DON'T KNOW WHAT THE BIG DAMN DEAL IS. HE SAYS THAT JUST ABOUT EVERY %#@&* PLANET WE LAND ON.
HEY, MAN. LANGUAGE.

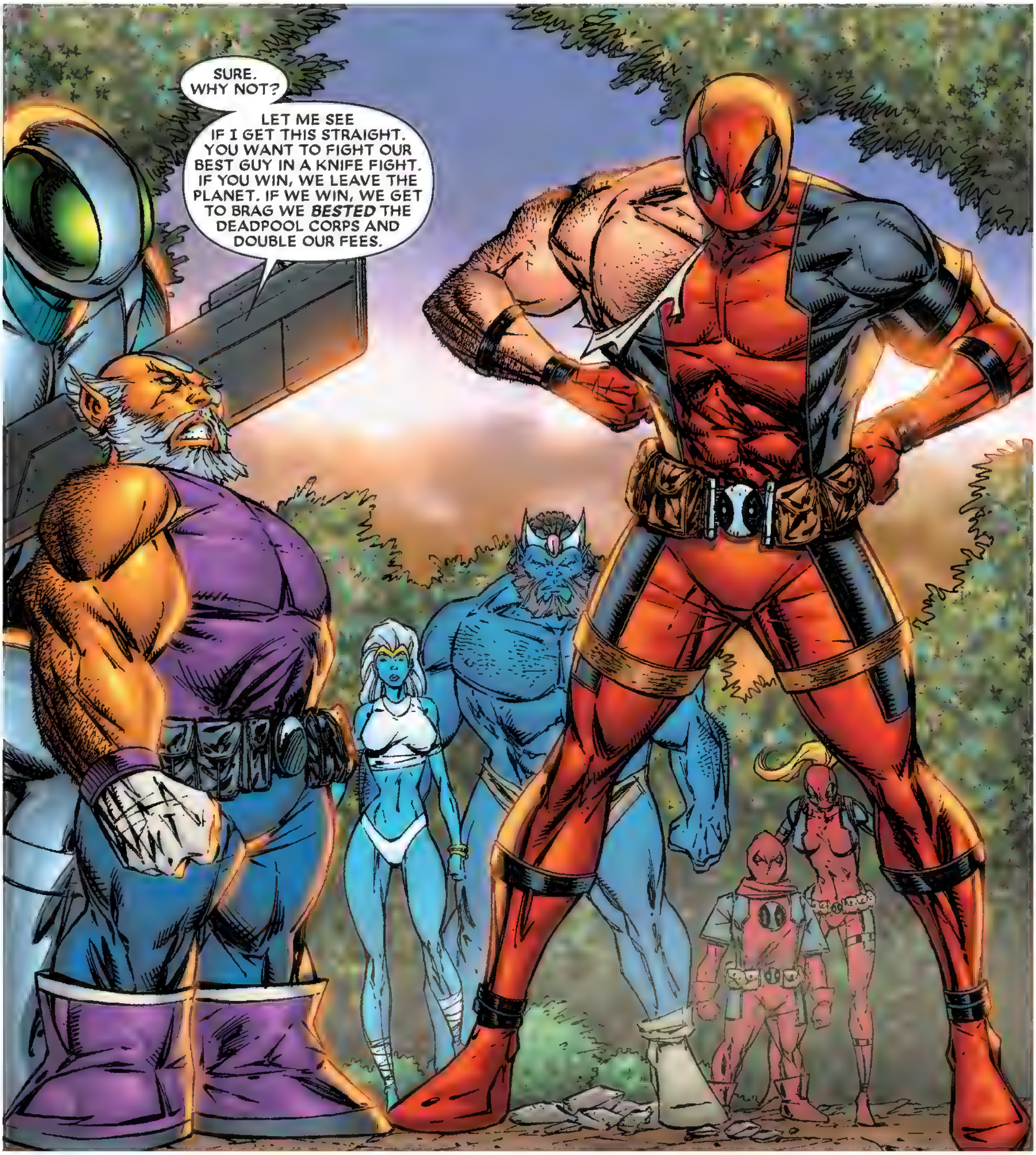

OKAY, TEAM. WOULD YOU LIKE ME TO LET YOU IN ON MY INGENIOUS PLAN, OR WOULD YOU PREFER TO WATCH AS IT UNFOLDS AND ENJOY THE SURPRISE?
OH, $%#*!
WHAT?
AT BEST, YOUR "*PLANS*" ARE SLIPPERY WORKS IN PROGRESS. MORE LIKE THIS--
PLAN? YOU WANT TO KNOW THE ***PLAN?*** HEY, IF I WAS AS SMART AS THE ZOMBIE HEAD, I'D HAVE A PLAN. WHEN ***I*** KNOW THE PLAN, ***YOU'LL*** KNOW THE PLAN.
OH, PLEASE. IF IT WERE UP TO YOU, WE'D MAKE ALL OUR DECISIONS WITH A MAGIC EIGHT BALL.
MAYBE I EMBELLISHED A LITTLE.
INCIDENTALLY, THE OMEGA WARSHIP IS SENDING A BOARDING PARTY. THEY SHOULD BE HERE IN FOUR MINUTES.
PLENTY OF TIME TO FINISH THE FLASHBACK.
SKIP AHEAD TO THE KROOK TEMPLE.

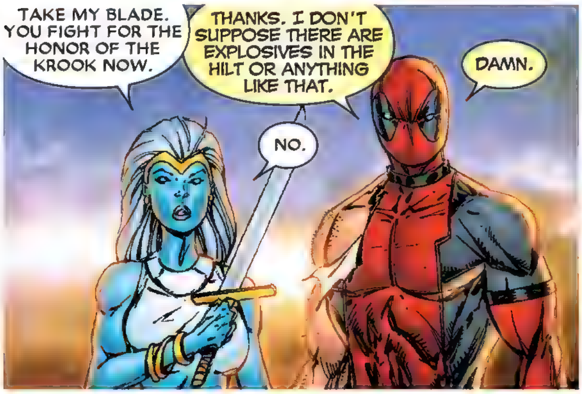

KILL THEM.
DUDE, WHOA. HOLD ON THERE. WAIT AND HEAR THE SALES PITCH.
ANYWAY, IT WAS THE SKIRT WHO BEAT UP YOUR DAUGHTER. DON'T BLAME *ALL* OF US.
THANKS.
DON'T WORRY. WHEN WE FLASHBACK ON THIS, I'LL MAKE SURE YOU GET MORE LINES.
THIS *IS* THE FLASHBACK, YA UNDEAD FLOATING CANTALOUPE.

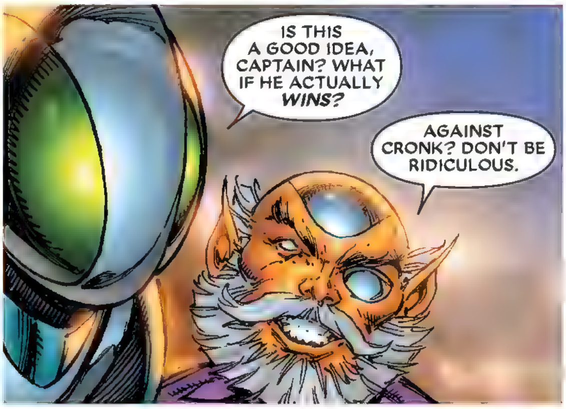

DO NOT KILL US, OH MIGHTY KING.
WHY?
UH...
FIVE BUCKS SAYS HE GETS SPEARED.
YOU'RE ON.
SLAYING US WOULD BE WASTING A ONE-OF-A-KIND OPPORTUNITY, YOUR GRAND POOBAH-NESS, FOR YOU SEE, WE ARE...
THE AMAZING DEADPOOL CORPS
AND HERE COMES THE SPEAR IN 4...3...2...
OUR BOY AIN'T DONE YET. TIME FOR SOME FANCY TAP DANCING.

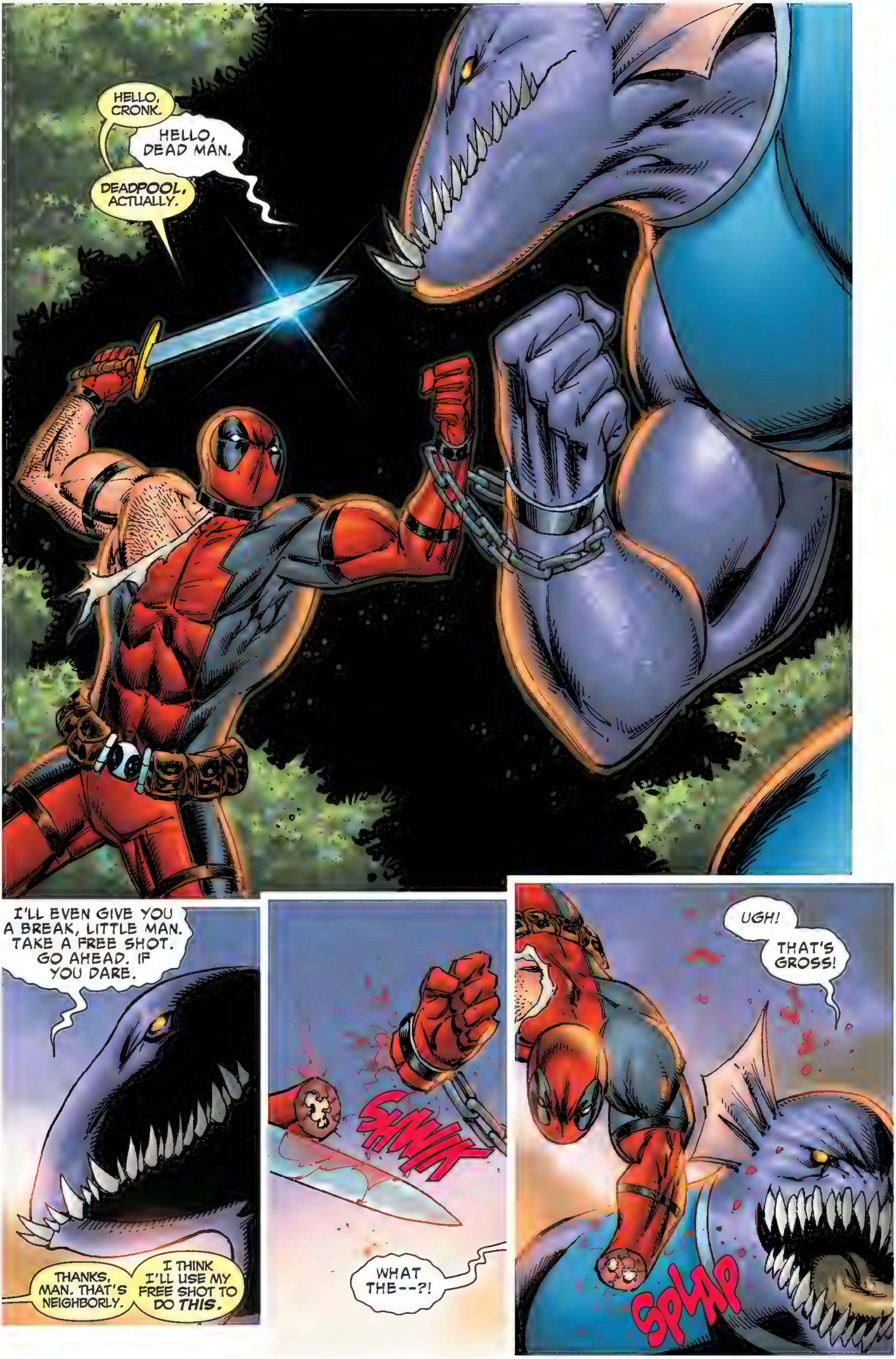

STAY THY DEADLY HAND, YOUR ROYAL SPEARNESS. THIS GUY WILL VOUCH FOR US. HE'S ONE OF YOUR SO-CALLED PROFESSIONAL MERCENARIES.
TELL HIM, ORANGE BOY.
IT'S *TRUE*, KING. THEY SAVED THE WHOLE GALAXY. THEY'RE FAMOUS. WELL... INFAMOUS. DEPENDS ON WHO YOU ASK, I GUESS.
SO HOW MANY OF THESE HALF-BAKED GUNS-FOR-HIRE YOU GOT ON THE PAYROLL?
EIGHTY-FIVE. JUST ENOUGH TO KEEP THE MINES CLOSED. THE OMEGA CONFEDERATION WOULD NOT DARE TO SEND IN A LARGE FORCE. WE HAVE THE MINES RIGGED WITH EXPLOSIVES. PROVOKING US WOULD COST THEM *BILLIONS*.
WE'LL DO IT FOR *HALF* THE PRICE, AND AS A BONUS, WORD WILL SPREAD THROUGH THIS SECTOR OF THE GALAXY THAT THE FAMOUS ***DEADPOOL CORPS*** IS NOW ON THE SIDE OF THE KROOK. THAT'LL GET THE MEDIA HERE PRONTO. INSTEAD OF A PRIMITIVE TRIBE CAUSING SOME TROUBLE ON A BACKWATER PLANET, YOU'VE GOT A ***MAJOR NEWS STORY*** ABOUT AN OPPRESSED PEOPLE FIGHTING FOR THEIR LIVES.
HMMMMMM.
YOU OWE ME FIVE BUCKS.
YEAH, WELL, I DON'T HAVE ANY POCKETS.

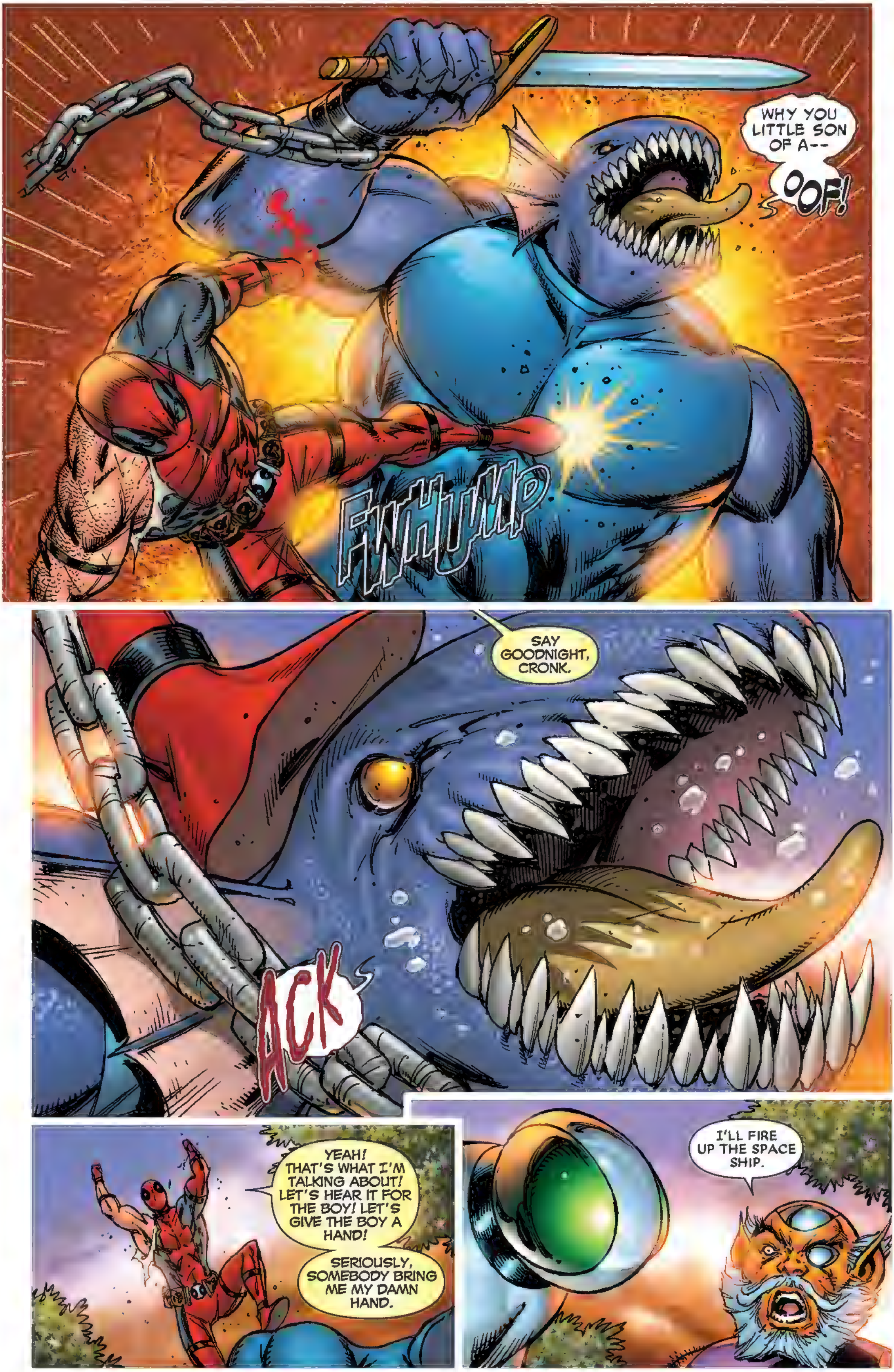

FANTASTIC. NOW ALL YOU NEED TO DO IS FIRE THOSE OTHER GUYS, AND WE CAN GET TO WORK WITH ALL THE MINE GUARDING AND WHATNOT.
THEY ARE DANGEROUS MEN. THEY MIGHT NOT TAKE THE TERMINATION OF THEIR EMPLOYMENT VERY WELL.
TELL THEM, "IT'S NOT YOU. IT'S ME."
YO, DEADPOOL. WE STILL NEED THIS TWERP OR CAN WE DISPOSE OF HIM?
AND BY "DISPOSE" SHE MEANS "SHOOT IN THE HEAD WITH OUR GUNS."
GULP
OKAY! I SEE HOW IT IS. I HAVE TO MAKE ALL THE DECISIONS. SOLVE ALL THE PROBLEMS.
YOU! YOU GET TO LIVE A LITTLE LONGER. I NEED YOU TO SET UP THE DUEL WITH YOUR BOSS.
THE... DUEL?

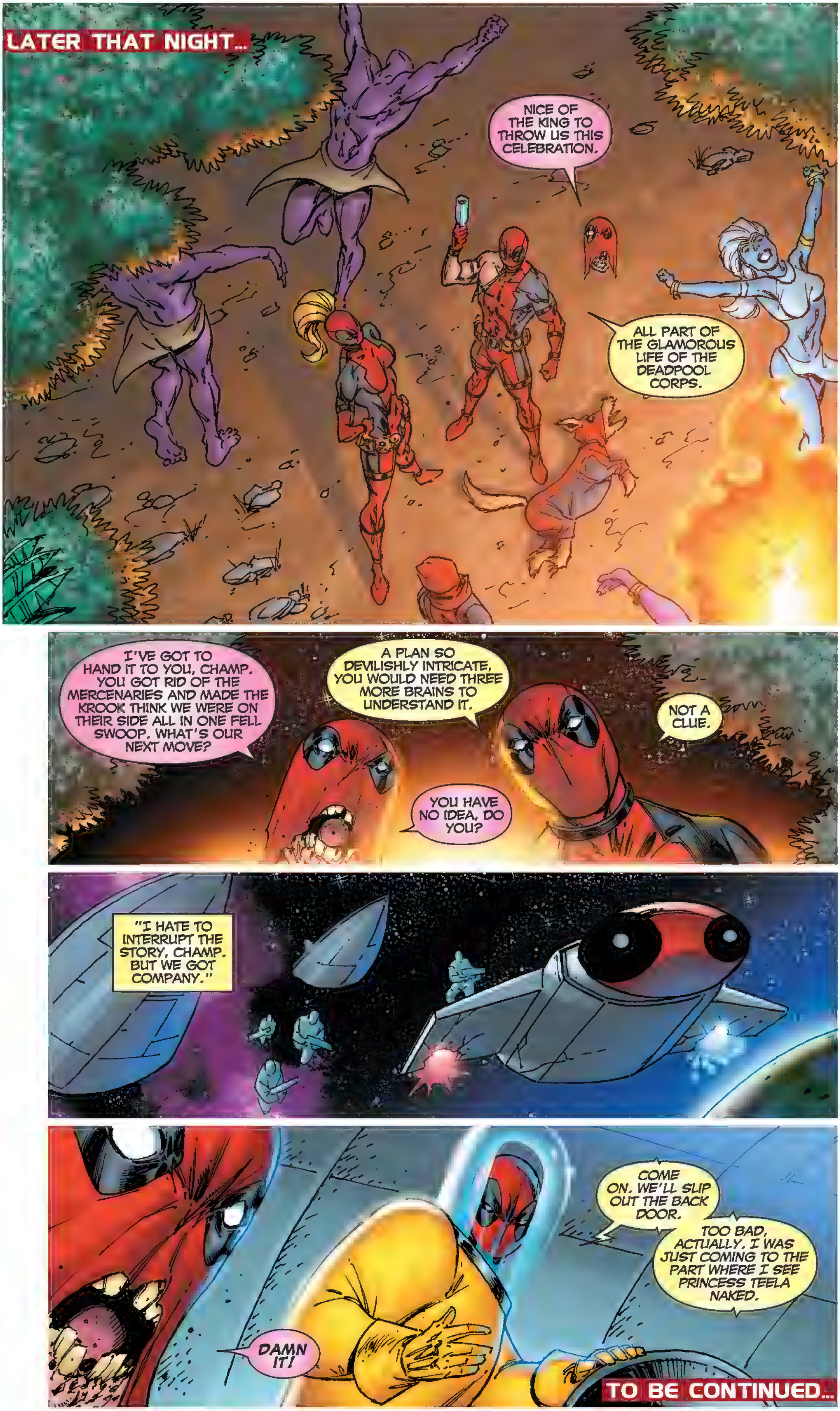

SURE. WHY NOT?
LET ME SEE IF I GET THIS STRAIGHT. YOU WANT TO FIGHT OUR BEST GUY IN A KNIFE FIGHT. IF YOU WIN, WE LEAVE THE PLANET. IF WE WIN, WE GET TO BRAG WE *BESTED* THE DEADPOOL CORPS AND DOUBLE OUR FEES.


TAKE MY BLADE. YOU FIGHT FOR THE HONOR OF THE KROOK NOW.
THANKS. I DON'T SUPPOSE THERE ARE EXPLOSIVES IN THE HILT OR ANYTHING LIKE THAT.
NO.
DAMN.

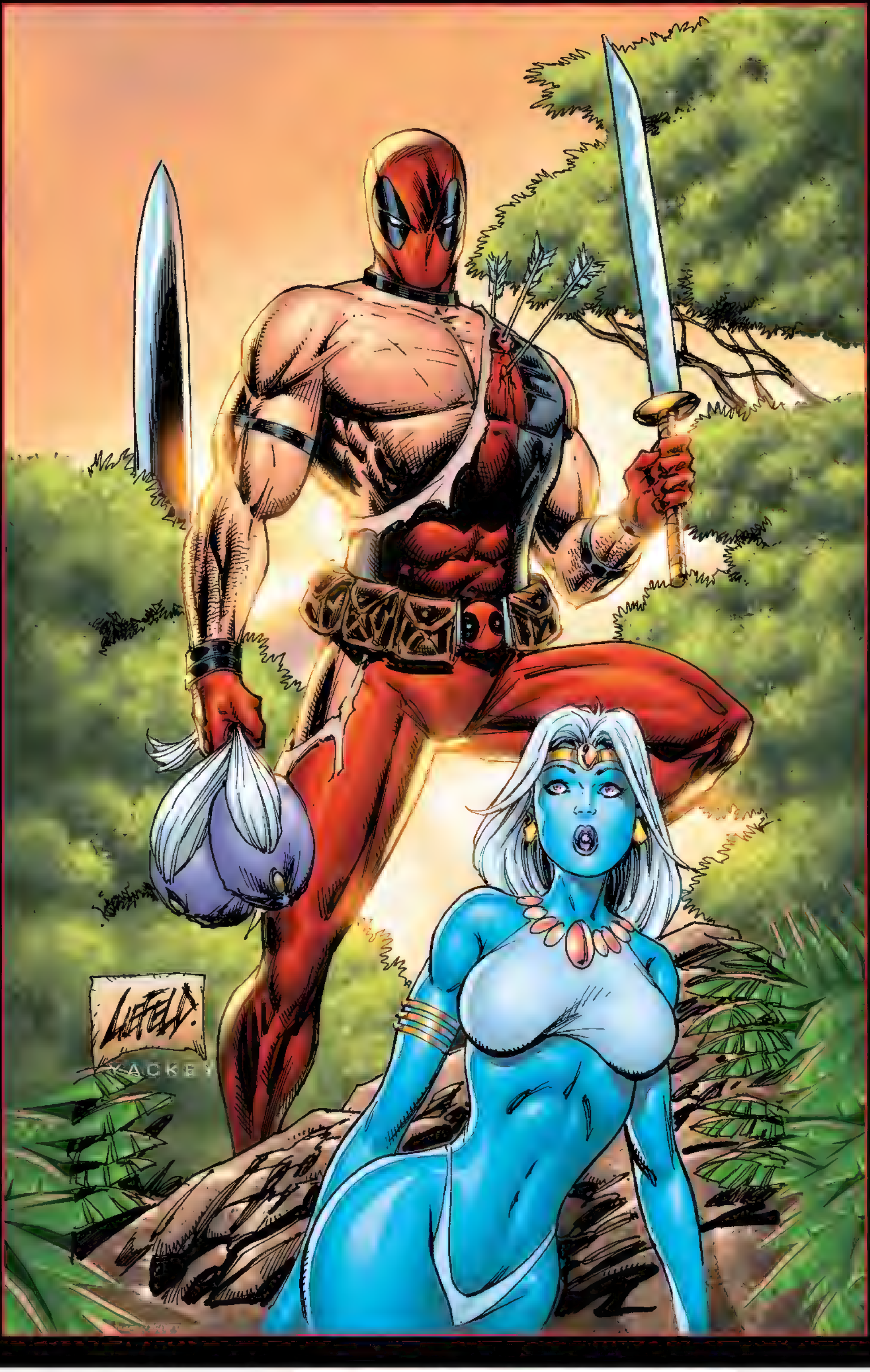

IS THIS A GOOD IDEA, CAPTAIN? WHAT IF HE ACTUALLY *WINS?*
AGAINST CRONK? DON'T BE RIDICULOUS.


HELLO, CRONK.
HELLO, DEAD MAN.
DEADPOOL, ACTUALLY.
I'LL EVEN GIVE YOU A BREAK, LITTLE MAN. TAKE A FREE SHOT. GO AHEAD. IF YOU DARE.
THANKS, MAN. THAT'S NEIGHBORLY.
I THINK I'LL USE MY FREE SHOT TO DO *THIS*.
SHNIK
WHAT THE--?!
UGH!
THAT'S GROSS!
SPLAP


WHY YOU LITTLE SON OF A--
OOF!
FWHUMP
SAY GOODNIGHT, CRONK.
ACK
YEAH! THAT'S WHAT I'M TALKING ABOUT! LET'S HEAR IT FOR THE BOY! LET'S GIVE THE BOY A HAND!
SERIOUSLY, SOMEBODY BRING ME MY DAMN HAND.
I'LL FIRE UP THE SPACE SHIP.


LATER THAT NIGHT...
NICE OF THE KING TO THROW US THIS CELEBRATION.
ALL PART OF THE GLAMOROUS LIFE OF THE DEADPOOL CORPS.
I'VE GOT TO HAND IT TO YOU, CHAMP. YOU GOT RID OF THE MERCENARIES AND MADE THE KROOK THINK WE WERE ON THEIR SIDE ALL IN ONE FELL SWOOP. WHAT'S OUR NEXT MOVE?
A PLAN SO DEVILISHLY INTRICATE, YOU WOULD NEED THREE MORE BRAINS TO UNDERSTAND IT.
YOU HAVE NO IDEA, DO YOU?
NOT A CLUE.
"I HATE TO INTERRUPT THE STORY, CHAMP. BUT WE GOT COMPANY."
COME ON. WE'LL SLIP OUT THE BACK DOOR.
TOO BAD, ACTUALLY. I WAS JUST COMING TO THE PART WHERE I SEE PRINCESS TEELA NAKED.
DAMN IT!
TO BE CONTINUED...

COMING NEXT
DEADPOOL CORPS #8



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DEADPOOL CORPS

GISCHLER
LIEFELD
YACKEY

MARVEL

8

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When the Elders of the Universe sensed the coming of a threat of galactic proportions, they asked Deadpool, the Merc with the Mouth, to assemble a team fearless (and stupid) enough to stand against it.

Never one to back down from a mission spelling certain death, Deadpool scoured the multiverse and gathered alternate versions of himself: Lady Deadpool, Kidpool, Dogpool and Headpool.

Together they form the

DEADPOOL CORPS

The Omega Confederation has hired the Corps to quell a rebellion of the indigenous Krook on the resource-rich planet Kagan 7. Deadpool quickly realizes that the Krook are willing to pay them far more for their services and promptly switches sides.

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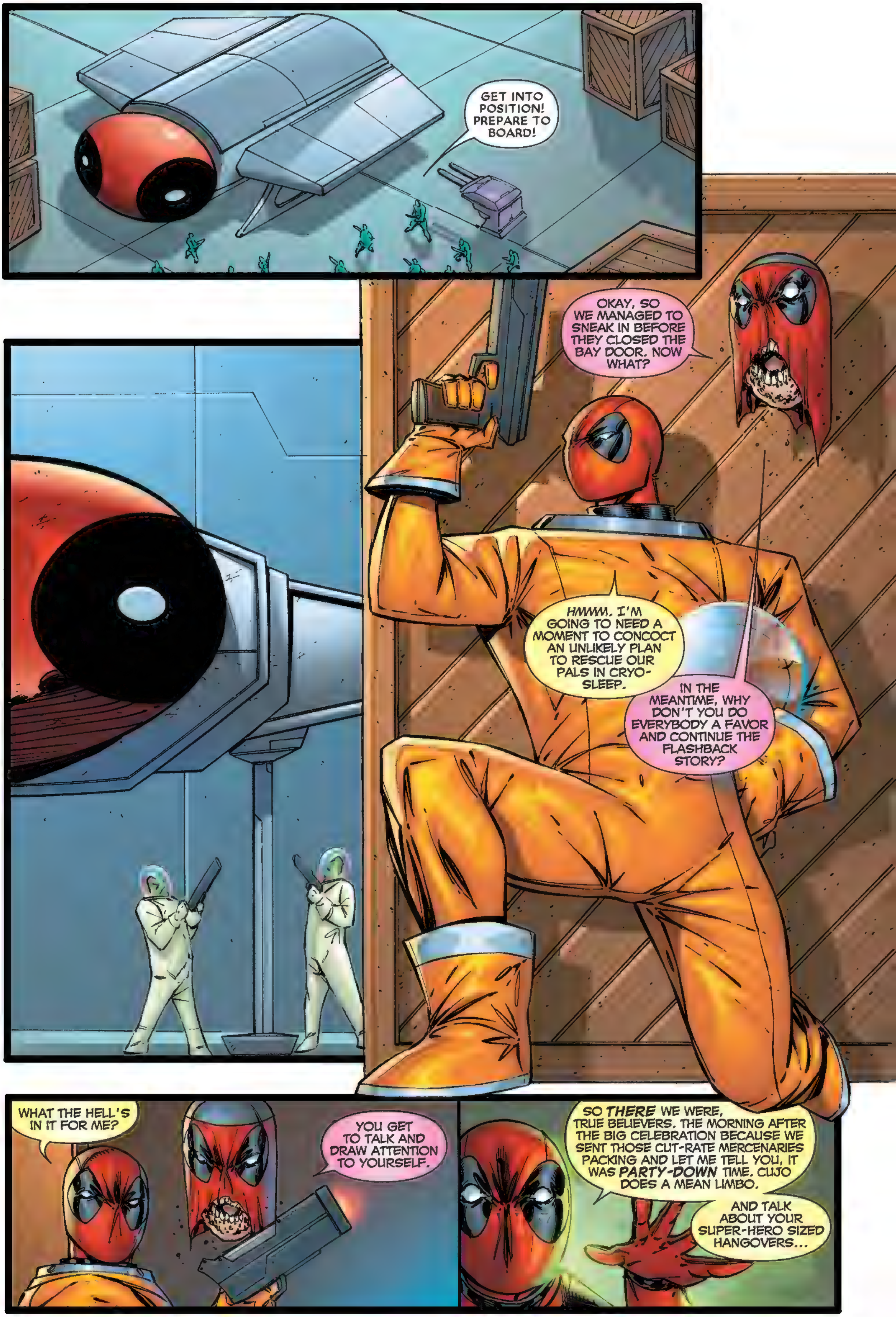
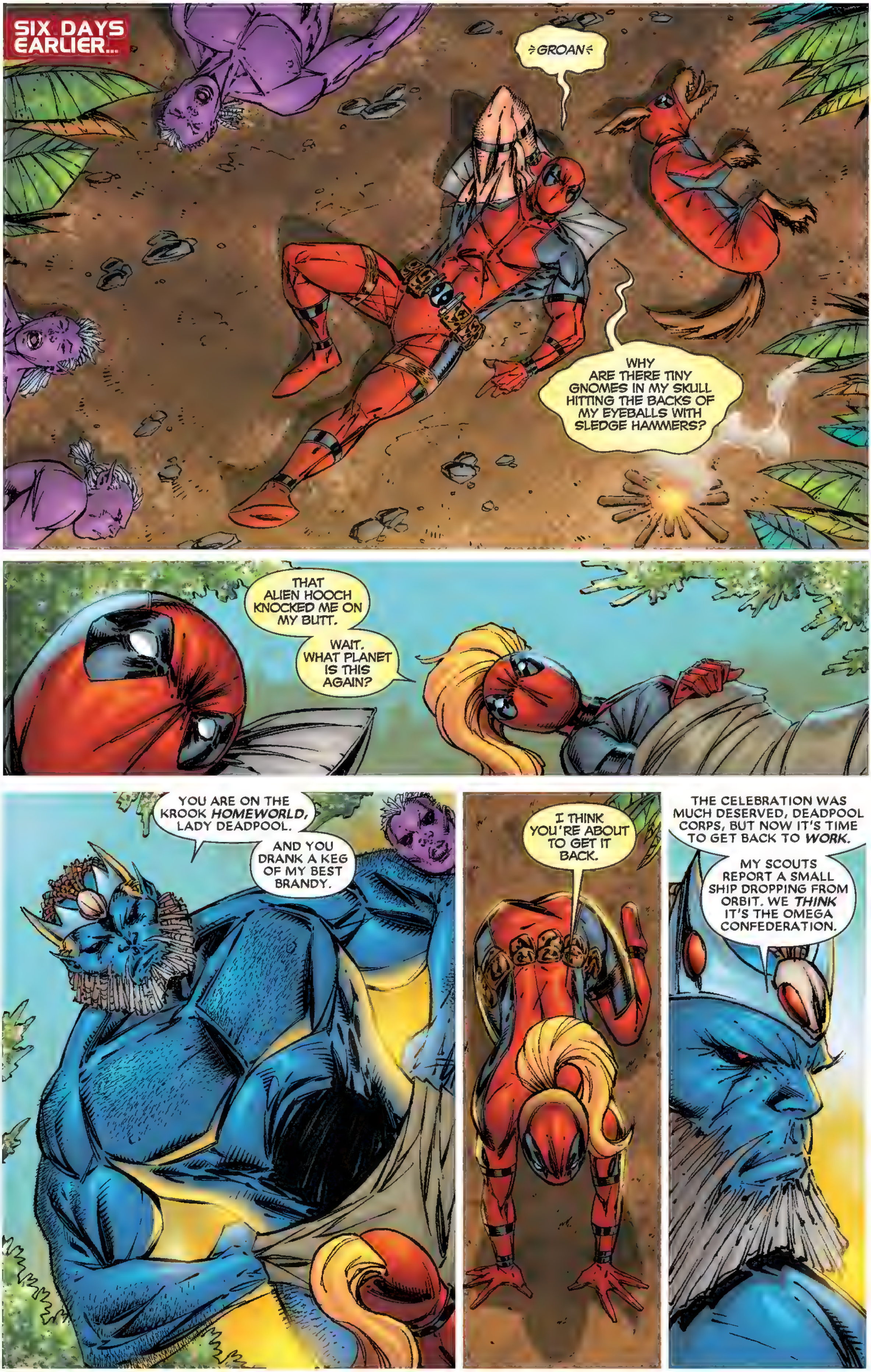
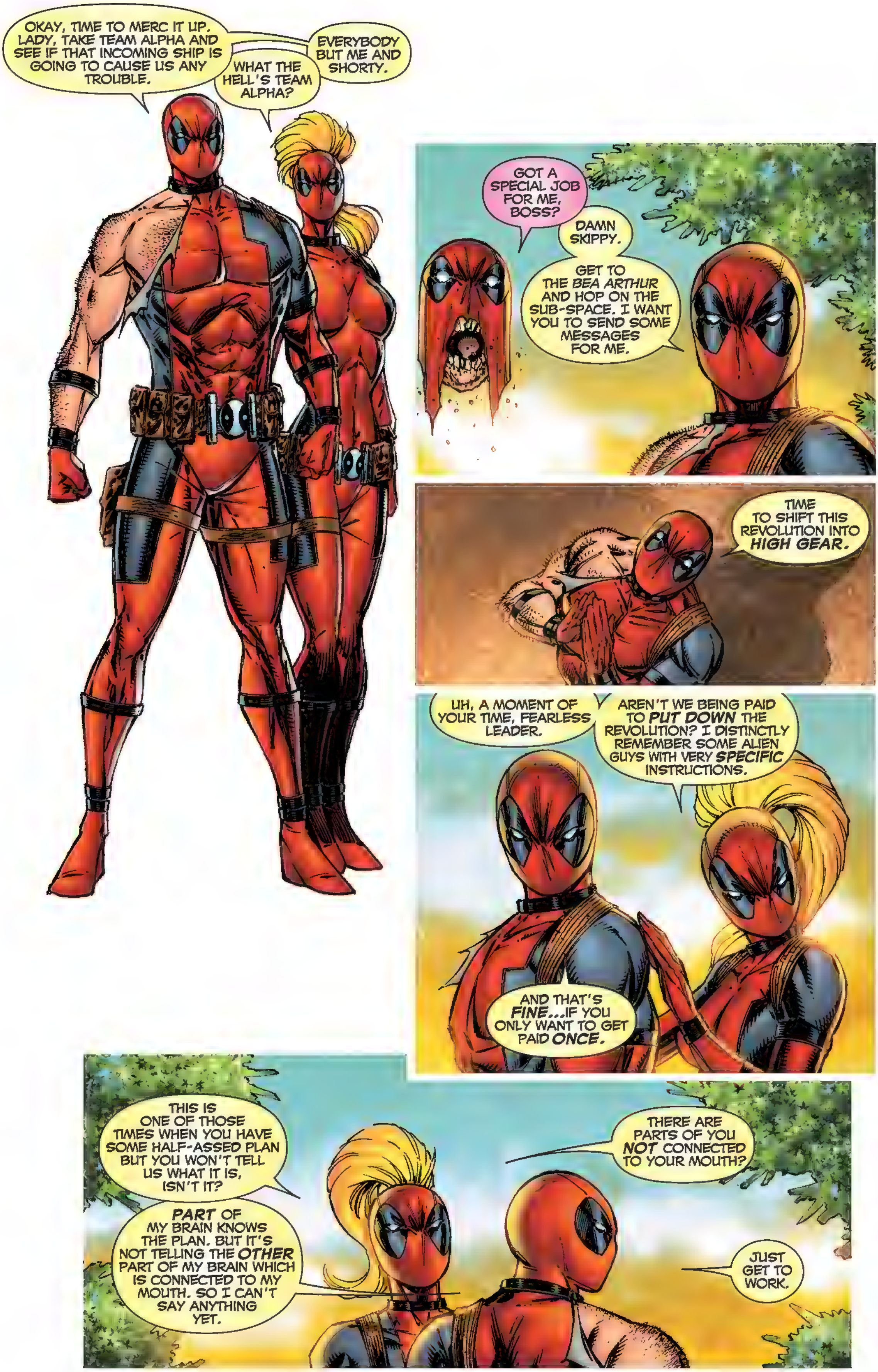
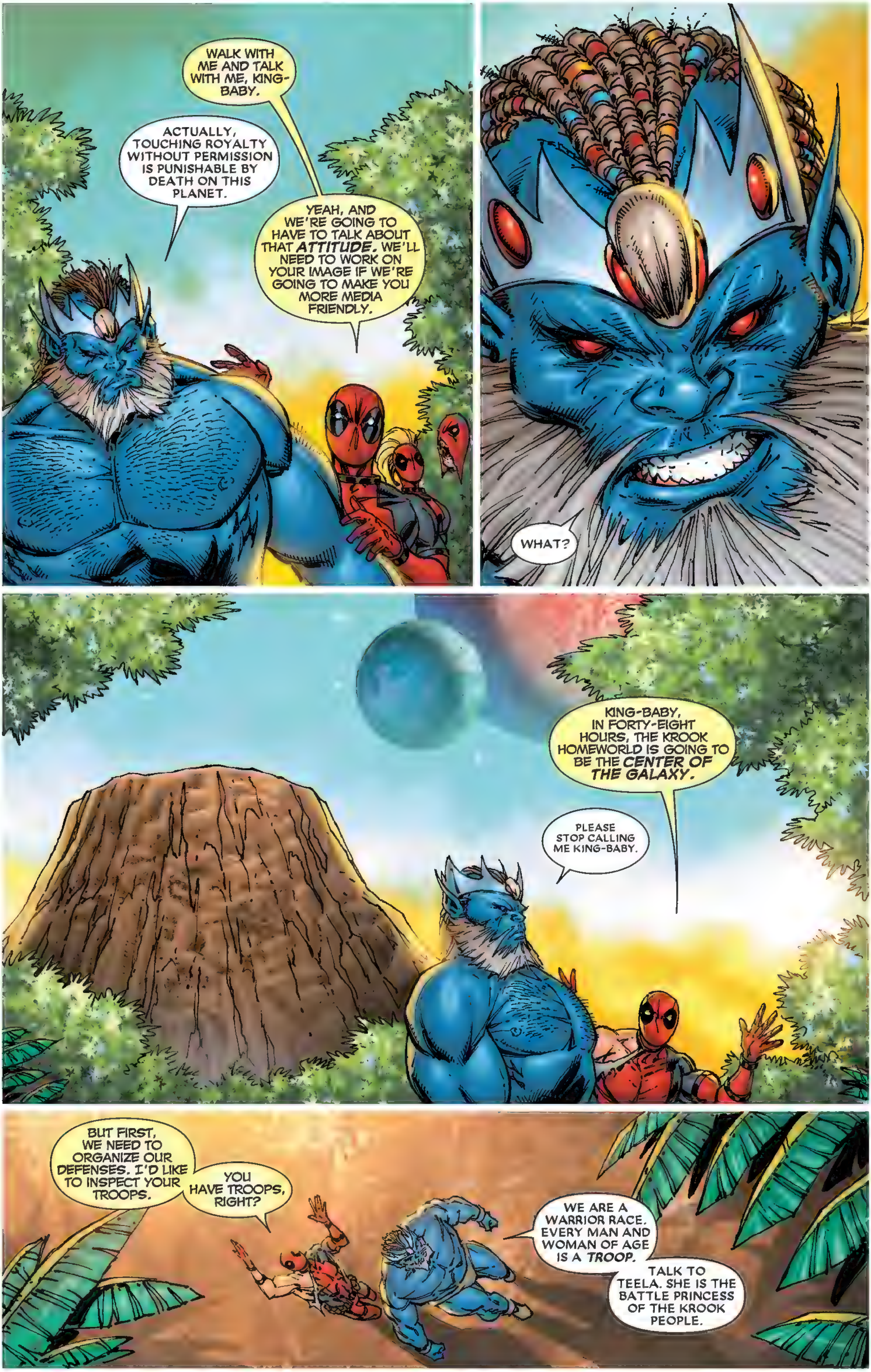
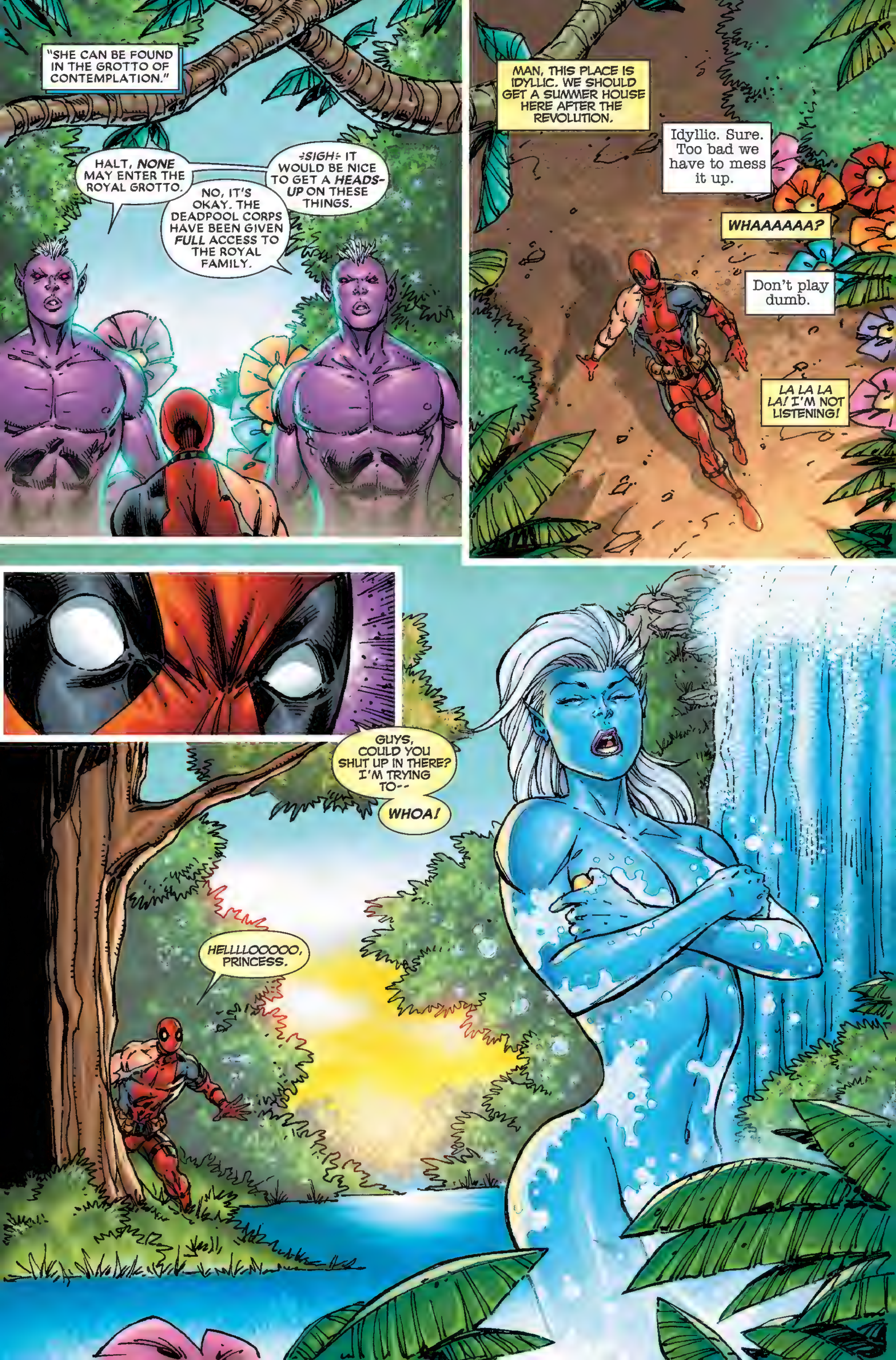
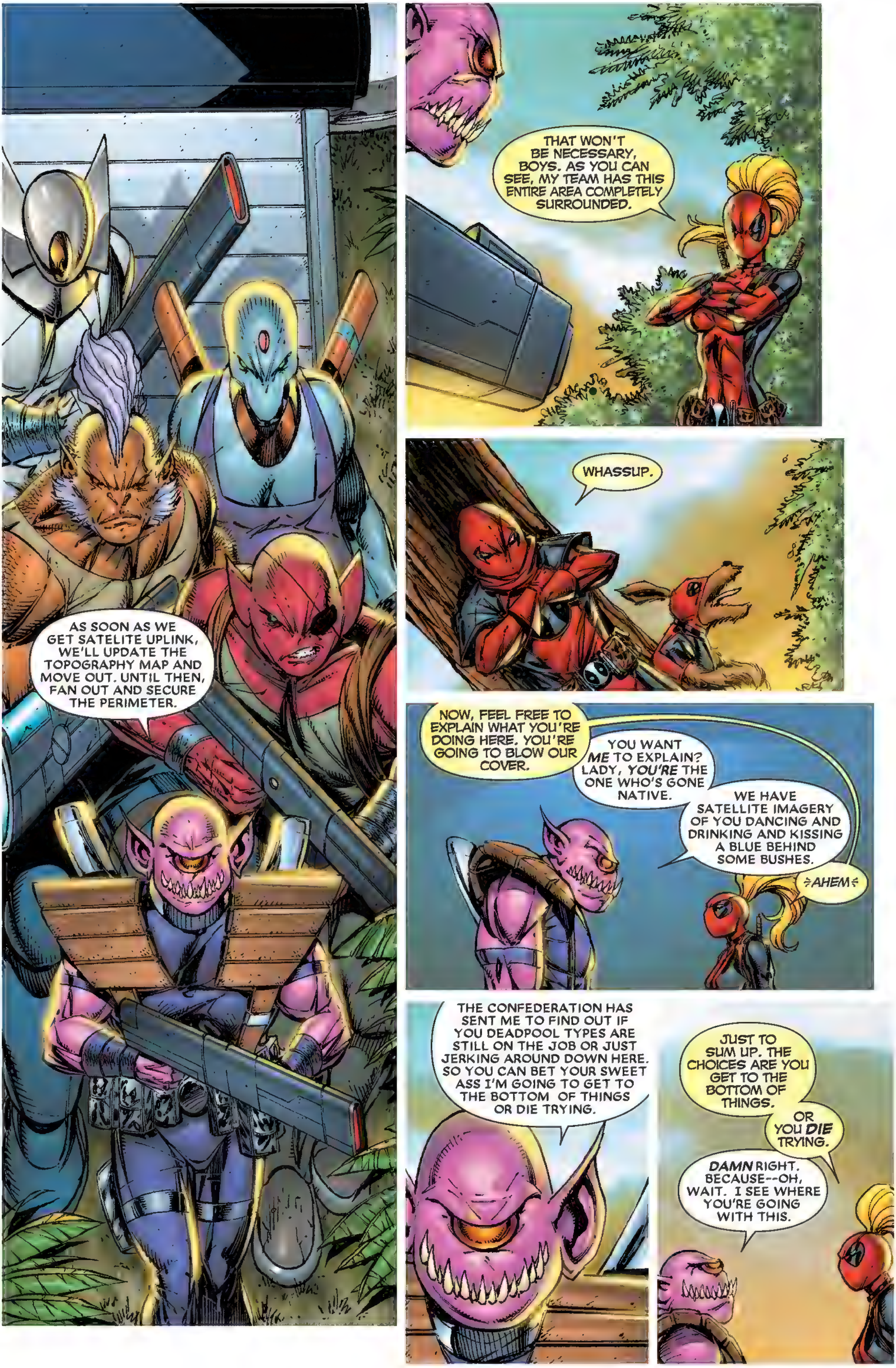

GET INTO POSITION! PREPARE TO BOARD!
OKAY, SO WE MANAGED TO SNEAK IN BEFORE THEY CLOSED THE BAY DOOR. NOW WHAT?
HMMM. I'M GOING TO NEED A MOMENT TO CONCOCT AN UNLIKELY PLAN TO RESCUE OUR PALS IN CRYO-SLEEP.
IN THE MEANTIME, WHY DON'T YOU DO EVERYBODY A FAVOR AND CONTINUE THE FLASHBACK STORY?
WHAT THE HELL'S IN IT FOR ME?
YOU GET TO TALK AND DRAW ATTENTION TO YOURSELF.
SO THERE WE WERE, TRUE BELIEVERS. THE MORNING AFTER THE BIG CELEBRATION BECAUSE WE SENT THOSE CUT-RATE MERCENARIES PACKING AND LET ME TELL YOU, IT WAS PARTY-DOWN TIME. CUJO DOES A MEAN LIMBO.
AND TALK ABOUT YOUR SUPER-HERO SIZED HANGOVERS...


SIX DAYS EARLIER...
GROAN
WHY ARE THERE TINY GNOMES IN MY SKULL HITTING THE BACKS OF MY EYEBALLS WITH SLEDGE HAMMERS?
THAT ALIEN HOOCH KNOCKED ME ON MY BUTT.
WAIT. WHAT PLANET IS THIS AGAIN?
YOU ARE ON THE KROOK *HOMEWORLD*, LADY DEADPOOL.
AND YOU DRANK A KEG OF MY BEST BRANDY.
I THINK YOU'RE ABOUT TO GET IT BACK.
THE CELEBRATION WAS MUCH DESERVED, DEADPOOL CORPS, BUT NOW IT'S TIME TO GET BACK TO *WORK*.
MY SCOUTS REPORT A SMALL SHIP DROPPING FROM ORBIT. WE *THINK* IT'S THE OMEGA CONFEDERATION.

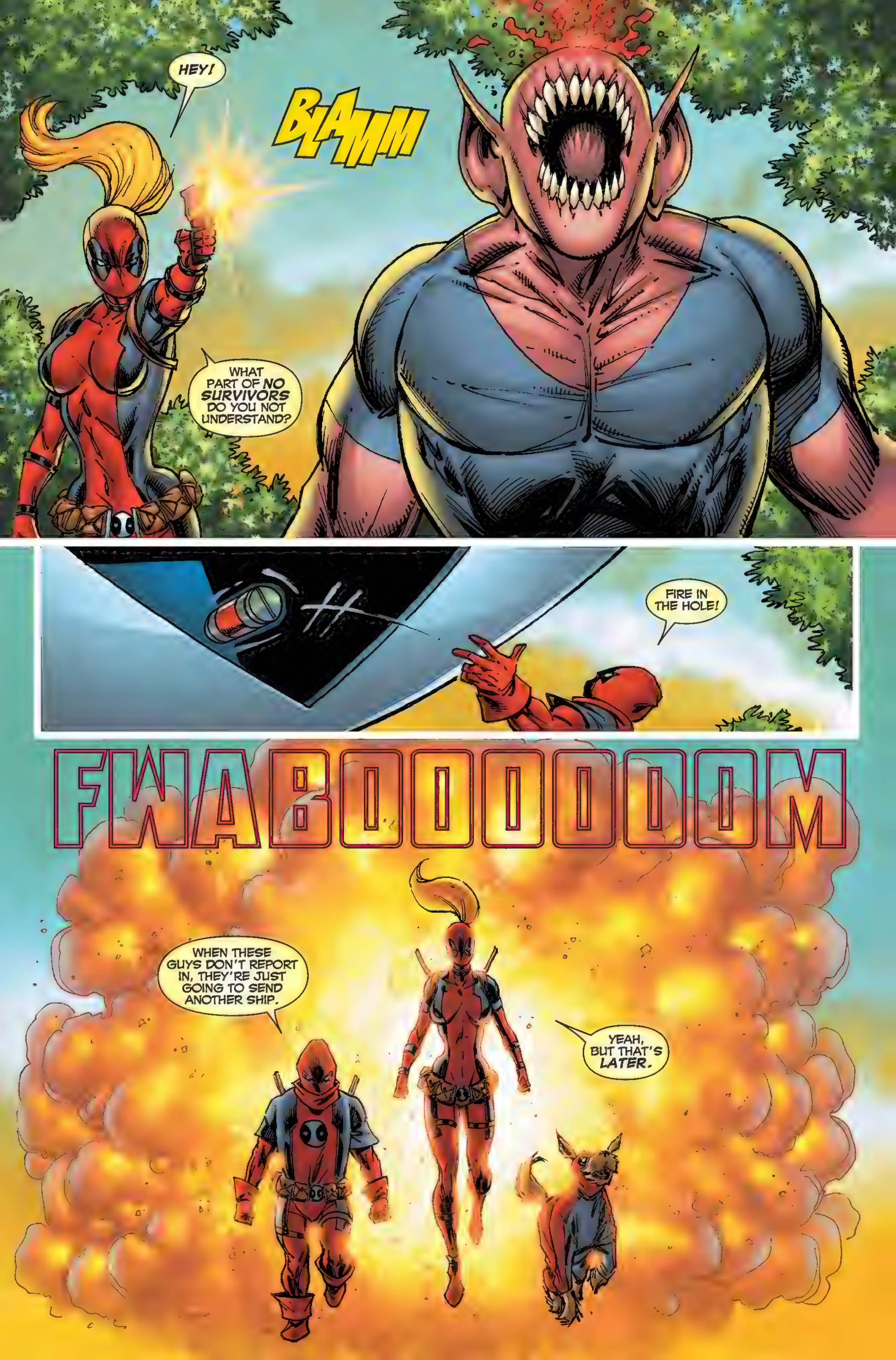

OKAY, TIME TO MERC IT UP. LADY, TAKE TEAM ALPHA AND SEE IF THAT INCOMING SHIP IS GOING TO CAUSE US ANY TROUBLE.
WHAT THE HELL'S TEAM ALPHA?
EVERYBODY BUT ME AND SHORTY.
GOT A SPECIAL JOB FOR ME, BOSS?
DAMN SKIPPY.
GET TO THE *BEA ARTHUR* AND HOP ON THE SUB-SPACE. I WANT YOU TO SEND SOME MESSAGES FOR ME.
TIME TO SHIFT THIS REVOLUTION INTO ***HIGH GEAR.***
UH, A MOMENT OF YOUR TIME, FEARLESS LEADER.
AREN'T WE BEING PAID TO ***PUT DOWN*** THE REVOLUTION? I DISTINCTLY REMEMBER SOME ALIEN GUYS WITH VERY ***SPECIFIC*** INSTRUCTIONS.
AND THAT'S ***FINE...*** IF YOU ONLY WANT TO GET PAID ***ONCE.***
THIS IS ONE OF THOSE TIMES WHEN YOU HAVE SOME HALF-ASSED PLAN BUT YOU WON'T TELL US WHAT IT IS, ISN'T IT?
PART OF MY BRAIN KNOWS THE PLAN. BUT IT'S NOT TELLING THE ***OTHER*** PART OF MY BRAIN WHICH IS CONNECTED TO MY MOUTH. SO I CAN'T SAY ANYTHING YET.
THERE ARE PARTS OF YOU ***NOT*** CONNECTED TO YOUR MOUTH?
JUST GET TO WORK.

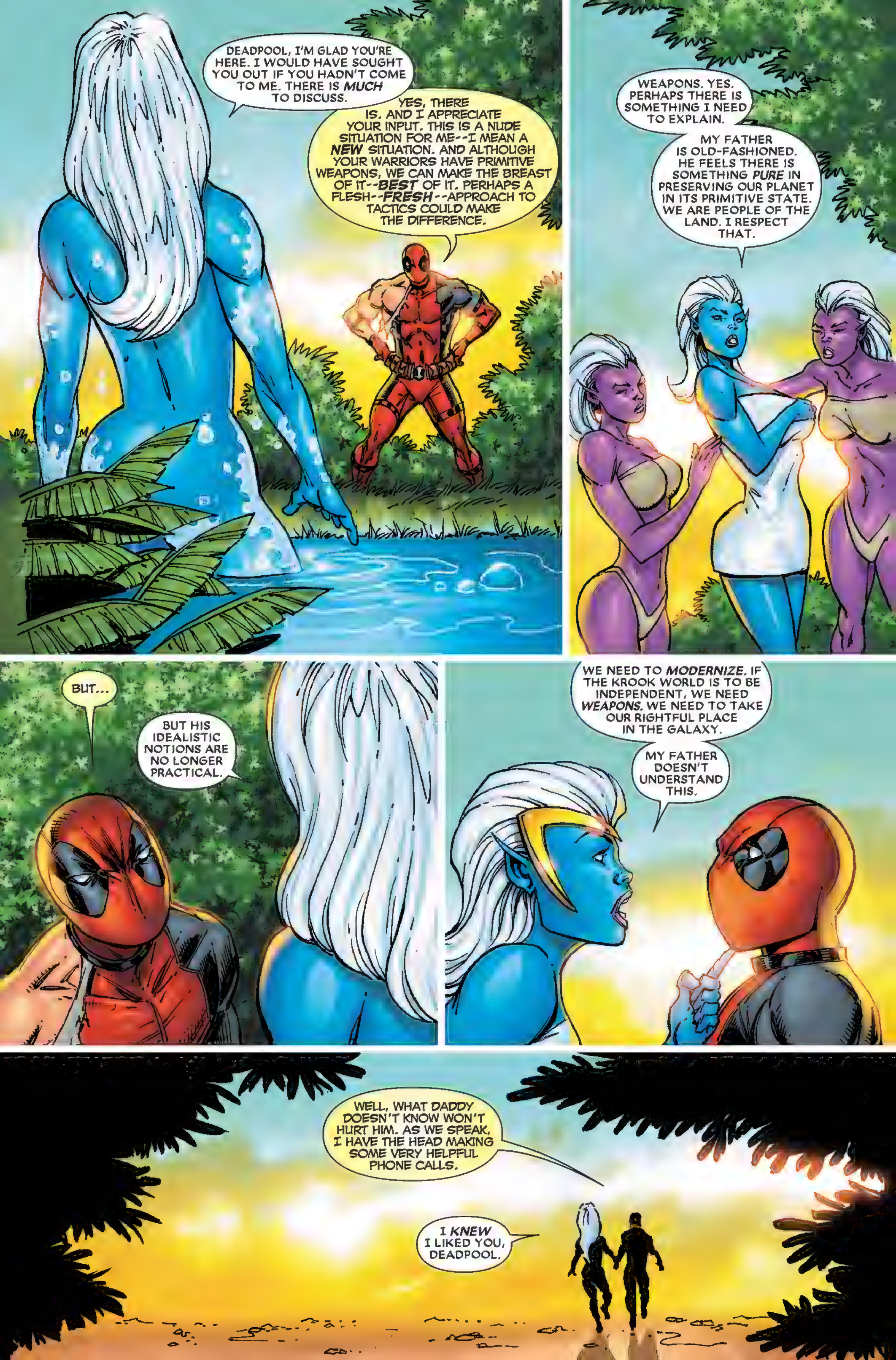

WALK WITH ME AND TALK WITH ME, KING-BABY.
ACTUALLY, TOUCHING ROYALTY WITHOUT PERMISSION IS PUNISHABLE BY DEATH ON THIS PLANET.
YEAH, AND WE'RE GOING TO HAVE TO TALK ABOUT THAT *ATTITUDE.* WE'LL NEED TO WORK ON YOUR IMAGE IF WE'RE GOING TO MAKE YOU MORE MEDIA FRIENDLY.
WHAT?
KING-BABY, IN FORTY-EIGHT HOURS, THE KROOK HOMEWORLD IS GOING TO BE THE *CENTER OF THE GALAXY.*
PLEASE STOP CALLING ME KING-BABY.
BUT FIRST, WE NEED TO ORGANIZE OUR DEFENSES. I'D LIKE TO INSPECT YOUR TROOPS.
YOU HAVE TROOPS, RIGHT?
WE ARE A WARRIOR RACE. EVERY MAN AND WOMAN OF AGE IS A *TROOP.*
TALK TO TEELA. SHE IS THE BATTLE PRINCESS OF THE KROOK PEOPLE.

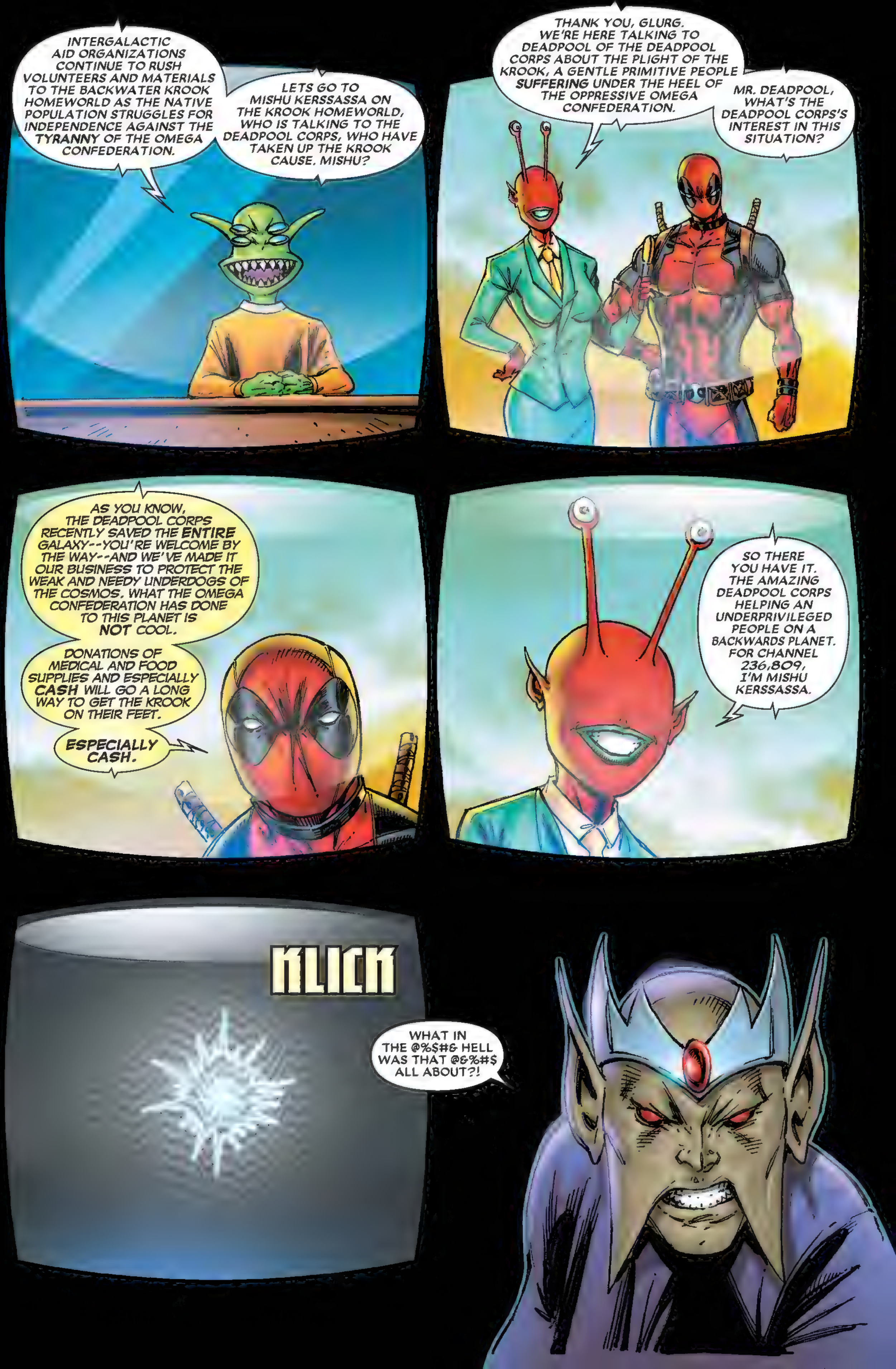

"SHE CAN BE FOUND IN THE GROTTO OF CONTEMPLATION."
HALT, *NONE* MAY ENTER THE ROYAL GROTTO.
NO, IT'S OKAY. THE DEADPOOL CORPS HAVE BEEN GIVEN *FULL* ACCESS TO THE ROYAL FAMILY.
SIGH IT WOULD BE NICE TO GET A *HEADS-UP* ON THESE THINGS.
MAN, THIS PLACE IS IDYLLIC. WE SHOULD GET A SUMMER HOUSE HERE AFTER THE REVOLUTION.
Idyllic. Sure. Too bad we have to mess it up.
WHAAAAAA?
Don't play dumb.
LA LA LA LA! I'M NOT LISTENING!
GUYS, COULD YOU SHUT UP IN THERE? I'M TRYING TO--
WHOA!
HELLLLOOOOO, PRINCESS.

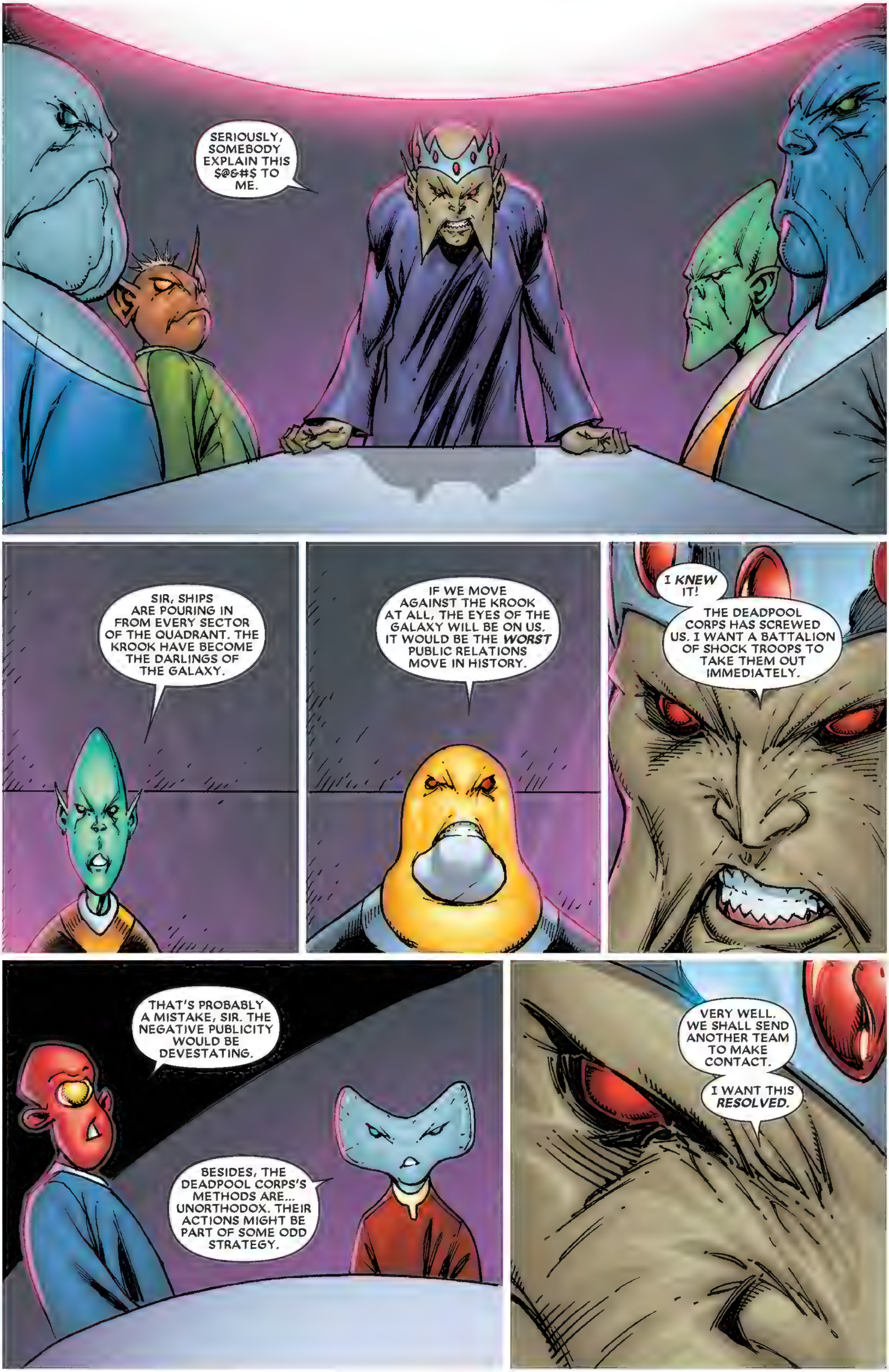

AS SOON AS WE GET SATELITE UPLINK, WE'LL UPDATE THE TOPOGRAPHY MAP AND MOVE OUT. UNTIL THEN, FAN OUT AND SECURE THE PERIMETER.
THAT WON'T BE NECESSARY, BOYS. AS YOU CAN SEE, MY TEAM HAS THIS ENTIRE AREA COMPLETELY SURROUNDED.
WHASSUP.
NOW, FEEL FREE TO EXPLAIN WHAT YOU'RE DOING HERE. YOU'RE GOING TO BLOW OUR COVER.
YOU WANT *ME* TO EXPLAIN? LADY, *YOU'RE* THE ONE WHO'S GONE NATIVE.
WE HAVE SATELLITE IMAGERY OF YOU DANCING AND DRINKING AND KISSING A BLUE BEHIND SOME BUSHES.
AHEM
THE CONFEDERATION HAS SENT ME TO FIND OUT IF YOU DEADPOOL TYPES ARE STILL ON THE JOB OR JUST JERKING AROUND DOWN HERE. SO YOU CAN BET YOUR SWEET ASS I'M GOING TO GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THINGS OR DIE TRYING.
JUST TO SUM UP. THE CHOICES ARE YOU GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THINGS.
OR YOU *DIE* TRYING.
DAMN RIGHT. BECAUSE--OH, WAIT. I SEE WHERE YOU'RE GOING WITH THIS.

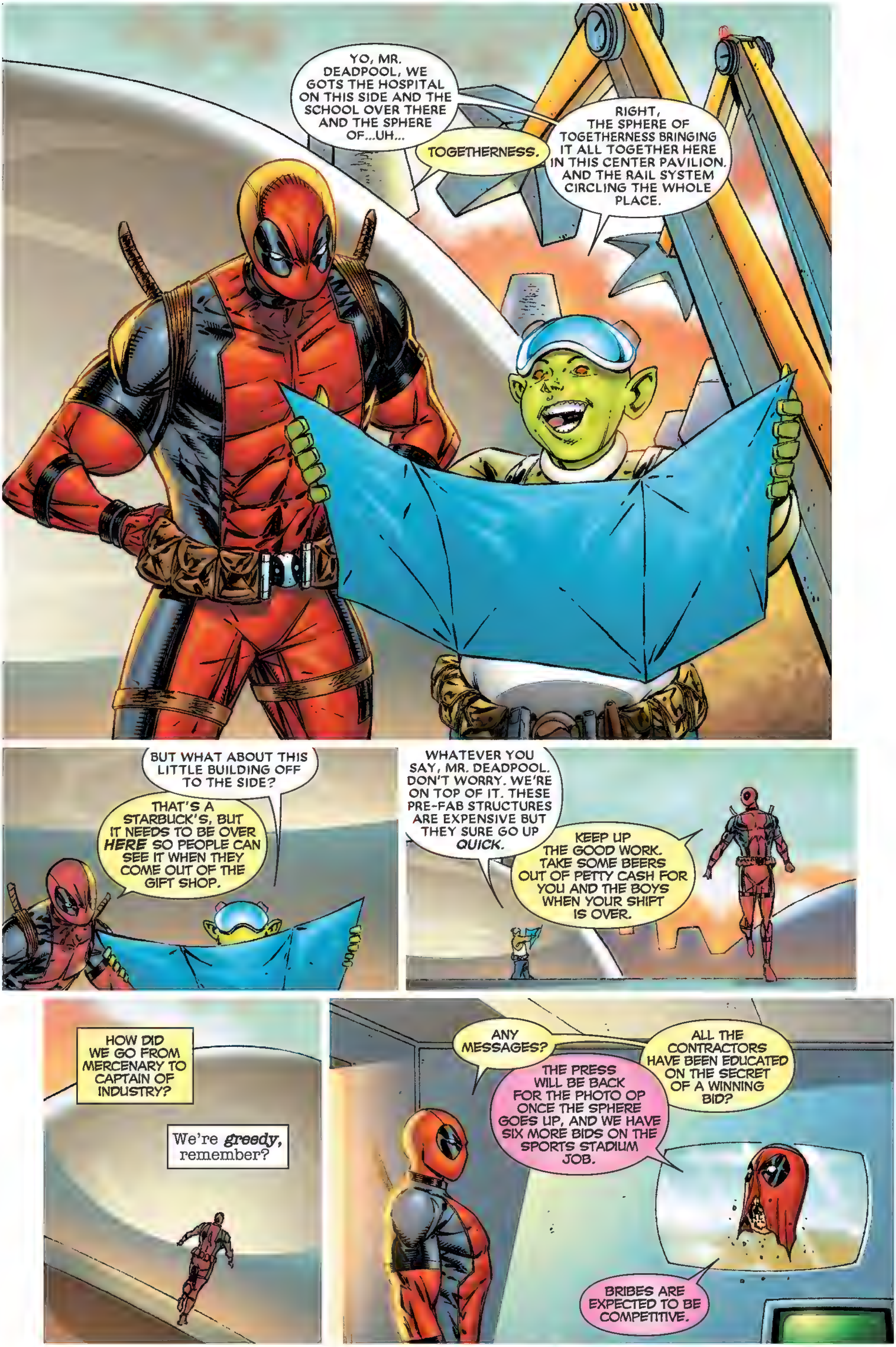
BLAMM
BLAMM
YEEEEEOOOW!

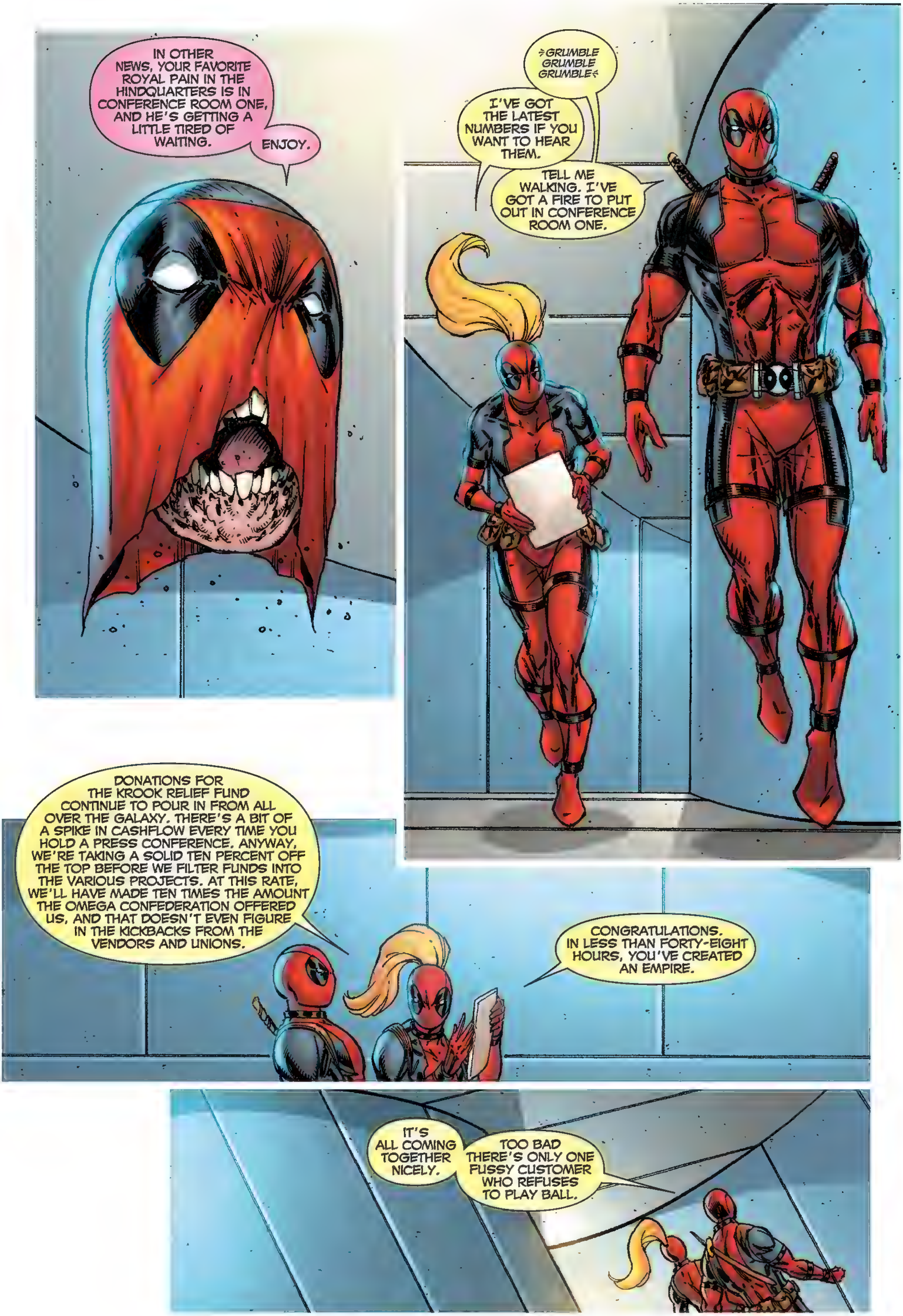

HEY!
BLAMM
WHAT PART OF NO SURVIVORS DO YOU NOT UNDERSTAND?
FIRE IN THE HOLE!
FWABOOOOOOM
WHEN THESE GUYS DON'T REPORT IN, THEY'RE JUST GOING TO SEND ANOTHER SHIP.
YEAH, BUT THAT'S LATER.

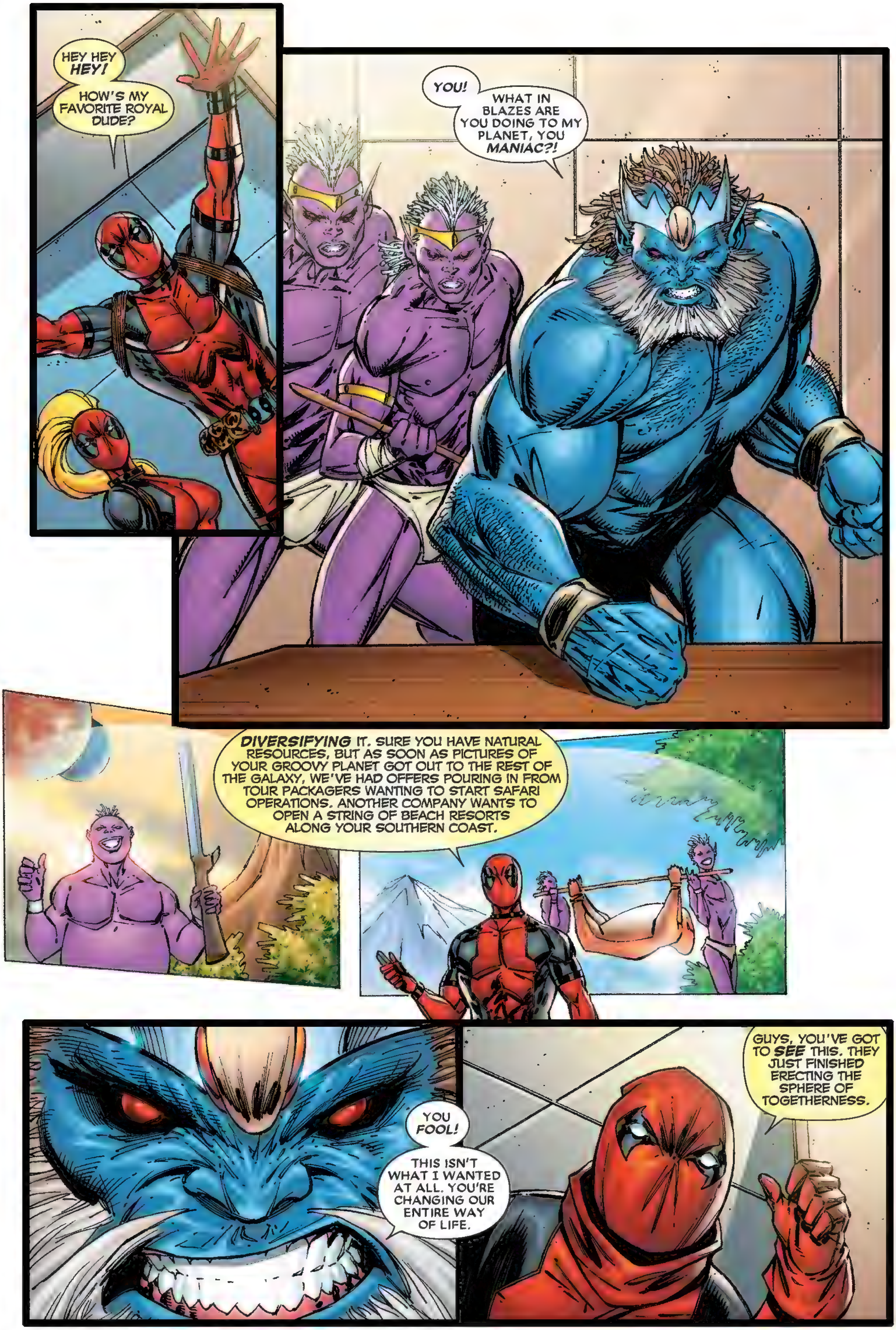

DEADPOOL, I'M GLAD YOU'RE HERE. I WOULD HAVE SOUGHT YOU OUT IF YOU HADN'T COME TO ME. THERE IS *MUCH* TO DISCUSS.
YES, THERE IS. AND I APPRECIATE YOUR INPUT. THIS IS A NUDE SITUATION FOR ME--I MEAN A *NEW* SITUATION. AND ALTHOUGH YOUR WARRIORS HAVE PRIMITIVE WEAPONS, WE CAN MAKE THE BREAST OF IT--*BEST* OF IT. PERHAPS A FLESH--*FRESH*--APPROACH TO TACTICS COULD MAKE THE DIFFERENCE.
WEAPONS. YES. PERHAPS THERE IS SOMETHING I NEED TO EXPLAIN.
MY FATHER IS OLD-FASHIONED. HE FEELS THERE IS SOMETHING *PURE* IN PRESERVING OUR PLANET IN ITS PRIMITIVE STATE. WE ARE PEOPLE OF THE LAND. I RESPECT THAT.
BUT...
BUT HIS IDEALISTIC NOTIONS ARE NO LONGER PRACTICAL.
WE NEED TO *MODERNIZE.* IF THE KROOK WORLD IS TO BE INDEPENDENT, WE NEED *WEAPONS.* WE NEED TO TAKE OUR RIGHTFUL PLACE IN THE GALAXY.
MY FATHER DOESN'T UNDERSTAND THIS.
WELL, WHAT DADDY DOESN'T KNOW WON'T HURT HIM. AS WE SPEAK, I HAVE THE HEAD MAKING SOME VERY HELPFUL PHONE CALLS.
I *KNEW* I LIKED YOU, DEADPOOL.

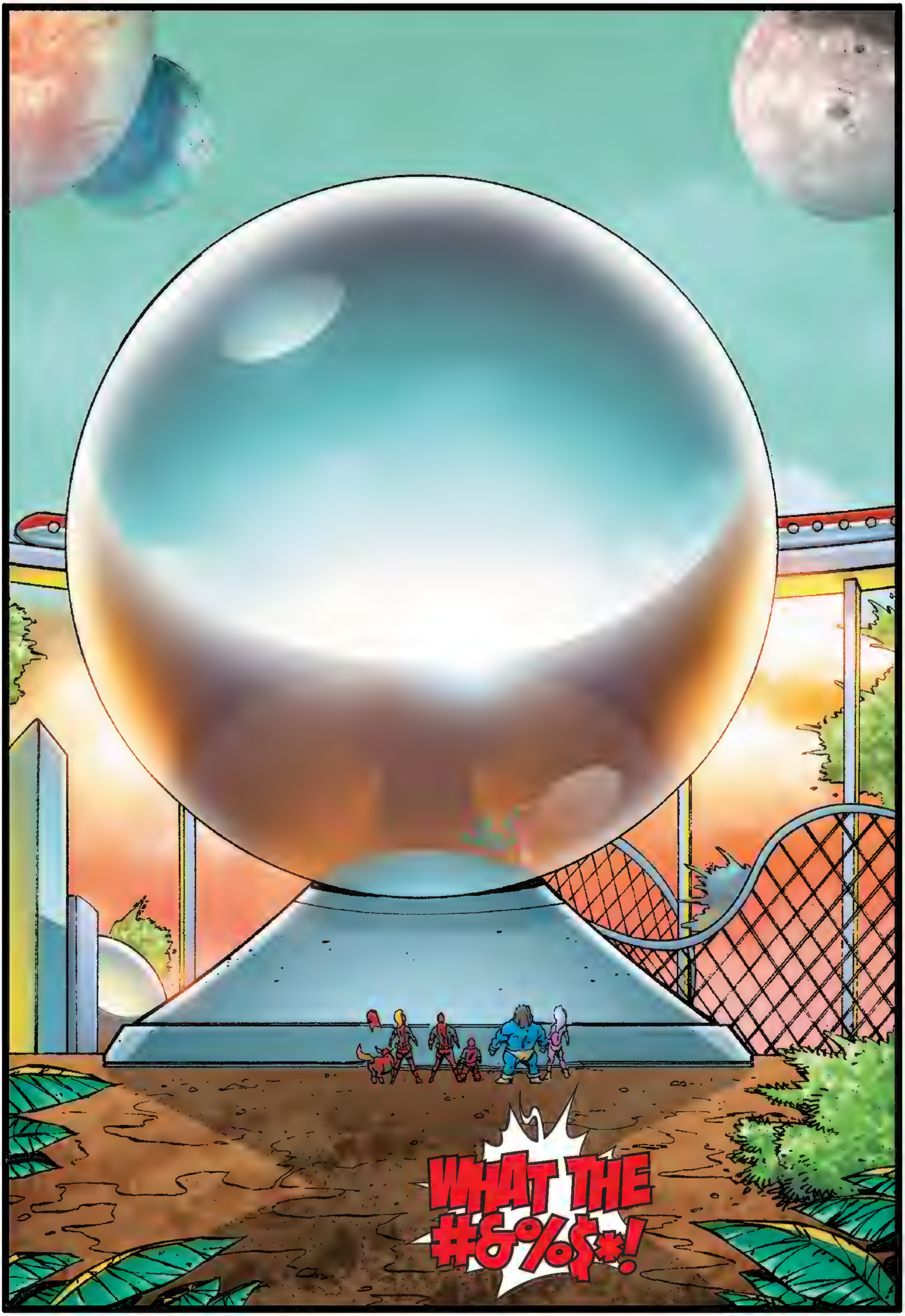

INTERGALACTIC AID ORGANIZATIONS CONTINUE TO RUSH VOLUNTEERS AND MATERIALS TO THE BACKWATER KROOK HOMEWORLD AS THE NATIVE POPULATION STRUGGLES FOR INDEPENDENCE AGAINST THE **TYRANNY** OF THE OMEGA CONFEDERATION.
LETS GO TO MISHU KERSSASSA ON THE KROOK HOMEWORLD, WHO IS TALKING TO THE DEADPOOL CORPS, WHO HAVE TAKEN UP THE KROOK CAUSE. MISHU?
THANK YOU, GLURG. WE'RE HERE TALKING TO DEADPOOL OF THE DEADPOOL CORPS ABOUT THE PLIGHT OF THE KROOK, A GENTLE PRIMITIVE PEOPLE **SUFFERING** UNDER THE HEEL OF THE OPPRESSIVE OMEGA CONFEDERATION.
MR. DEADPOOL, WHAT'S THE DEADPOOL CORPS'S INTEREST IN THIS SITUATION?
AS YOU KNOW, THE DEADPOOL CORPS RECENTLY SAVED THE **ENTIRE** GALAXY--YOU'RE WELCOME BY THE WAY--AND WE'VE MADE IT OUR BUSINESS TO PROTECT THE WEAK AND NEEDY UNDERDOGS OF THE COSMOS. WHAT THE OMEGA CONFEDERATION HAS DONE TO THIS PLANET IS **NOT** COOL.
DONATIONS OF MEDICAL AND FOOD SUPPLIES AND ESPECIALLY **CASH** WILL GO A LONG WAY TO GET THE KROOK ON THEIR FEET.
ESPECIALLY CASH.
SO THERE YOU HAVE IT. THE AMAZING DEADPOOL CORPS HELPING AN UNDERPRIVILEGED PEOPLE ON A BACKWARDS PLANET. FOR CHANNEL 236,809, I'M MISHU KERSSASSA.
KLICK
WHAT IN THE @%$#& HELL WAS THAT @&%#$ ALL ABOUT?!

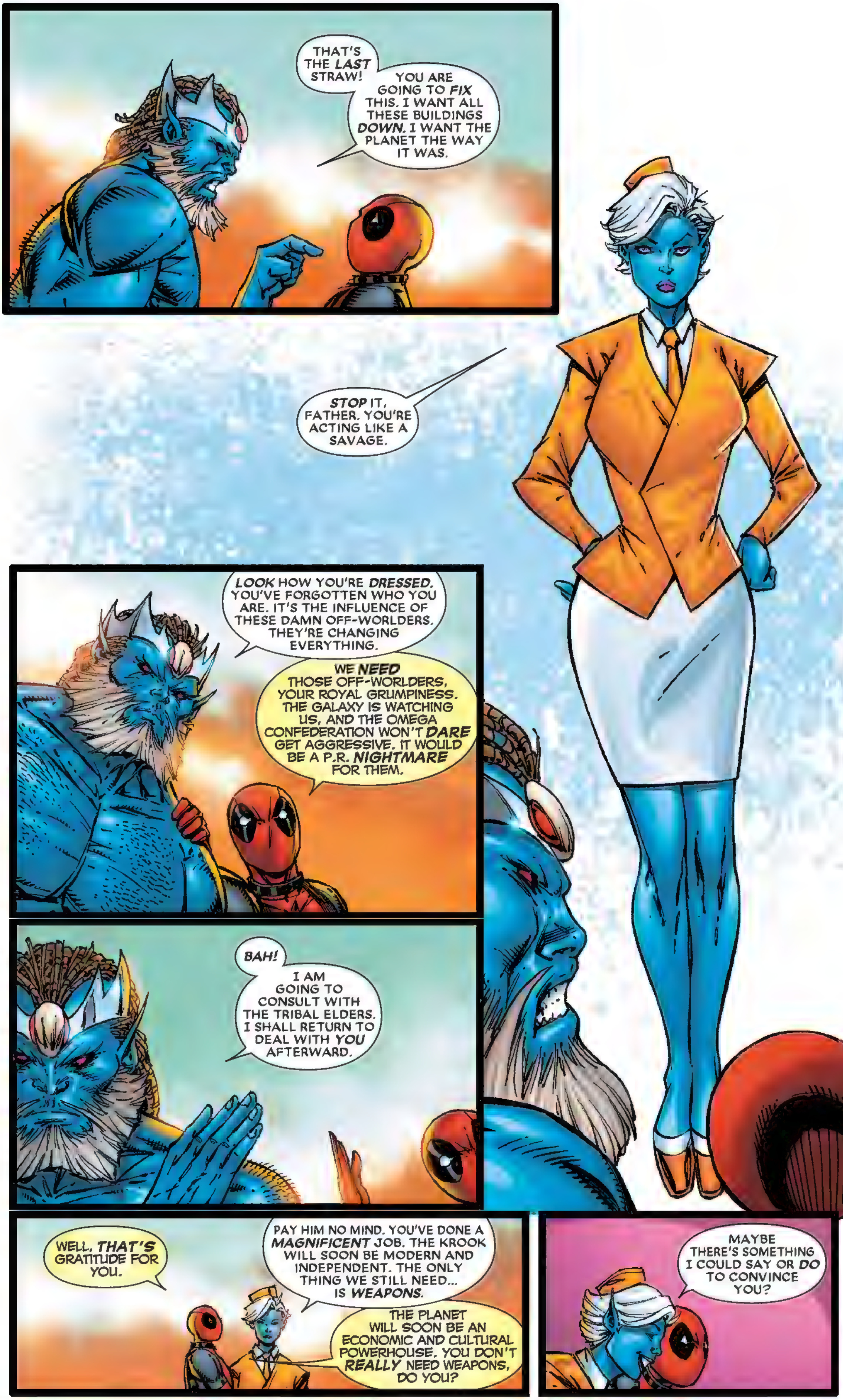

SERIOUSLY, SOMEBODY EXPLAIN THIS $@&#$ TO ME.
SIR, SHIPS ARE POURING IN FROM EVERY SECTOR OF THE QUADRANT. THE KROOK HAVE BECOME THE DARLINGS OF THE GALAXY.
IF WE MOVE AGAINST THE KROOK AT ALL, THE EYES OF THE GALAXY WILL BE ON US. IT WOULD BE THE *WORST* PUBLIC RELATIONS MOVE IN HISTORY.
I *KNEW* IT!
THE DEADPOOL CORPS HAS SCREWED US. I WANT A BATTALION OF SHOCK TROOPS TO TAKE THEM OUT IMMEDIATELY.
THAT'S PROBABLY A MISTAKE, SIR. THE NEGATIVE PUBLICITY WOULD BE DEVESTATING.
BESIDES, THE DEADPOOL CORPS'S METHODS ARE... UNORTHODOX. THEIR ACTIONS MIGHT BE PART OF SOME ODD STRATEGY.
VERY WELL. WE SHALL SEND ANOTHER TEAM TO MAKE CONTACT.
I WANT THIS *RESOLVED.*

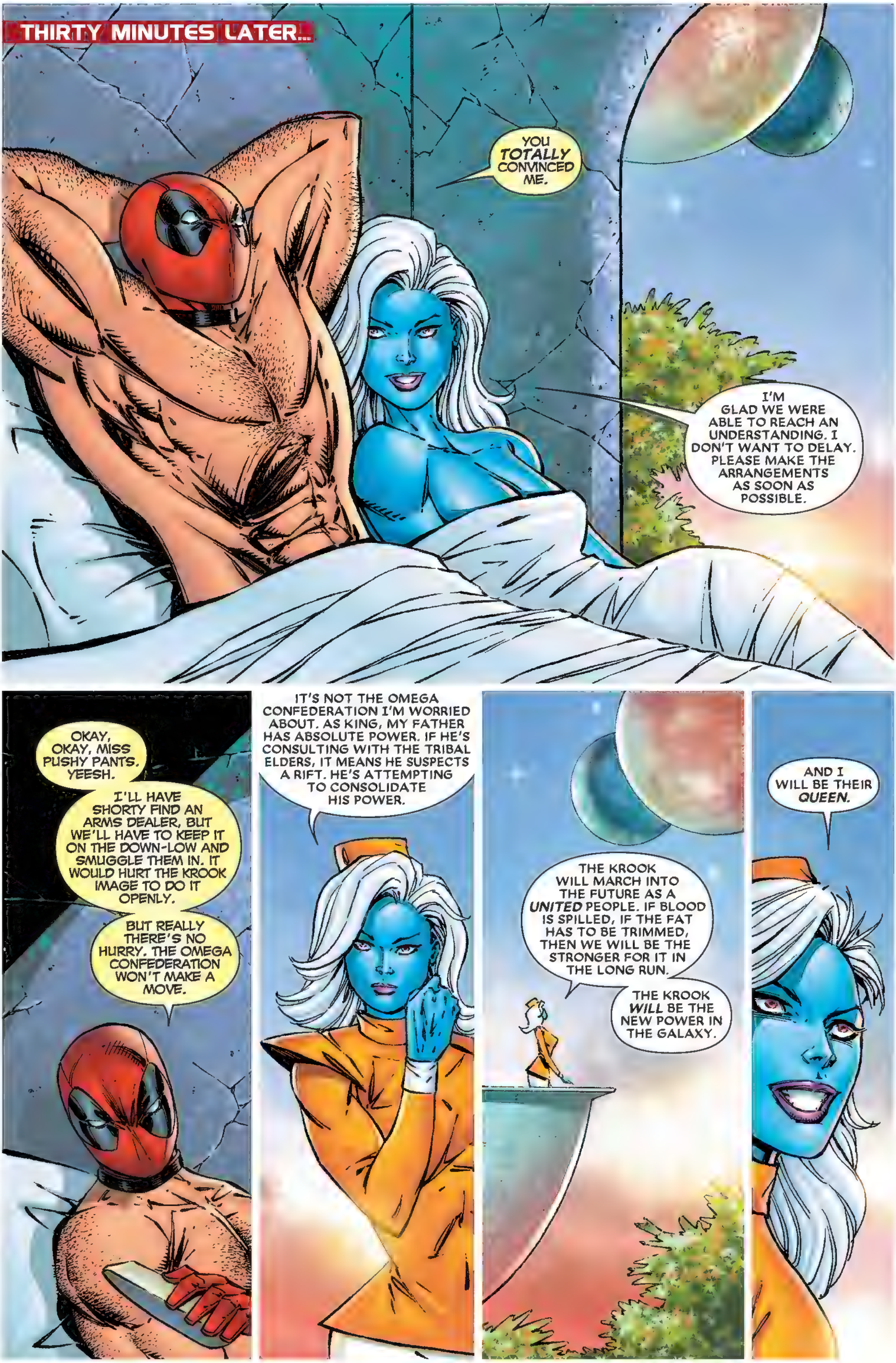

YO, MR. DEADPOOL, WE GOTS THE HOSPITAL ON THIS SIDE AND THE SCHOOL OVER THERE AND THE SPHERE OF...UH...
TOGETHERNESS.
RIGHT, THE SPHERE OF TOGETHERNESS BRINGING IT ALL TOGETHER HERE IN THIS CENTER PAVILION. AND THE RAIL SYSTEM CIRCLING THE WHOLE PLACE.
BUT WHAT ABOUT THIS LITTLE BUILDING OFF TO THE SIDE?
THAT'S A STARBUCK'S, BUT IT NEEDS TO BE OVER *HERE* SO PEOPLE CAN SEE IT WHEN THEY COME OUT OF THE GIFT SHOP.
WHATEVER YOU SAY, MR. DEADPOOL. DON'T WORRY. WE'RE ON TOP OF IT. THESE PRE-FAB STRUCTURES ARE EXPENSIVE BUT THEY SURE GO UP *QUICK.*
KEEP UP THE GOOD WORK. TAKE SOME BEERS OUT OF PETTY CASH FOR YOU AND THE BOYS WHEN YOUR SHIFT IS OVER.
HOW DID WE GO FROM MERCENARY TO CAPTAIN OF INDUSTRY?
We're *greedy,* remember?
ANY MESSAGES?
ALL THE CONTRACTORS HAVE BEEN EDUCATED ON THE SECRET OF A WINNING BID?
THE PRESS WILL BE BACK FOR THE PHOTO OP ONCE THE SPHERE GOES UP, AND WE HAVE SIX MORE BIDS ON THE SPORTS STADIUM JOB.
BRIBES ARE EXPECTED TO BE COMPETITIVE.

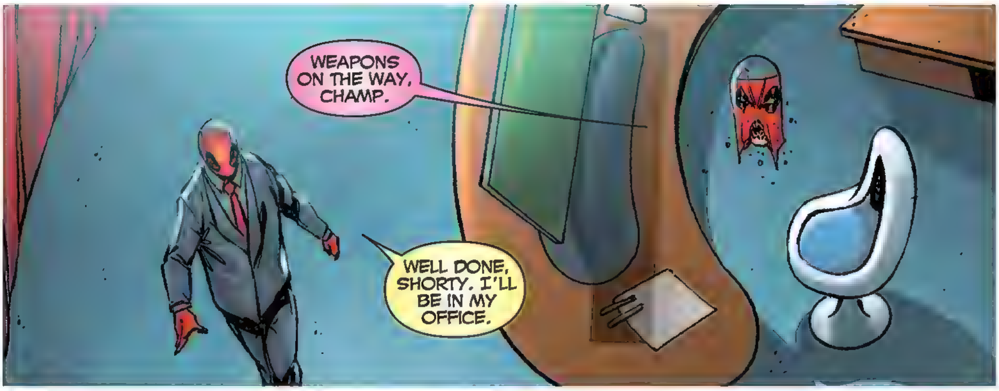

IN OTHER NEWS, YOUR FAVORITE ROYAL PAIN IN THE HINDQUARTERS IS IN CONFERENCE ROOM ONE, AND HE'S GETTING A LITTLE TIRED OF WAITING.
ENJOY.
>GRUMBLE GRUMBLE GRUMBLE<
I'VE GOT THE LATEST NUMBERS IF YOU WANT TO HEAR THEM.
TELL ME WALKING. I'VE GOT A FIRE TO PUT OUT IN CONFERENCE ROOM ONE.
DONATIONS FOR THE KROOK RELIEF FUND CONTINUE TO POUR IN FROM ALL OVER THE GALAXY. THERE'S A BIT OF A SPIKE IN CASHFLOW EVERY TIME YOU HOLD A PRESS CONFERENCE. ANYWAY, WE'RE TAKING A SOLID TEN PERCENT OFF THE TOP BEFORE WE FILTER FUNDS INTO THE VARIOUS PROJECTS. AT THIS RATE, WE'LL HAVE MADE TEN TIMES THE AMOUNT THE OMEGA CONFEDERATION OFFERED US, AND THAT DOESN'T EVEN FIGURE IN THE KICKBACKS FROM THE VENDORS AND UNIONS.
CONGRATULATIONS. IN LESS THAN FORTY-EIGHT HOURS, YOU'VE CREATED AN EMPIRE.
IT'S ALL COMING TOGETHER NICELY.
TOO BAD THERE'S ONLY ONE FUSSY CUSTOMER WHO REFUSES TO PLAY BALL.

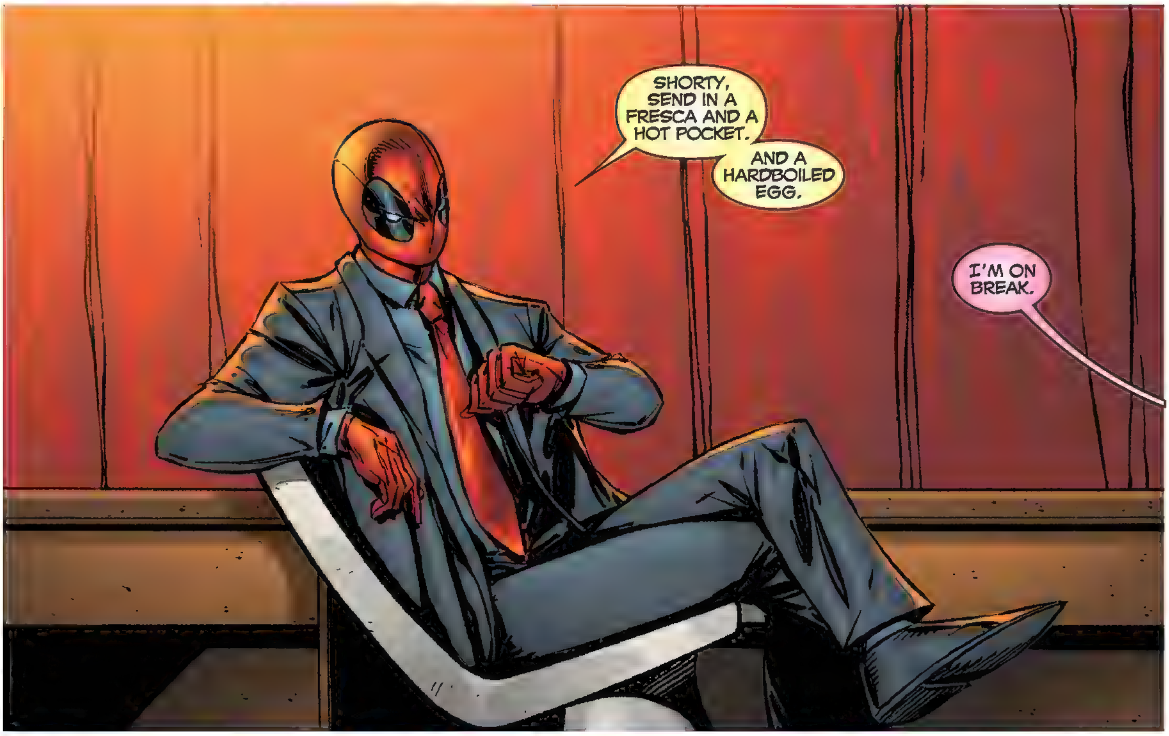

HEY HEY HEY!
HOW'S MY FAVORITE ROYAL DUDE?
YOU!
WHAT IN BLAZES ARE YOU DOING TO MY PLANET, YOU MANIAC?!
DIVERSIFYING IT. SURE YOU HAVE NATURAL RESOURCES, BUT AS SOON AS PICTURES OF YOUR GROOVY PLANET GOT OUT TO THE REST OF THE GALAXY, WE'VE HAD OFFERS POURING IN FROM TOUR PACKAGERS WANTING TO START SAFARI OPERATIONS. ANOTHER COMPANY WANTS TO OPEN A STRING OF BEACH RESORTS ALONG YOUR SOUTHERN COAST.
YOU FOOL!
THIS ISN'T WHAT I WANTED AT ALL. YOU'RE CHANGING OUR ENTIRE WAY OF LIFE.
GUYS, YOU'VE GOT TO SEE THIS. THEY JUST FINISHED ERECTING THE SPHERE OF TOGETHERNESS.

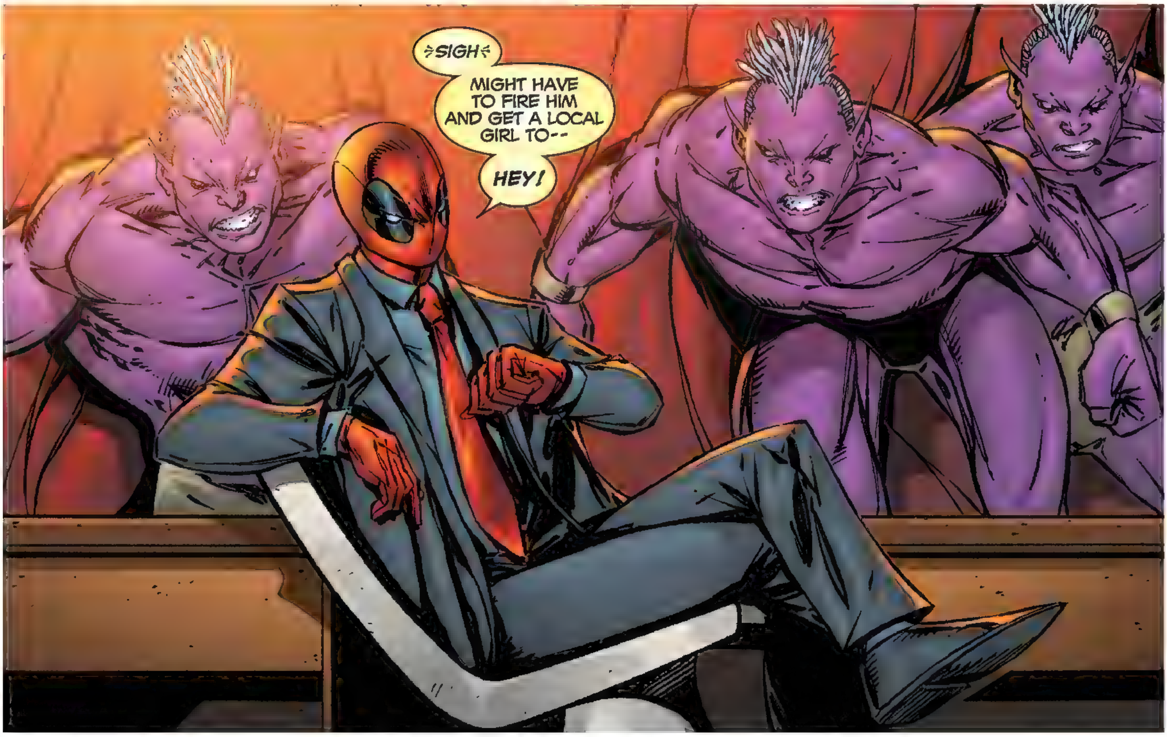

WHAT THE #&%$*!

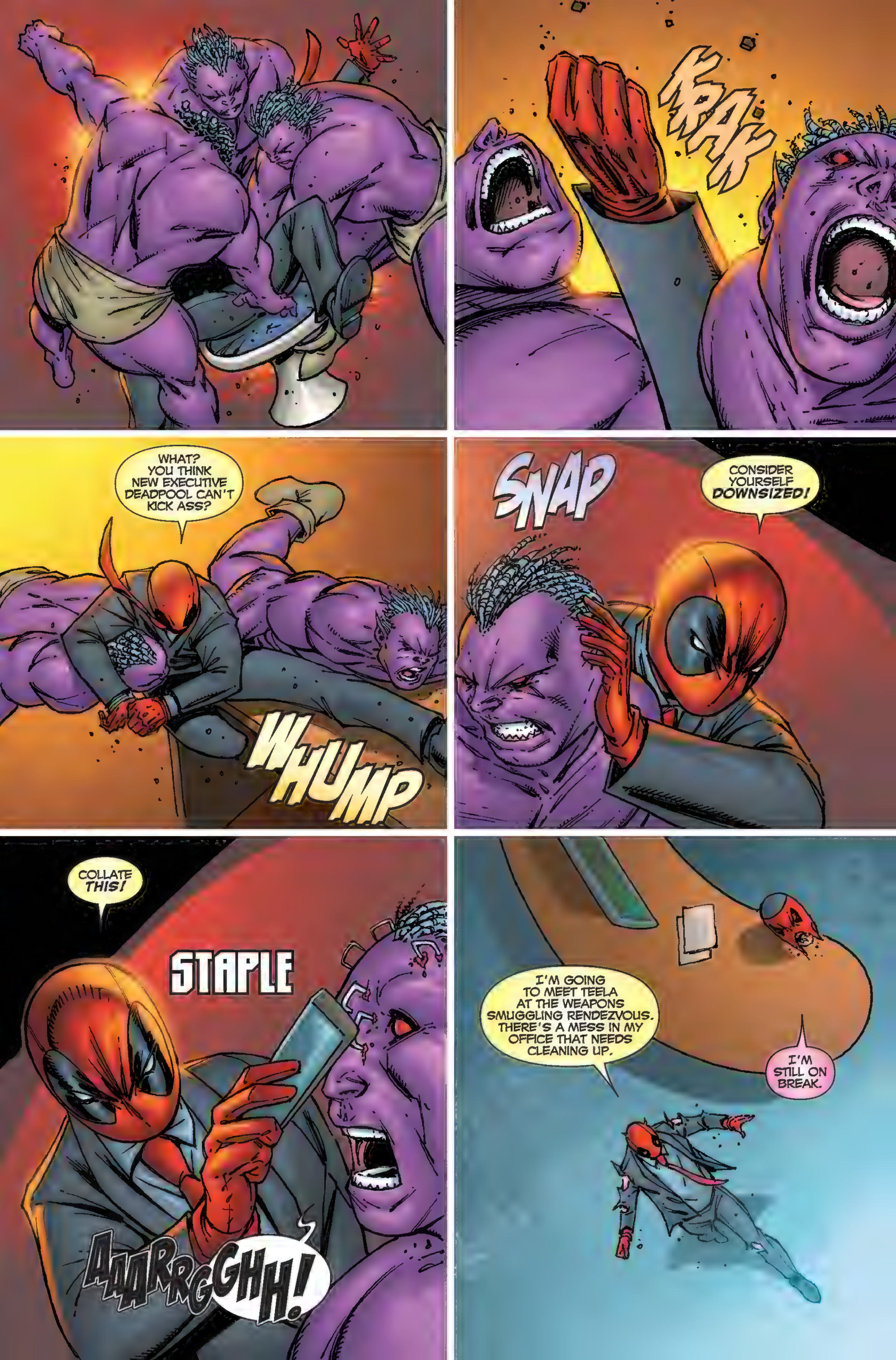

THAT'S THE *LAST* STRAW!
YOU ARE GOING TO *FIX* THIS. I WANT ALL THESE BUILDINGS *DOWN.* I WANT THE PLANET THE WAY IT WAS.
STOP IT, FATHER. YOU'RE ACTING LIKE A SAVAGE.
LOOK HOW YOU'RE *DRESSED.* YOU'VE FORGOTTEN WHO YOU ARE. IT'S THE INFLUENCE OF THESE DAMN OFF-WORLDERS. THEY'RE CHANGING EVERYTHING.
WE *NEED* THOSE OFF-WORLDERS, YOUR ROYAL GRUMPINESS. THE GALAXY IS WATCHING US, AND THE OMEGA CONFEDERATION WON'T *DARE* GET AGGRESSIVE. IT WOULD BE A P.R. *NIGHTMARE* FOR THEM.
BAH!
I AM GOING TO CONSULT WITH THE TRIBAL ELDERS. I SHALL RETURN TO DEAL WITH *YOU* AFTERWARD.
WELL, *THAT'S* GRATITUDE FOR YOU.
PAY HIM NO MIND. YOU'VE DONE A *MAGNIFICENT* JOB. THE KROOK WILL SOON BE MODERN AND INDEPENDENT. THE ONLY THING WE STILL NEED... IS *WEAPONS.*
THE PLANET WILL SOON BE AN ECONOMIC AND CULTURAL POWERHOUSE. YOU DON'T *REALLY* NEED WEAPONS, DO YOU?
MAYBE THERE'S SOMETHING I COULD SAY OR *DO* TO CONVINCE YOU?

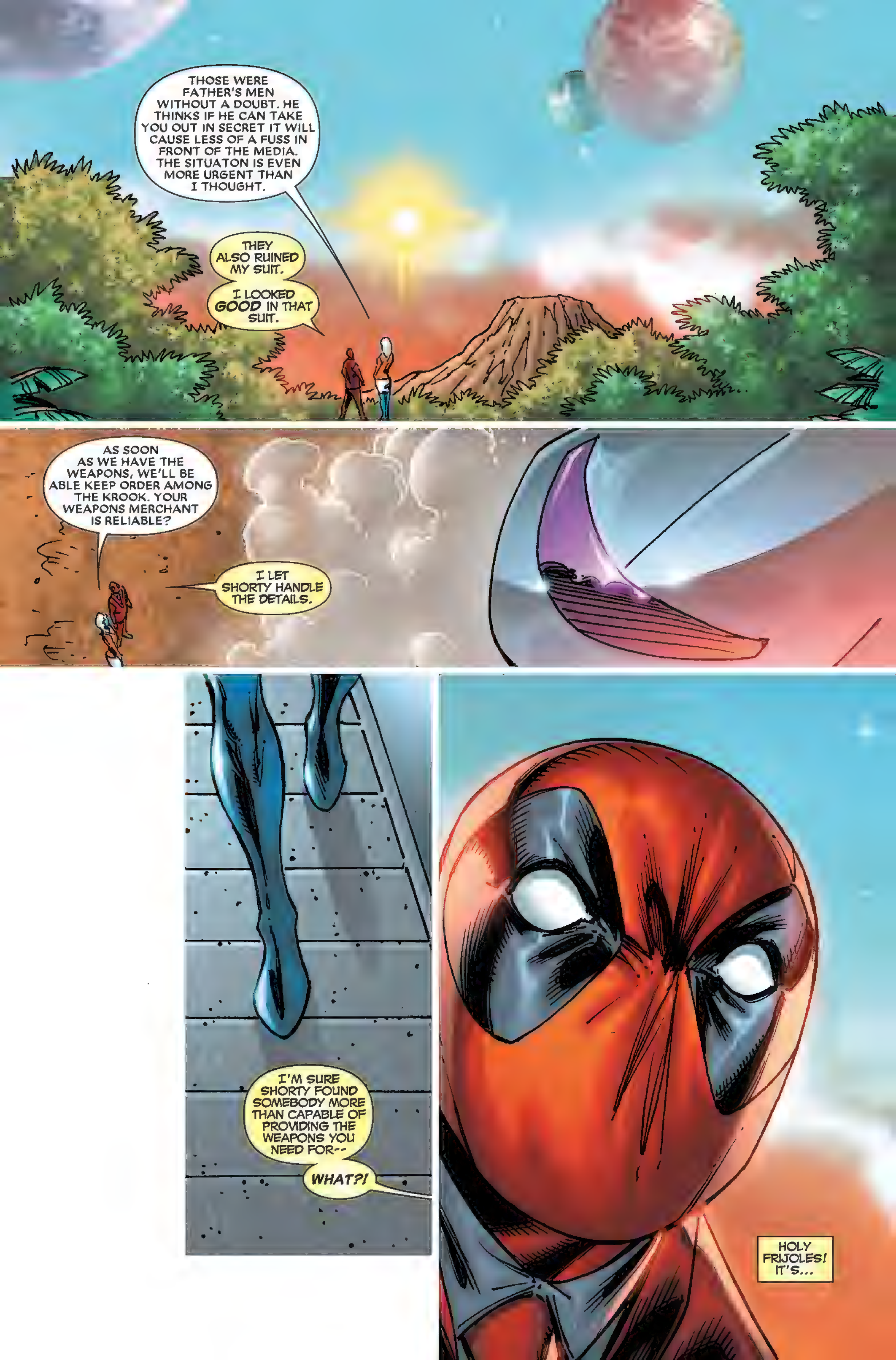

THIRTY MINUTES LATER...
YOU *TOTALLY* CONVINCED ME.
I'M GLAD WE WERE ABLE TO REACH AN UNDERSTANDING. I DON'T WANT TO DELAY. PLEASE MAKE THE ARRANGEMENTS AS SOON AS POSSIBLE.
OKAY, OKAY, MISS PUSHY PANTS. YEESH.
I'LL HAVE SHORTY FIND AN ARMS DEALER, BUT WE'LL HAVE TO KEEP IT ON THE DOWN-LOW AND SMUGGLE THEM IN. IT WOULD HURT THE KROOK IMAGE TO DO IT OPENLY.
BUT REALLY THERE'S NO HURRY. THE OMEGA CONFEDERATION WON'T MAKE A MOVE.
IT'S NOT THE OMEGA CONFEDERATION I'M WORRIED ABOUT. AS KING, MY FATHER HAS ABSOLUTE POWER. IF HE'S CONSULTING WITH THE TRIBAL ELDERS, IT MEANS HE SUSPECTS A RIFT. HE'S ATTEMPTING TO CONSOLIDATE HIS POWER.
THE KROOK WILL MARCH INTO THE FUTURE AS A *UNITED* PEOPLE. IF BLOOD IS SPILLED, IF THE FAT HAS TO BE TRIMMED, THEN WE WILL BE THE STRONGER FOR IT IN THE LONG RUN.
THE KROOK *WILL* BE THE NEW POWER IN THE GALAXY.
AND I WILL BE THEIR *QUEEN*.

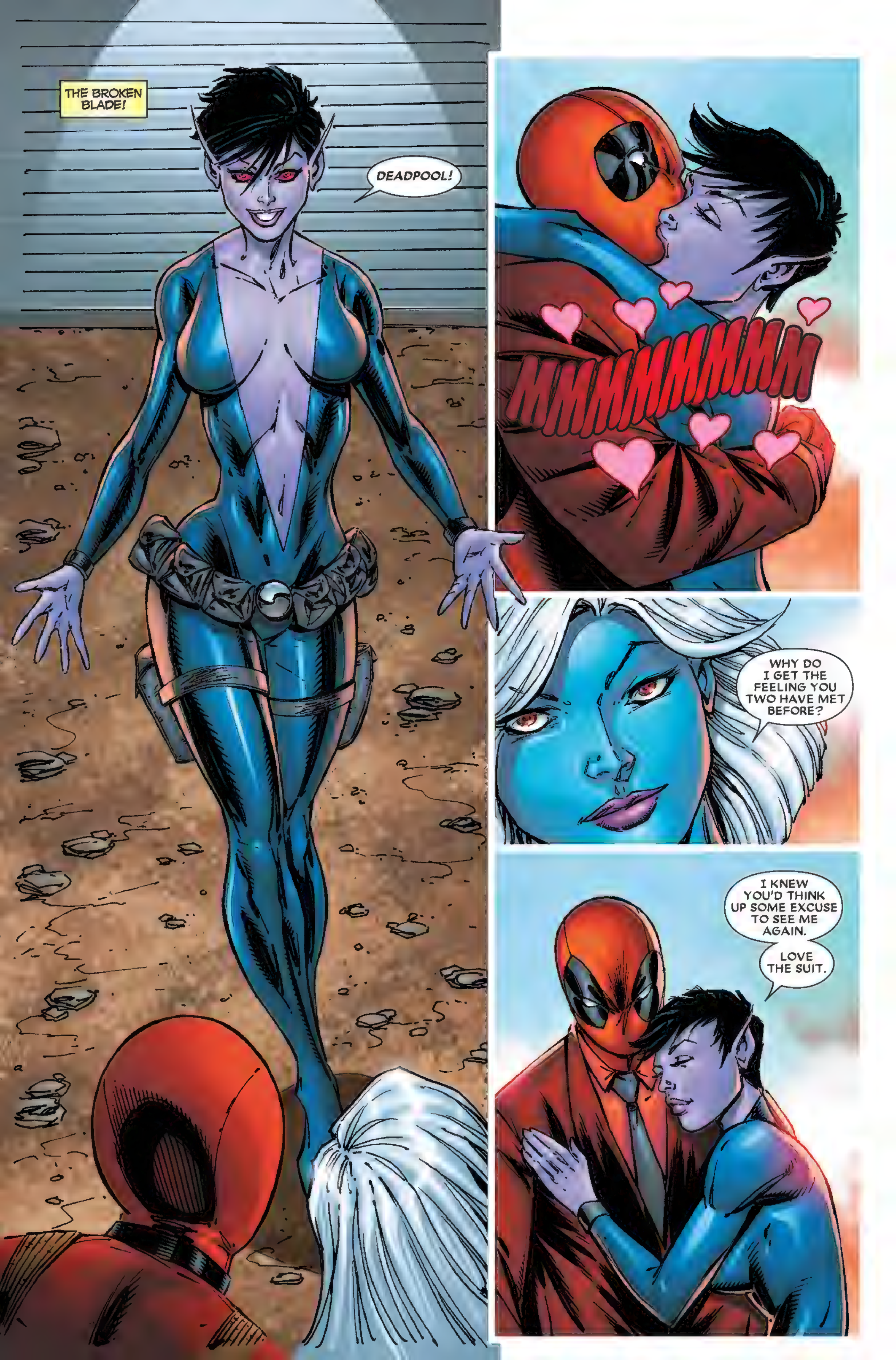

WEAPONS ON THE WAY, CHAMP.
WELL DONE, SHORTY. I'LL BE IN MY OFFICE.

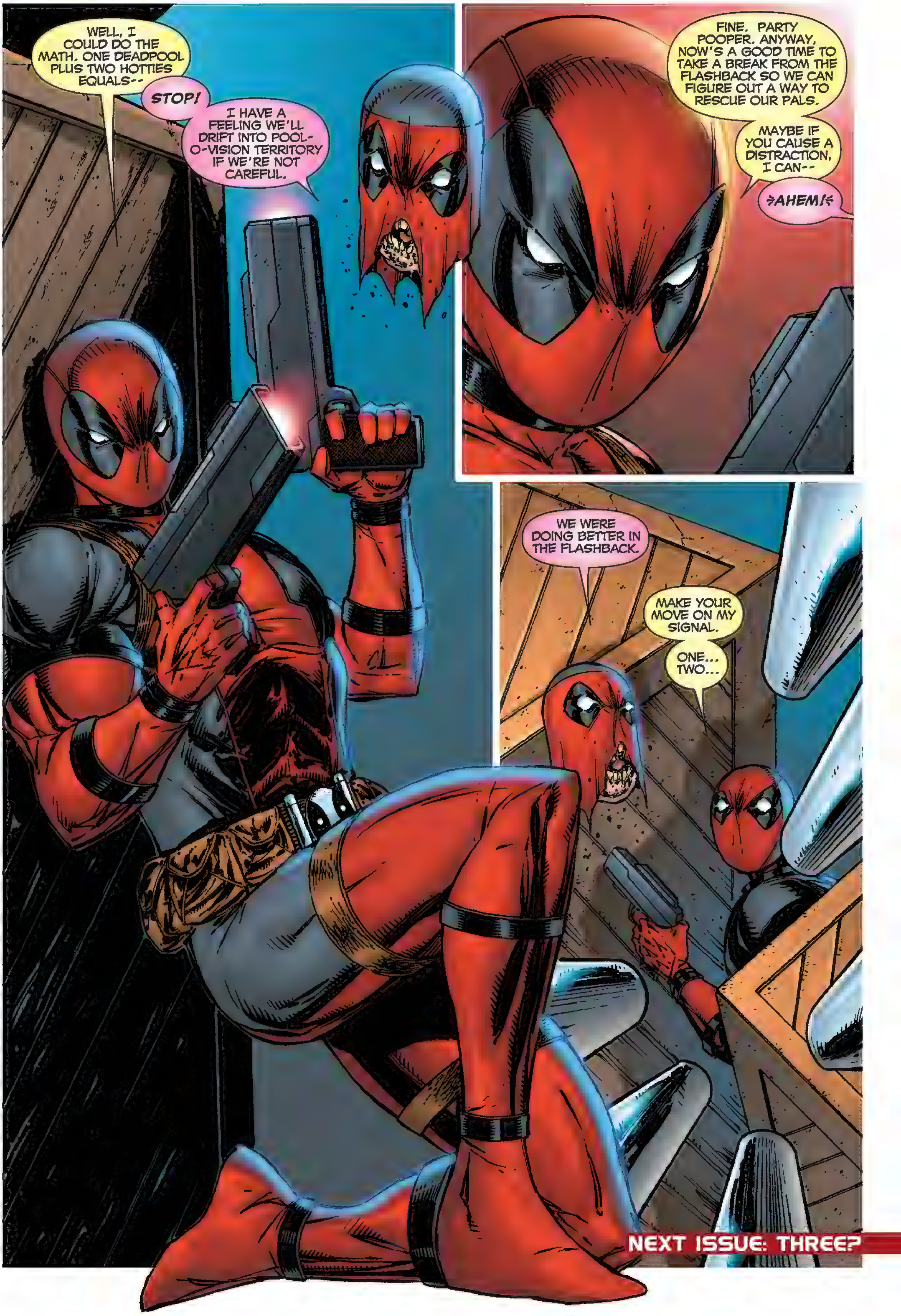

SHORTY, SEND IN A FRESCA AND A HOT POCKET.
AND A HARDBOILED EGG.
I'M ON BREAK.


SIGH
MIGHT HAVE TO FIRE HIM AND GET A LOCAL GIRL TO--
HEY!

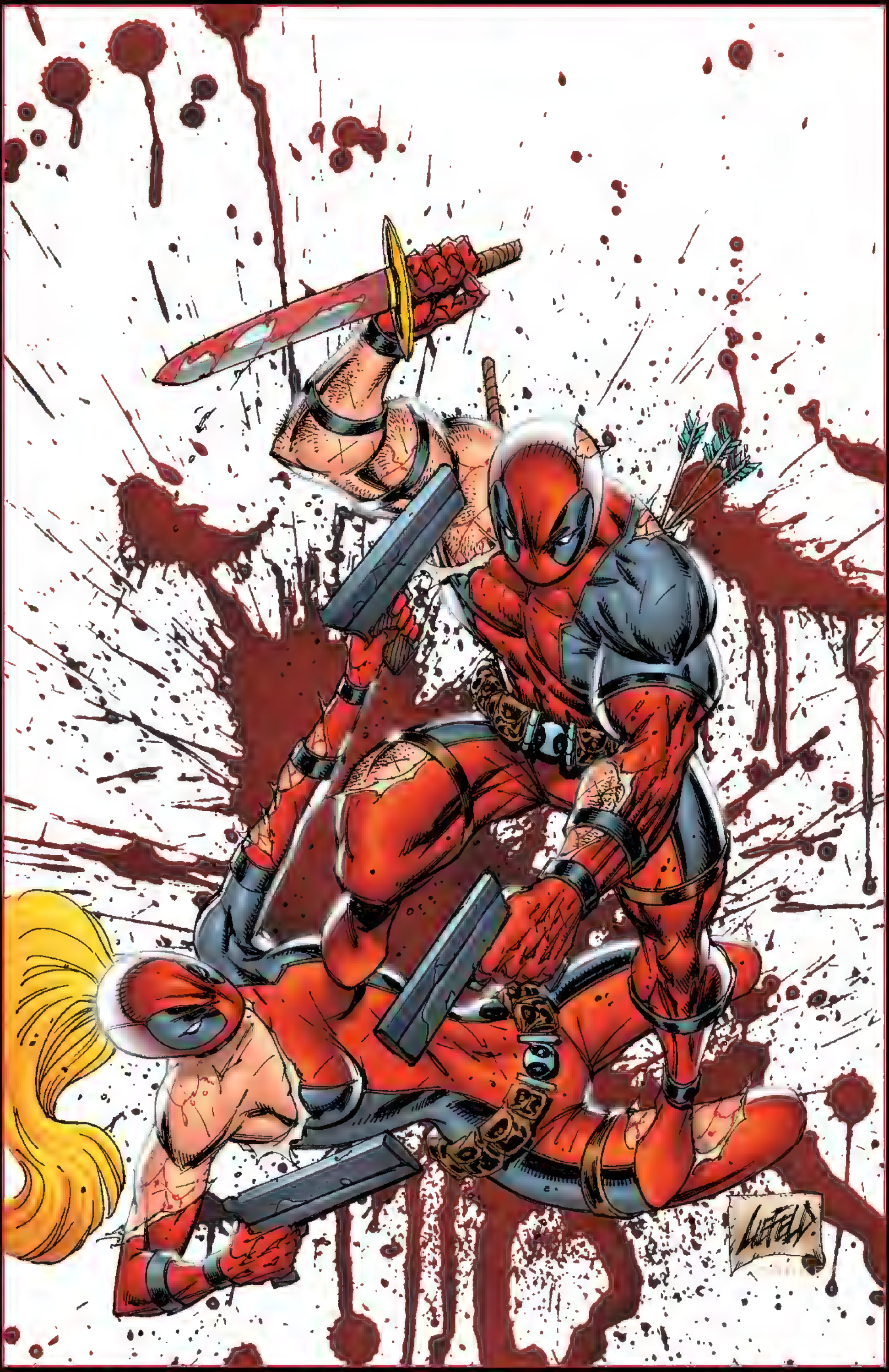

KRAK
WHAT? YOU THINK NEW EXECUTIVE DEADPOOL CAN'T KICK ASS?
WHUMP
SNAP
CONSIDER YOURSELF *DOWNSIZED!*
COLLATE *THIS!*
STAPLE
AAARRRGGHH!
I'M GOING TO MEET TEELA AT THE WEAPONS SMUGGLING RENDEZVOUS. THERE'S A MESS IN MY OFFICE THAT NEEDS CLEANING UP.
I'M STILL ON BREAK.


THOSE WERE FATHER'S MEN WITHOUT A DOUBT. HE THINKS IF HE CAN TAKE YOU OUT IN SECRET IT WILL CAUSE LESS OF A FUSS IN FRONT OF THE MEDIA. THE SITUATON IS EVEN MORE URGENT THAN I THOUGHT.
THEY ALSO RUINED MY SUIT.
I LOOKED *GOOD* IN THAT SUIT.
AS SOON AS WE HAVE THE WEAPONS, WE'LL BE ABLE KEEP ORDER AMONG THE KROOK. YOUR WEAPONS MERCHANT IS RELIABLE?
I LET SHORTY HANDLE THE DETAILS.
I'M SURE SHORTY FOUND SOMEBODY MORE THAN CAPABLE OF PROVIDING THE WEAPONS YOU NEED FOR--
WHAT?!
HOLY FRIJOLES! IT'S...


THE BROKEN BLADE!
DEADPOOL!
MMMMMMMMMM
WHY DO I GET THE FEELING YOU TWO HAVE MET BEFORE?
I KNEW YOU'D THINK UP SOME EXCUSE TO SEE ME AGAIN.
LOVE THE SUIT.


WELL, I COULD DO THE MATH. ONE DEADPOOL PLUS TWO HOTTIES EQUALS--
STOP!
I HAVE A FEELING WE'LL DRIFT INTO POOL-O-VISION TERRITORY IF WE'RE NOT CAREFUL.
FINE. PARTY POOPER. ANYWAY, NOW'S A GOOD TIME TO TAKE A BREAK FROM THE FLASHBACK SO WE CAN FIGURE OUT A WAY TO RESCUE OUR PALS.
MAYBE IF YOU CAUSE A DISTRACTION, I CAN--
AHEM!
WE WERE DOING BETTER IN THE FLASHBACK.
MAKE YOUR MOVE ON MY SIGNAL.
ONE... TWO...
NEXT ISSUE: THREE?

COMING NEXT:
DEADPOOL CORPS #9



DEADPOOL® CORPS

MARVEL

9

GISCHLER
LIEFELD
YACKEY

LIEFELD
YACKEY

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When the Elders of the Universe sensed the coming of a threat of galactic proportions, they asked Deadpool, the Merc with a Mouth, to assemble a team fearless (and stupid) enough to stand against it.

Never one to back down from a mission spelling certain death, Deadpool scoured the Universe and gathered alternate versions of himself: Lady Deadpool, Kidpool, Dogpool, and Headpool.

Together they form the

DEADPOOL CORPS

The Omega Confederation hired the Deadpool Corps to quickly and quietly quell the rebellion of the indigenous Krook of the resource-rich planet Kagan 7. Deadpool immediately switches sides and sparks an intergalactic media frenzy making the warrior Krook the new darlings of the solar system while simultaneously forcing the Omega Corporation into a PR nightmare and causing a rift between the traditional Krook King and his ambitious daughter, Princess Teela. Choosing the side of greed, Deadpool begins the modernization of Kagan-7, even calling in an arms smuggler to appease the princess. However when that arms dealer turns out to be the Broken Blade, the Krook aren't the only ones caught in a rift between past and present. Can you say alien love triangle?

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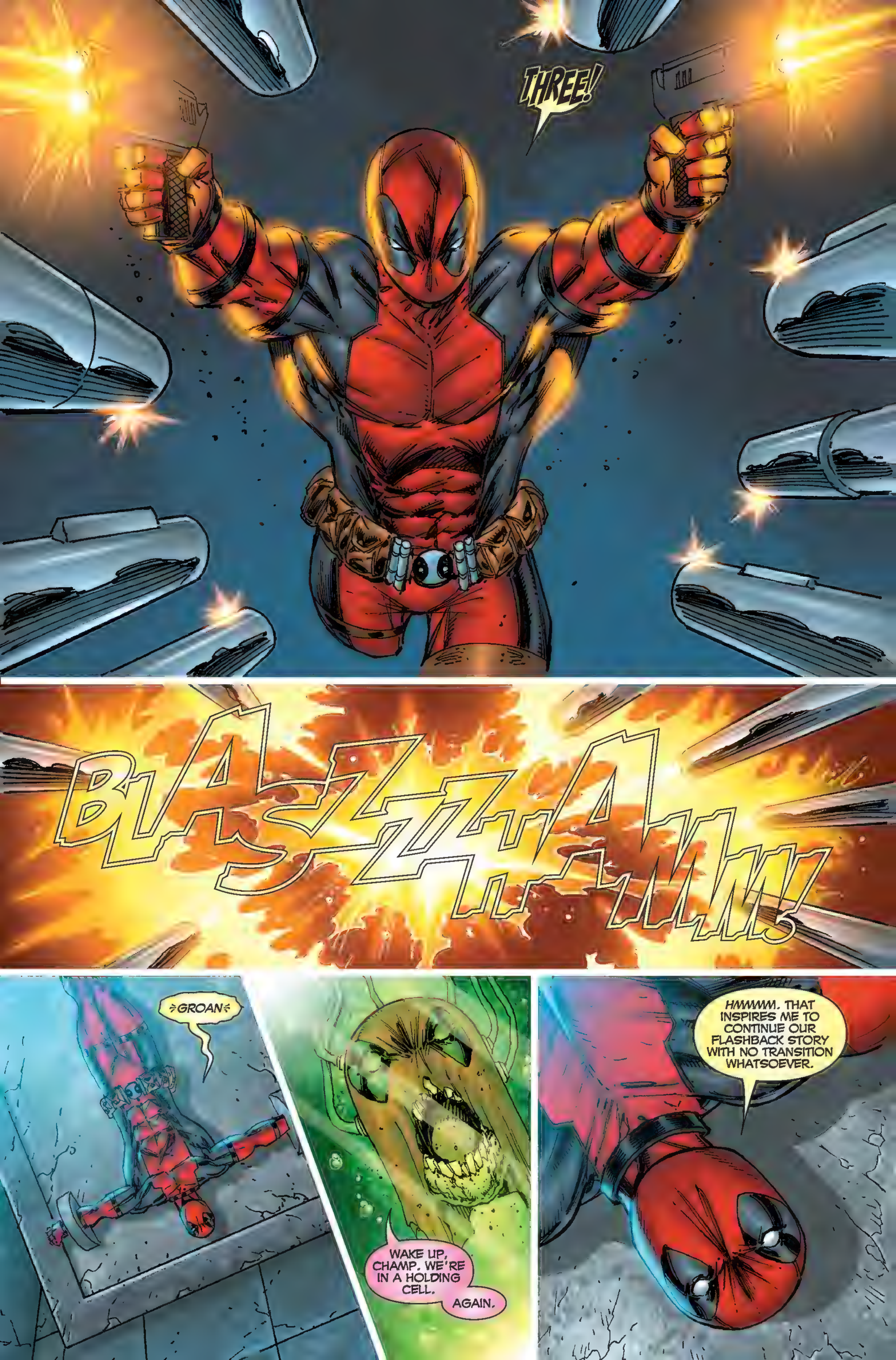
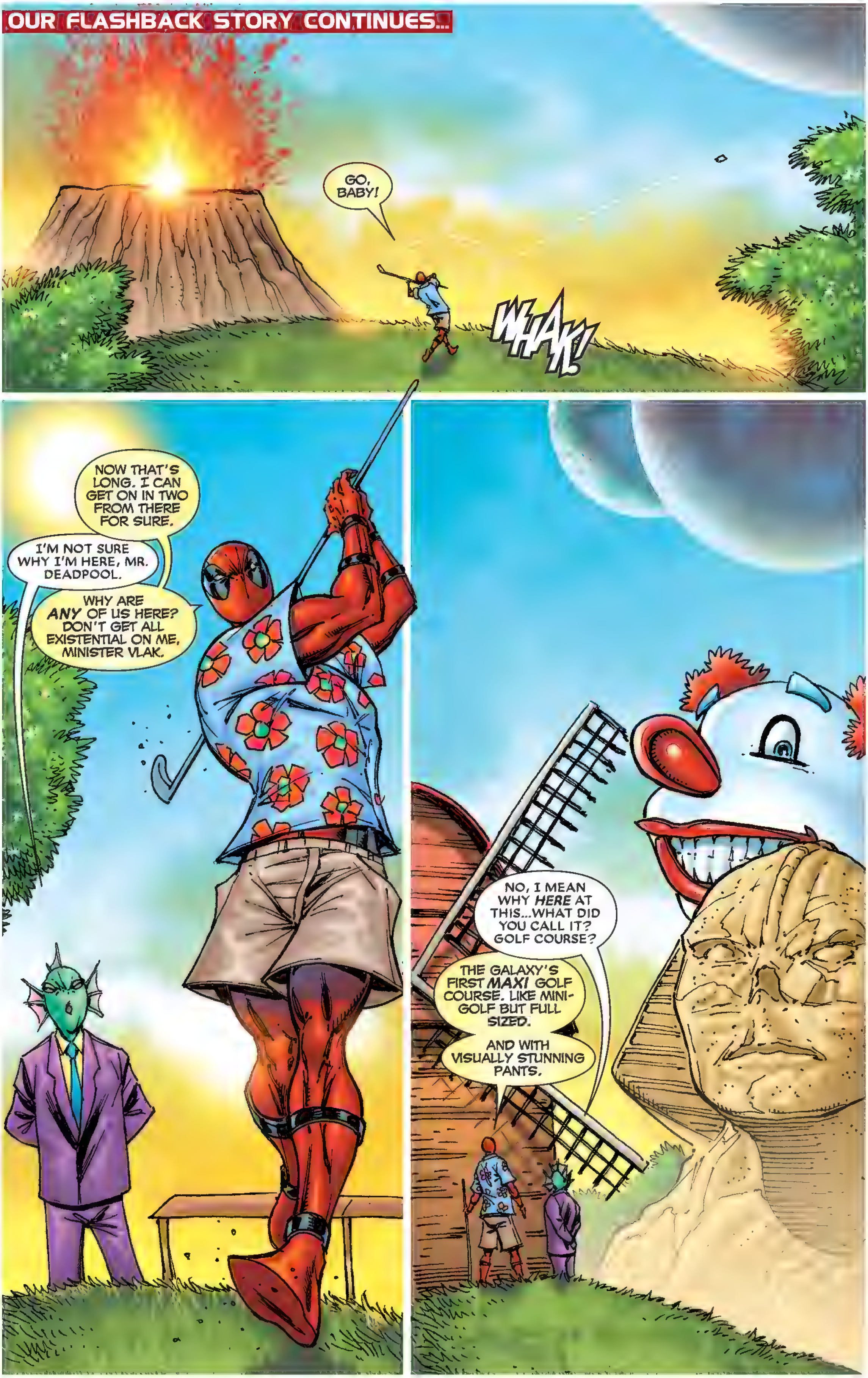
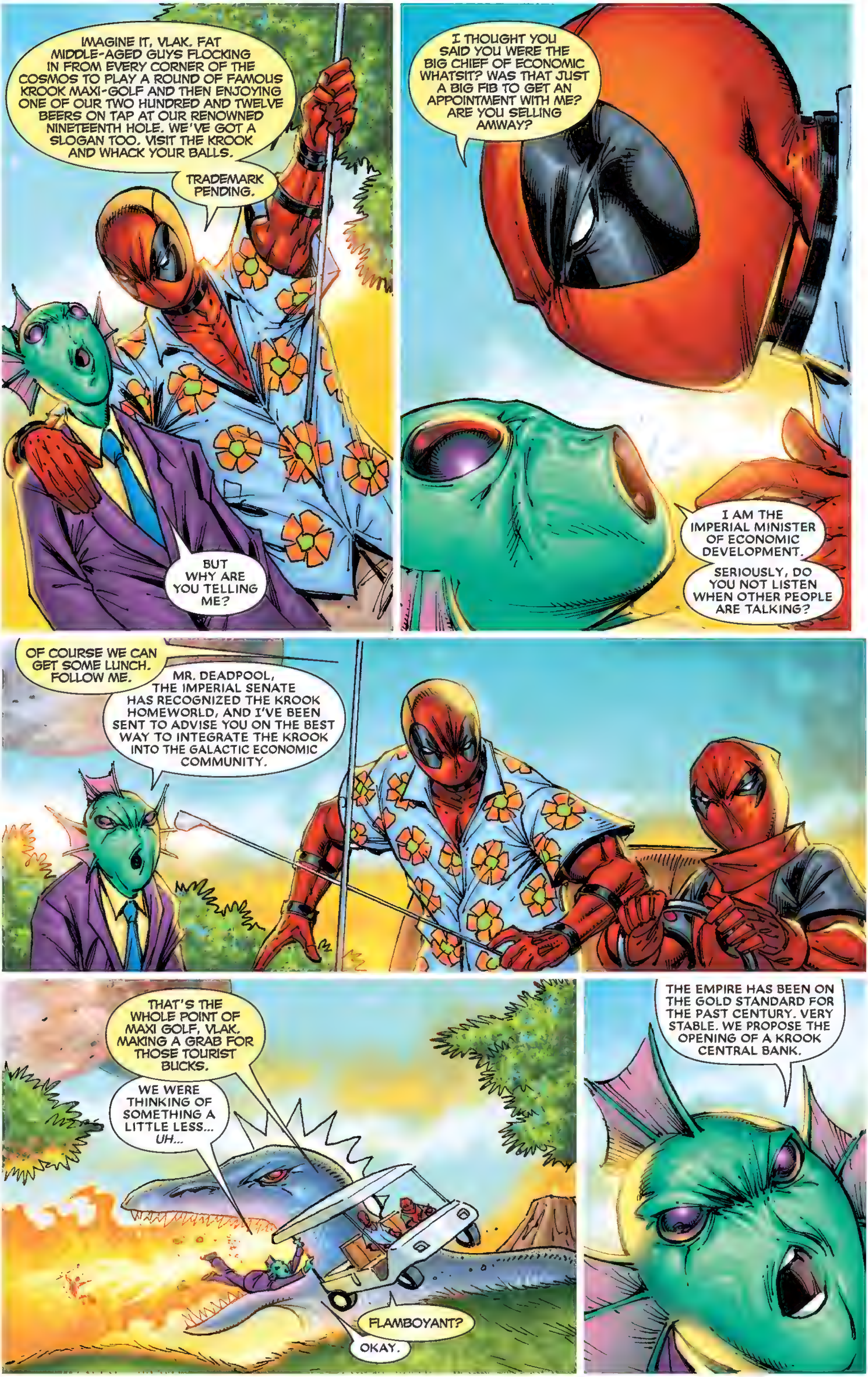
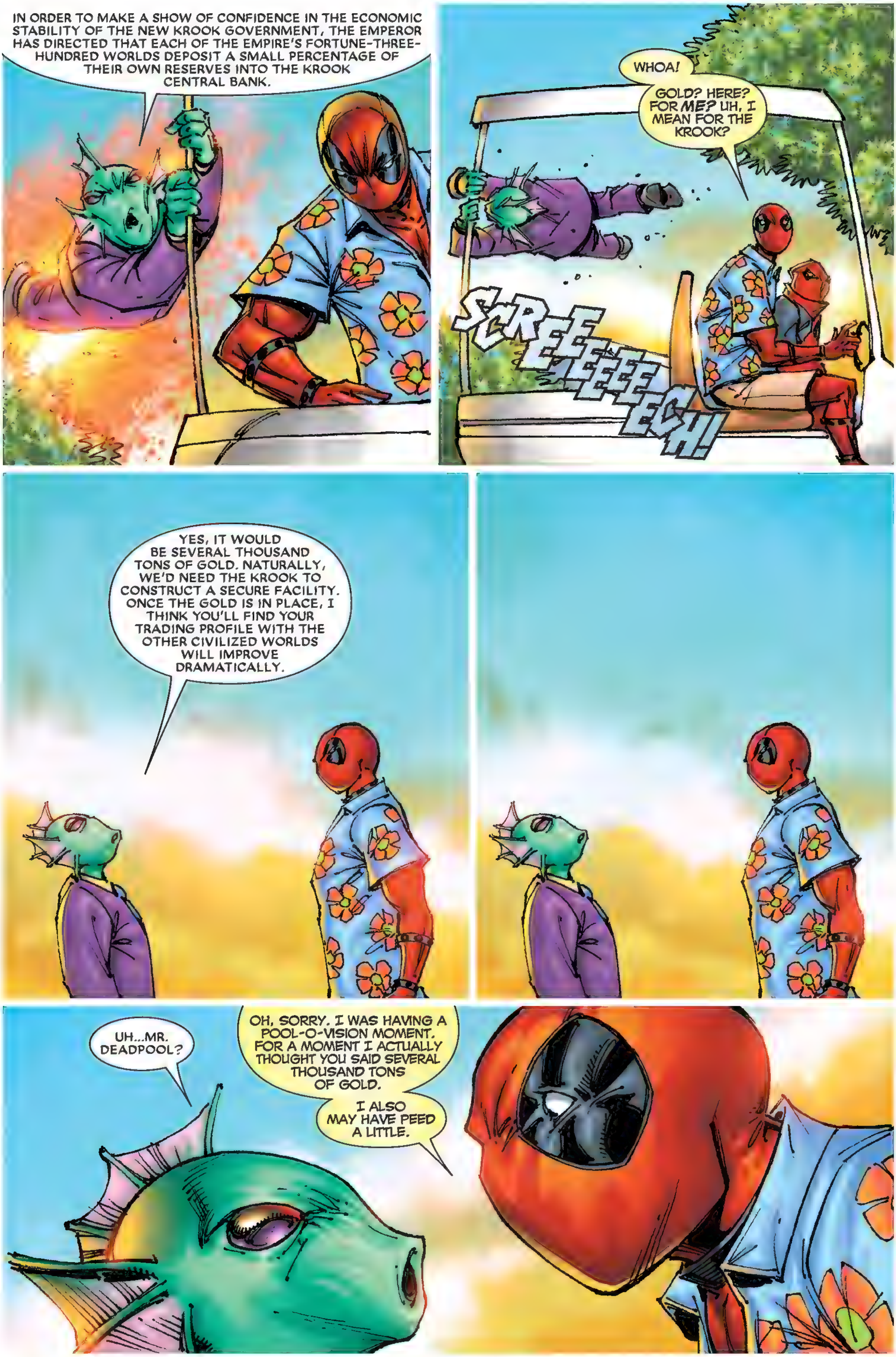
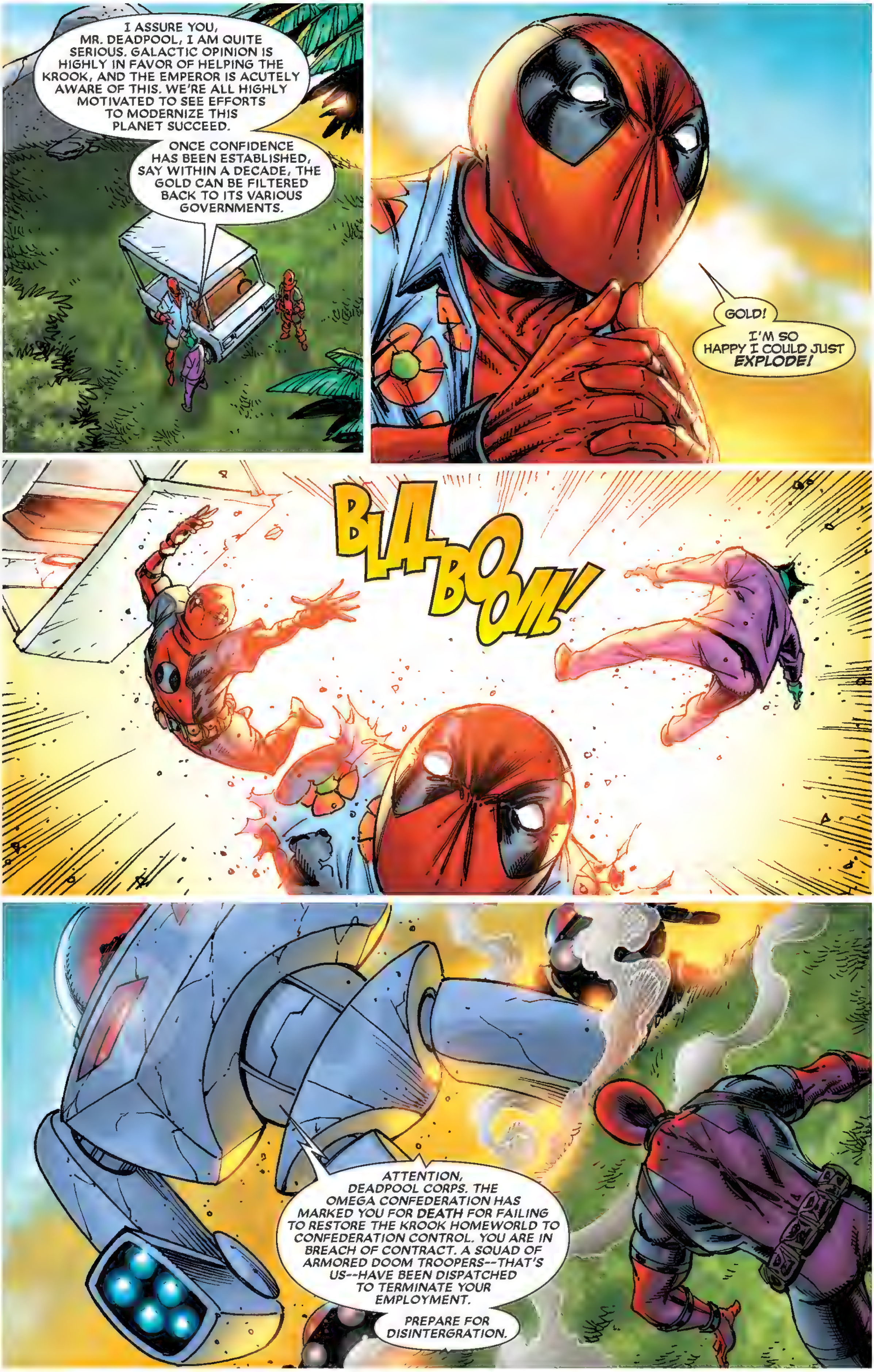
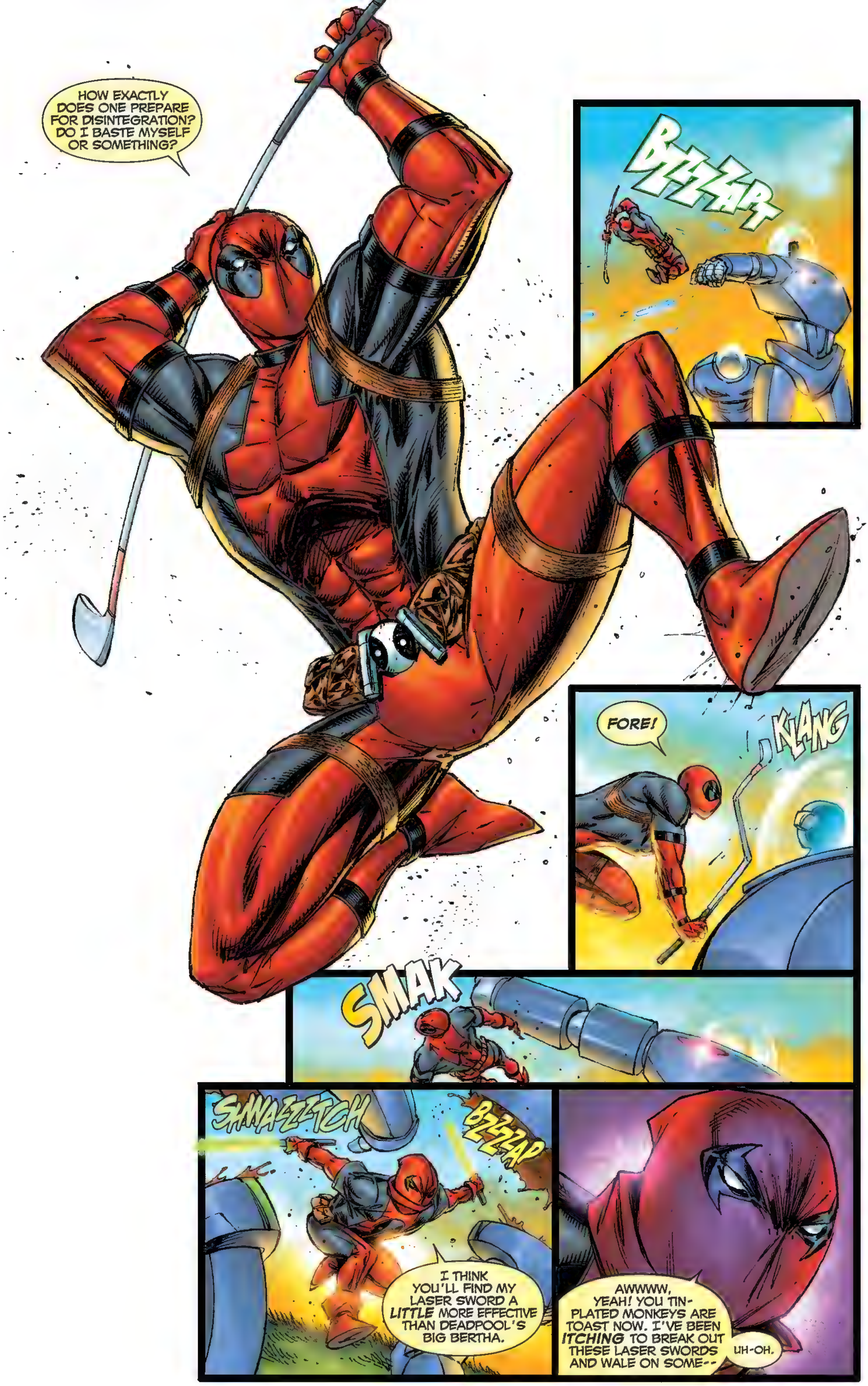

THREE!
BLAZZUUUAMMM!
≑GROAN≑
WAKE UP, CHAMP. WE'RE IN A HOLDING CELL.
AGAIN.
HMMMM. THAT INSPIRES ME TO CONTINUE OUR FLASHBACK STORY WITH NO TRANSITION WHATSOEVER.

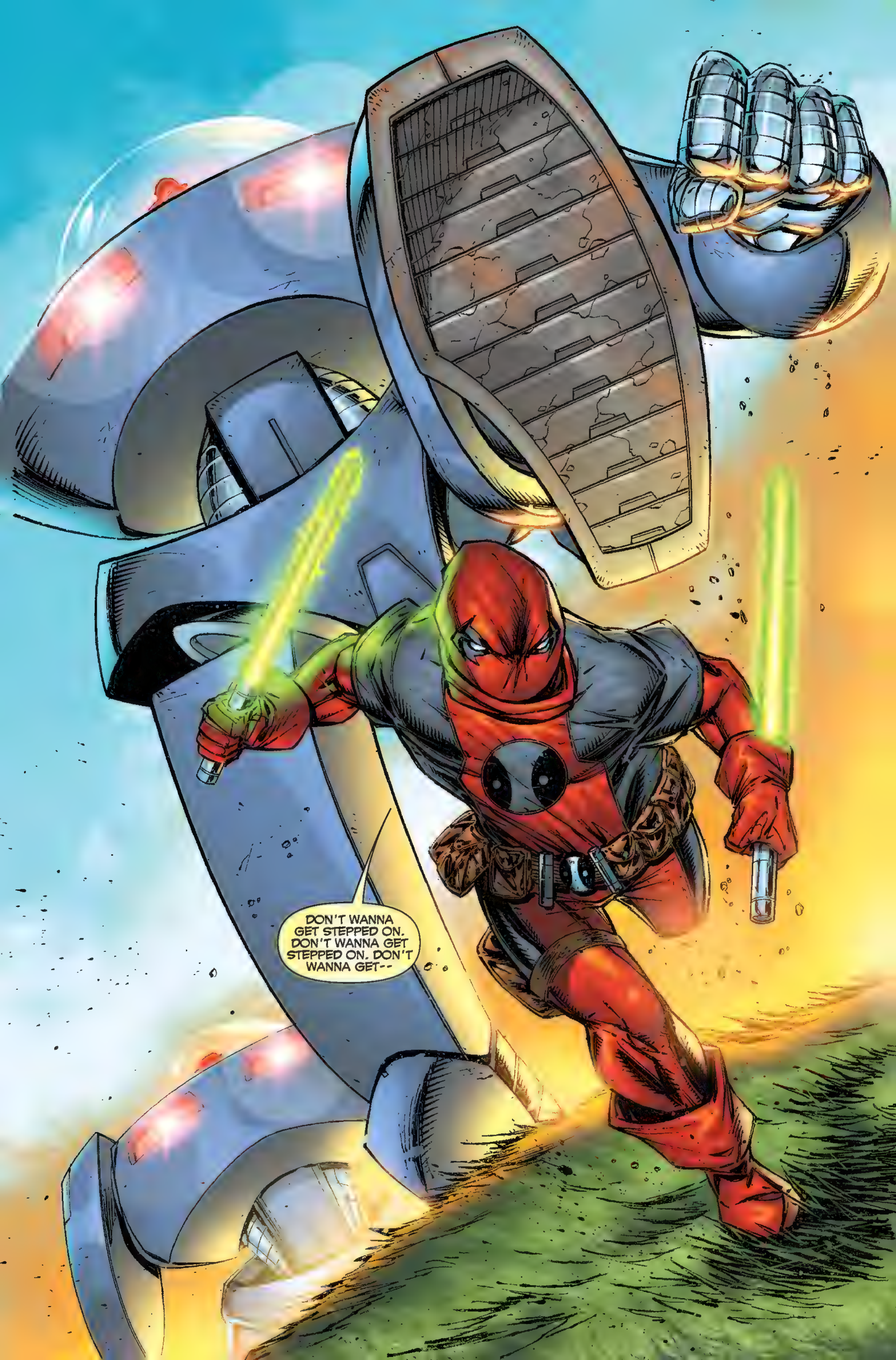

OUR FLASHBACK STORY CONTINUES...
GO, BABY!
WHAK!
NOW THAT'S LONG. I CAN GET ON IN TWO FROM THERE FOR SURE.
I'M NOT SURE WHY I'M HERE, MR. DEADPOOL.
WHY ARE *ANY* OF US HERE? DON'T GET ALL EXISTENTIAL ON ME, MINISTER VLAK.
NO, I MEAN WHY *HERE* AT THIS...WHAT DID YOU CALL IT? GOLF COURSE?
THE GALAXY'S FIRST *MAXI* GOLF COURSE. LIKE MINI-GOLF BUT FULL SIZED.
AND WITH VISUALLY STUNNING PANTS.

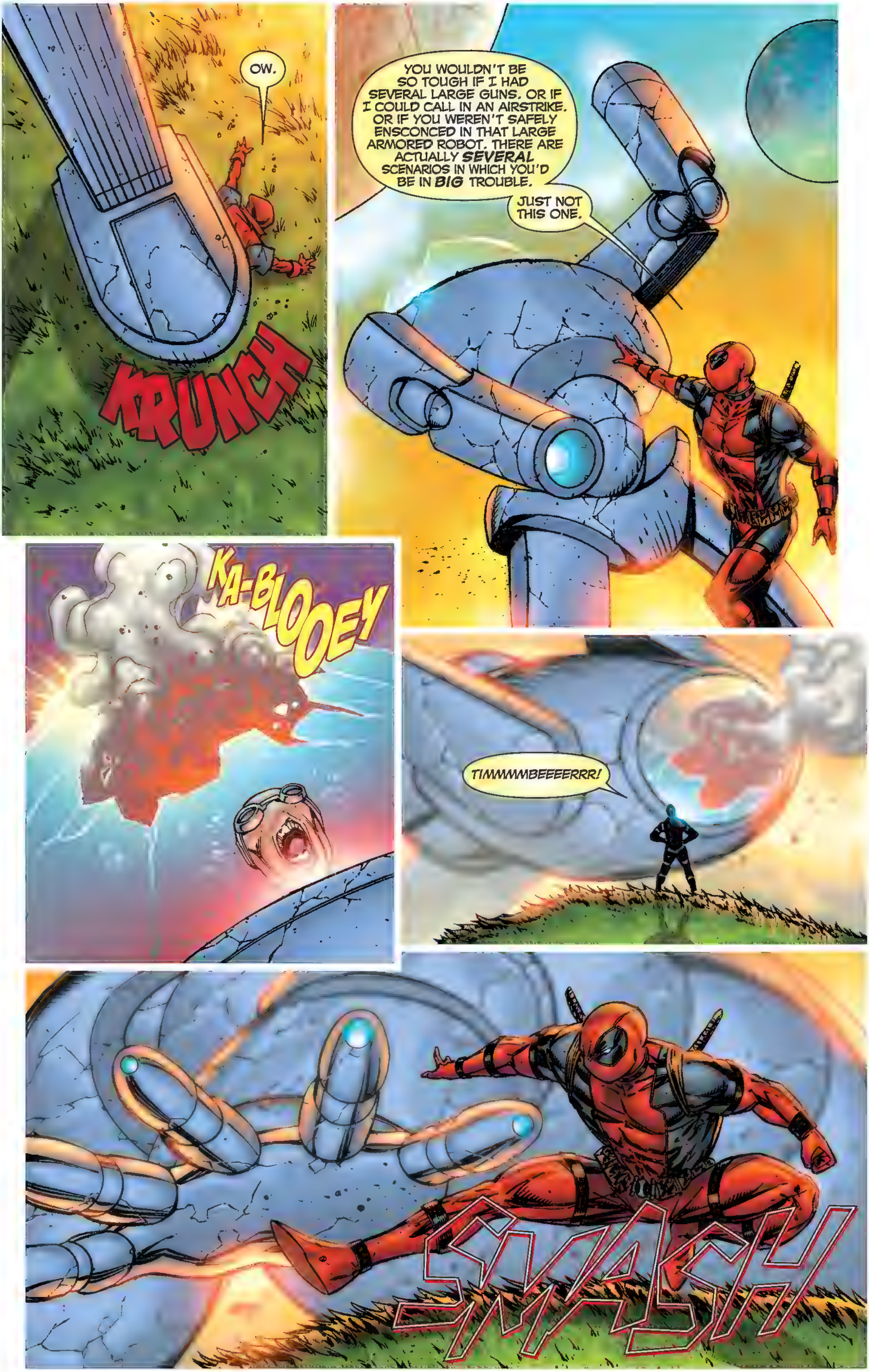

IMAGINE IT, VLAK. FAT MIDDLE-AGED GUYS FLOCKING IN FROM EVERY CORNER OF THE COSMOS TO PLAY A ROUND OF FAMOUS KROOK MAXI-GOLF AND THEN ENJOYING ONE OF OUR TWO HUNDRED AND TWELVE BEERS ON TAP AT OUR RENOWNED NINETEENTH HOLE. WE'VE GOT A SLOGAN TOO. VISIT THE KROOK AND WHACK YOUR BALLS.
TRADEMARK PENDING.
BUT WHY ARE YOU TELLING ME?
I THOUGHT YOU SAID YOU WERE THE BIG CHIEF OF ECONOMIC WHATSIT? WAS THAT JUST A BIG FIB TO GET AN APPOINTMENT WITH ME? ARE YOU SELLING AMWAY?
I AM THE IMPERIAL MINISTER OF ECONOMIC DEVELOPMENT.
SERIOUSLY, DO YOU NOT LISTEN WHEN OTHER PEOPLE ARE TALKING?
OF COURSE WE CAN GET SOME LUNCH. FOLLOW ME.
MR. DEADPOOL, THE IMPERIAL SENATE HAS RECOGNIZED THE KROOK HOMEWORLD, AND I'VE BEEN SENT TO ADVISE YOU ON THE BEST WAY TO INTEGRATE THE KROOK INTO THE GALACTIC ECONOMIC COMMUNITY.
THAT'S THE WHOLE POINT OF MAXI GOLF, VLAK. MAKING A GRAB FOR THOSE TOURIST BUCKS.
WE WERE THINKING OF SOMETHING A LITTLE LESS... UH...
FLAMBOYANT?
OKAY.
THE EMPIRE HAS BEEN ON THE GOLD STANDARD FOR THE PAST CENTURY. VERY STABLE. WE PROPOSE THE OPENING OF A KROOK CENTRAL BANK.

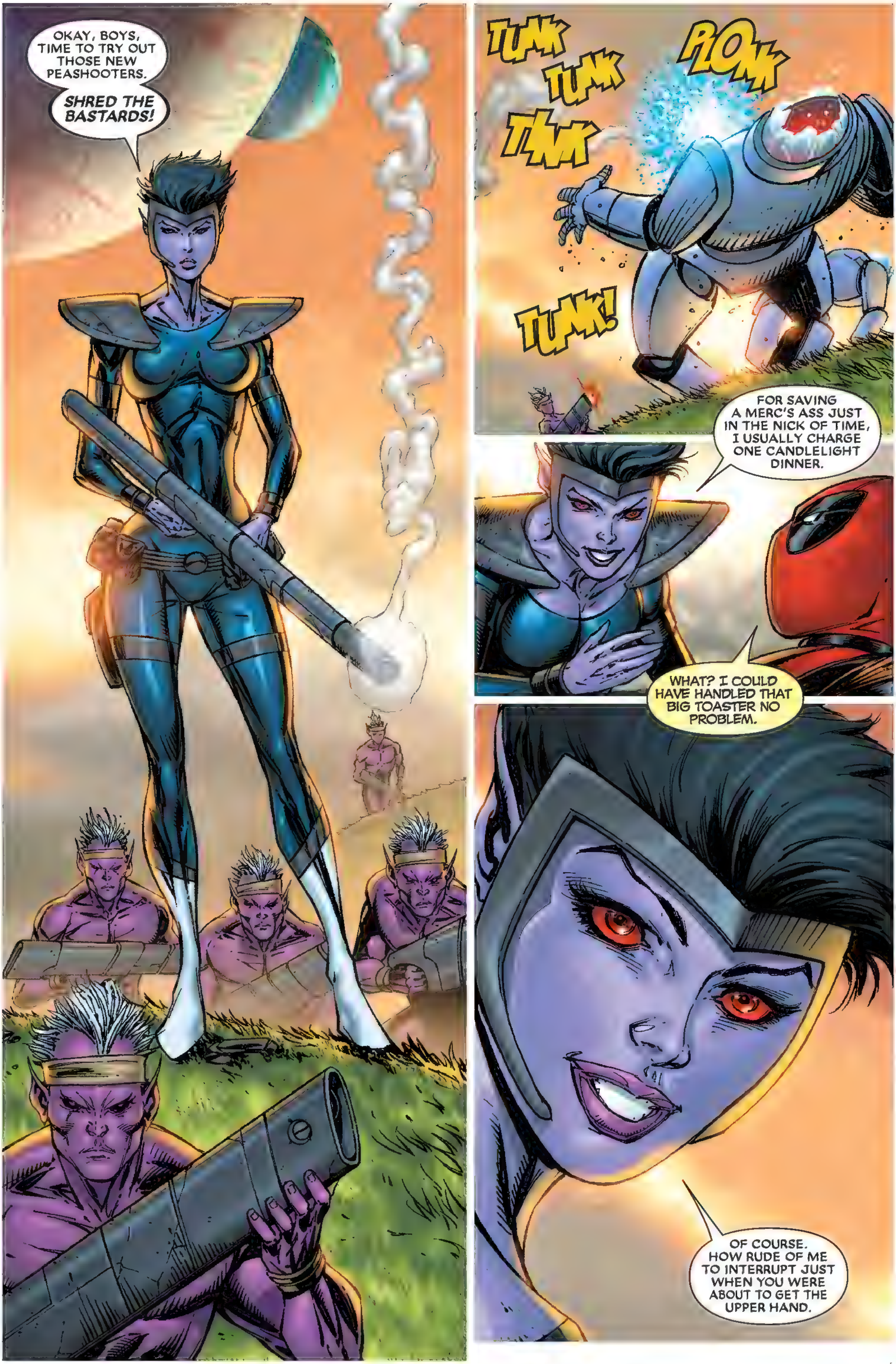

IN ORDER TO MAKE A SHOW OF CONFIDENCE IN THE ECONOMIC STABILITY OF THE NEW KROOK GOVERNMENT, THE EMPEROR HAS DIRECTED THAT EACH OF THE EMPIRE'S FORTUNE-THREE-HUNDRED WORLDS DEPOSIT A SMALL PERCENTAGE OF THEIR OWN RESERVES INTO THE KROOK CENTRAL BANK.
WHOA!
GOLD? HERE? FOR *ME?* UH, I MEAN FOR THE KROOK?
SCREEEEEEEEECH!
YES, IT WOULD BE SEVERAL THOUSAND TONS OF GOLD. NATURALLY, WE'D NEED THE KROOK TO CONSTRUCT A SECURE FACILITY. ONCE THE GOLD IS IN PLACE, I THINK YOU'LL FIND YOUR TRADING PROFILE WITH THE OTHER CIVILIZED WORLDS WILL IMPROVE DRAMATICALLY.
UH...MR. DEADPOOL?
OH, SORRY. I WAS HAVING A POOL-O-VISION MOMENT. FOR A MOMENT I ACTUALLY THOUGHT YOU SAID SEVERAL THOUSAND TONS OF GOLD.
I ALSO MAY HAVE PEED A LITTLE.

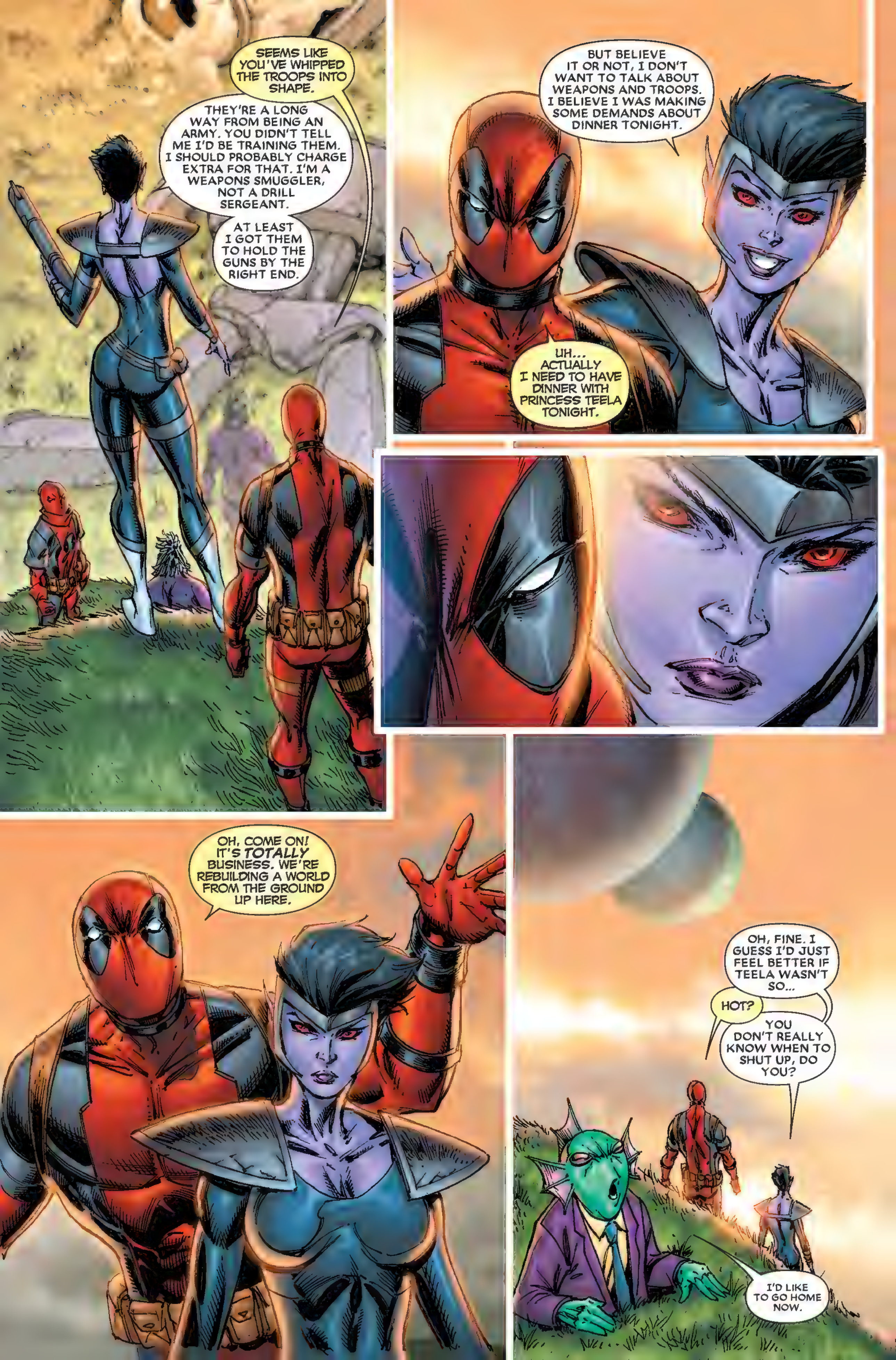

I ASSURE YOU, MR. DEADPOOL, I AM QUITE SERIOUS. GALACTIC OPINION IS HIGHLY IN FAVOR OF HELPING THE KROOK, AND THE EMPEROR IS ACUTELY AWARE OF THIS. WE'RE ALL HIGHLY MOTIVATED TO SEE EFFORTS TO MODERNIZE THIS PLANET SUCCEED.
ONCE CONFIDENCE HAS BEEN ESTABLISHED, SAY WITHIN A DECADE, THE GOLD CAN BE FILTERED BACK TO ITS VARIOUS GOVERNMENTS.
GOLD!
I'M SO HAPPY I COULD JUST *EXPLODE!*
BLLABOOM!
ATTENTION, DEADPOOL CORPS. THE OMEGA CONFEDERATION HAS MARKED YOU FOR **DEATH** FOR FAILING TO RESTORE THE KROOK HOMEWORLD TO CONFEDERATION CONTROL. YOU ARE IN BREACH OF CONTRACT. A SQUAD OF ARMORED DOOM TROOPERS--THAT'S US--HAVE BEEN DISPATCHED TO TERMINATE YOUR EMPLOYMENT.
PREPARE FOR DISINTERGRATION.

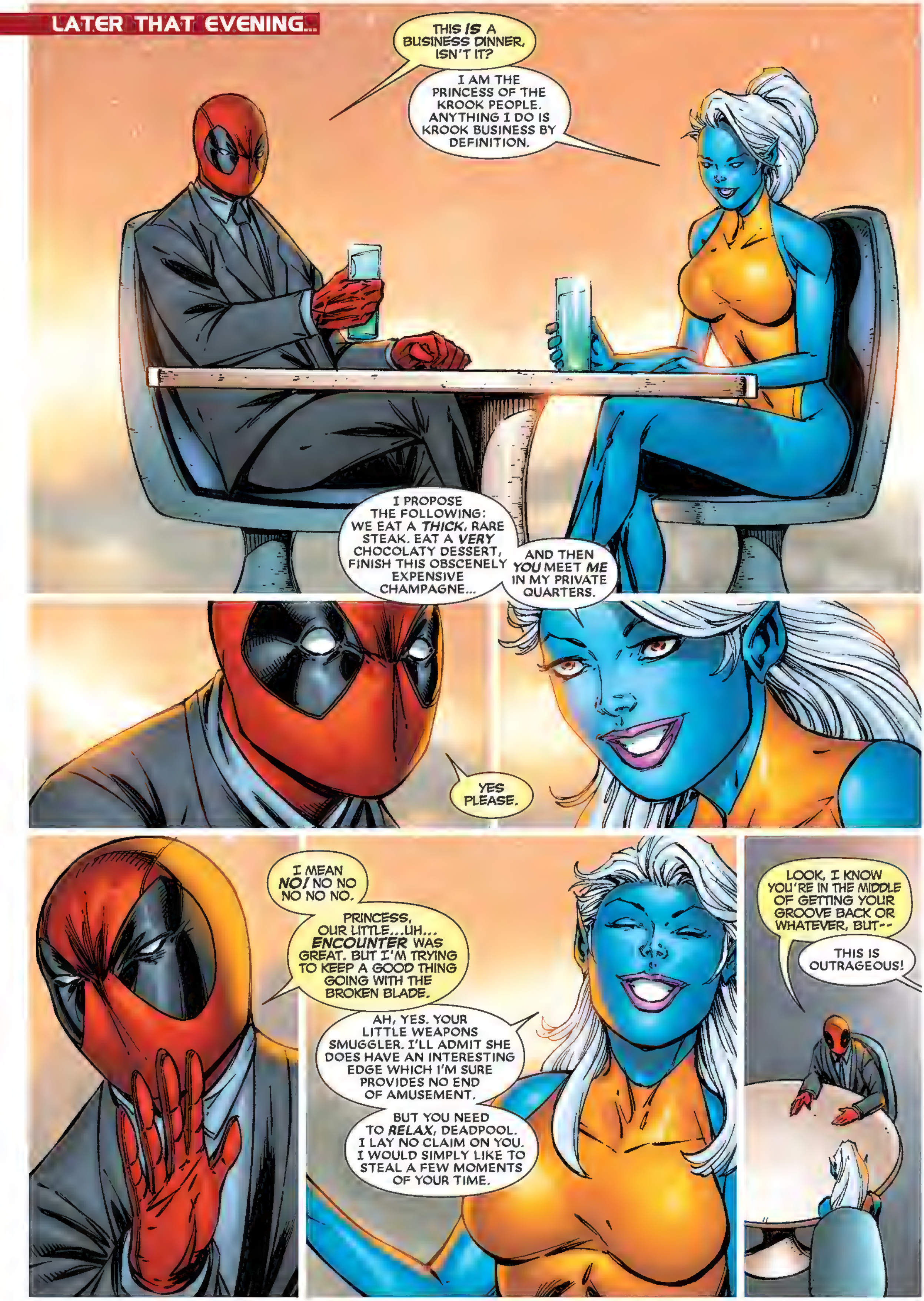

HOW EXACTLY DOES ONE PREPARE FOR DISINTEGRATION? DO I BASTE MYSELF OR SOMETHING?
BZZZZART
FORE!
KLANG
SMAK
SHWAZZZTCH
BZZZAP
I THINK YOU'LL FIND MY LASER SWORD A *LITTLE* MORE EFFECTIVE THAN DEADPOOL'S BIG BERTHA.
AWWWW, YEAH! YOU TIN-PLATED MONKEYS ARE TOAST NOW. I'VE BEEN *ITCHING* TO BREAK OUT THESE LASER SWORDS AND WALE ON SOME--
UH-OH.

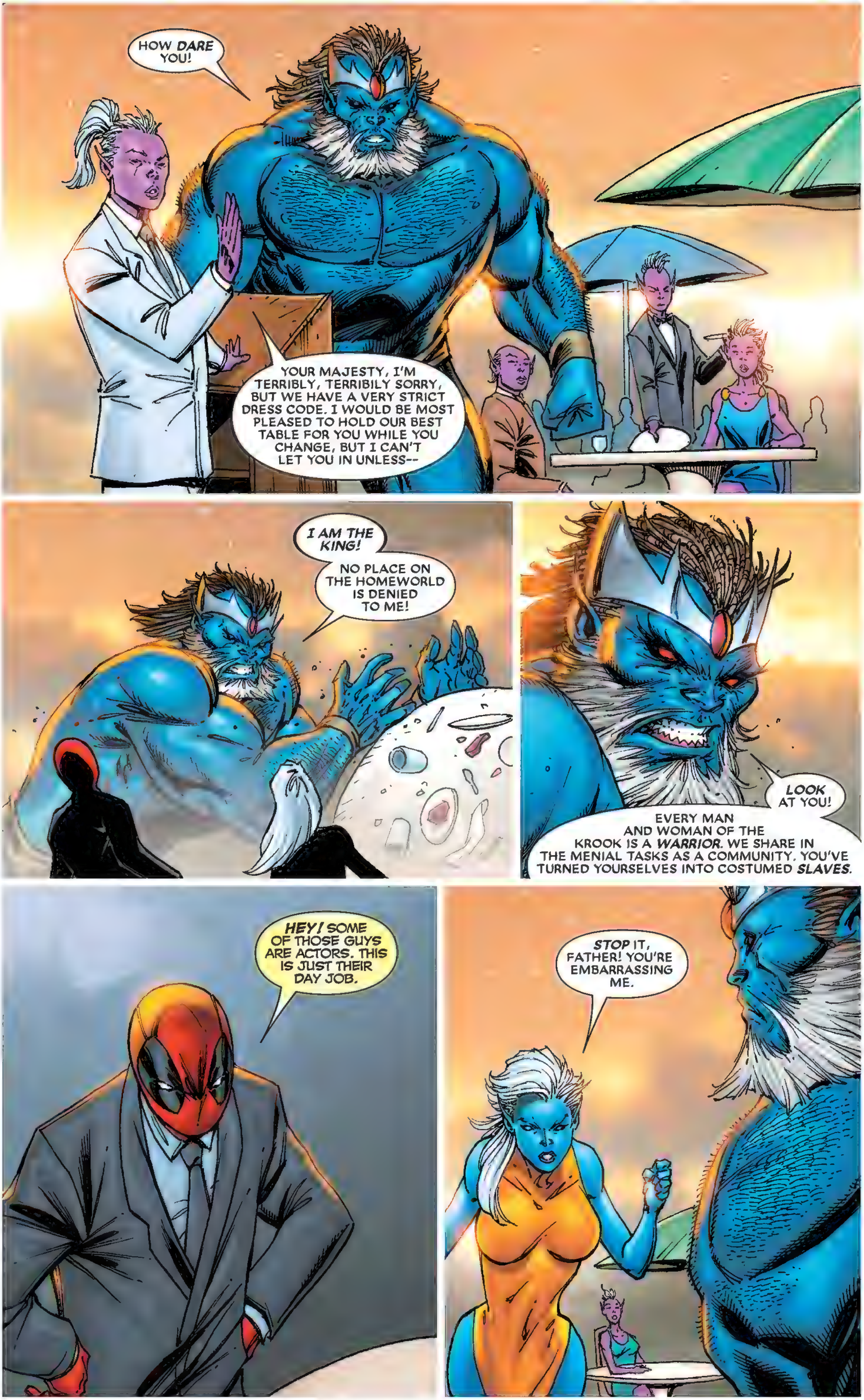

DON'T WANNA GET STEPPED ON. DON'T WANNA GET STEPPED ON. DON'T WANNA GET--

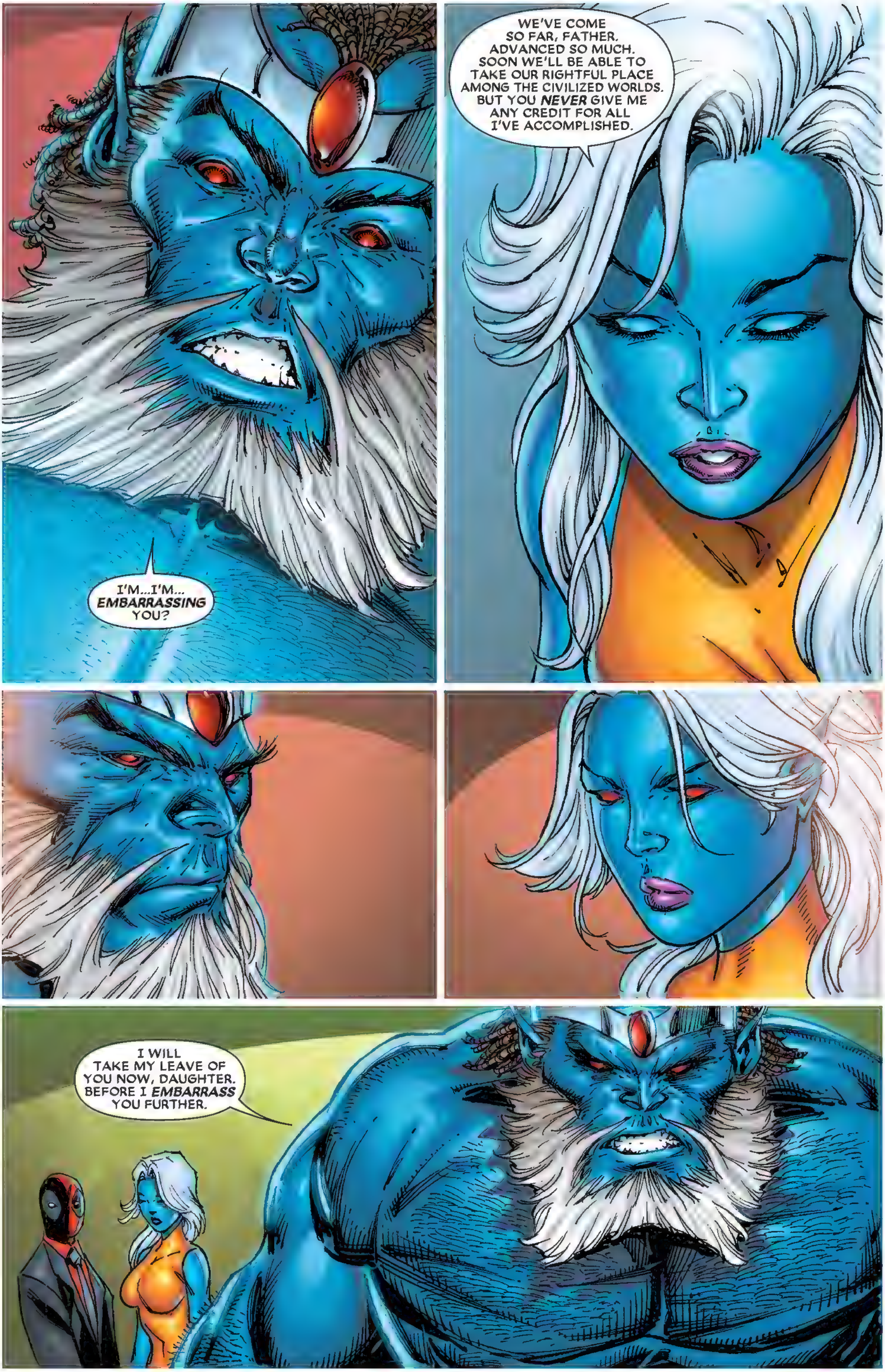

OW.
KRUNCH
YOU WOULDN'T BE SO TOUGH IF I HAD SEVERAL LARGE GUNS. OR IF I COULD CALL IN AN AIRSTRIKE. OR IF YOU WEREN'T SAFELY ENSCONCED IN THAT LARGE ARMORED ROBOT. THERE ARE ACTUALLY *SEVERAL* SCENARIOS IN WHICH YOU'D BE IN *BIG* TROUBLE.
JUST NOT THIS ONE.
KA-BLOOEY
TIMMMMBEEEERRR!
SMASH

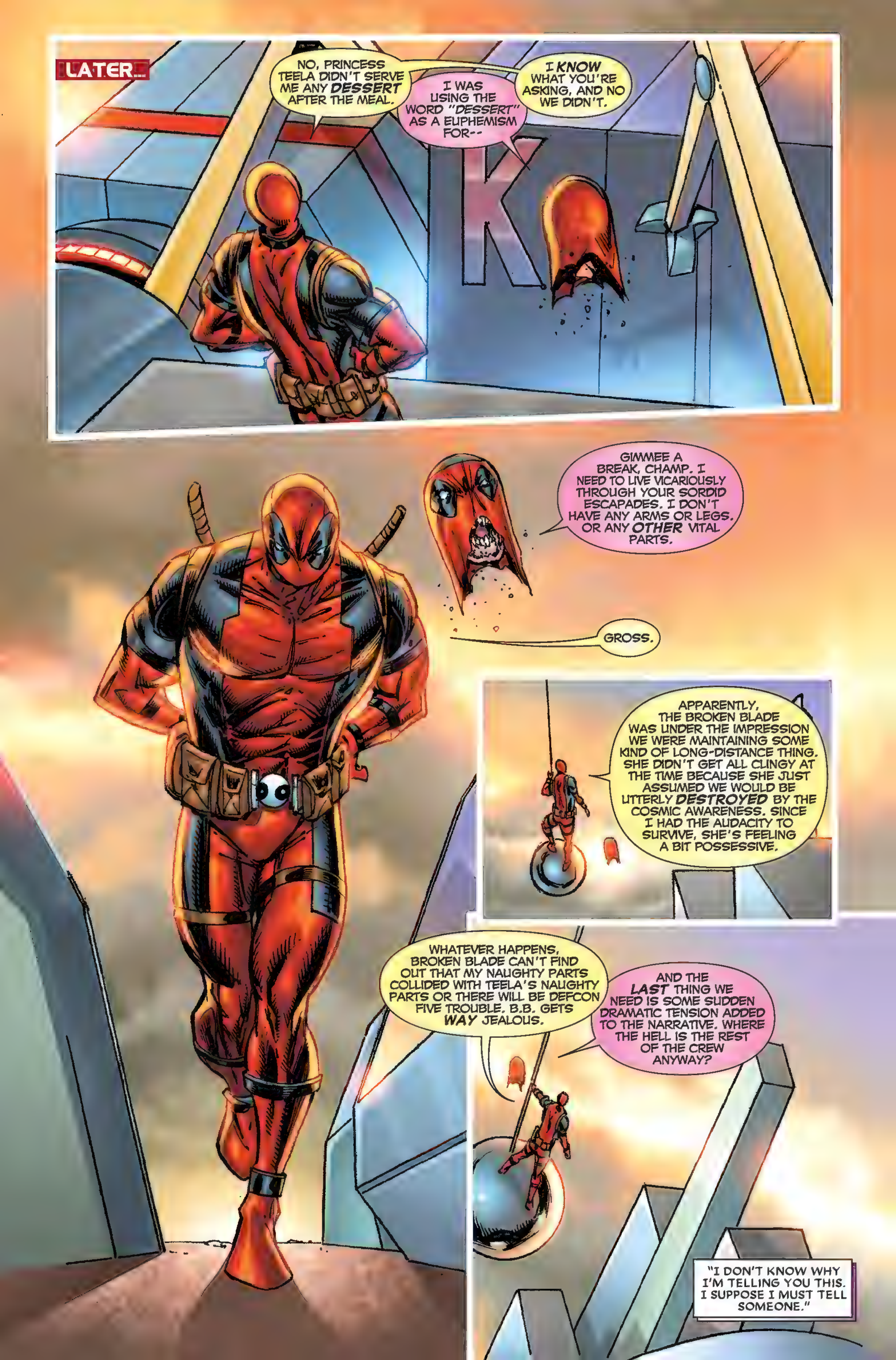

OKAY, BOYS, TIME TO TRY OUT THOSE NEW PEASHOOTERS.
SHRED THE BASTARDS!
TUNK
TUNK
TINK
PLONK
TUNK!
FOR SAVING A MERC'S ASS JUST IN THE NICK OF TIME, I USUALLY CHARGE ONE CANDLELIGHT DINNER.
WHAT? I COULD HAVE HANDLED THAT BIG TOASTER NO PROBLEM.
OF COURSE. HOW RUDE OF ME TO INTERRUPT JUST WHEN YOU WERE ABOUT TO GET THE UPPER HAND.

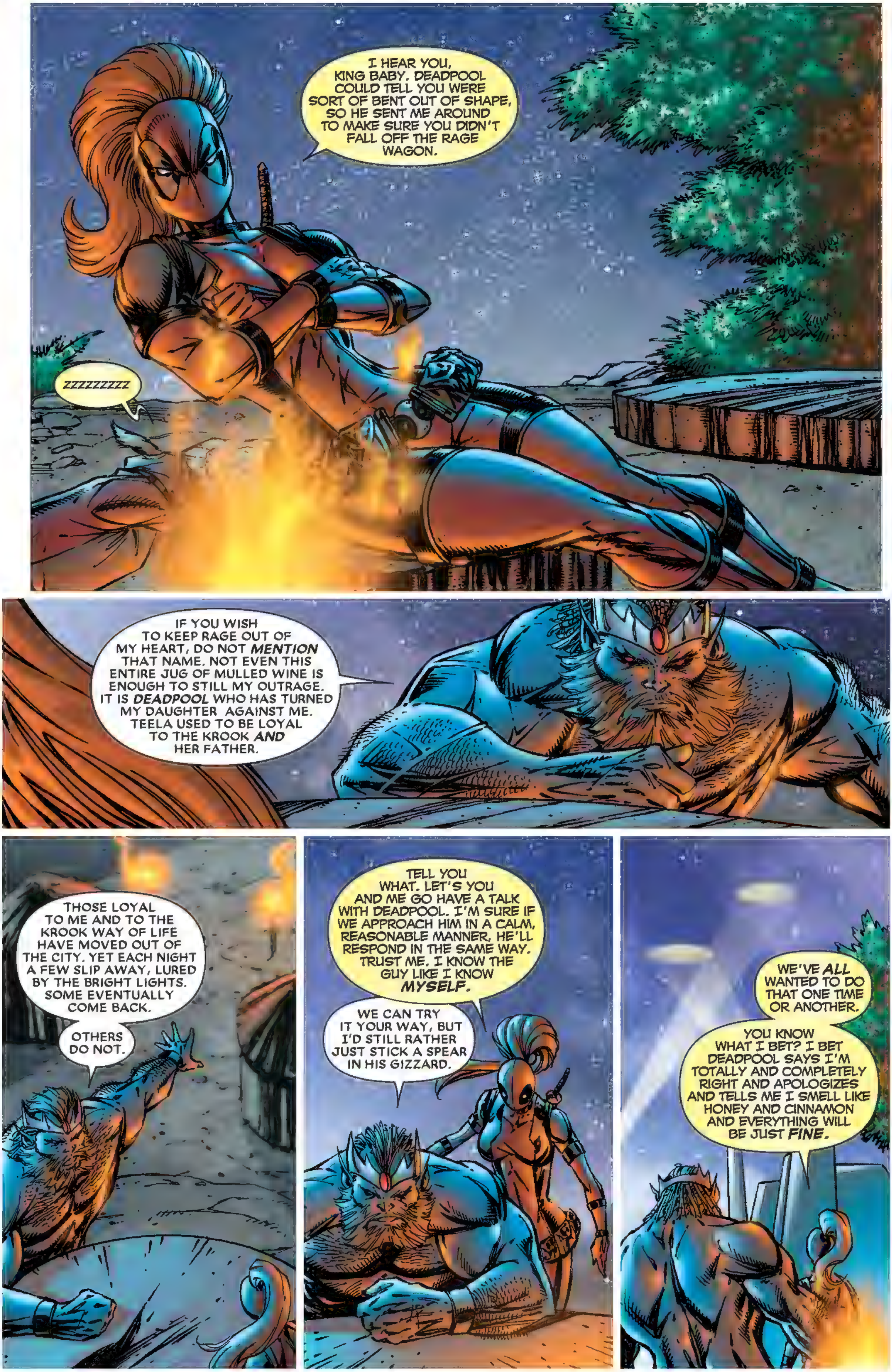

SEEMS LIKE YOU'VE WHIPPED THE TROOPS INTO SHAPE.
THEY'RE A LONG WAY FROM BEING AN ARMY. YOU DIDN'T TELL ME I'D BE TRAINING THEM. I SHOULD PROBABLY CHARGE EXTRA FOR THAT. I'M A WEAPONS SMUGGLER, NOT A DRILL SERGEANT.
AT LEAST I GOT THEM TO HOLD THE GUNS BY THE RIGHT END.
BUT BELIEVE IT OR NOT, I DON'T WANT TO TALK ABOUT WEAPONS AND TROOPS. I BELIEVE I WAS MAKING SOME DEMANDS ABOUT DINNER TONIGHT.
UH... ACTUALLY I NEED TO HAVE DINNER WITH PRINCESS TEELA TONIGHT.
OH, COME ON! IT'S *TOTALLY* BUSINESS. WE'RE REBUILDING A WORLD FROM THE GROUND UP HERE.
OH, FINE. I GUESS I'D JUST FEEL BETTER IF TEELA WASN'T SO...
HOT?
YOU DON'T REALLY KNOW WHEN TO SHUT UP, DO YOU?
I'D LIKE TO GO HOME NOW.

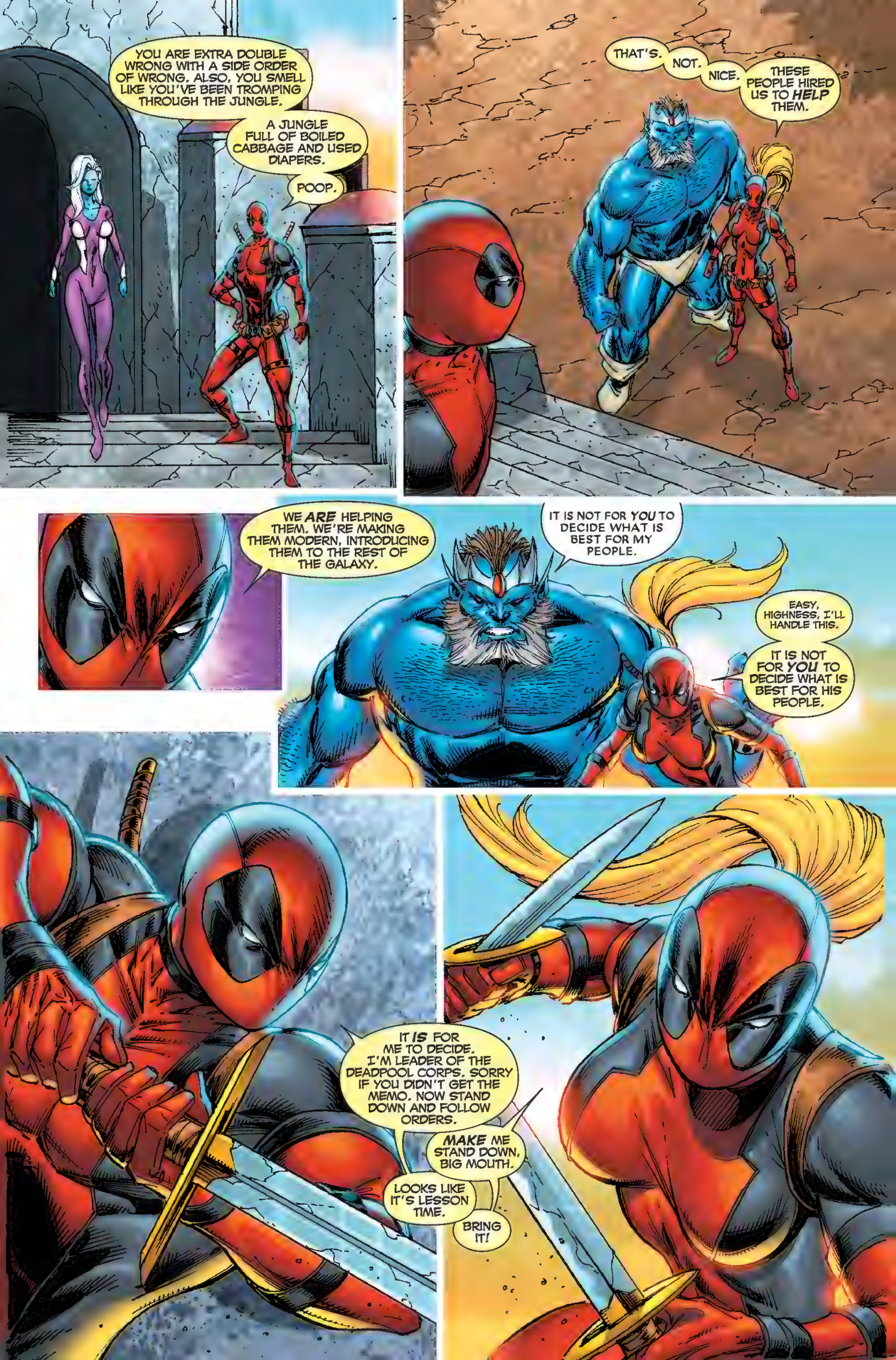

LATER THAT EVENING...
THIS *IS* A BUSINESS DINNER, ISN'T IT?
I AM THE PRINCESS OF THE KROOK PEOPLE. ANYTHING I DO IS KROOK BUSINESS BY DEFINITION.
I PROPOSE THE FOLLOWING: WE EAT A *THICK*, RARE STEAK. EAT A *VERY* CHOCOLATY DESSERT, FINISH THIS OBSCENELY EXPENSIVE CHAMPAGNE...
AND THEN *YOU* MEET *ME* IN MY PRIVATE QUARTERS.
YES PLEASE.
I MEAN *NO!* NO NO NO NO NO.
PRINCESS, OUR LITTLE...UH... *ENCOUNTER* WAS GREAT. BUT I'M TRYING TO KEEP A GOOD THING GOING WITH THE BROKEN BLADE.
AH, YES. YOUR LITTLE WEAPONS SMUGGLER. I'LL ADMIT SHE DOES HAVE AN INTERESTING EDGE WHICH I'M SURE PROVIDES NO END OF AMUSEMENT.
BUT YOU NEED TO *RELAX*, DEADPOOL. I LAY NO CLAIM ON YOU. I WOULD SIMPLY LIKE TO STEAL A FEW MOMENTS OF YOUR TIME.
LOOK, I KNOW YOU'RE IN THE MIDDLE OF GETTING YOUR GROOVE BACK OR WHATEVER, BUT--
THIS IS OUTRAGEOUS!

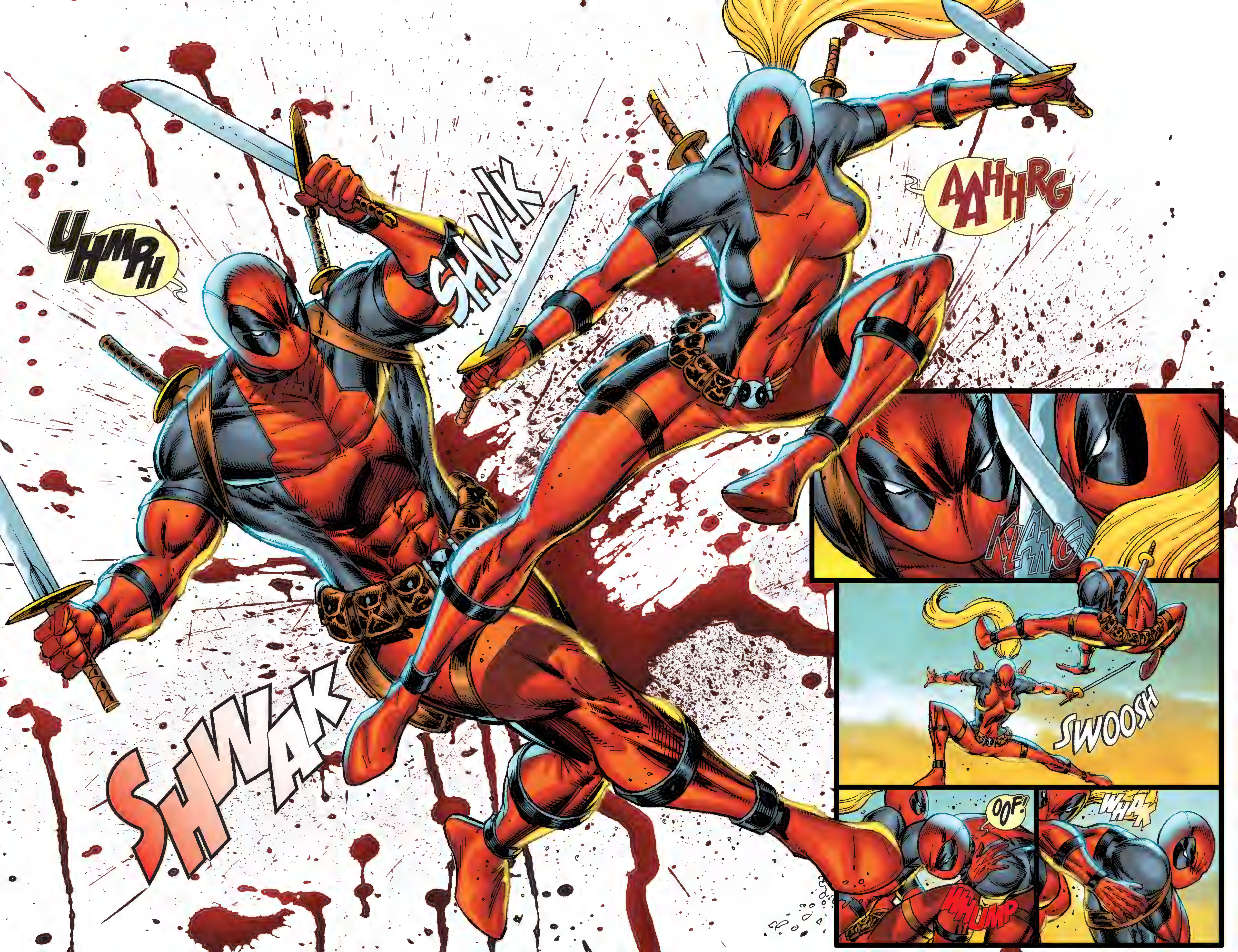

HOW *DARE* YOU!
YOUR MAJESTY, I'M TERRIBLY, TERRIBILY SORRY, BUT WE HAVE A VERY STRICT DRESS CODE. I WOULD BE MOST PLEASED TO HOLD OUR BEST TABLE FOR YOU WHILE YOU CHANGE, BUT I CAN'T LET YOU IN UNLESS--
I AM THE KING!
NO PLACE ON THE HOMEWORLD IS DENIED TO ME!
LOOK AT YOU!
EVERY MAN AND WOMAN OF THE KROOK IS A *WARRIOR*. WE SHARE IN THE MENIAL TASKS AS A COMMUNITY. YOU'VE TURNED YOURSELVES INTO COSTUMED *SLAVES*.
HEY! SOME OF THOSE GUYS ARE ACTORS. THIS IS JUST THEIR DAY JOB.
STOP IT, FATHER! YOU'RE EMBARRASSING ME.

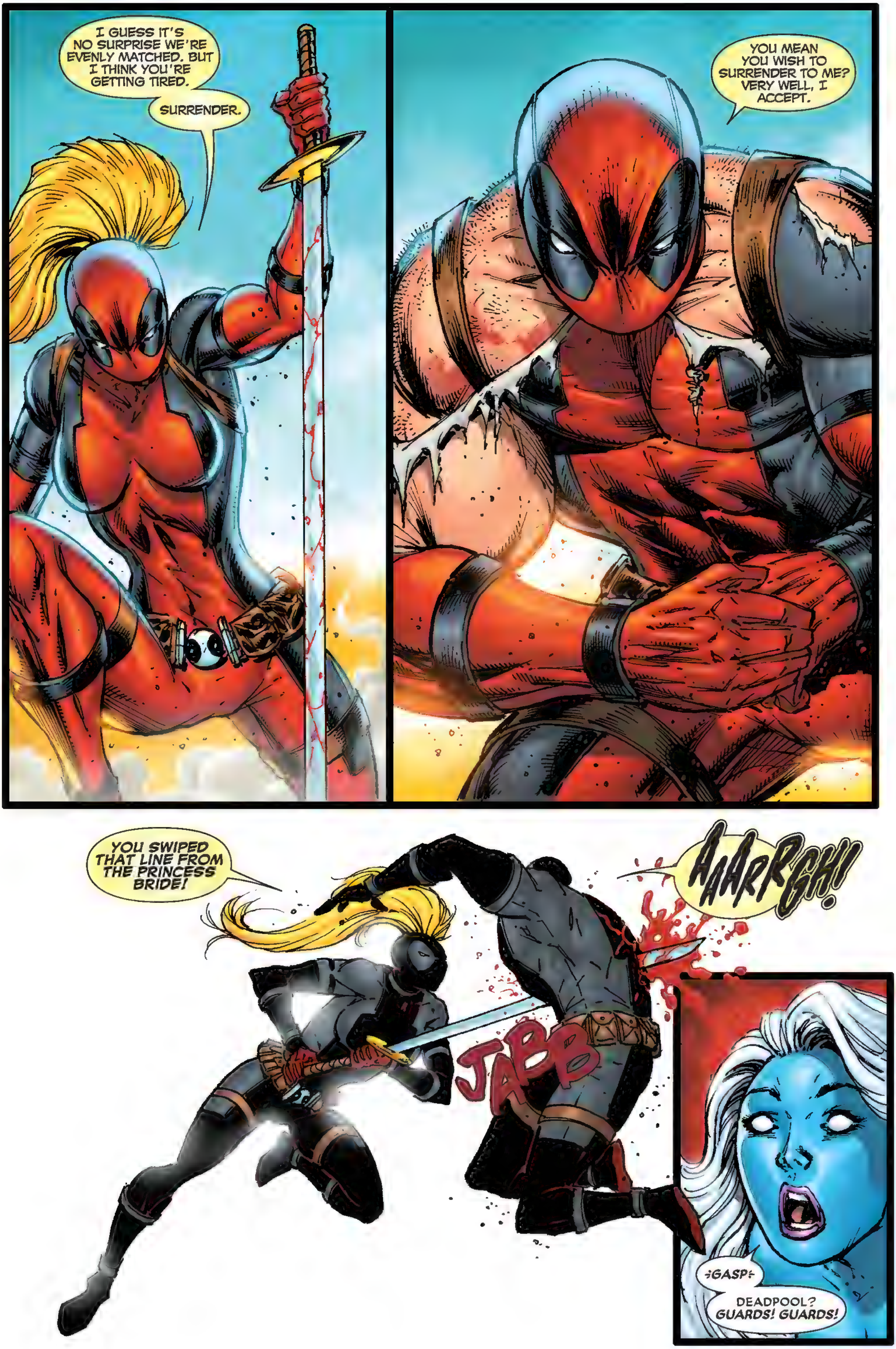

I'M...I'M... *EMBARRASSING* YOU?
WE'VE COME SO FAR, FATHER. ADVANCED SO MUCH. SOON WE'LL BE ABLE TO TAKE OUR RIGHTFUL PLACE AMONG THE CIVILIZED WORLDS. BUT YOU *NEVER* GIVE ME ANY CREDIT FOR ALL I'VE ACCOMPLISHED.
I WILL TAKE MY LEAVE OF YOU NOW, DAUGHTER. BEFORE I *EMBARRASS* YOU FURTHER.

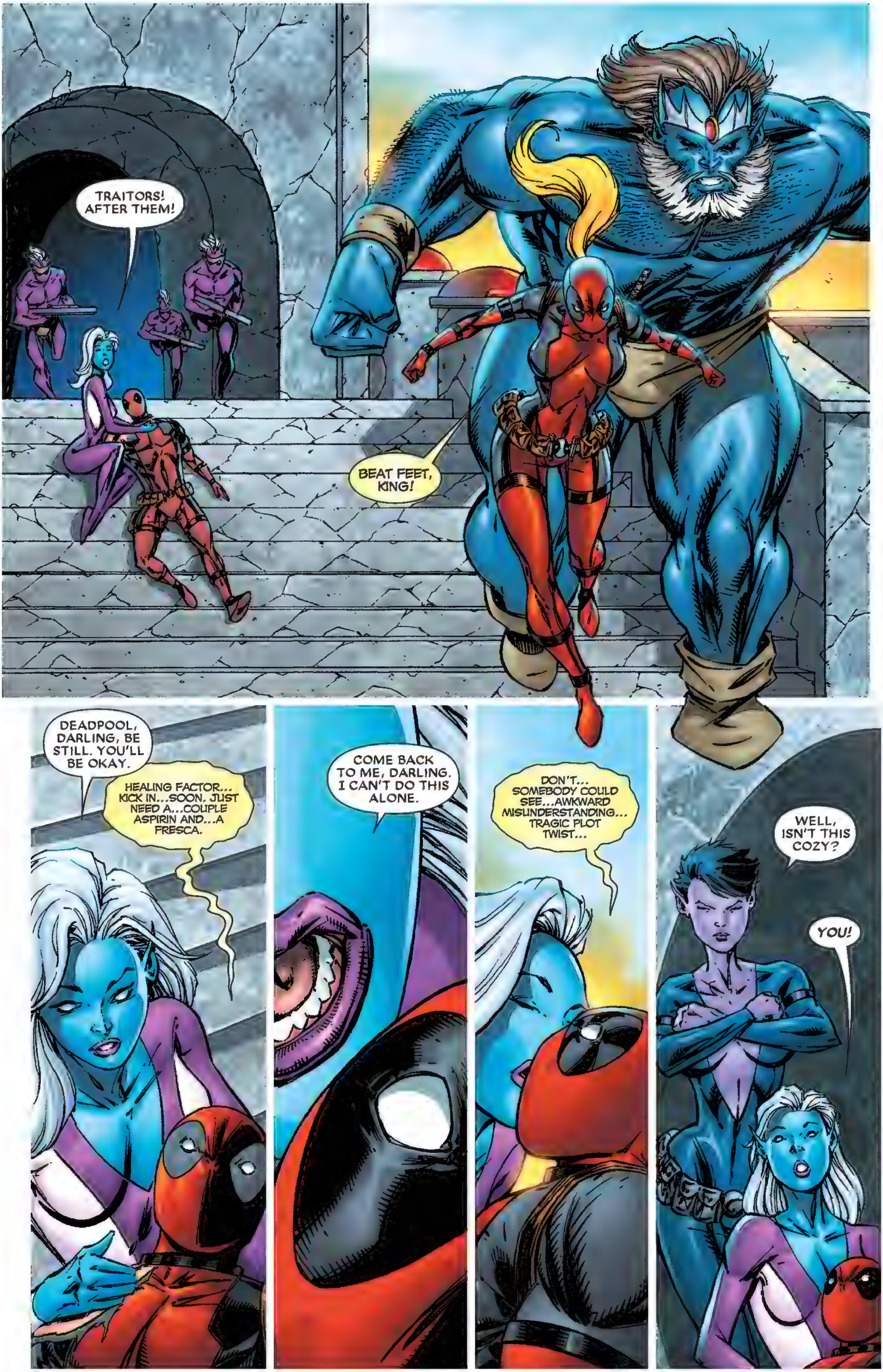

LATER...
NO, PRINCESS TEELA DIDN'T SERVE ME ANY DESSERT AFTER THE MEAL.
I WAS USING THE WORD "DESSERT" AS A EUPHEMISM FOR--
I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE ASKING, AND NO WE DIDN'T.
GIMMEE A BREAK, CHAMP. I NEED TO LIVE VICARIOUSLY THROUGH YOUR SORDID ESCAPADES. I DON'T HAVE ANY ARMS OR LEGS. OR ANY OTHER VITAL PARTS.
GROSS.
APPARENTLY, THE BROKEN BLADE WAS UNDER THE IMPRESSION WE WERE MAINTAINING SOME KIND OF LONG-DISTANCE THING. SHE DIDN'T GET ALL CLINGY AT THE TIME BECAUSE SHE JUST ASSUMED WE WOULD BE UTTERLY DESTROYED BY THE COSMIC AWARENESS. SINCE I HAD THE AUDACITY TO SURVIVE, SHE'S FEELING A BIT POSSESSIVE.
WHATEVER HAPPENS, BROKEN BLADE CAN'T FIND OUT THAT MY NAUGHTY PARTS COLLIDED WITH TEELA'S NAUGHTY PARTS OR THERE WILL BE DEFCON FIVE TROUBLE. B.B. GETS WAY JEALOUS.
AND THE LAST THING WE NEED IS SOME SUDDEN DRAMATIC TENSION ADDED TO THE NARRATIVE. WHERE THE HELL IS THE REST OF THE CREW ANYWAY?
"I DON'T KNOW WHY I'M TELLING YOU THIS. I SUPPOSE I MUST TELL SOMEONE."

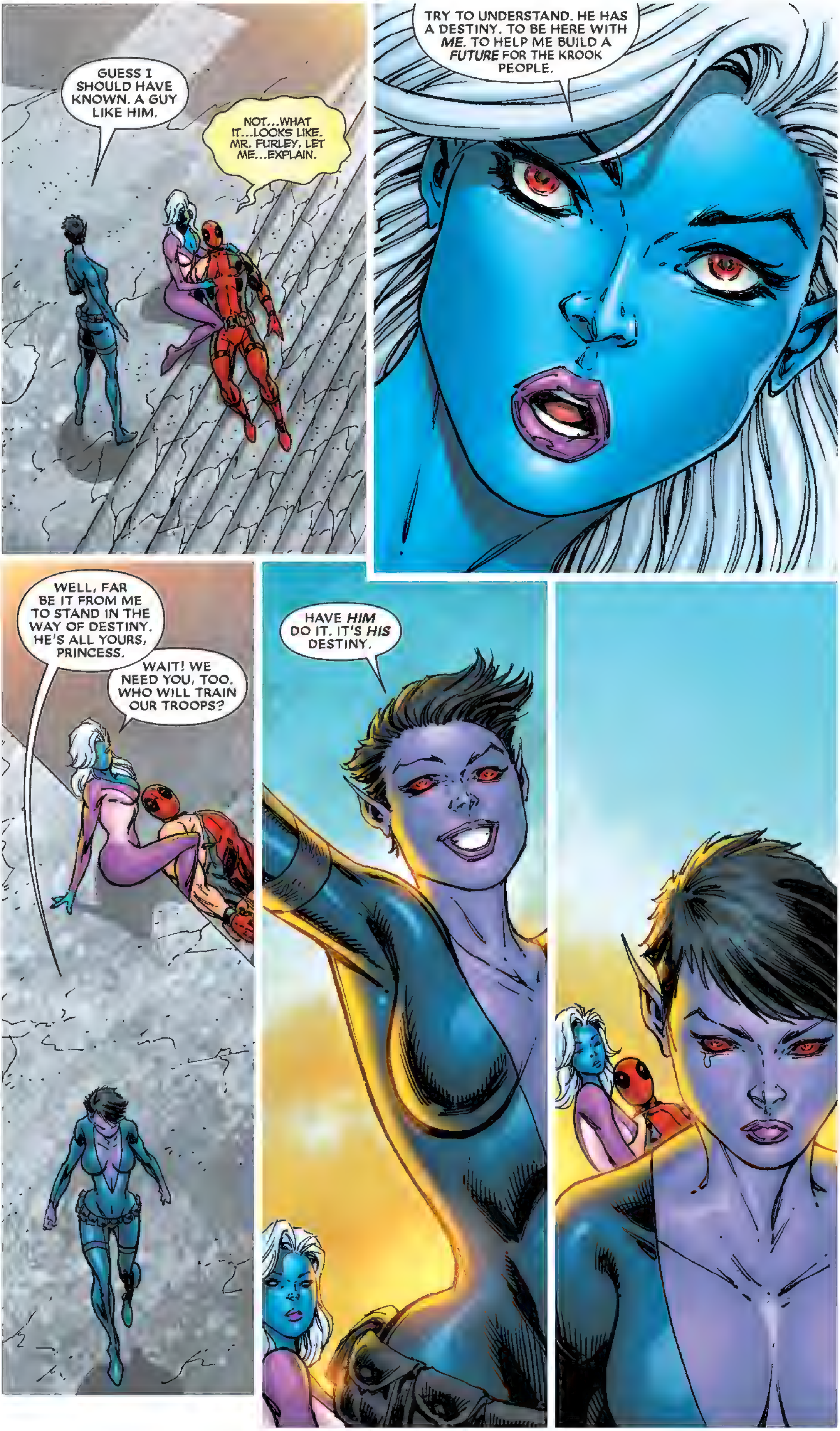

I HEAR YOU, KING BABY. DEADPOOL COULD TELL YOU WERE SORT OF BENT OUT OF SHAPE, SO HE SENT ME AROUND TO MAKE SURE YOU DIDN'T FALL OFF THE RAGE WAGON.
ZZZZZZZZZ
IF YOU WISH TO KEEP RAGE OUT OF MY HEART, DO NOT *MENTION* THAT NAME. NOT EVEN THIS ENTIRE JUG OF MULLED WINE IS ENOUGH TO STILL MY OUTRAGE. IT IS ***DEADPOOL*** WHO HAS TURNED MY DAUGHTER AGAINST ME. TEELA USED TO BE LOYAL TO THE KROOK *AND* HER FATHER.
THOSE LOYAL TO ME AND TO THE KROOK WAY OF LIFE HAVE MOVED OUT OF THE CITY. YET EACH NIGHT A FEW SLIP AWAY, LURED BY THE BRIGHT LIGHTS. SOME EVENTUALLY COME BACK.
OTHERS DO NOT.
TELL YOU WHAT. LET'S YOU AND ME GO HAVE A TALK WITH DEADPOOL. I'M SURE IF WE APPROACH HIM IN A CALM, REASONABLE MANNER, HE'LL RESPOND IN THE SAME WAY. TRUST ME. I KNOW THE GUY LIKE I KNOW ***MYSELF.***
WE CAN TRY IT YOUR WAY, BUT I'D STILL RATHER JUST STICK A SPEAR IN HIS GIZZARD.
WE'VE *ALL* WANTED TO DO THAT ONE TIME OR ANOTHER.
YOU KNOW WHAT I BET? I BET DEADPOOL SAYS I'M TOTALLY AND COMPLETELY RIGHT AND APOLOGIZES AND TELLS ME I SMELL LIKE HONEY AND CINNAMON AND EVERYTHING WILL BE JUST *FINE.*

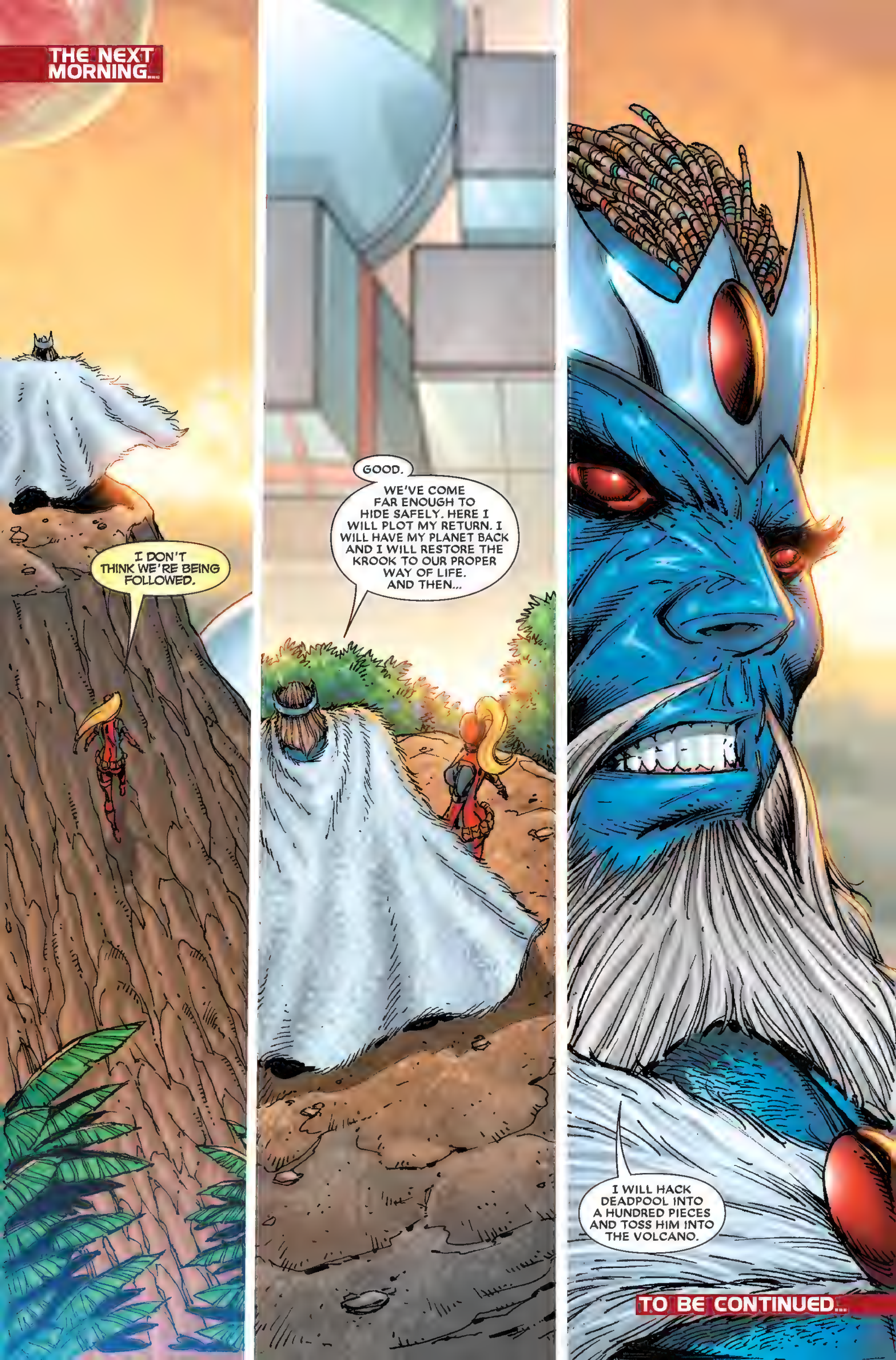

YOU ARE EXTRA DOUBLE WRONG WITH A SIDE ORDER OF WRONG. ALSO, YOU SMELL LIKE YOU'VE BEEN TROMPING THROUGH THE JUNGLE.
A JUNGLE FULL OF BOILED CABBAGE AND USED DIAPERS.
POOP.
THAT'S.
NOT.
NICE.
THESE PEOPLE HIRED US TO HELP THEM.
WE ARE HELPING THEM. WE'RE MAKING THEM MODERN, INTRODUCING THEM TO THE REST OF THE GALAXY.
IT IS NOT FOR YOU TO DECIDE WHAT IS BEST FOR MY PEOPLE.
EASY, HIGHNESS, I'LL HANDLE THIS.
IT IS NOT FOR YOU TO DECIDE WHAT IS BEST FOR HIS PEOPLE.
IT IS FOR ME TO DECIDE. I'M LEADER OF THE DEADPOOL CORPS. SORRY IF YOU DIDN'T GET THE MEMO. NOW STAND DOWN AND FOLLOW ORDERS.
MAKE ME STAND DOWN, BIG MOUTH.
LOOKS LIKE IT'S LESSON TIME.
BRING IT!


UHMPH
SHWIK
AAHHRG
SHWAK
KLANG
SWOOSH
OOF!
WHUMP
WHAK


I GUESS IT'S NO SURPRISE WE'RE EVENLY MATCHED. BUT I THINK YOU'RE GETTING TIRED.
SURRENDER.
YOU MEAN YOU WISH TO SURRENDER TO ME? VERY WELL, I ACCEPT.
YOU SWIPED THAT LINE FROM THE PRINCESS BRIDE!
AAARRGH!
JABB
GASP
DEADPOOL? GUARDS! GUARDS!


TRAITORS! AFTER THEM!
BEAT FEET, KING!
DEADPOOL, DARLING, BE STILL. YOU'LL BE OKAY.
HEALING FACTOR... KICK IN...SOON. JUST NEED A...COUPLE ASPIRIN AND...A FRESCA.
COME BACK TO ME, DARLING. I CAN'T DO THIS ALONE.
DON'T... SOMEBODY COULD SEE...AWKWARD MISUNDERSTANDING... TRAGIC PLOT TWIST...
WELL, ISN'T THIS COZY?
YOU!


GUESS I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN. A GUY LIKE HIM.
NOT...WHAT IT...LOOKS LIKE. MR. FURLEY, LET ME...EXPLAIN.
TRY TO UNDERSTAND. HE HAS A DESTINY. TO BE HERE WITH *ME*. TO HELP ME BUILD A *FUTURE* FOR THE KROOK PEOPLE.
WELL, FAR BE IT FROM ME TO STAND IN THE WAY OF DESTINY. HE'S ALL YOURS, PRINCESS.
WAIT! WE NEED YOU, TOO. WHO WILL TRAIN OUR TROOPS?
HAVE *HIM* DO IT. IT'S *HIS* DESTINY.


THE NEXT MORNING...
I DON'T THINK WE'RE BEING FOLLOWED.
GOOD.
WE'VE COME FAR ENOUGH TO HIDE SAFELY. HERE I WILL PLOT MY RETURN. I WILL HAVE MY PLANET BACK AND I WILL RESTORE THE KROOK TO OUR PROPER WAY OF LIFE. AND THEN...
I WILL HACK DEADPOOL INTO A HUNDRED PIECES AND TOSS HIM INTO THE VOLCANO.
TO BE CONTINUED...

COMING NEXT: DEADPOOL CORPS #10

MARVEL

10

GISCHLER
MYCHAELS
HAMSCHER
YACKEY

DEADPOOL® CORPS

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When the Elders of the Universe sensed the coming of a threat of galactic proportions, they asked Deadpool, the Merc with a Mouth, to assemble a team fearless (and stupid) enough to stand against it.

Never one to back down from a mission spelling certain death, Deadpool scoured the Universe and gathered alternate versions of himself: Lady Deadpool, Kidpool, Dogpool, and Headpool.

Together they form the

DEADPOOL CORPS

The Omega Confederation hired the Deadpool Corps to quickly and quietly quell the rebellion of the indigenous Krook of the resource-rich planet Kagan 7. Deadpool immediately switches sides and sparks an intergalactic media frenzy making the warrior-Krook the new darlings of the solar system while simultaneously forcing the Omega Corporation into a PR nightmare and causing a rift between the traditional Krook King and his ambitious daughter, Princess Teela.

Erring on the side of greed, Deadpool begins the modernization of Kagan-7, even calling in an arms smuggler to appease the princess. When that smuggler turns out to be the Broken Blade, Deadpool finds himself trapped in an alien love triangle, culminating when the Blade catches him sucking face with Princess Teela.

While Deadpool is entrenched with the Princess, Lady Deadpool has sided with the Krook King, dividing not just the Krook people but the Deadpool Corps as well. With Deadpool unwilling to compromise, the two sides seems poised on the brink of Civil War with the Krook King out for blood…Pool-blood…

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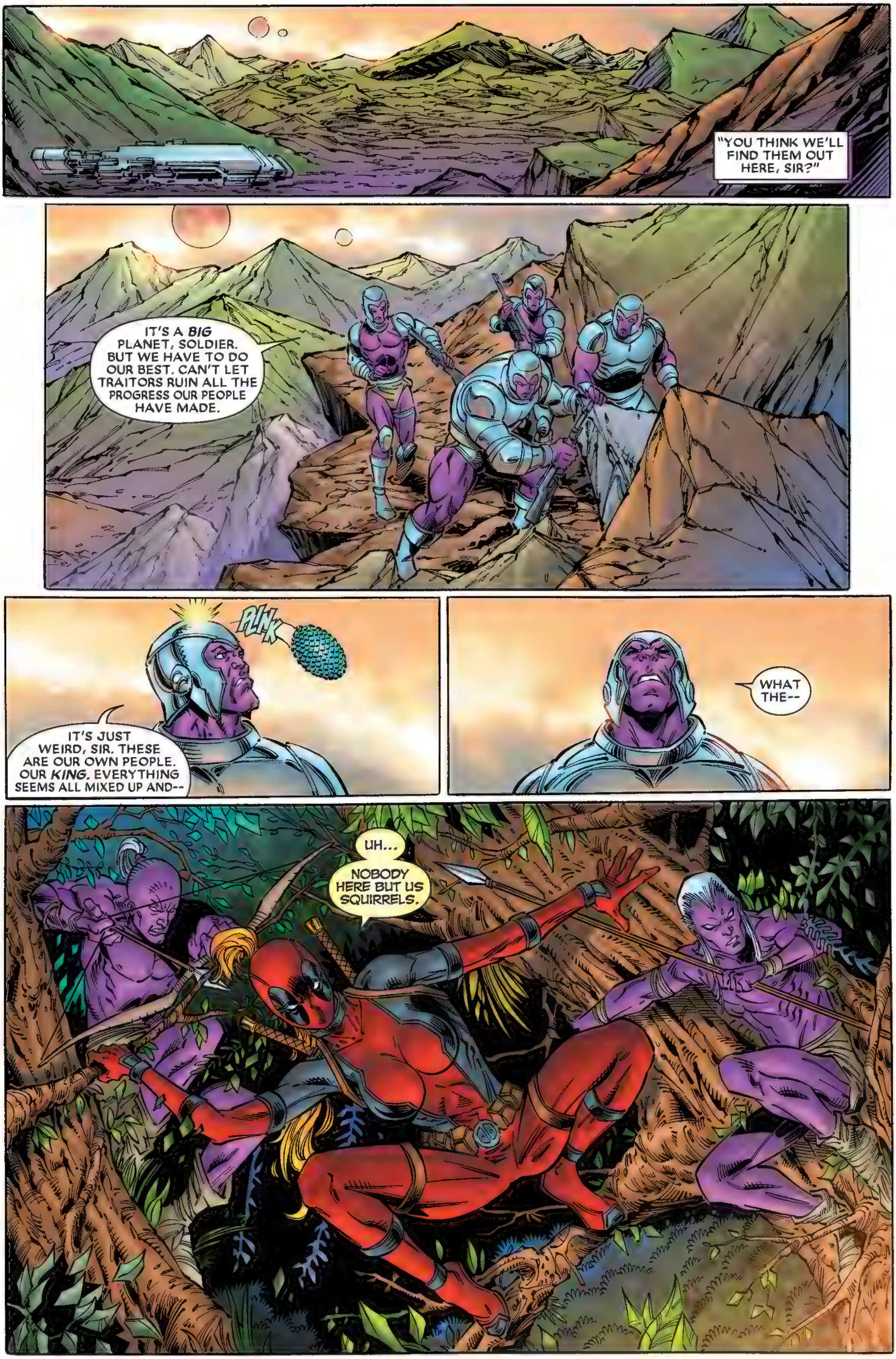
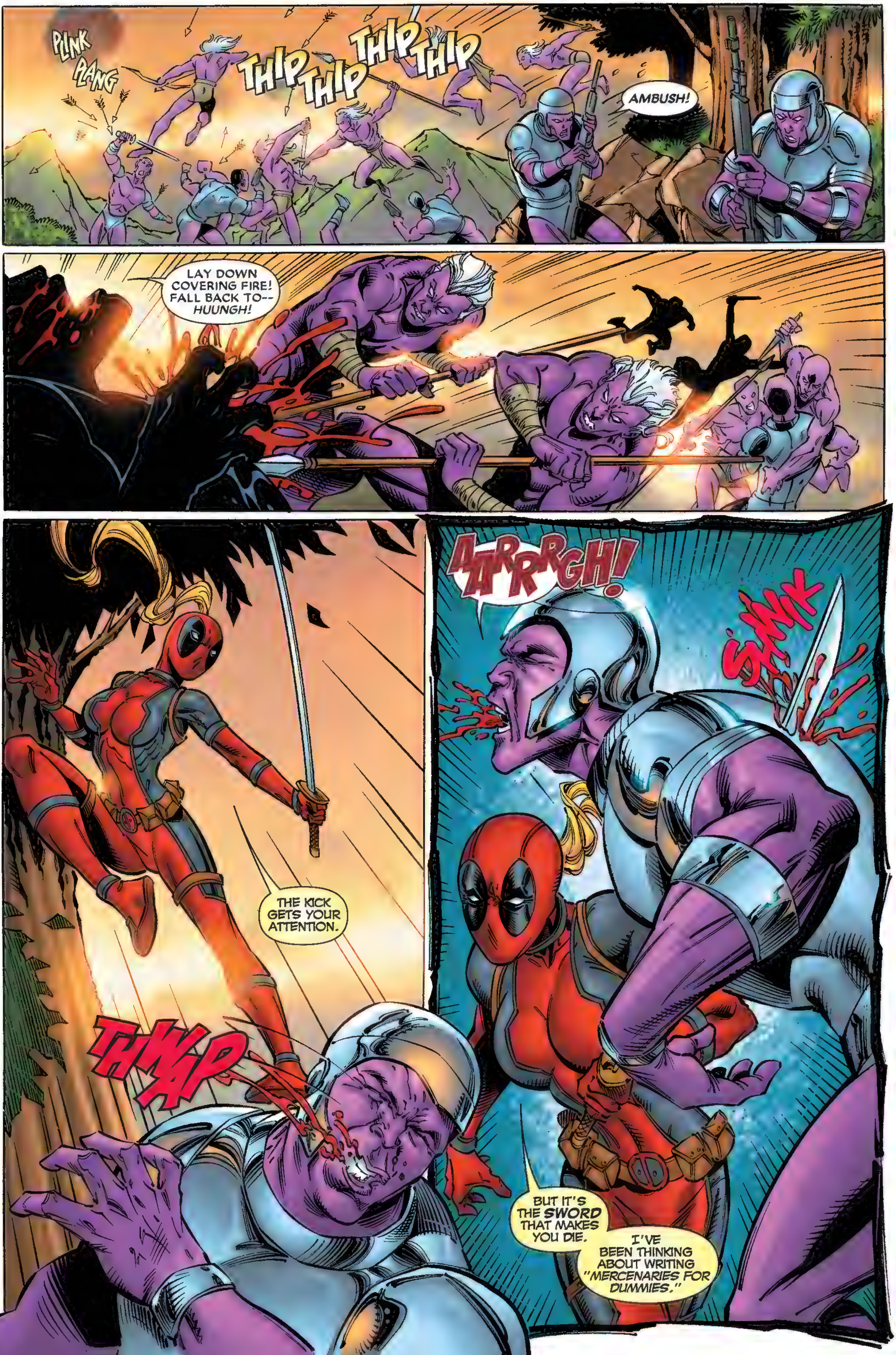
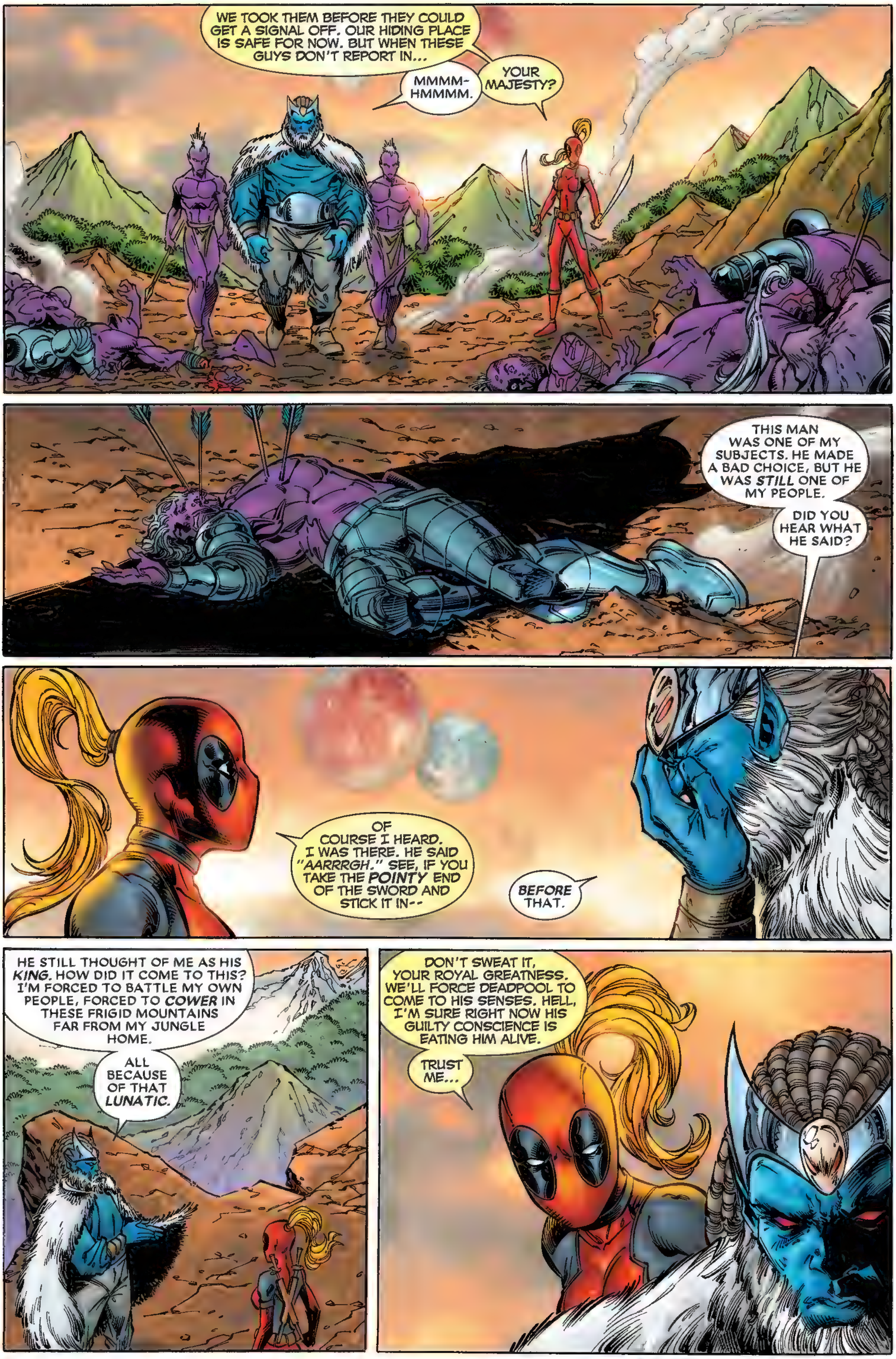
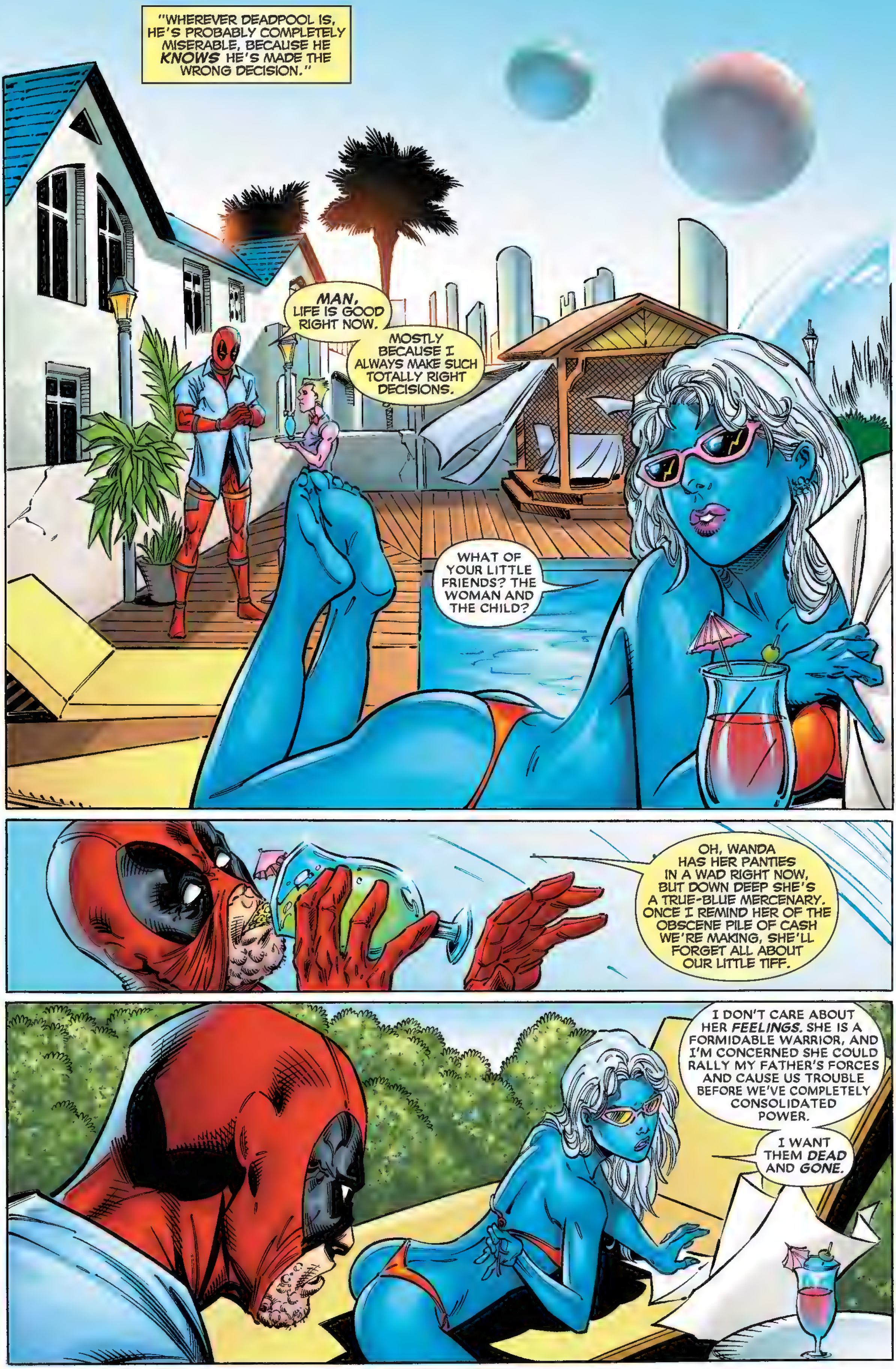
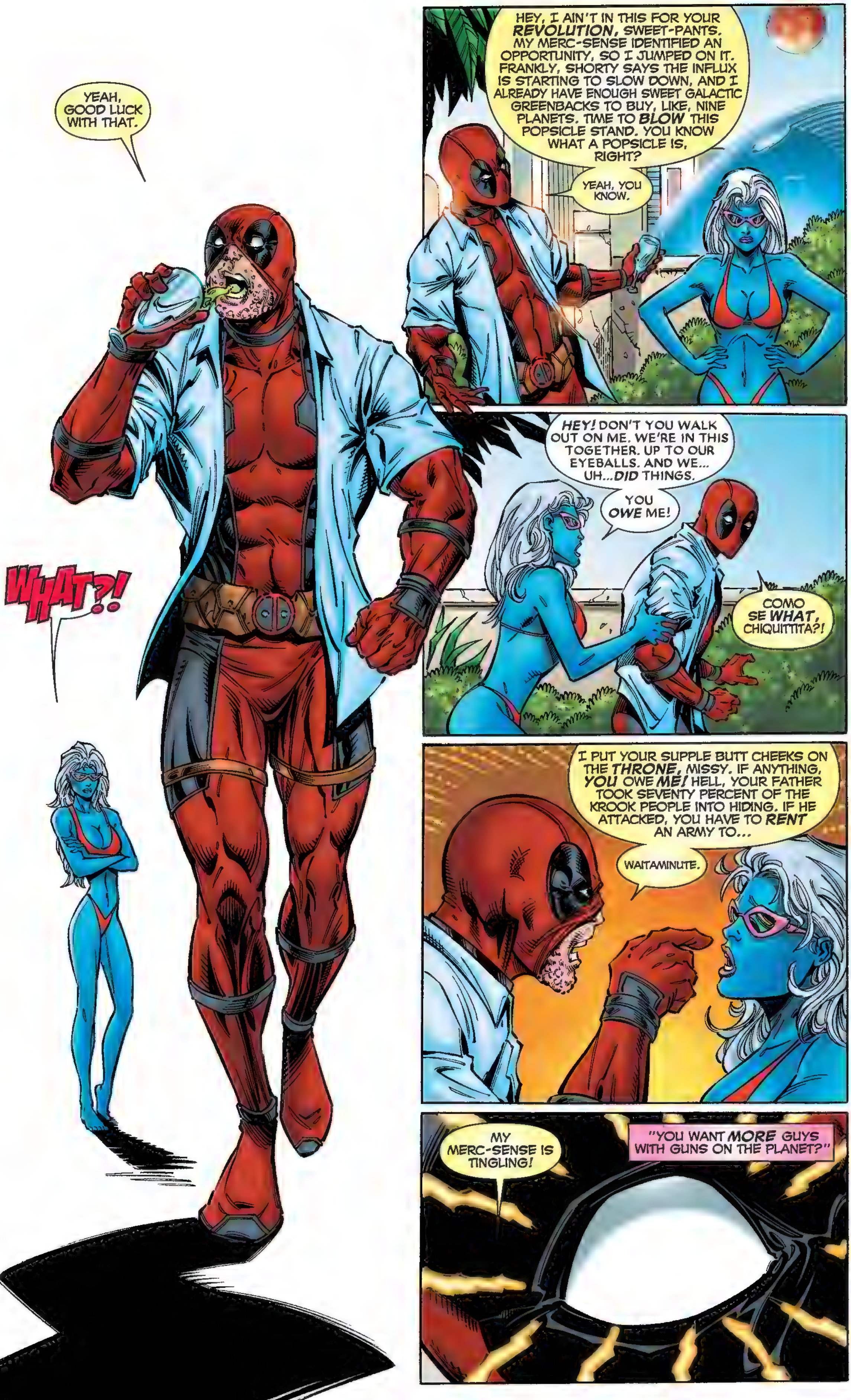
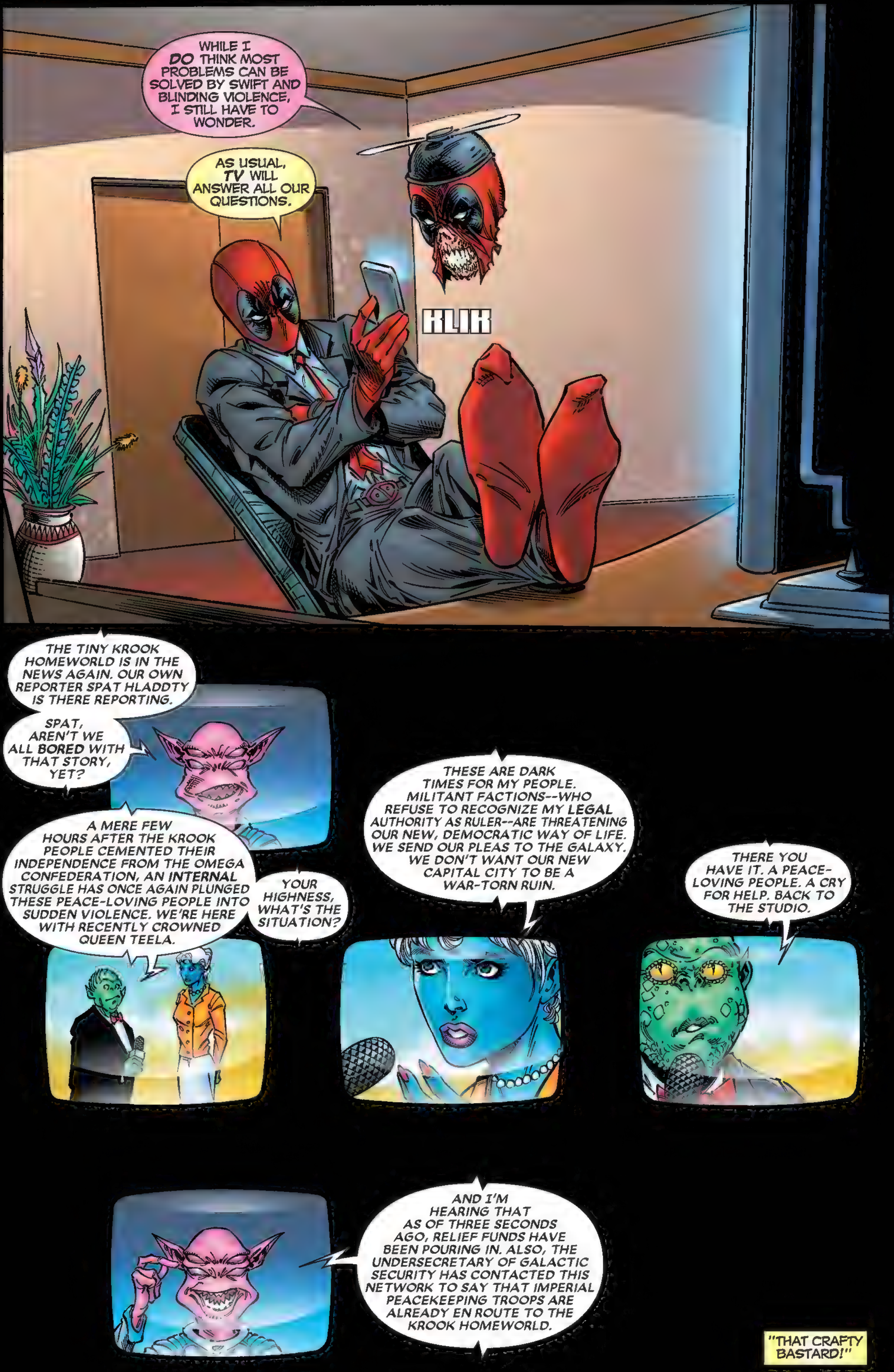

"YOU THINK WE'LL FIND THEM OUT HERE, SIR?"
IT'S A *BIG* PLANET, SOLDIER. BUT WE HAVE TO DO OUR BEST. CAN'T LET TRAITORS RUIN ALL THE PROGRESS OUR PEOPLE HAVE MADE.
PLINK
IT'S JUST WEIRD, SIR. THESE ARE OUR OWN PEOPLE. OUR *KING*. EVERYTHING SEEMS ALL MIXED UP AND--
WHAT THE--
UH...
NOBODY HERE BUT US SQUIRRELS.

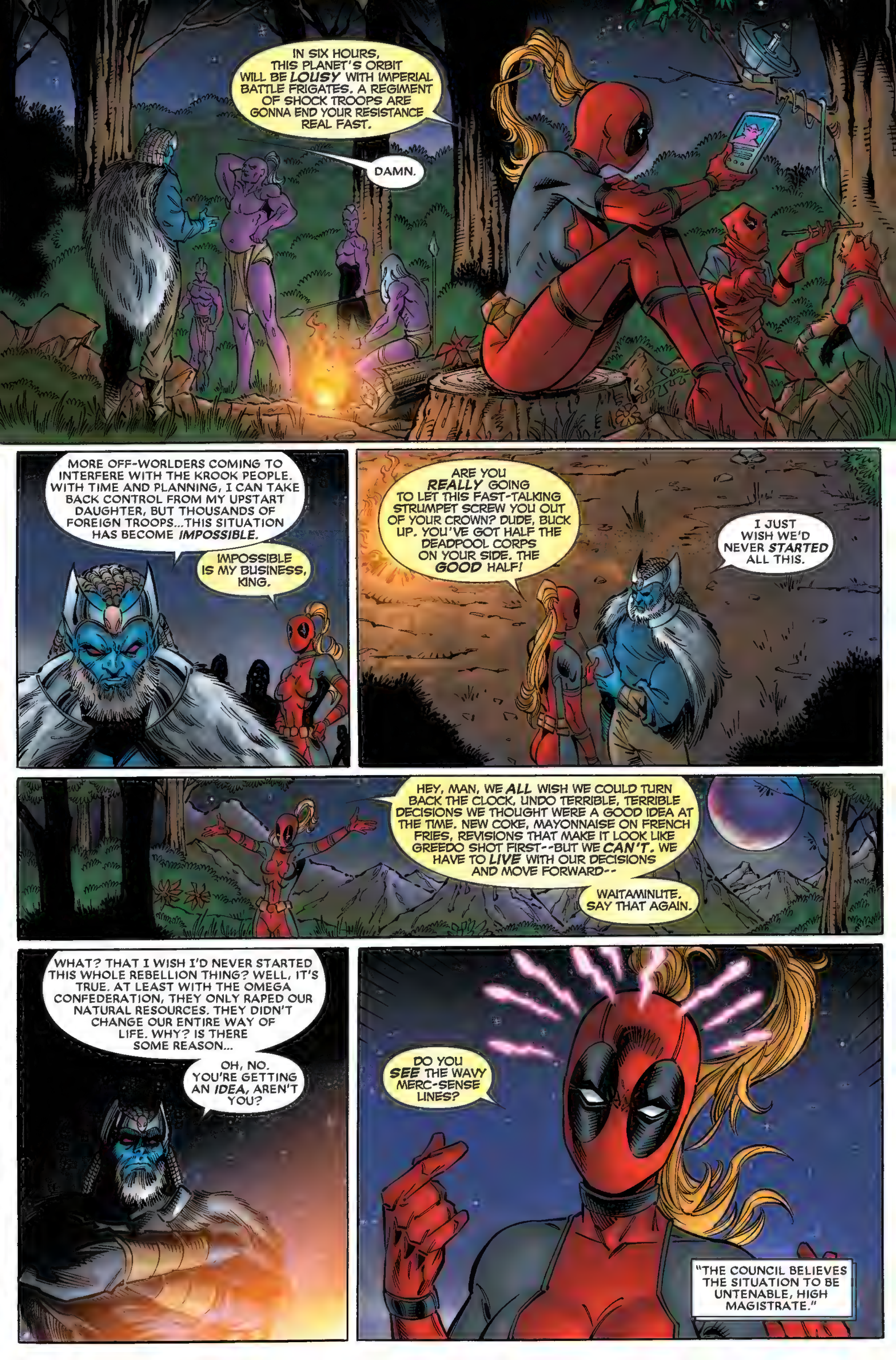

PLINK
PLANG
THIP THIP THIP THIP
AMBUSH!
LAY DOWN COVERING FIRE! FALL BACK TO-- HUUNGH!
THE KICK GETS YOUR ATTENTION.
THWAP
AARRRGH!
SHNIK
BUT IT'S THE *SWORD* THAT MAKES YOU DIE.
I'VE BEEN THINKING ABOUT WRITING "MERCENARIES FOR DUMMIES."

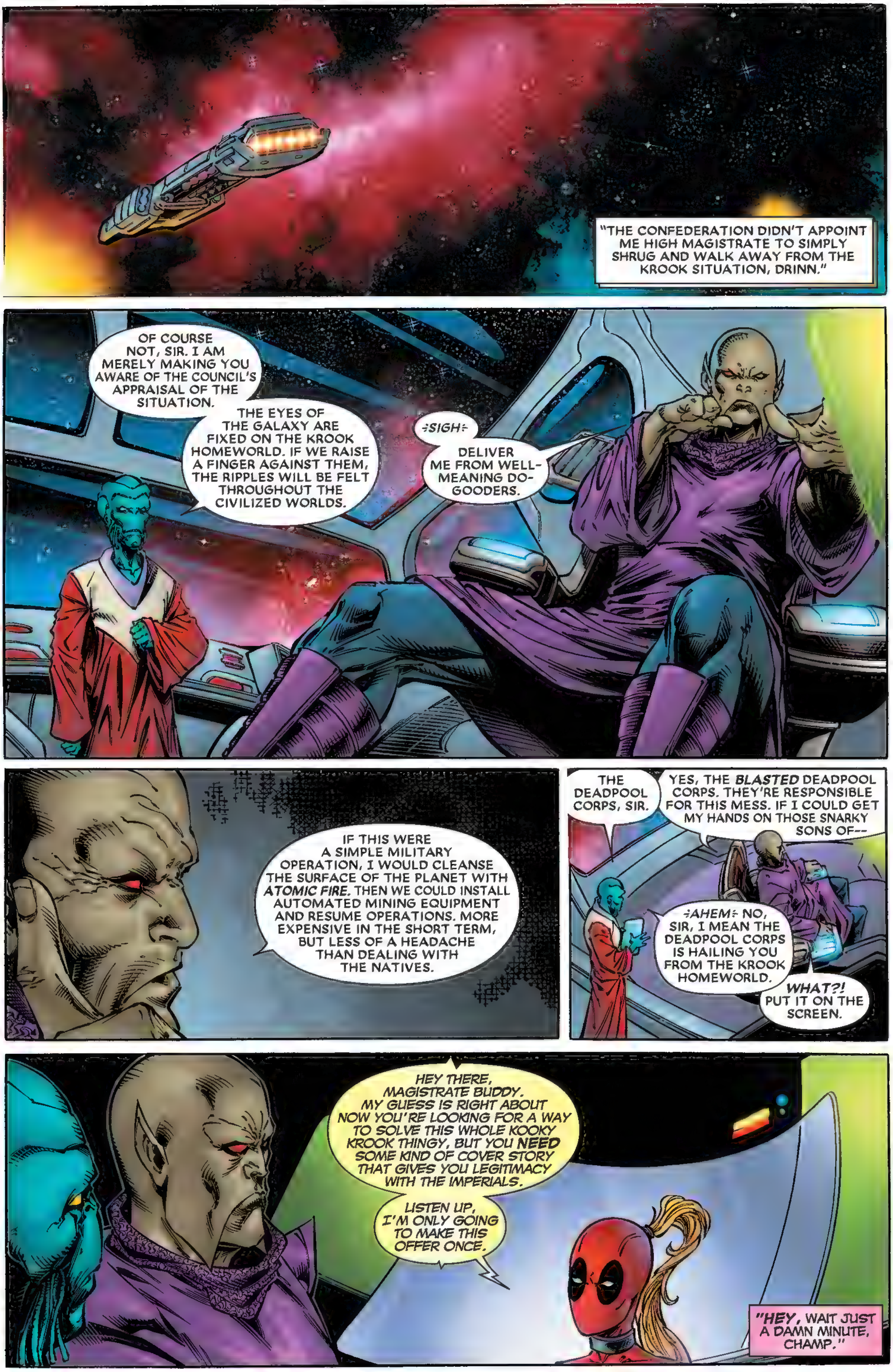

WE TOOK THEM BEFORE THEY COULD GET A SIGNAL OFF. OUR HIDING PLACE IS SAFE FOR NOW. BUT WHEN THESE GUYS DON'T REPORT IN...
MMMM-HMMMM.
YOUR MAJESTY?
THIS MAN WAS ONE OF MY SUBJECTS. HE MADE A BAD CHOICE, BUT HE WAS ***STILL*** ONE OF MY PEOPLE.
DID YOU HEAR WHAT HE SAID?
OF COURSE I HEARD. I WAS THERE. HE SAID *"AARRRGH."* SEE, IF YOU TAKE THE ***POINTY*** END OF THE SWORD AND STICK IT IN--
BEFORE THAT.
HE STILL THOUGHT OF ME AS HIS ***KING***. HOW DID IT COME TO THIS? I'M FORCED TO BATTLE MY OWN PEOPLE, FORCED TO ***COWER*** IN THESE FRIGID MOUNTAINS FAR FROM MY JUNGLE HOME.
ALL BECAUSE OF THAT ***LUNATIC***.
DON'T SWEAT IT, YOUR ROYAL GREATNESS. WE'LL FORCE DEADPOOL TO COME TO HIS SENSES. HELL, I'M SURE RIGHT NOW HIS GUILTY CONSCIENCE IS EATING HIM ALIVE.
TRUST ME...

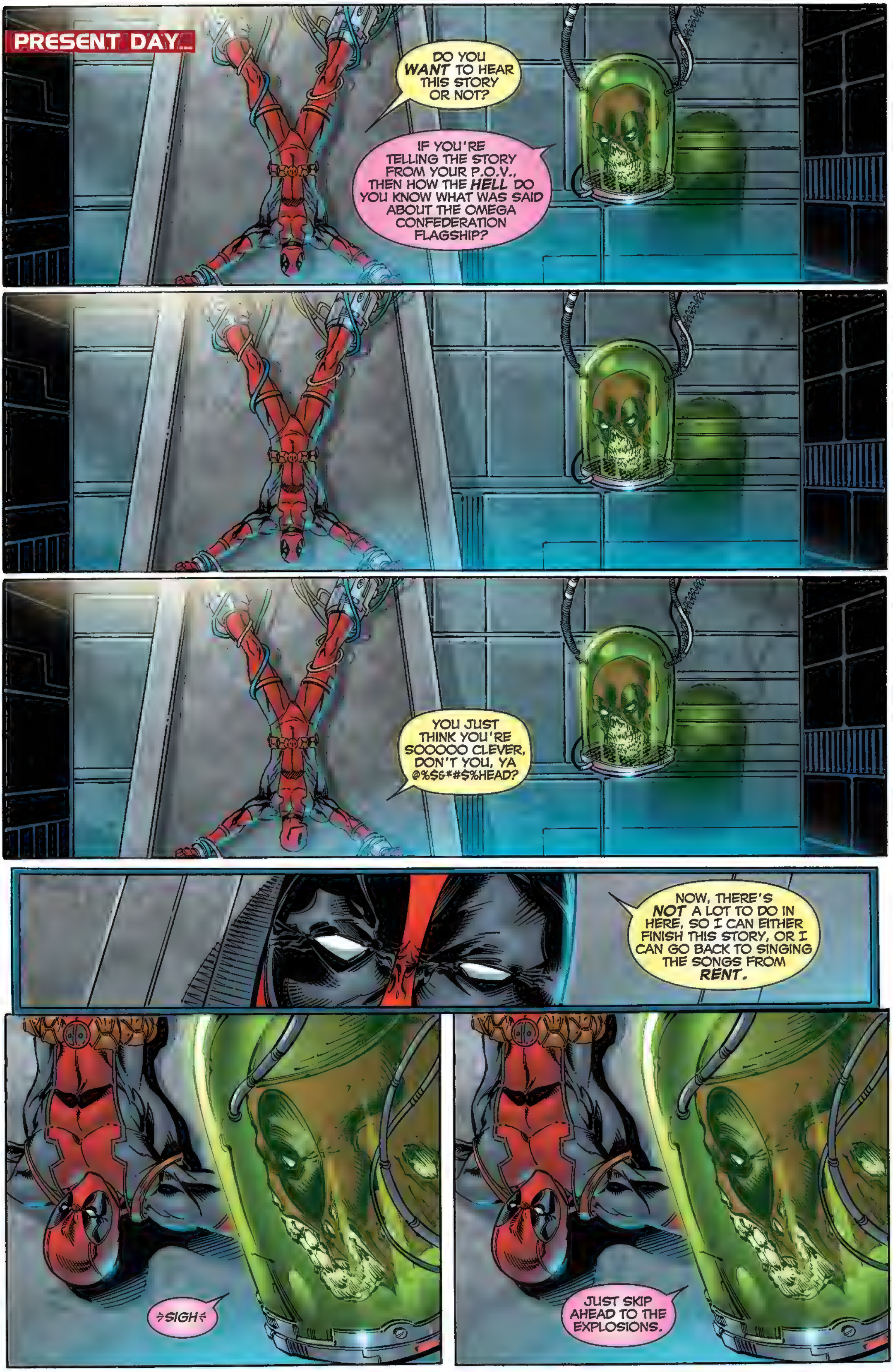

"WHEREVER DEADPOOL IS, HE'S PROBABLY COMPLETELY MISERABLE, BECAUSE HE *KNOWS* HE'S MADE THE WRONG DECISION."
MAN, LIFE IS GOOD RIGHT NOW.
MOSTLY BECAUSE I ALWAYS MAKE SUCH TOTALLY RIGHT DECISIONS.
WHAT OF YOUR LITTLE FRIENDS? THE WOMAN AND THE CHILD?
OH, WANDA HAS HER PANTIES IN A WAD RIGHT NOW, BUT DOWN DEEP SHE'S A TRUE-BLUE MERCENARY. ONCE I REMIND HER OF THE OBSCENE PILE OF CASH WE'RE MAKING, SHE'LL FORGET ALL ABOUT OUR LITTLE TIFF.
I DON'T CARE ABOUT HER *FEELINGS.* SHE IS A FORMIDABLE WARRIOR, AND I'M CONCERNED SHE COULD RALLY MY FATHER'S FORCES AND CAUSE US TROUBLE BEFORE WE'VE COMPLETELY CONSOLIDATED POWER.
I WANT THEM *DEAD* AND *GONE.*

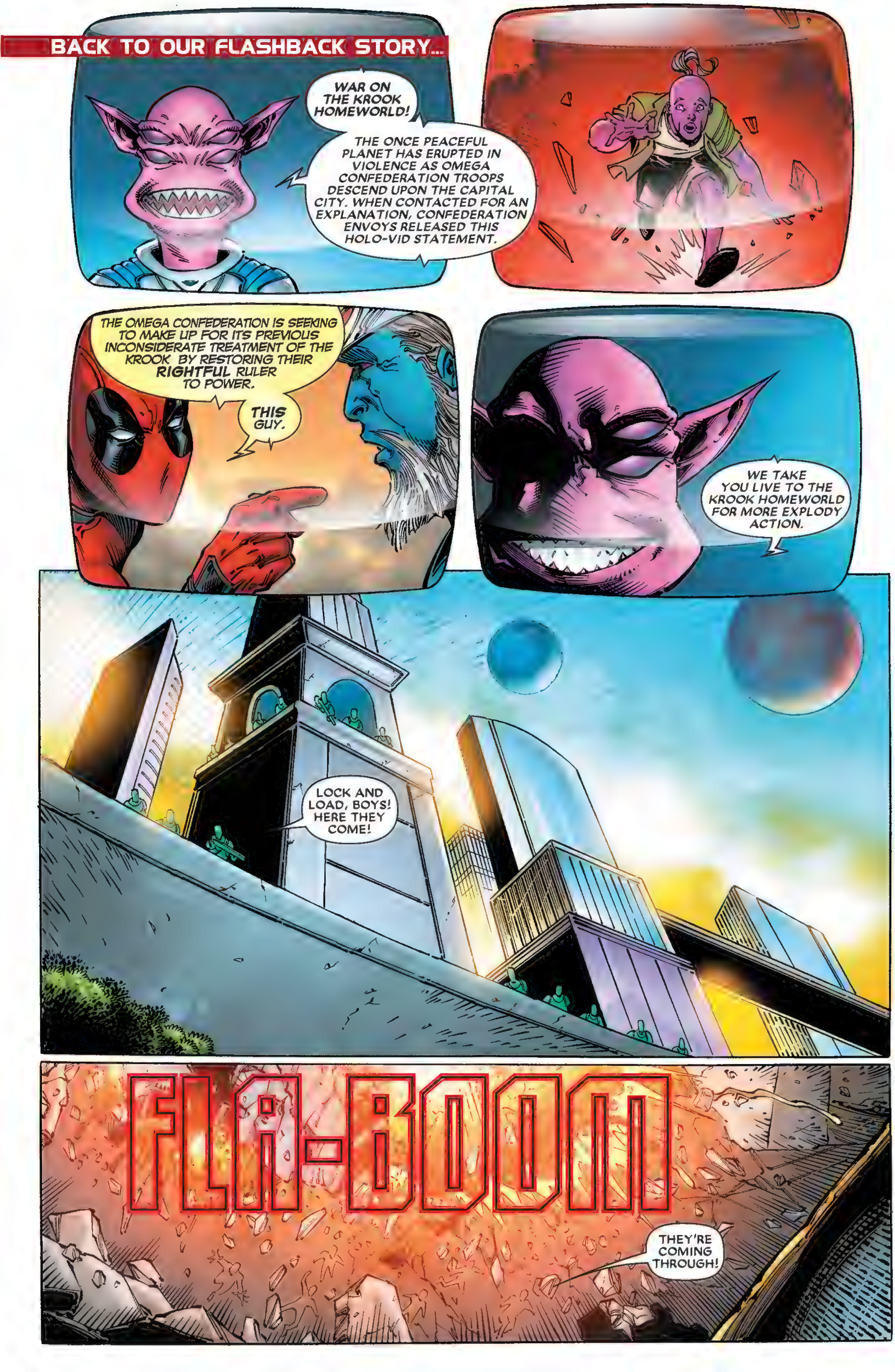

HEY, I AIN'T IN THIS FOR YOUR ***REVOLUTION,*** SWEET-PANTS. MY MERC-SENSE IDENTIFIED AN OPPORTUNITY, SO I JUMPED ON IT. FRANKLY, SHORTY SAYS THE INFLUX IS STARTING TO SLOW DOWN, AND I ALREADY HAVE ENOUGH SWEET GALACTIC GREENBACKS TO BUY, LIKE, NINE PLANETS. TIME TO ***BLOW*** THIS POPSICLE STAND. YOU KNOW WHAT A POPSICLE IS, RIGHT?
YEAH, YOU KNOW.
YEAH, GOOD LUCK WITH THAT.
WHAT?!
HEY! DON'T YOU WALK OUT ON ME. WE'RE IN THIS TOGETHER. UP TO OUR EYEBALLS. AND WE... UH...***DID*** THINGS.
YOU ***OWE*** ME!
COMO SE ***WHAT,*** CHIQUITTITA?!
I PUT YOUR SUPPLE BUTT CHEEKS ON THE ***THRONE,*** MISSY. IF ANYTHING, ***YOU*** OWE ***ME!*** HELL, YOUR FATHER TOOK SEVENTY PERCENT OF THE KROOK PEOPLE INTO HIDING. IF HE ATTACKED, YOU HAVE TO ***RENT*** AN ARMY TO...
WAITAMINUTE.
"YOU WANT ***MORE*** GUYS WITH GUNS ON THE PLANET?"
MY MERC-SENSE IS TINGLING!


WHILE I DO THINK MOST PROBLEMS CAN BE SOLVED BY SWIFT AND BLINDING VIOLENCE, I STILL HAVE TO WONDER.
AS USUAL, TV WILL ANSWER ALL OUR QUESTIONS.
KLIK
THE TINY KROOK HOMEWORLD IS IN THE NEWS AGAIN. OUR OWN REPORTER SPAT HLADDTY IS THERE REPORTING.
SPAT, AREN'T WE ALL BORED WITH THAT STORY, YET?
A MERE FEW HOURS AFTER THE KROOK PEOPLE CEMENTED THEIR INDEPENDENCE FROM THE OMEGA CONFEDERATION, AN INTERNAL STRUGGLE HAS ONCE AGAIN PLUNGED THESE PEACE-LOVING PEOPLE INTO SUDDEN VIOLENCE. WE'RE HERE WITH RECENTLY CROWNED QUEEN TEELA.
YOUR HIGHNESS, WHAT'S THE SITUATION?
THESE ARE DARK TIMES FOR MY PEOPLE. MILITANT FACTIONS--WHO REFUSE TO RECOGNIZE MY LEGAL AUTHORITY AS RULER--ARE THREATENING OUR NEW, DEMOCRATIC WAY OF LIFE. WE SEND OUR PLEAS TO THE GALAXY. WE DON'T WANT OUR NEW CAPITAL CITY TO BE A WAR-TORN RUIN.
THERE YOU HAVE IT. A PEACE-LOVING PEOPLE. A CRY FOR HELP. BACK TO THE STUDIO.
AND I'M HEARING THAT AS OF THREE SECONDS AGO, RELIEF FUNDS HAVE BEEN POURING IN. ALSO, THE UNDERSECRETARY OF GALACTIC SECURITY HAS CONTACTED THIS NETWORK TO SAY THAT IMPERIAL PEACEKEEPING TROOPS ARE ALREADY EN ROUTE TO THE KROOK HOMEWORLD.
"THAT CRAFTY BASTARD!"

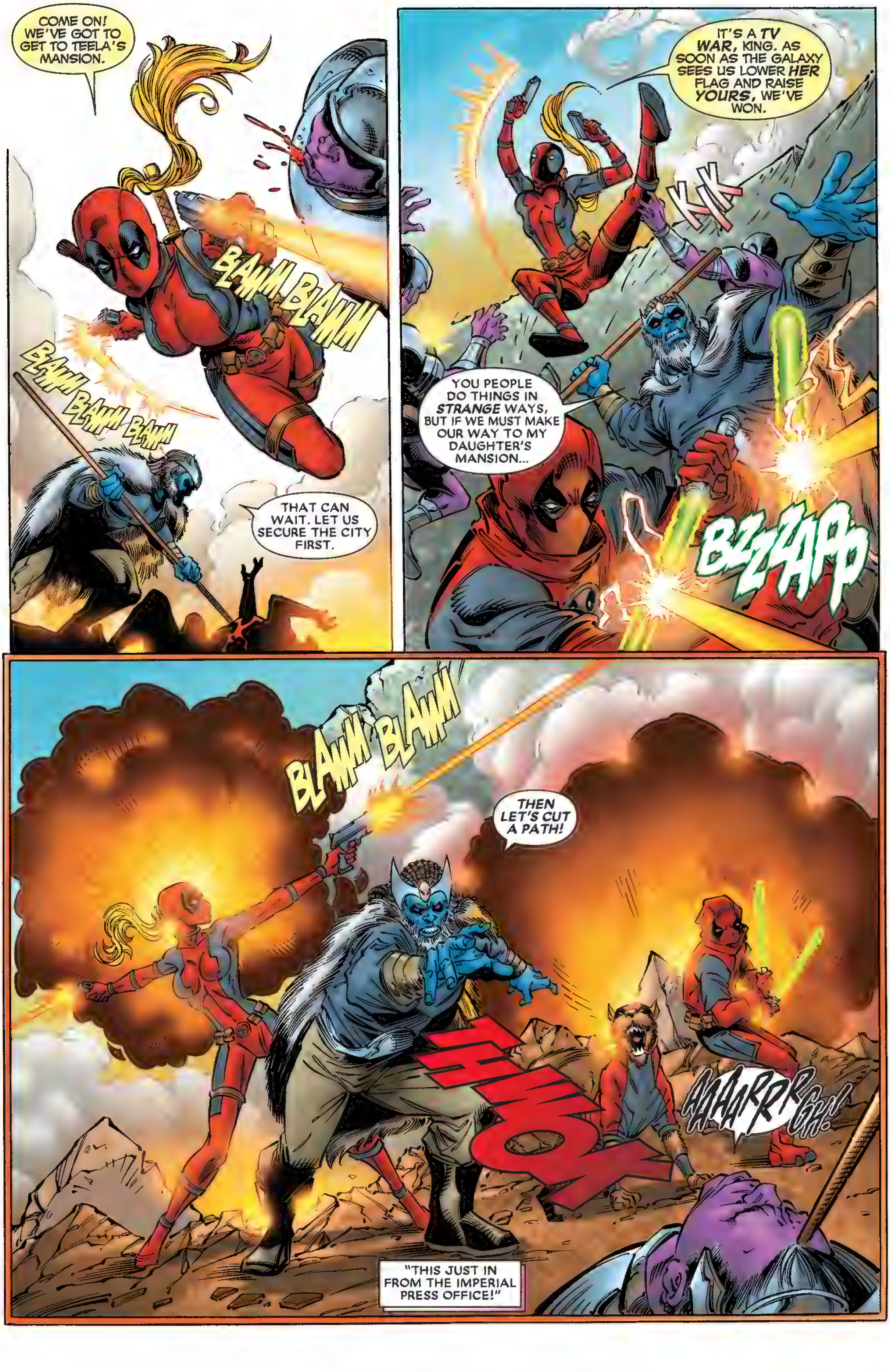

IN SIX HOURS, THIS PLANET'S ORBIT WILL BE *LOUSY* WITH IMPERIAL BATTLE FRIGATES. A REGIMENT OF SHOCK TROOPS ARE GONNA END YOUR RESISTANCE REAL FAST.
DAMN.
MORE OFF-WORLDERS COMING TO INTERFERE WITH THE KROOK PEOPLE. WITH TIME AND PLANNING, I CAN TAKE BACK CONTROL FROM MY UPSTART DAUGHTER, BUT THOUSANDS OF FOREIGN TROOPS...THIS SITUATION HAS BECOME *IMPOSSIBLE.*
IMPOSSIBLE IS MY BUSINESS, KING.
ARE YOU *REALLY* GOING TO LET THIS FAST-TALKING STRUMPET SCREW YOU OUT OF YOUR CROWN? DUDE, BUCK UP. YOU'VE GOT HALF THE DEADPOOL CORPS ON YOUR SIDE. THE *GOOD* HALF!
I JUST WISH WE'D NEVER *STARTED* ALL THIS.
HEY, MAN, WE *ALL* WISH WE COULD TURN BACK THE CLOCK, UNDO TERRIBLE, TERRIBLE DECISIONS WE THOUGHT WERE A GOOD IDEA AT THE TIME. NEW COKE, MAYONNAISE ON FRENCH FRIES, REVISIONS THAT MAKE IT LOOK LIKE GREEDO SHOT FIRST--BUT WE *CAN'T*. WE HAVE TO *LIVE* WITH OUR DECISIONS AND MOVE FORWARD--
WAITAMINUTE. SAY THAT AGAIN.
WHAT? THAT I WISH I'D NEVER STARTED THIS WHOLE REBELLION THING? WELL, IT'S TRUE. AT LEAST WITH THE OMEGA CONFEDERATION, THEY ONLY RAPED OUR NATURAL RESOURCES. THEY DIDN'T CHANGE OUR ENTIRE WAY OF LIFE. WHY? IS THERE SOME REASON...
OH, NO. YOU'RE GETTING AN *IDEA*, AREN'T YOU?
DO YOU *SEE* THE WAVY MERC-SENSE LINES?
"THE COUNCIL BELIEVES THE SITUATION TO BE UNTENABLE, HIGH MAGISTRATE."

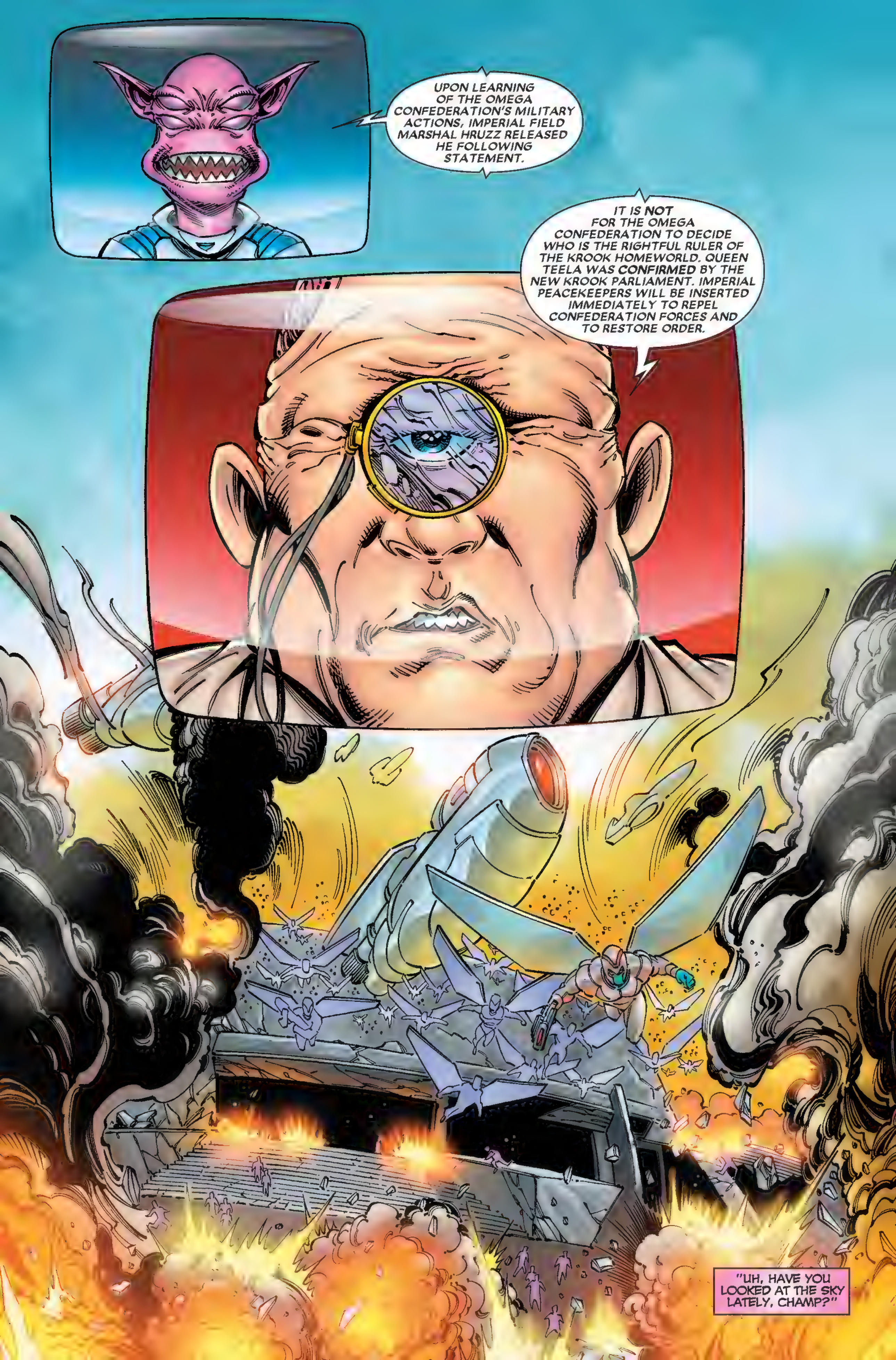

"THE CONFEDERATION DIDN'T APPOINT ME HIGH MAGISTRATE TO SIMPLY SHRUG AND WALK AWAY FROM THE KROOK SITUATION, DRINN."
OF COURSE NOT, SIR. I AM MERELY MAKING YOU AWARE OF THE COUNCIL'S APPRAISAL OF THE SITUATION.
THE EYES OF THE GALAXY ARE FIXED ON THE KROOK HOMEWORLD. IF WE RAISE A FINGER AGAINST THEM, THE RIPPLES WILL BE FELT THROUGHOUT THE CIVILIZED WORLDS.
÷*SIGH*÷
DELIVER ME FROM WELL-MEANING DO-GOODERS.
IF THIS WERE A SIMPLE MILITARY OPERATION, I WOULD CLEANSE THE SURFACE OF THE PLANET WITH ***ATOMIC FIRE.*** THEN WE COULD INSTALL AUTOMATED MINING EQUIPMENT AND RESUME OPERATIONS. MORE EXPENSIVE IN THE SHORT TERM, BUT LESS OF A HEADACHE THAN DEALING WITH THE NATIVES.
THE DEADPOOL CORPS, SIR.
YES, THE ***BLASTED*** DEADPOOL CORPS. THEY'RE RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS MESS. IF I COULD GET MY HANDS ON THOSE SNARKY SONS OF--
÷*AHEM*÷ NO, SIR, I MEAN THE DEADPOOL CORPS IS HAILING YOU FROM THE KROOK HOMEWORLD.
WHAT?! PUT IT ON THE SCREEN.
*HEY THERE, MAGISTRATE BUDDY. MY GUESS IS RIGHT ABOUT NOW YOU'RE LOOKING FOR A WAY TO SOLVE THIS WHOLE KOOKY KROOK THINGY, BUT YOU **NEED** SOME KIND OF COVER STORY THAT GIVES YOU LEGITIMACY WITH THE IMPERIALS.*
LISTEN UP, I'M ONLY GOING TO MAKE THIS OFFER ONCE.
*"**HEY,** WAIT JUST A DAMN MINUTE, CHAMP."*

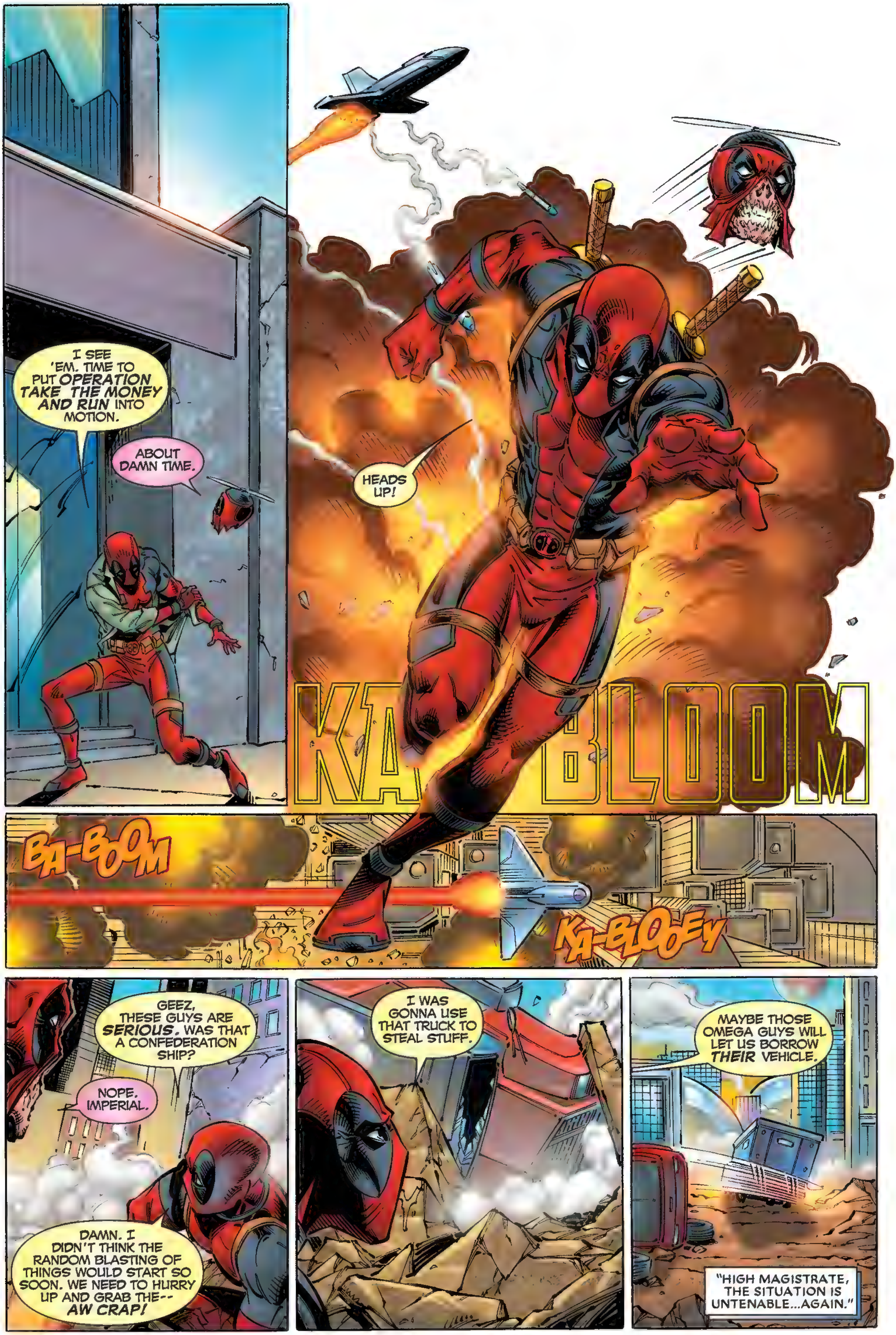

PRESENT DAY...
DO YOU *WANT* TO HEAR THIS STORY OR NOT?
IF YOU'RE TELLING THE STORY FROM YOUR P.O.V., THEN HOW THE *HELL* DO YOU KNOW WHAT WAS SAID ABOUT THE OMEGA CONFEDERATION FLAGSHIP?
YOU JUST THINK YOU'RE SOOOOO CLEVER, DON'T YOU, YA @%$&*#$%HEAD?
NOW, THERE'S *NOT* A LOT TO DO IN HERE, SO I CAN EITHER FINISH THIS STORY, OR I CAN GO BACK TO SINGING THE SONGS FROM *RENT*.
⋟SIGH⋞
JUST SKIP AHEAD TO THE EXPLOSIONS.

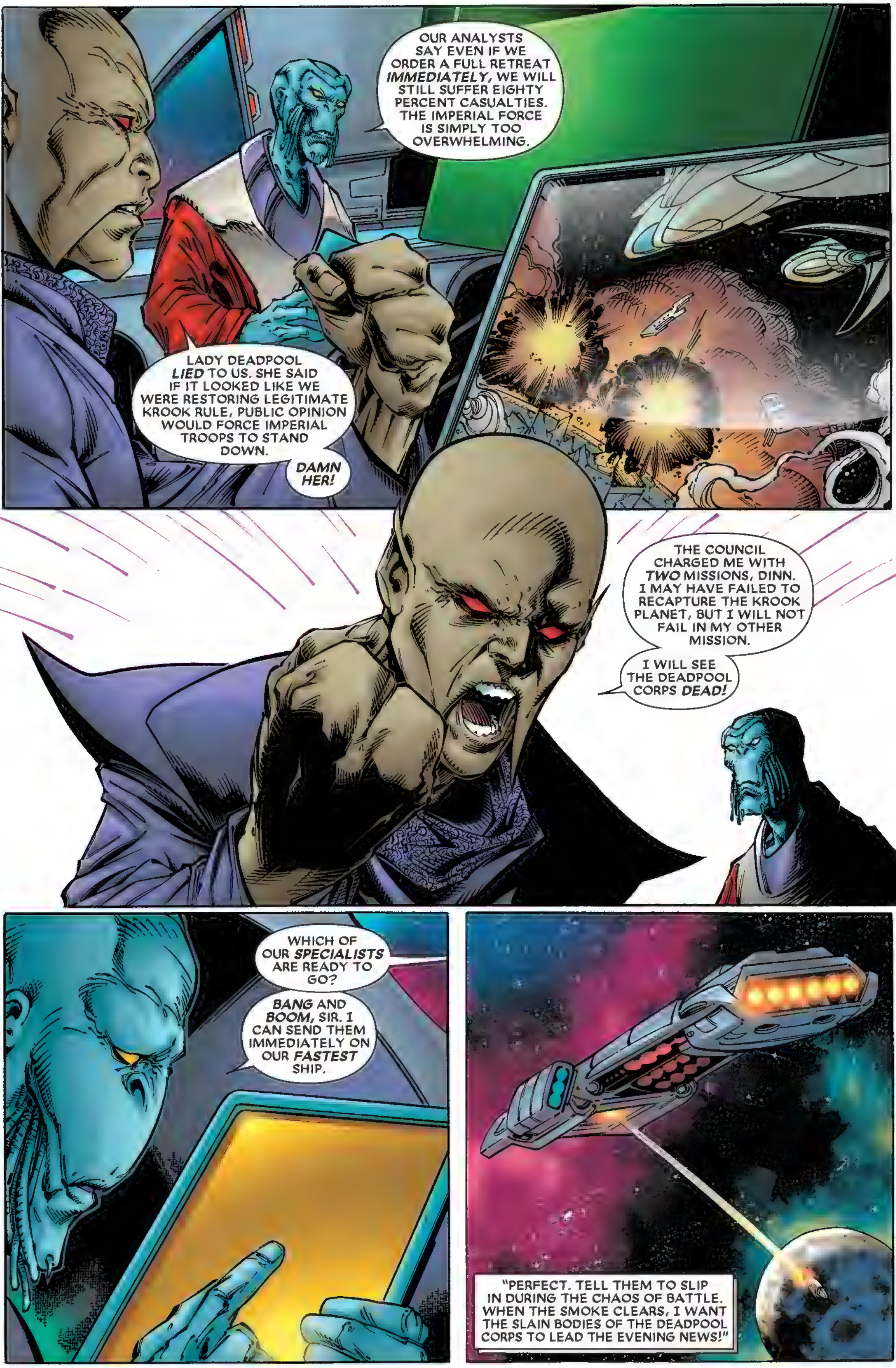

BACK TO OUR FLASHBACK STORY...
WAR ON THE KROOK HOMEWORLD!
THE ONCE PEACEFUL PLANET HAS ERUPTED IN VIOLENCE AS OMEGA CONFEDERATION TROOPS DESCEND UPON THE CAPITAL CITY. WHEN CONTACTED FOR AN EXPLANATION, CONFEDERATION ENVOYS RELEASED THIS HOLO-VID STATEMENT.
THE OMEGA CONFEDERATION IS SEEKING TO MAKE UP FOR ITS PREVIOUS INCONSIDERATE TREATMENT OF THE KROOK BY RESTORING THEIR RIGHTFUL RULER TO POWER.
THIS GUY.
WE TAKE YOU LIVE TO THE KROOK HOMEWORLD FOR MORE EXPLODY ACTION.
LOCK AND LOAD, BOYS! HERE THEY COME!
FLA-BOOM
THEY'RE COMING THROUGH!

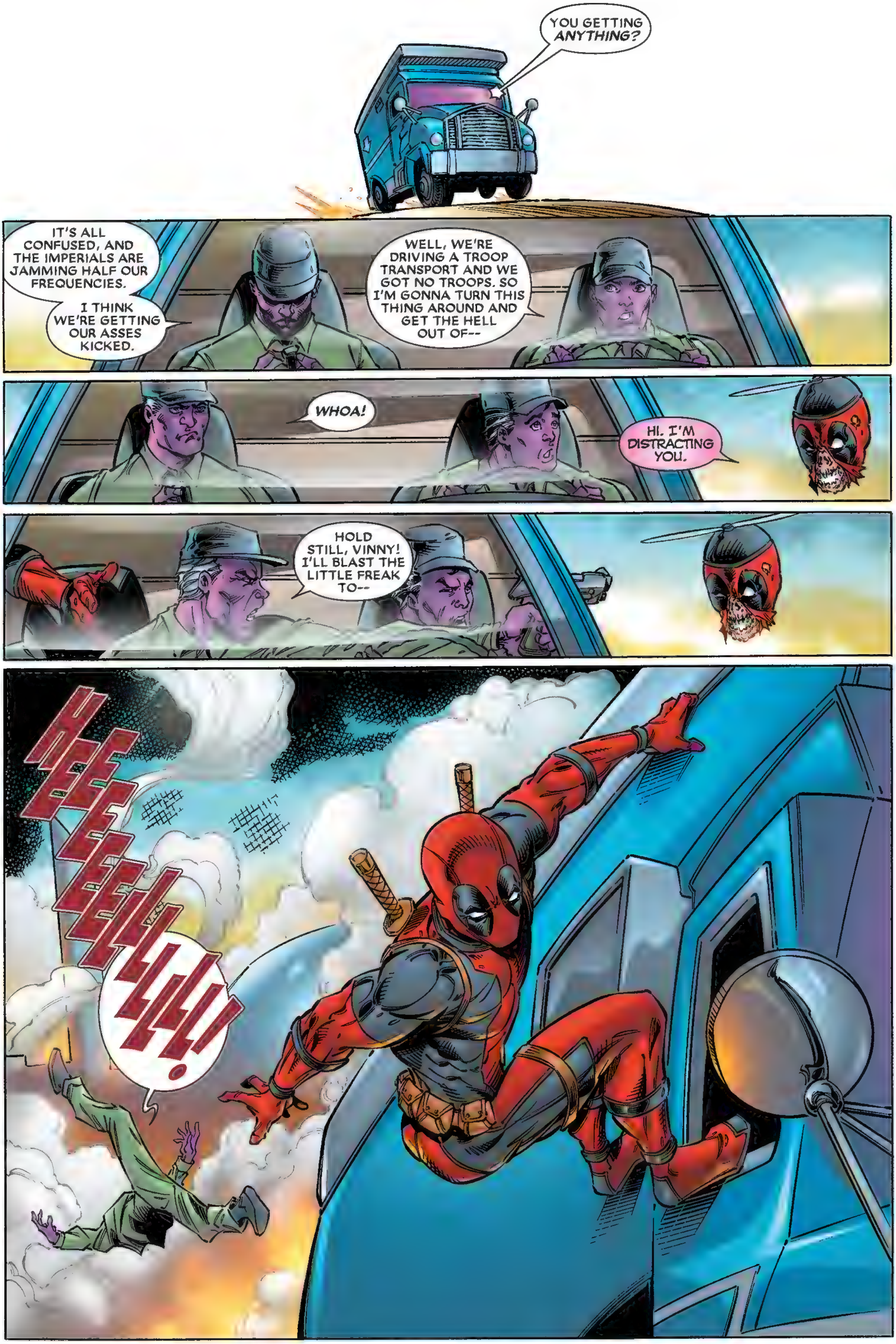
BZZZZAAP
BZZZZAAP

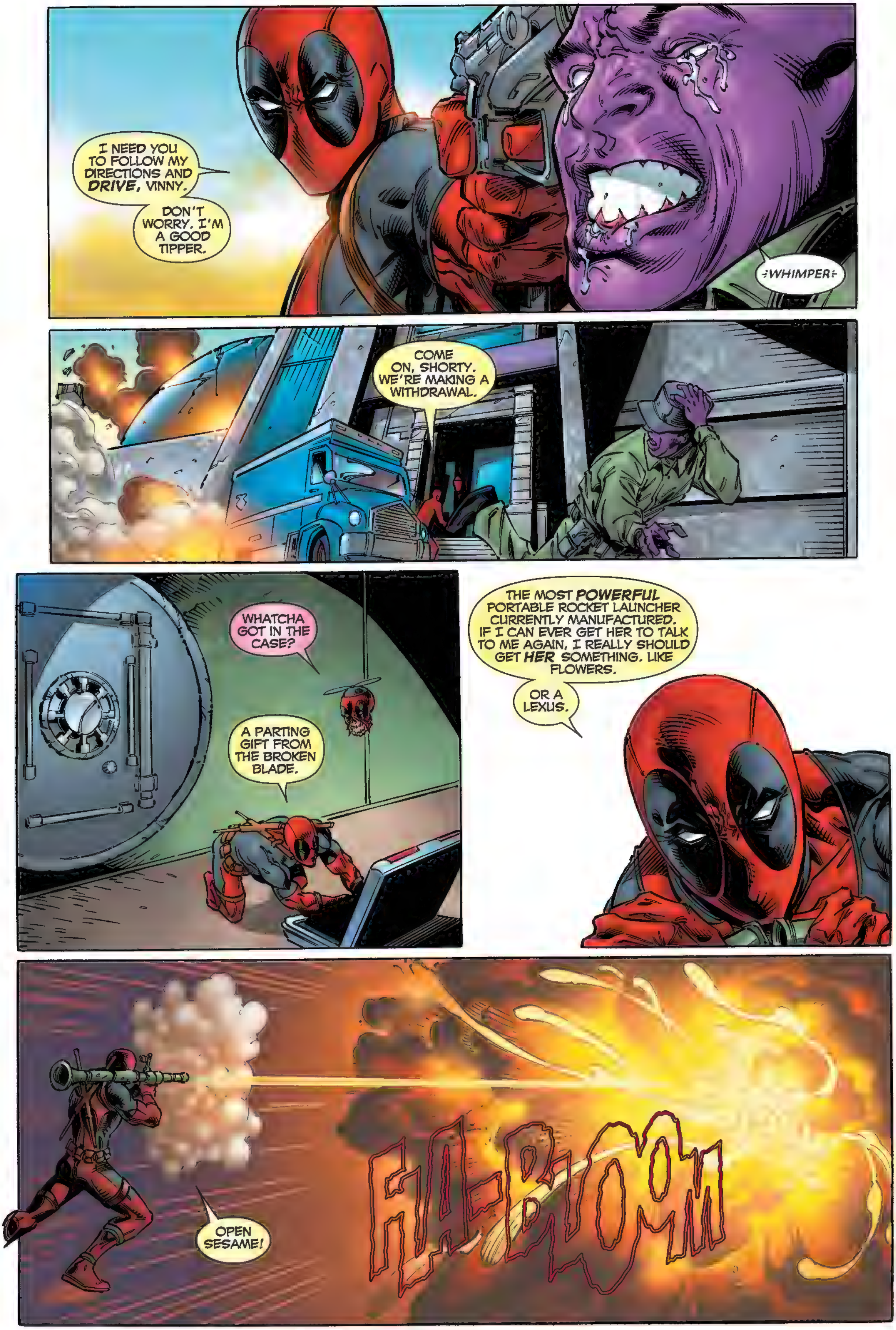

COME ON! WE'VE GOT TO GET TO TEELA'S MANSION.
BLAMM BLAMM
BLAMM BLAMM BLAMM
THAT CAN WAIT. LET US SECURE THE CITY FIRST.
IT'S A **TV WAR**, KING. AS SOON AS THE GALAXY SEES US LOWER **HER** FLAG AND RAISE **YOURS**, WE'VE WON.
KIK
YOU PEOPLE DO THINGS IN **STRANGE** WAYS, BUT IF WE MUST MAKE OUR WAY TO MY DAUGHTER'S MANSION...
BZZZAPP
BLAMM BLAMM
THEN LET'S CUT A PATH!
THWOK
AAAARRRGH!
"THIS JUST IN FROM THE IMPERIAL PRESS OFFICE!"

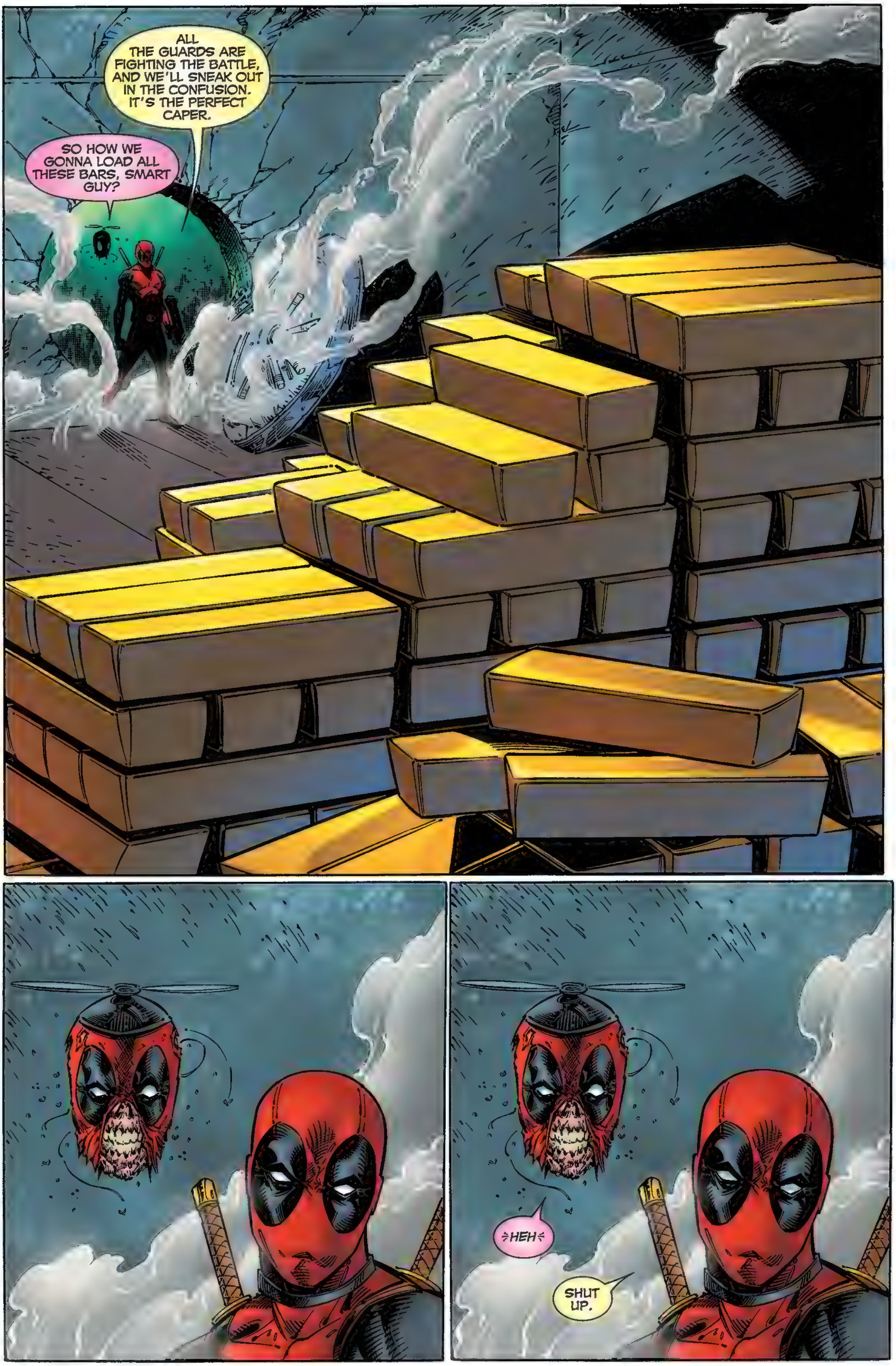

UPON LEARNING OF THE OMEGA CONFEDERATION'S MILITARY ACTIONS, IMPERIAL FIELD MARSHAL HRUZZ RELEASED HE FOLLOWING STATEMENT.
IT IS **NOT** FOR THE OMEGA CONFEDERATION TO DECIDE WHO IS THE RIGHTFUL RULER OF THE KROOK HOMEWORLD. QUEEN TEELA WAS **CONFIRMED** BY THE NEW KROOK PARLIAMENT. IMPERIAL PEACEKEEPERS WILL BE INSERTED IMMEDIATELY TO REPEL CONFEDERATION FORCES AND TO RESTORE ORDER.
"UH, HAVE YOU LOOKED AT THE SKY LATELY, CHAMP?"

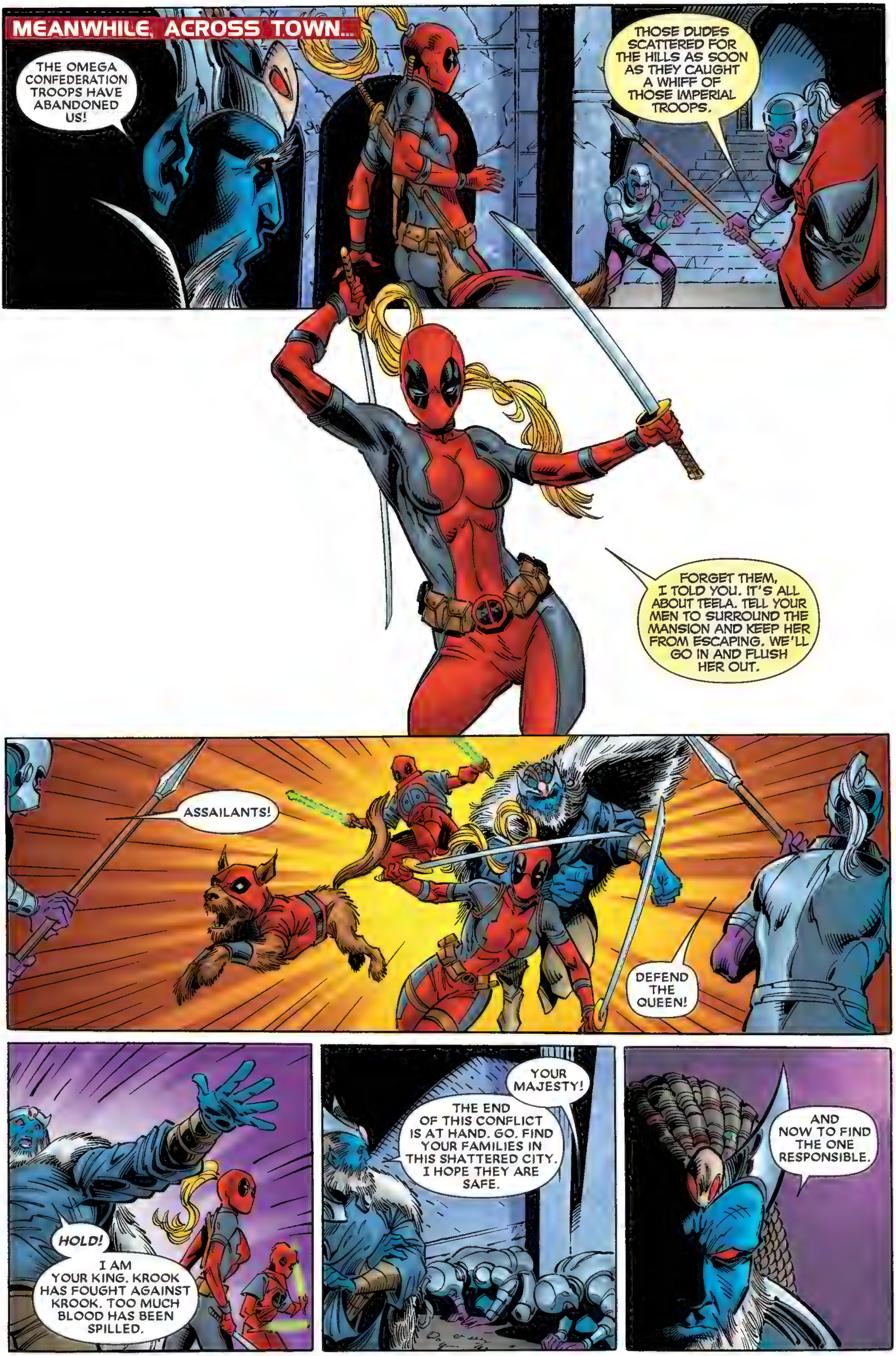

I SEE 'EM. TIME TO PUT **OPERATION TAKE THE MONEY AND RUN** INTO MOTION.
ABOUT DAMN TIME.
HEADS UP!
KA-BLOOM
BA-BOOM
KA-BLOOEY
GEEZ, THESE GUYS ARE **SERIOUS**. WAS THAT A CONFEDERATION SHIP?
NOPE. IMPERIAL.
DAMN. I DIDN'T THINK THE RANDOM BLASTING OF THINGS WOULD START SO SOON. WE NEED TO HURRY UP AND GRAB THE-- **AW CRAP!**
I WAS GONNA USE THAT TRUCK TO STEAL STUFF.
MAYBE THOSE OMEGA GUYS WILL LET US BORROW **THEIR** VEHICLE.
"HIGH MAGISTRATE, THE SITUATION IS UNTENABLE...AGAIN."

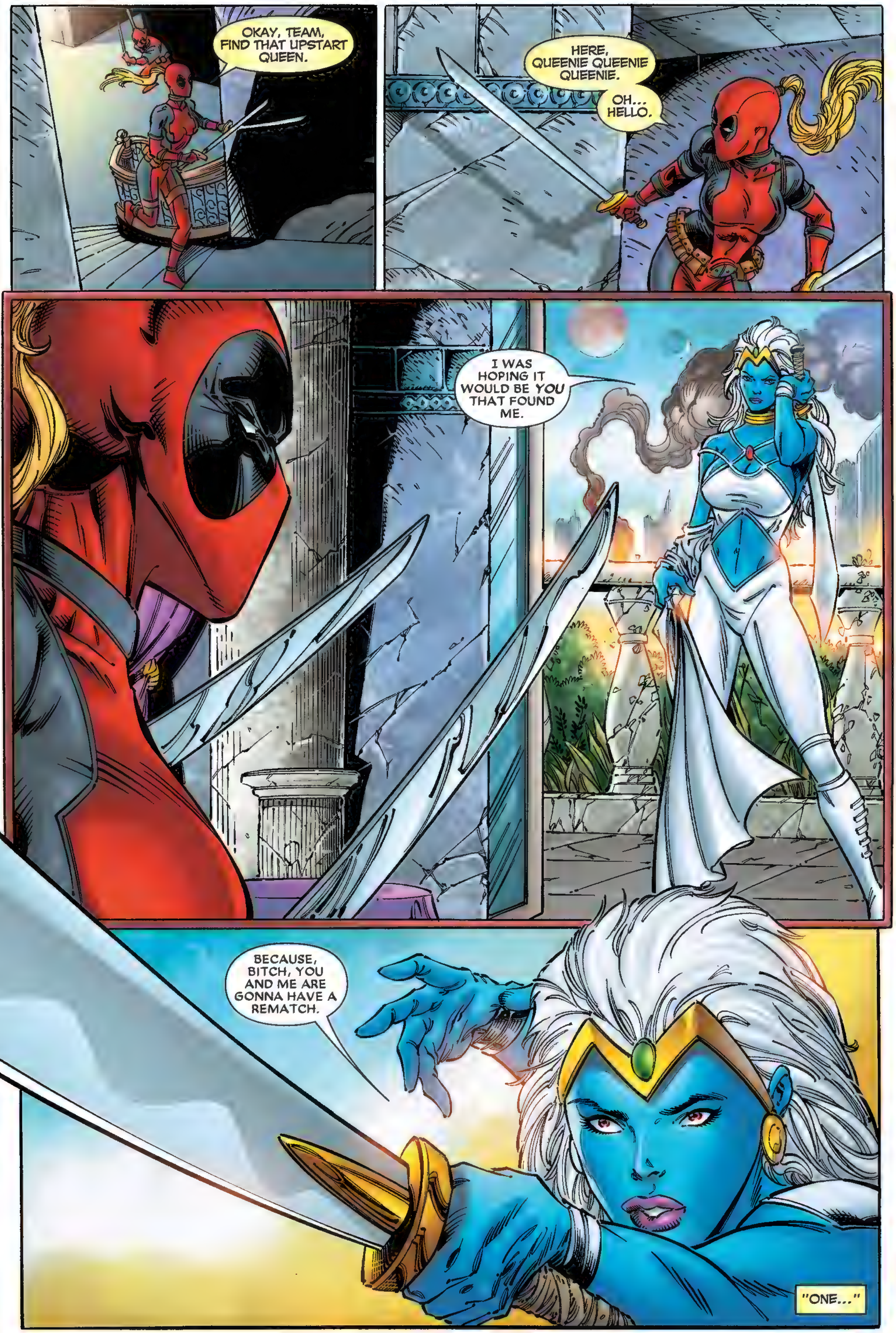

OUR ANALYSTS SAY EVEN IF WE ORDER A FULL RETREAT *IMMEDIATELY*, WE WILL STILL SUFFER EIGHTY PERCENT CASUALTIES. THE IMPERIAL FORCE IS SIMPLY TOO OVERWHELMING.
LADY DEADPOOL *LIED* TO US. SHE SAID IF IT LOOKED LIKE WE WERE RESTORING LEGITIMATE KROOK RULE, PUBLIC OPINION WOULD FORCE IMPERIAL TROOPS TO STAND DOWN.
DAMN HER!
THE COUNCIL CHARGED ME WITH *TWO* MISSIONS, DINN. I MAY HAVE FAILED TO RECAPTURE THE KROOK PLANET, BUT I WILL NOT FAIL IN MY OTHER MISSION.
I WILL SEE THE DEADPOOL CORPS *DEAD!*
WHICH OF OUR *SPECIALISTS* ARE READY TO GO?
BANG AND *BOOM*, SIR. I CAN SEND THEM IMMEDIATELY ON OUR *FASTEST* SHIP.
"PERFECT. TELL THEM TO SLIP IN DURING THE CHAOS OF BATTLE. WHEN THE SMOKE CLEARS, I WANT THE SLAIN BODIES OF THE DEADPOOL CORPS TO LEAD THE EVENING NEWS!"

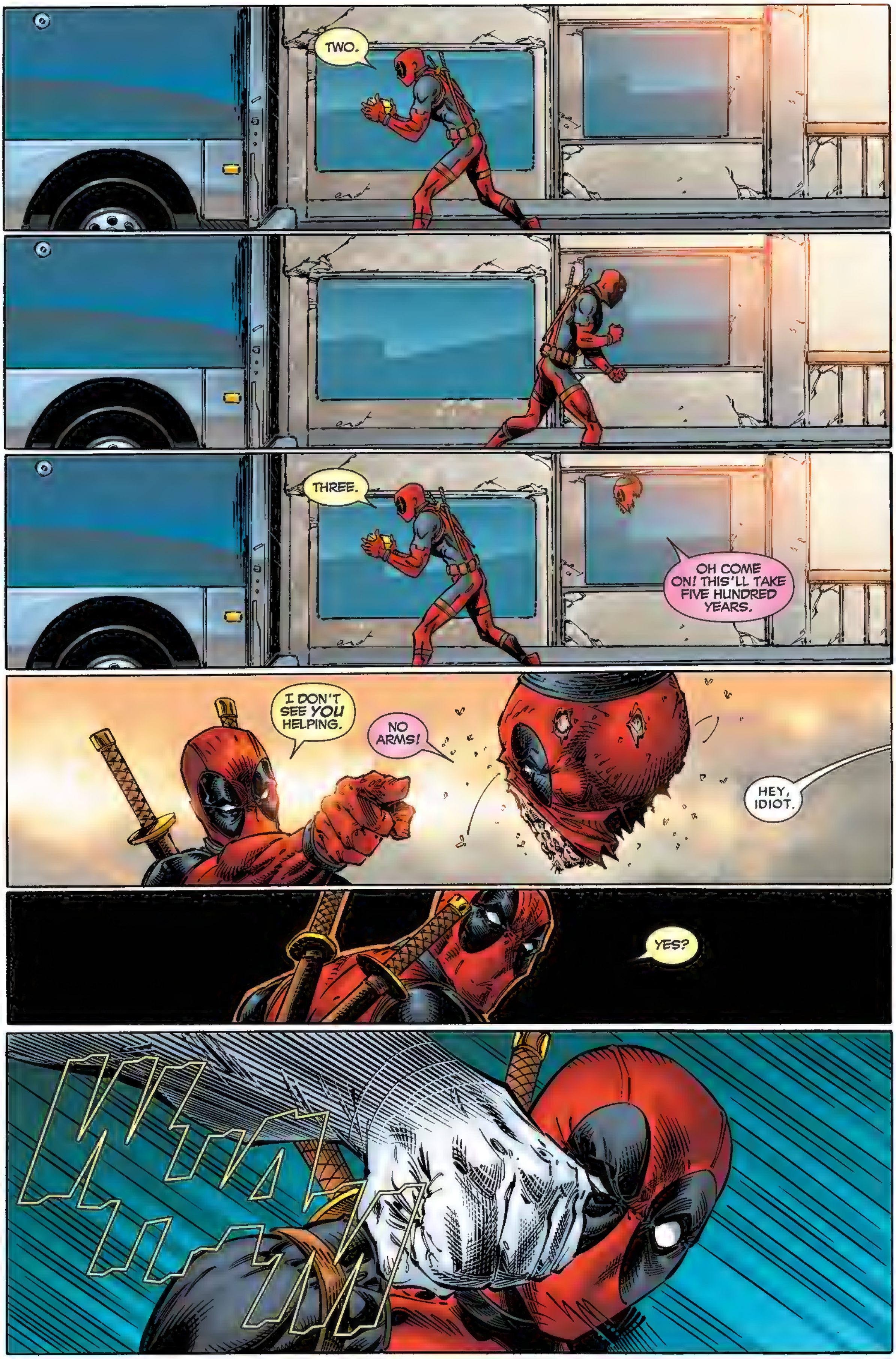

YOU GETTING *ANYTHING?*
IT'S ALL CONFUSED, AND THE IMPERIALS ARE JAMMING HALF OUR FREQUENCIES.
I THINK WE'RE GETTING OUR ASSES KICKED.
WELL, WE'RE DRIVING A TROOP TRANSPORT AND WE GOT NO TROOPS. SO I'M GONNA TURN THIS THING AROUND AND GET THE HELL OUT OF--
WHOA!
HI. I'M DISTRACTING YOU.
HOLD STILL, VINNY! I'LL BLAST THE LITTLE FREAK TO--
HEEEEELLLL!

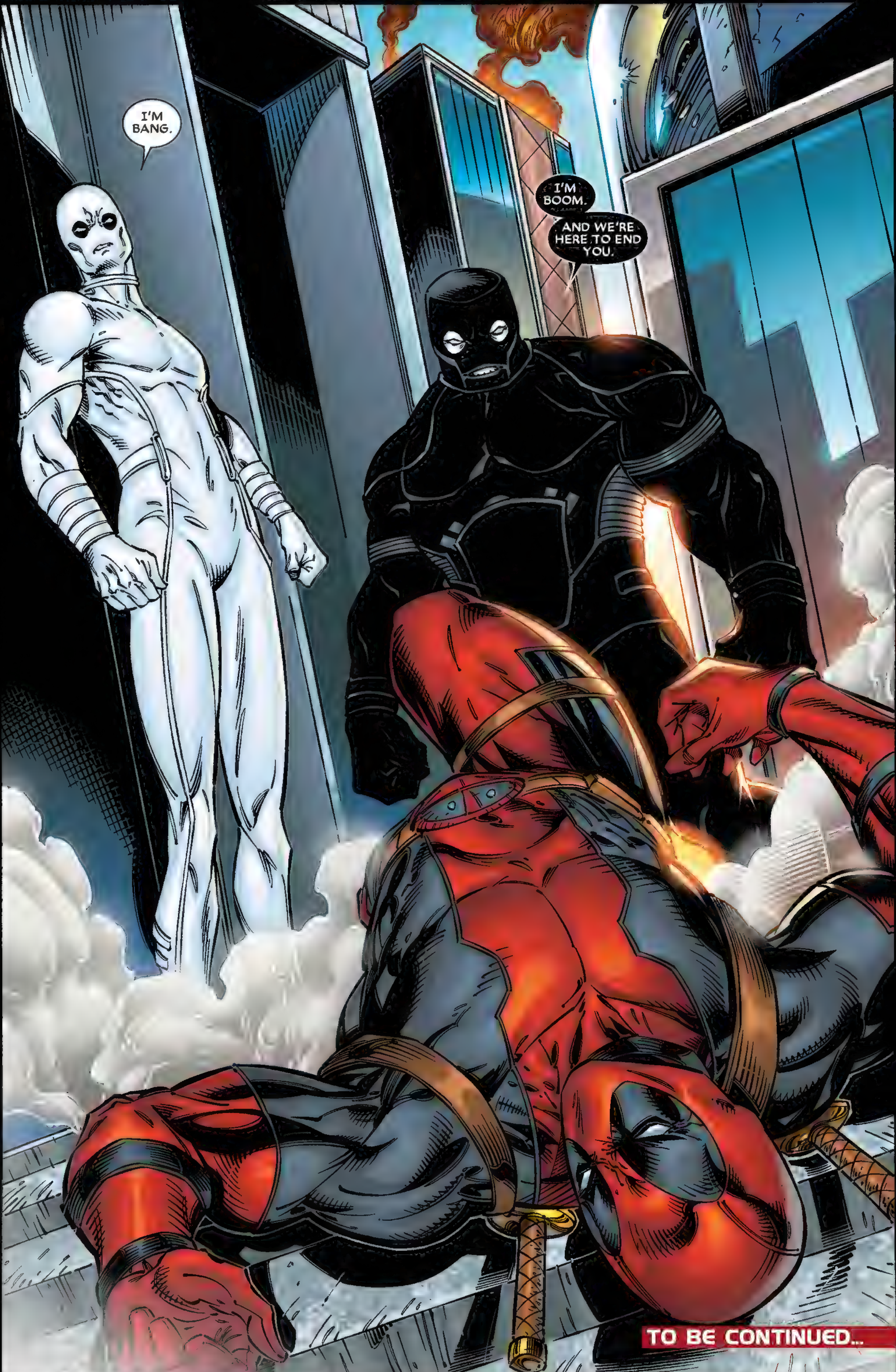

I NEED YOU TO FOLLOW MY DIRECTIONS AND **DRIVE,** VINNY.
DON'T WORRY. I'M A GOOD TIPPER.
WHIMPER
COME ON, SHORTY. WE'RE MAKING A WITHDRAWAL.
WHATCHA GOT IN THE CASE?
A PARTING GIFT FROM THE BROKEN BLADE.
THE MOST **POWERFUL** PORTABLE ROCKET LAUNCHER CURRENTLY MANUFACTURED. IF I CAN EVER GET HER TO TALK TO ME AGAIN, I REALLY SHOULD GET **HER** SOMETHING. LIKE FLOWERS.
OR A LEXUS.
KA-BLOOM
OPEN SESAME!


ALL THE GUARDS ARE FIGHTING THE BATTLE, AND WE'LL SNEAK OUT IN THE CONFUSION. IT'S THE PERFECT CAPER.
SO HOW WE GONNA LOAD ALL THESE BARS, SMART GUY?
HEH
SHUT UP.

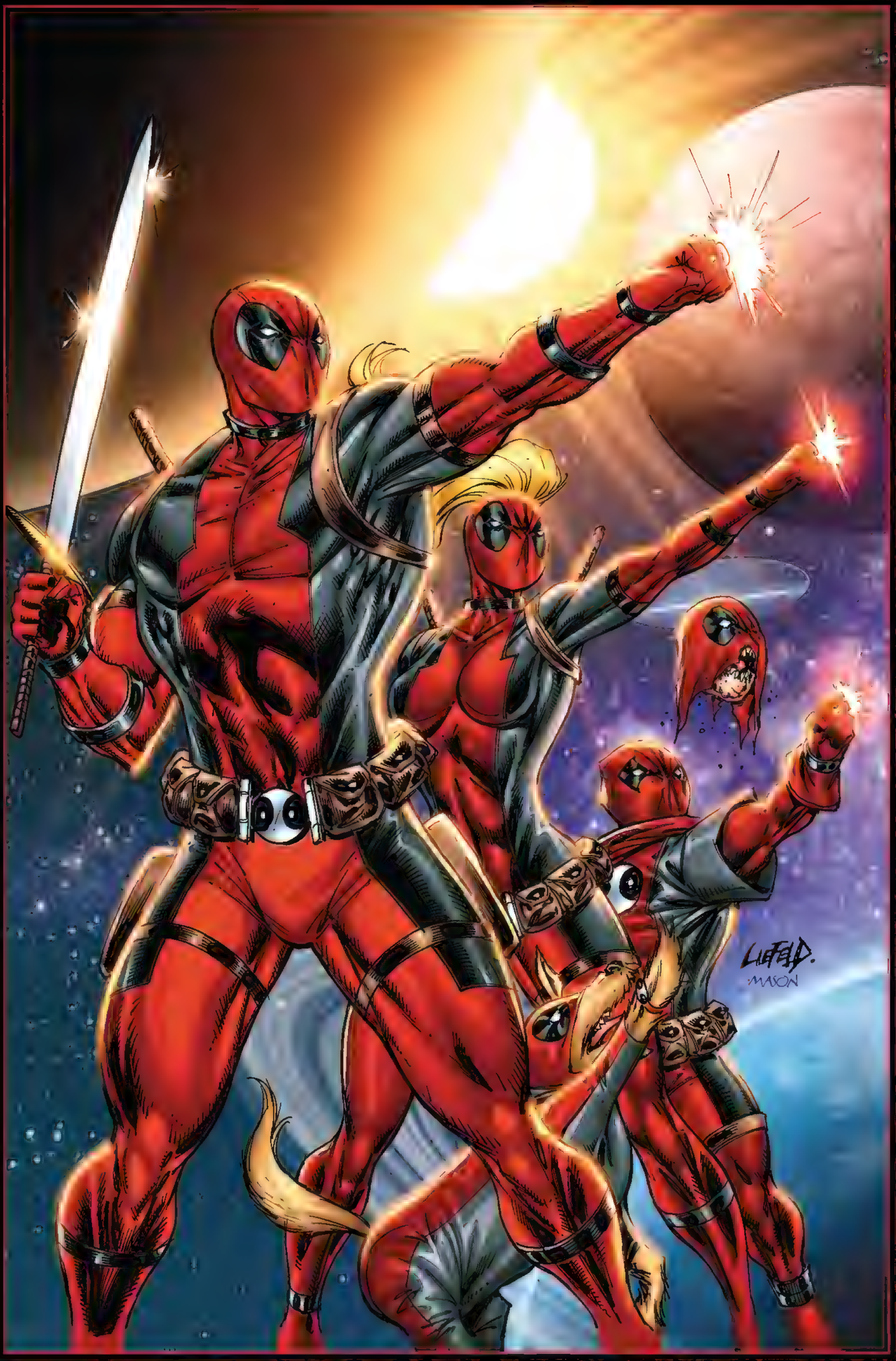

MEANWHILE, ACROSS TOWN...
THE OMEGA CONFEDERATION TROOPS HAVE ABANDONED US!
THOSE DUDES SCATTERED FOR THE HILLS AS SOON AS THEY CAUGHT A WHIFF OF THOSE IMPERIAL TROOPS.
FORGET THEM, I TOLD YOU. IT'S ALL ABOUT TEELA. TELL YOUR MEN TO SURROUND THE MANSION AND KEEP HER FROM ESCAPING. WE'LL GO IN AND FLUSH HER OUT.
ASSAILANTS!
DEFEND THE QUEEN!
HOLD!
I AM YOUR KING. KROOK HAS FOUGHT AGAINST KROOK. TOO MUCH BLOOD HAS BEEN SPILLED.
YOUR MAJESTY!
THE END OF THIS CONFLICT IS AT HAND. GO. FIND YOUR FAMILIES IN THIS SHATTERED CITY. I HOPE THEY ARE SAFE.
AND NOW TO FIND THE ONE RESPONSIBLE.


OKAY, TEAM, FIND THAT UPSTART QUEEN.
HERE, QUEENIE QUEENIE QUEENIE.
OH... HELLO.
I WAS HOPING IT WOULD BE *YOU* THAT FOUND ME.
BECAUSE, BITCH, YOU AND ME ARE GONNA HAVE A REMATCH.
"ONE..."


TWO.
THREE.
OH COME ON! THIS'LL TAKE FIVE HUNDRED YEARS.
I DON'T SEE *YOU* HELPING.
NO ARMS!
HEY, IDIOT.
YES?
WHAM


I'M BANG.
I'M BOOM.
AND WE'RE HERE TO END YOU.
TO BE CONTINUED...

COMING NEXT:
DEADPOOL CORPS #11


LIEFELD.
MASON

MARVEL
LIEFELD
MASON

11

DEADPOOL CORPS

GISCHLER
MYCHAELS
HAMSCHER
YACKEY

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When the Elders of the Universe sensed the coming of a threat of galactic proportions, they asked Deadpool, the Merc with a Mouth, to assemble a team fearless (and stupid) enough to stand against it.

Never one to back down from a mission spelling certain death, Deadpool scoured the Universe and gathered alternate versions of himself:
Lady Deadpool, Kidpool, Dogpool, and Headpool.

Together they form the

DEADPOOL CORPS

The Omega Confederation hired the Deadpool Corps to quickly and quietly quell the rebellion of the indigenous Krook of the resource-rich planet Kagan 7. Deadpool immediately switches sides and sparks an intergalactic media frenzy making the warrior-Krook the new darlings of the solar system while simultaneously forcing the Omega Corporation into a PR nightmare and causing a rift between the traditional Krook King and his ambitious daughter, Princess Teela.

Erring on the side of greed, Deadpool begins the modernization of Kagan-7, causing a rift between the traditionalist King and the progressive Princess Teela. While Deadpool is entrenched with the Princess, Lady Deadpool has sided with the Krook King, dividing not just the Krook people, but the Deadpool Corps as well.

As the two sides clash, each for a cause they deem worthy, Deadpool is busy trying to plunder the gold vaults of the capital city. But he's interrupted by the arrival of Bang and Boom, two super-assassins sent by the Omega Confederation to eliminate him and force the planet back under their control.

VICTOR GISCHLER
WRITER

MARAT MYCHAELS
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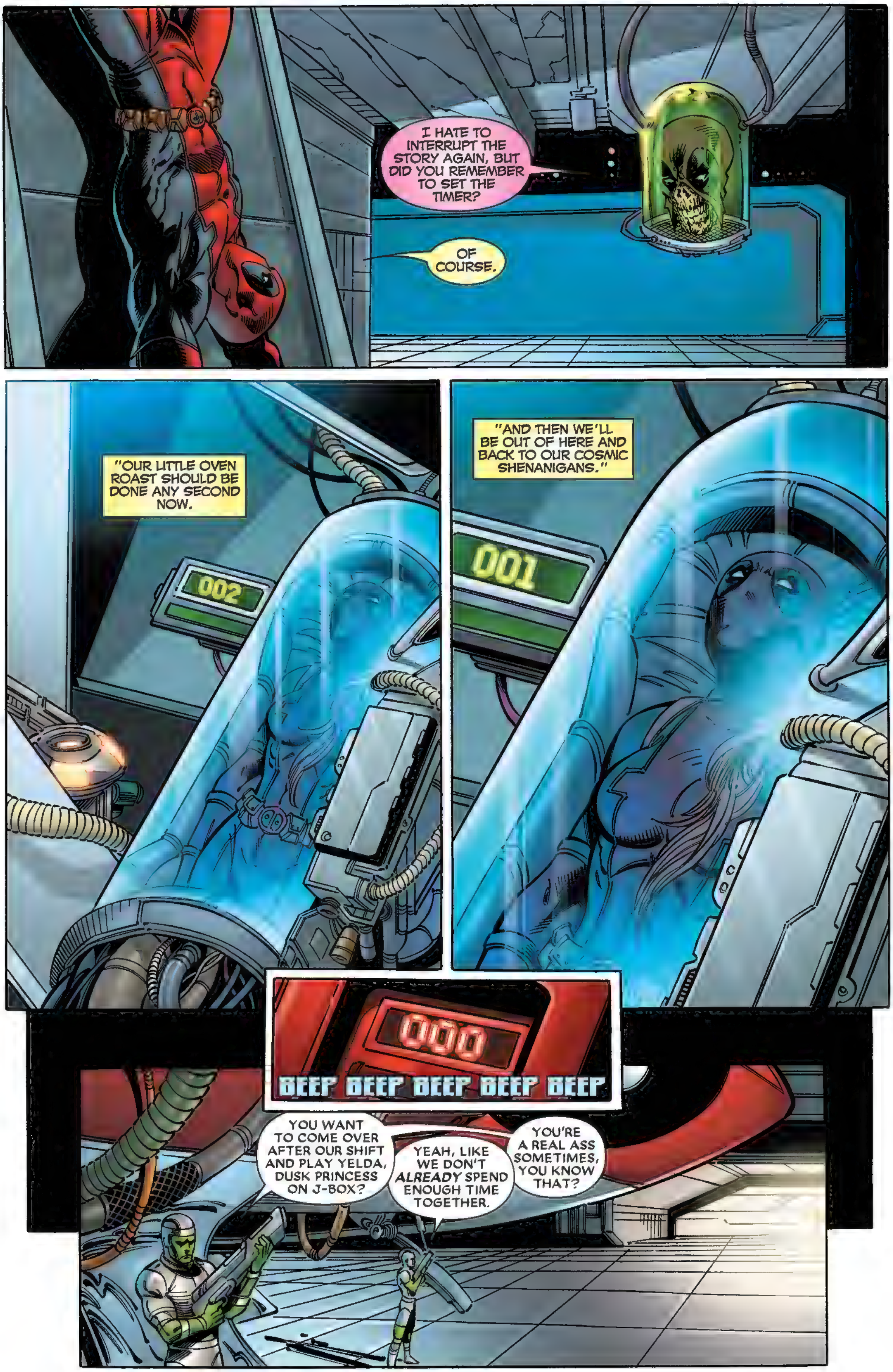
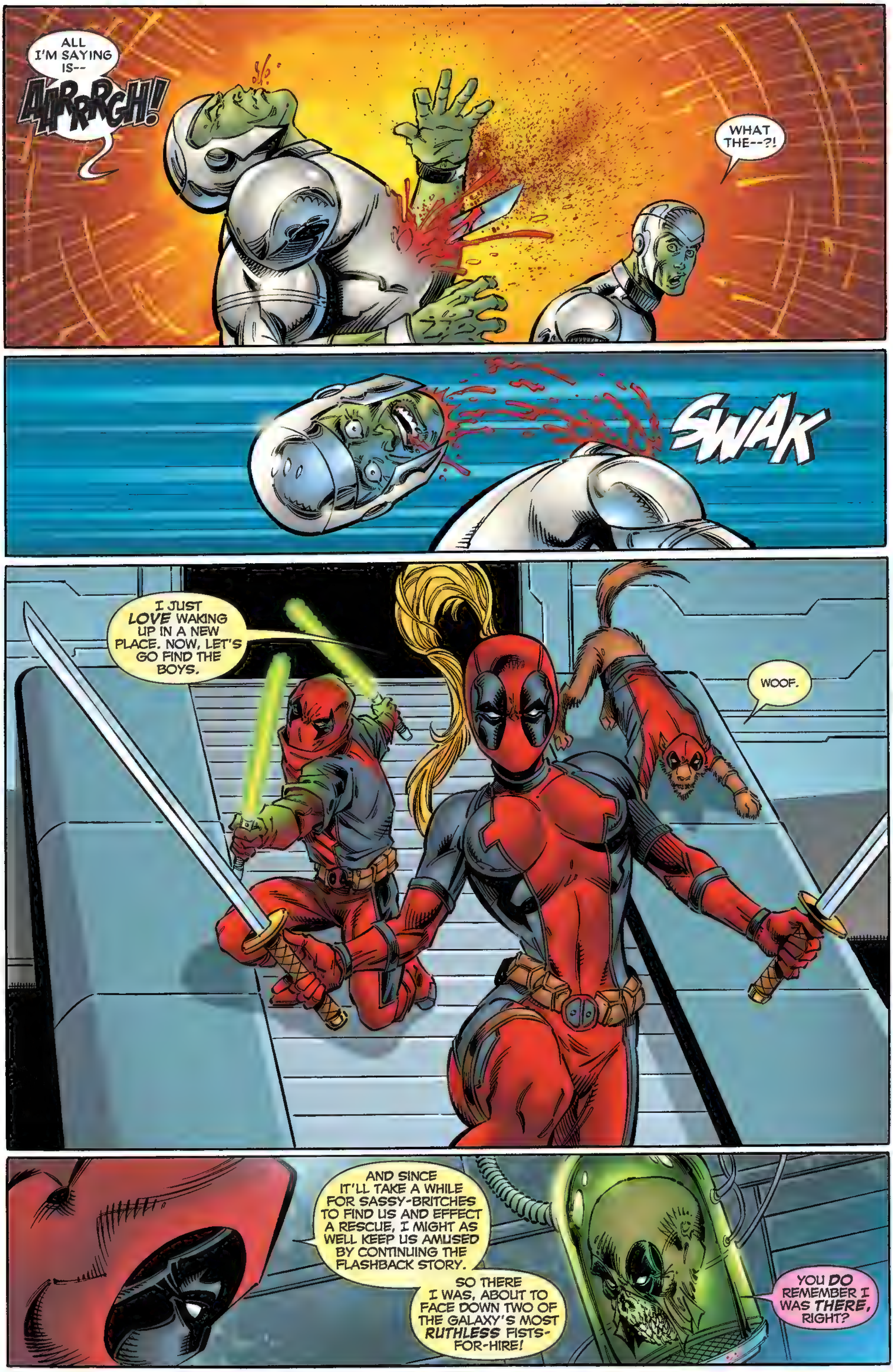
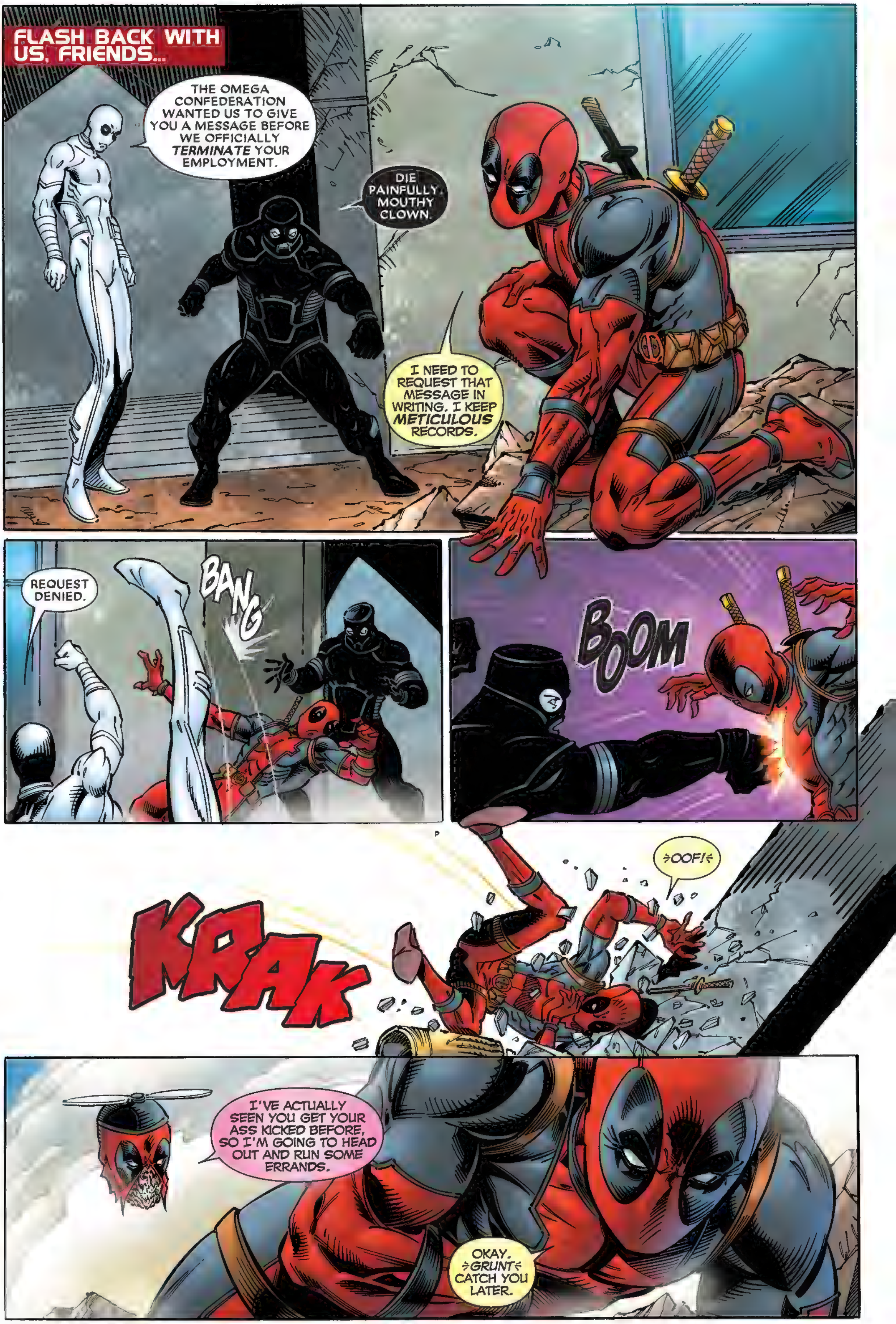
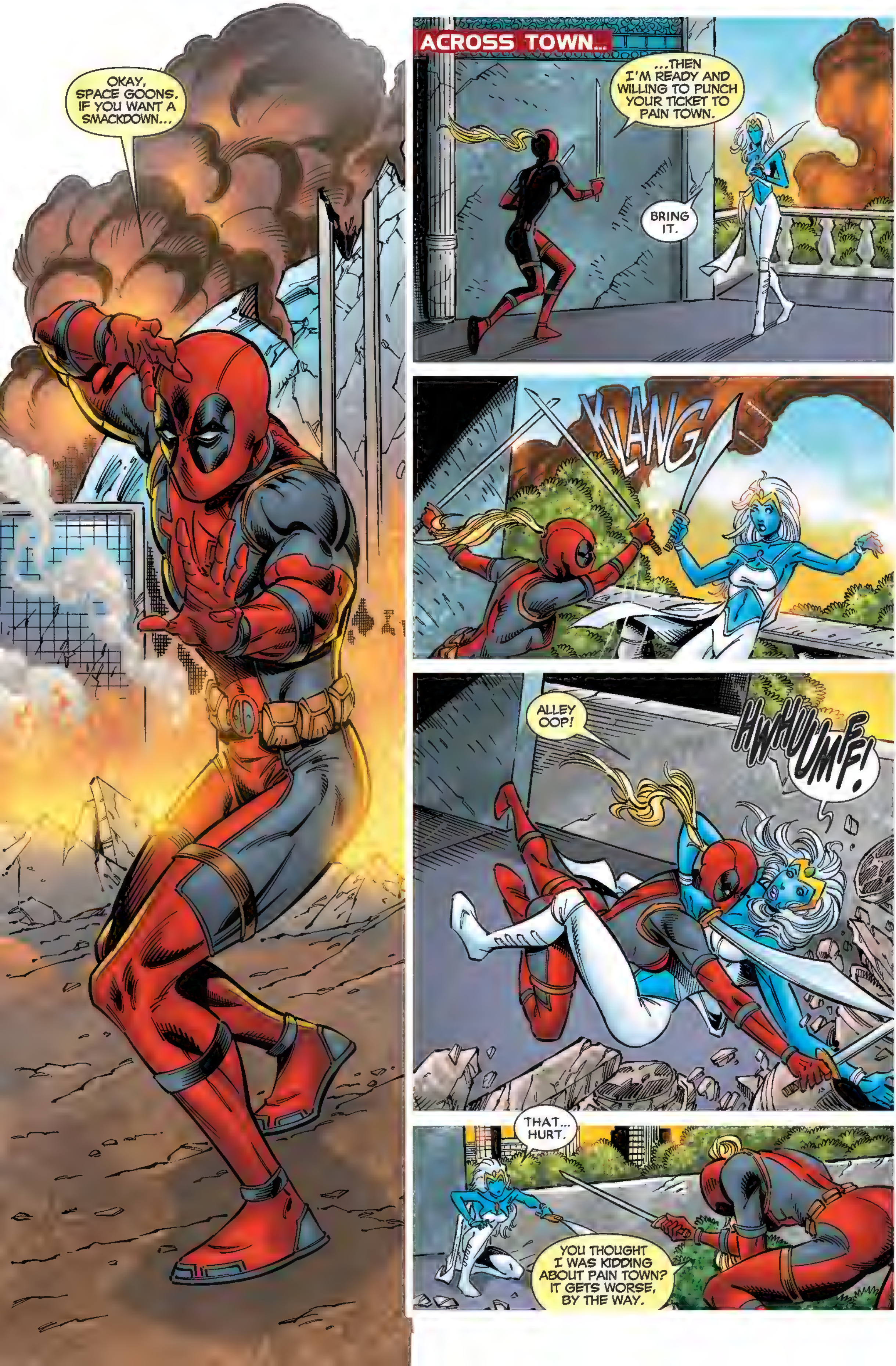
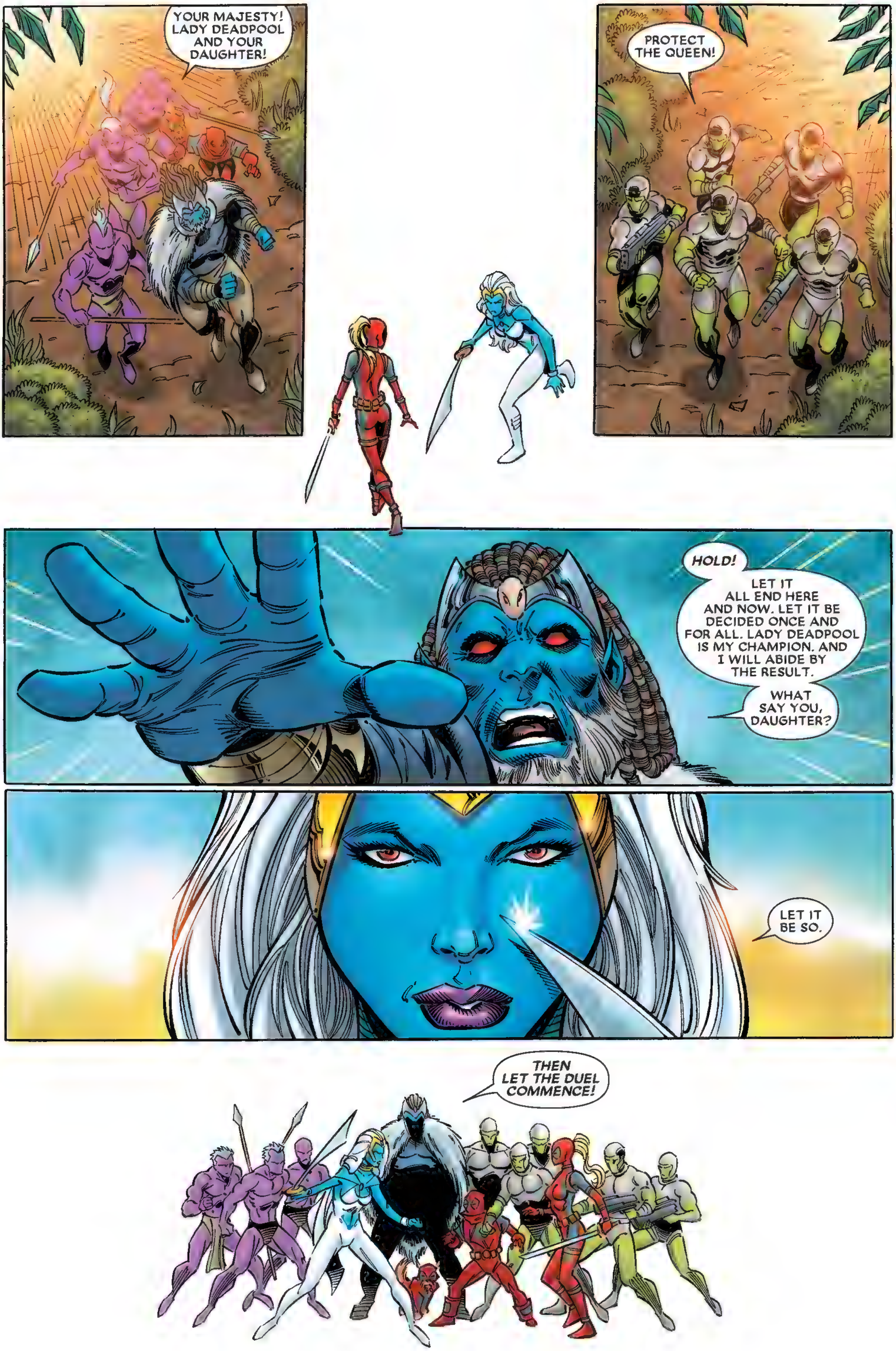
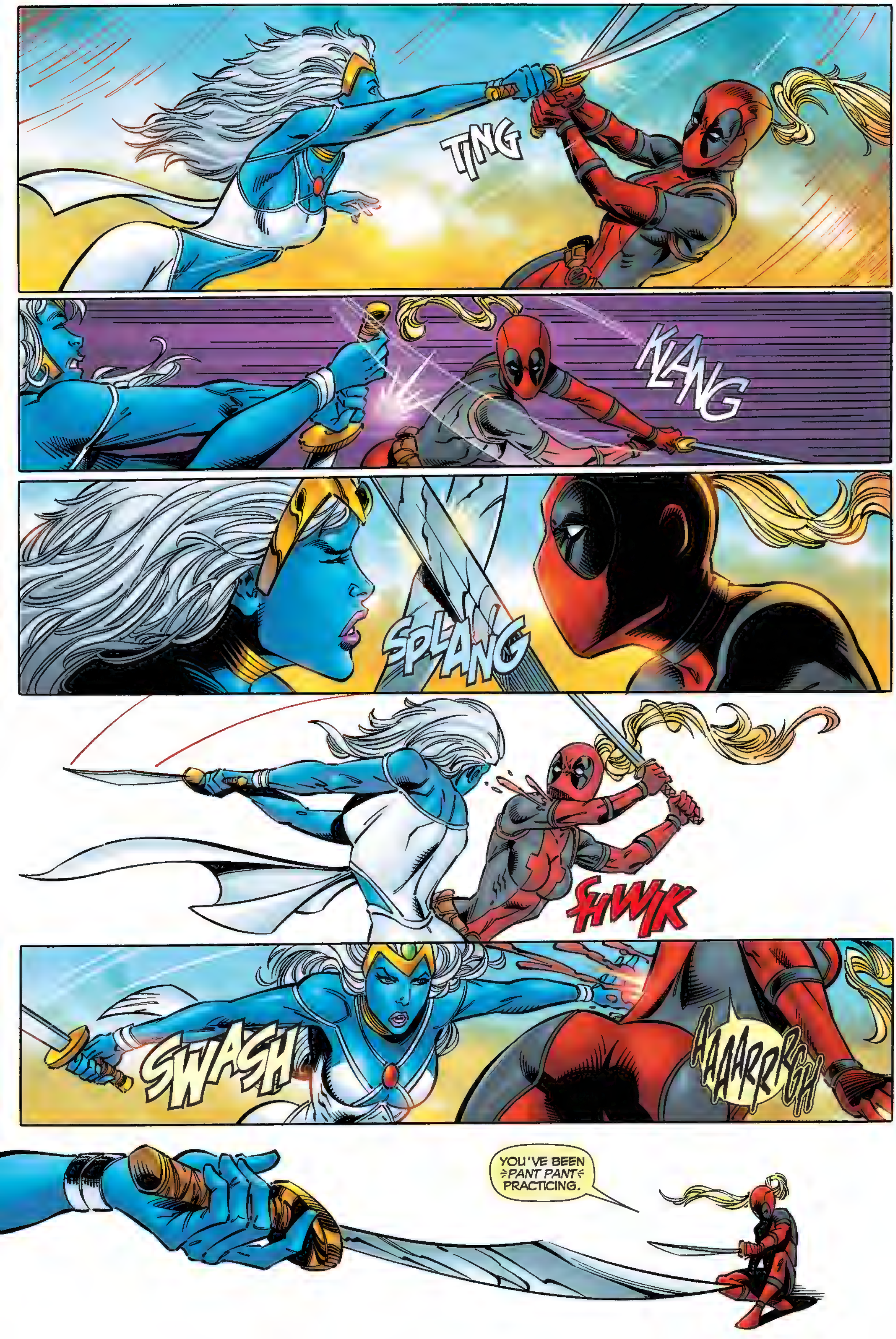

I HATE TO INTERRUPT THE STORY AGAIN, BUT DID YOU REMEMBER TO SET THE TIMER?
OF COURSE.
"OUR LITTLE OVEN ROAST SHOULD BE DONE ANY SECOND NOW.
002
"AND THEN WE'LL BE OUT OF HERE AND BACK TO OUR COSMIC SHENANIGANS."
001
000
BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP
YOU WANT TO COME OVER AFTER OUR SHIFT AND PLAY YELDA, DUSK PRINCESS ON J-BOX?
YEAH, LIKE WE DON'T *ALREADY* SPEND ENOUGH TIME TOGETHER.
YOU'RE A REAL ASS SOMETIMES, YOU KNOW THAT?

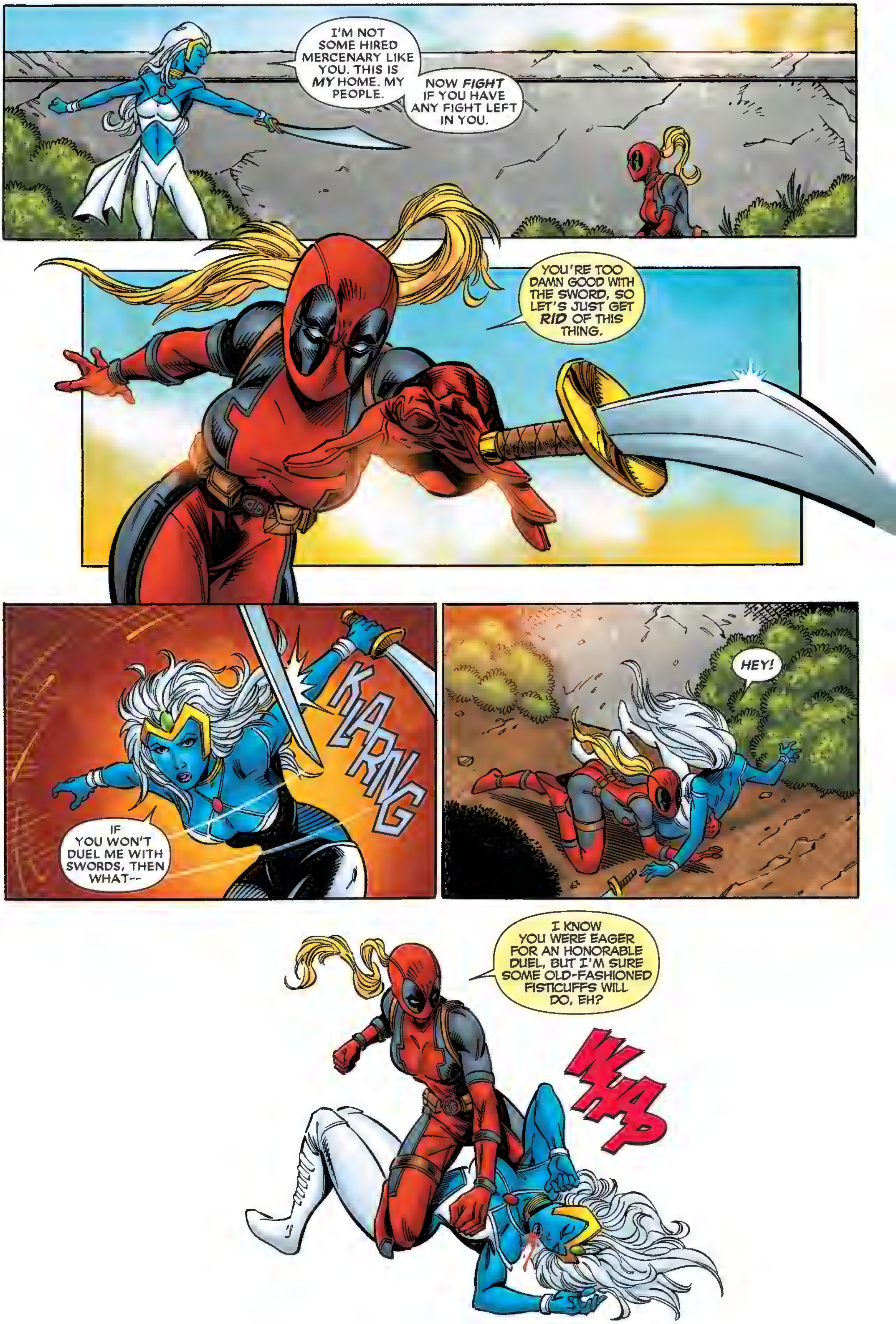

ALL I'M SAYING IS--
AHRRRGH!
WHAT THE--?!
SWAK
I JUST *LOVE* WAKING UP IN A NEW PLACE. NOW, LET'S GO FIND THE BOYS.
WOOF.
AND SINCE IT'LL TAKE A WHILE FOR SASSY-BRITCHES TO FIND US AND EFFECT A RESCUE, I MIGHT AS WELL KEEP US AMUSED BY CONTINUING THE FLASHBACK STORY.
SO THERE I WAS, ABOUT TO FACE DOWN TWO OF THE GALAXY'S MOST *RUTHLESS* FISTS-FOR-HIRE!
YOU *DO* REMEMBER I WAS *THERE,* RIGHT?

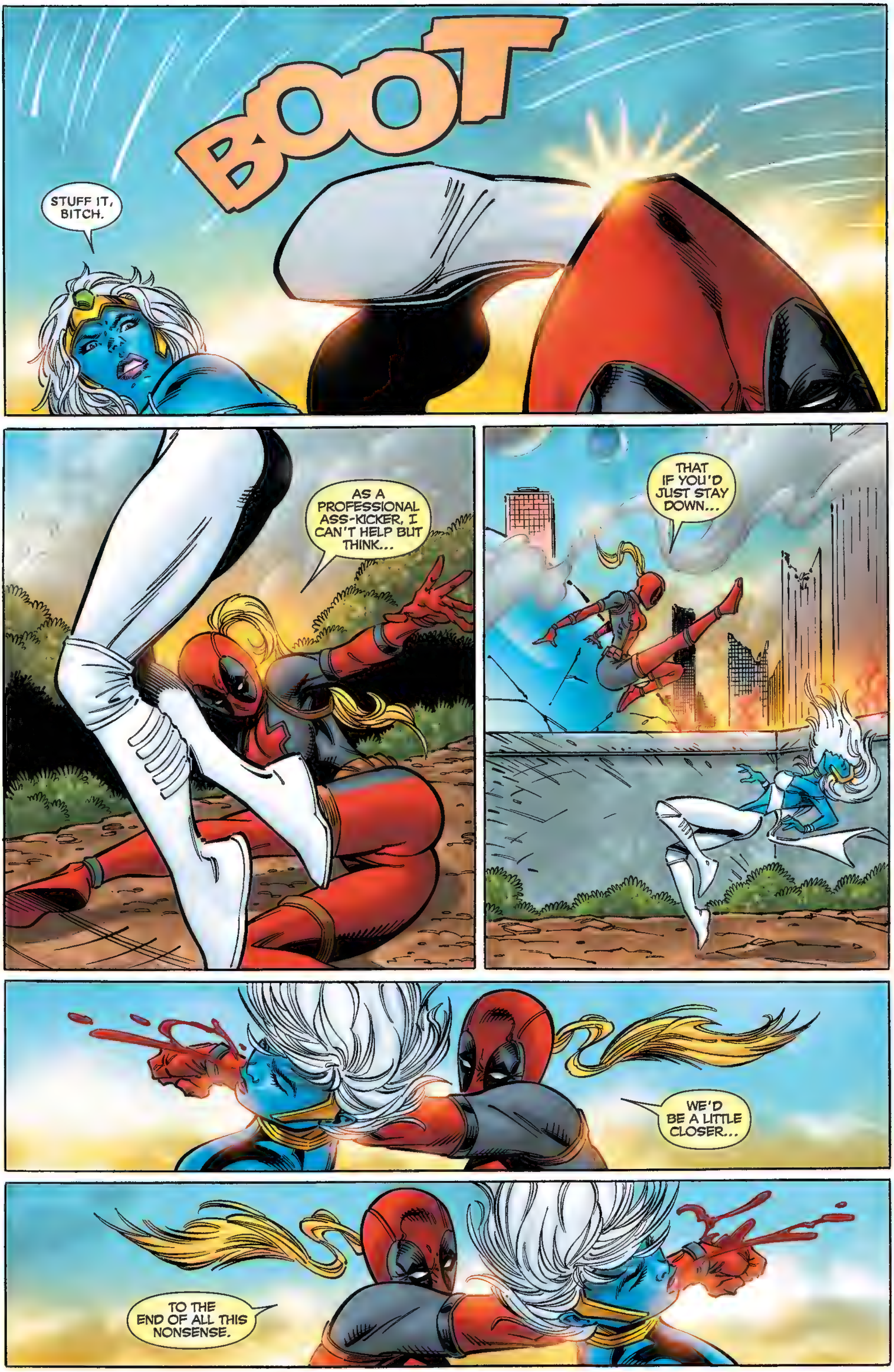

FLASH BACK WITH US, FRIENDS...
THE OMEGA CONFEDERATION WANTED US TO GIVE YOU A MESSAGE BEFORE WE OFFICIALLY *TERMINATE* YOUR EMPLOYMENT.
DIE PAINFULLY, MOUTHY CLOWN.
I NEED TO REQUEST THAT MESSAGE IN WRITING. I KEEP *METICULOUS* RECORDS.
REQUEST DENIED.
BANG
BOOM
KRAK
⋟OOF!⋞
I'VE ACTUALLY SEEN YOU GET YOUR ASS KICKED BEFORE, SO I'M GOING TO HEAD OUT AND RUN SOME ERRANDS.
OKAY. ⋟GRUNT⋞ CATCH YOU LATER.

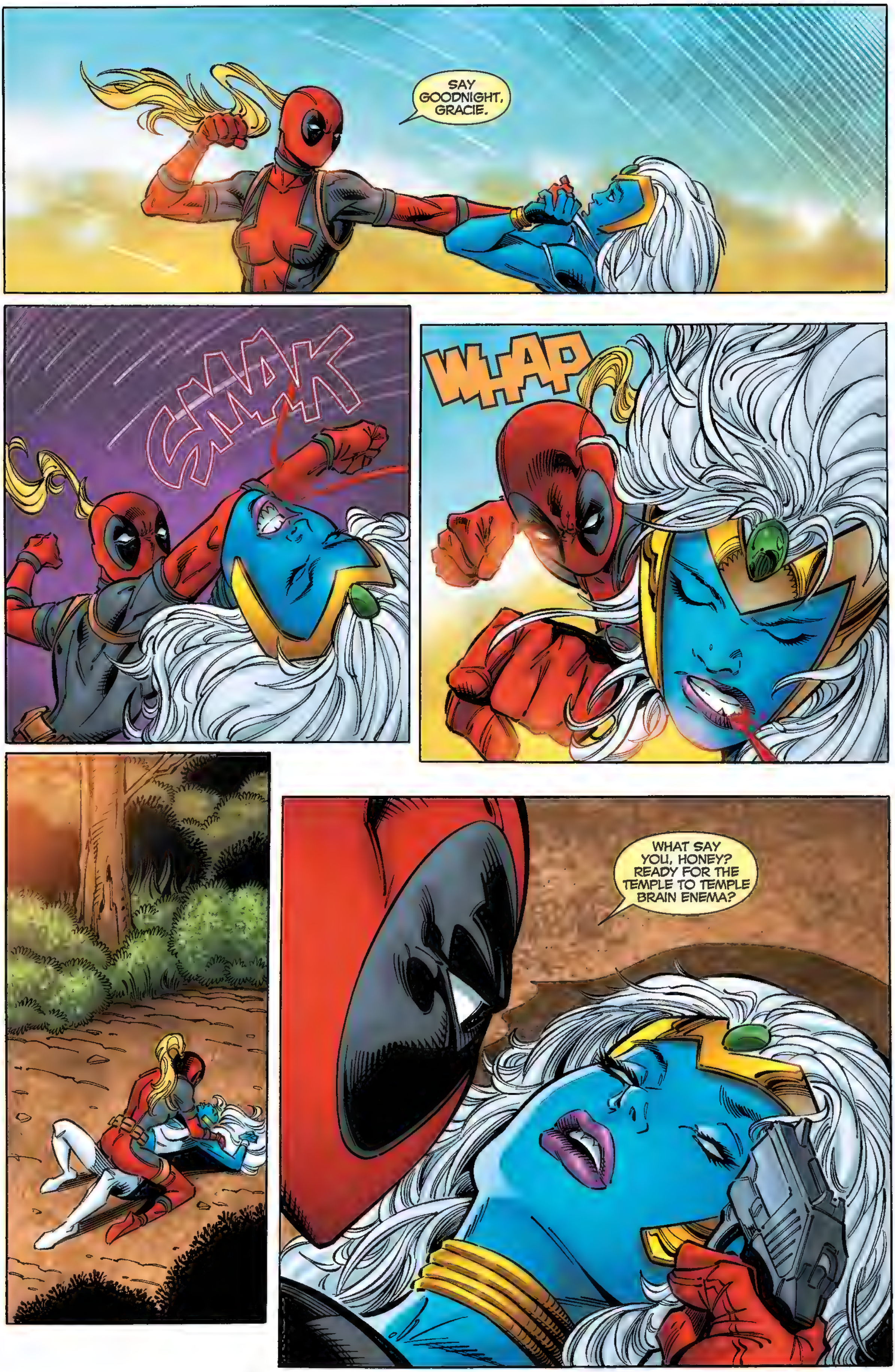

OKAY, SPACE GOONS, IF YOU WANT A SMACKDOWN...
ACROSS TOWN...
...THEN I'M READY AND WILLING TO PUNCH YOUR TICKET TO PAIN TOWN.
BRING IT.
KLANG
ALLEY OOP!
HWHUUMF!
THAT... HURT.
YOU THOUGHT I WAS KIDDING ABOUT PAIN TOWN? IT GETS WORSE, BY THE WAY.

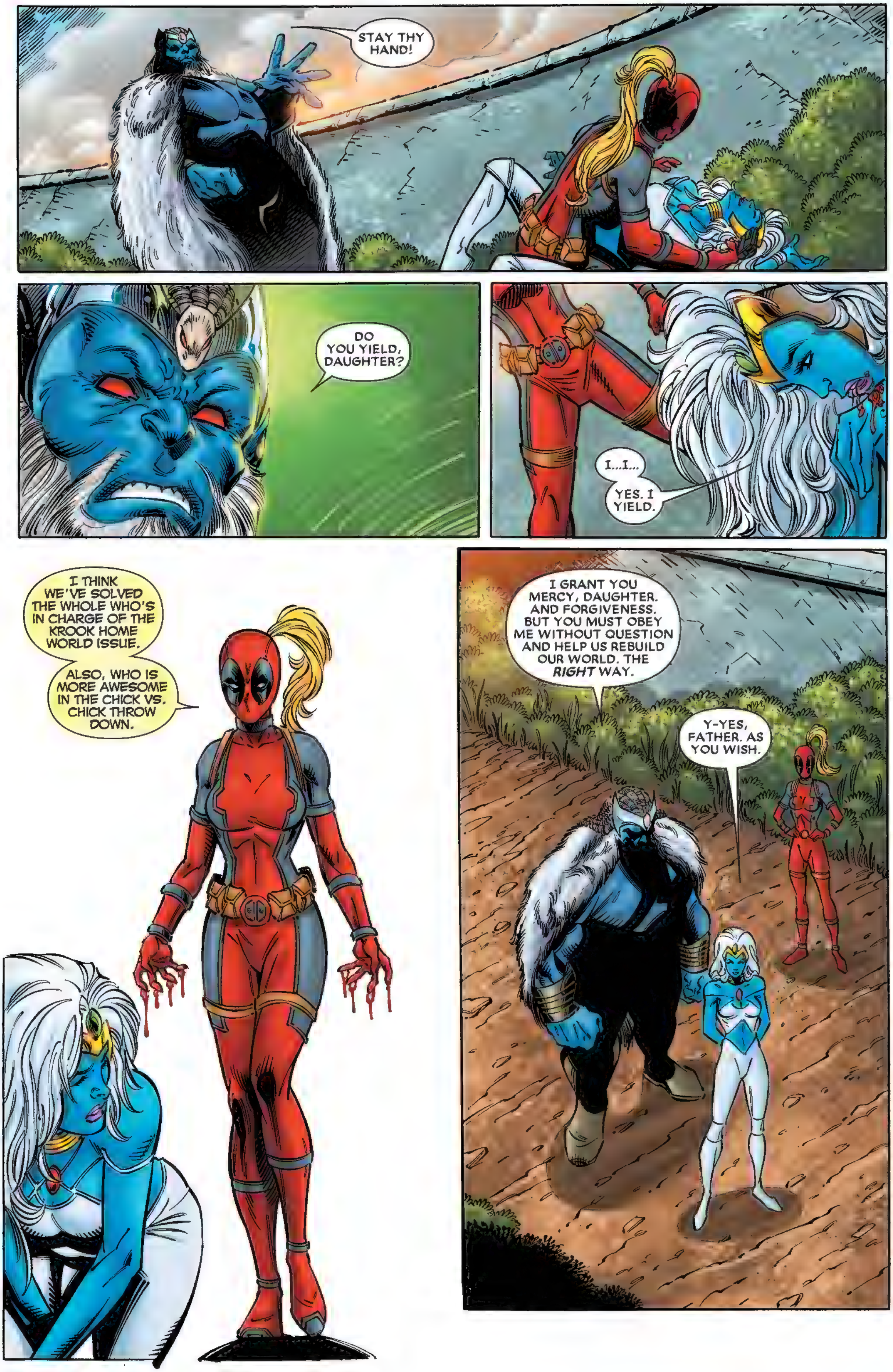

YOUR MAJESTY! LADY DEADPOOL AND YOUR DAUGHTER!
PROTECT THE QUEEN!
HOLD!
LET IT ALL END HERE AND NOW. LET IT BE DECIDED ONCE AND FOR ALL. LADY DEADPOOL IS MY CHAMPION. AND I WILL ABIDE BY THE RESULT.
WHAT SAY YOU, DAUGHTER?
LET IT BE SO.
THEN LET THE DUEL COMMENCE!

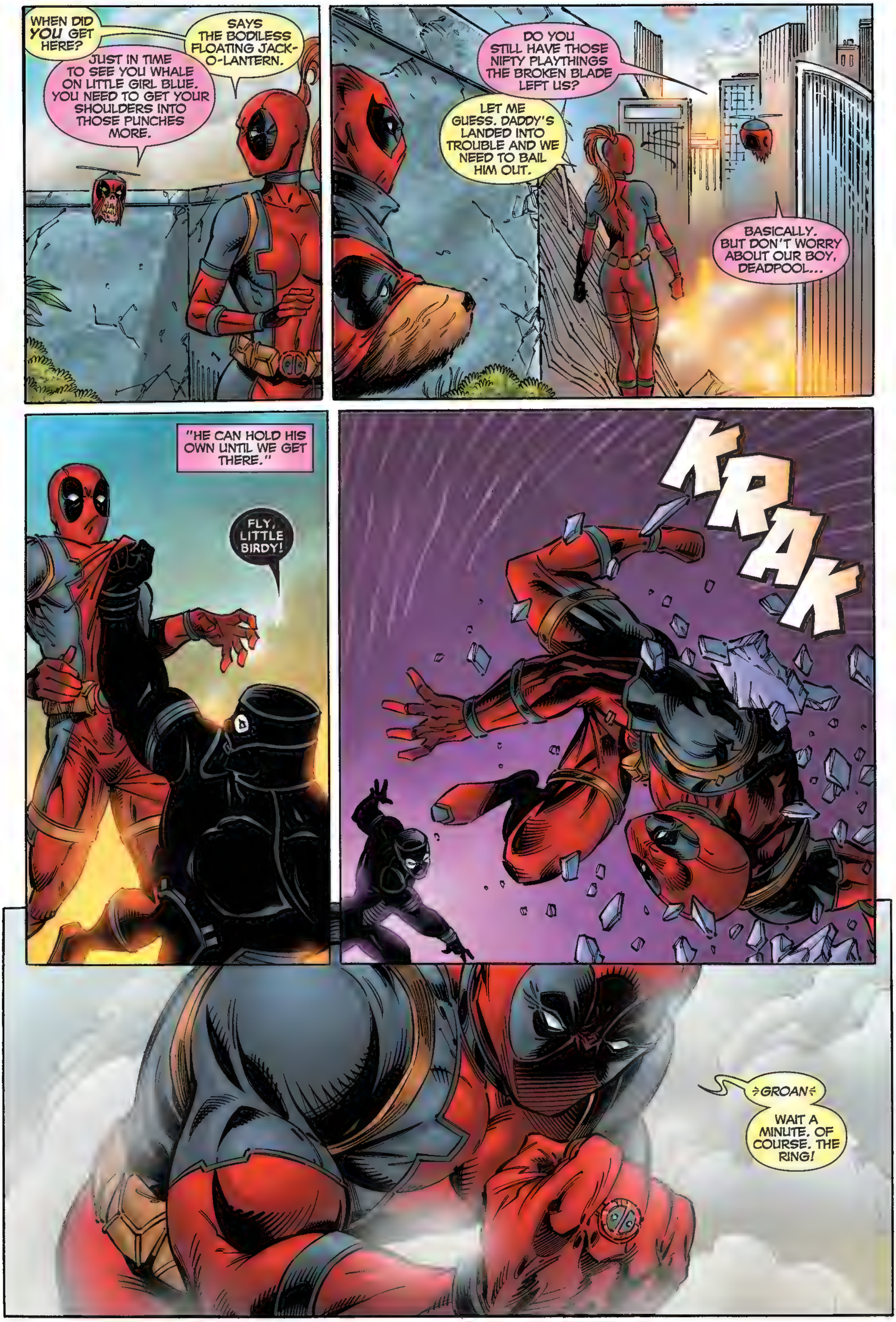

TING
KLANG
SPLANG
SHWIK
SWASH
AAAARRRGH
YOU'VE BEEN ≠PANT PANT≠ PRACTICING.

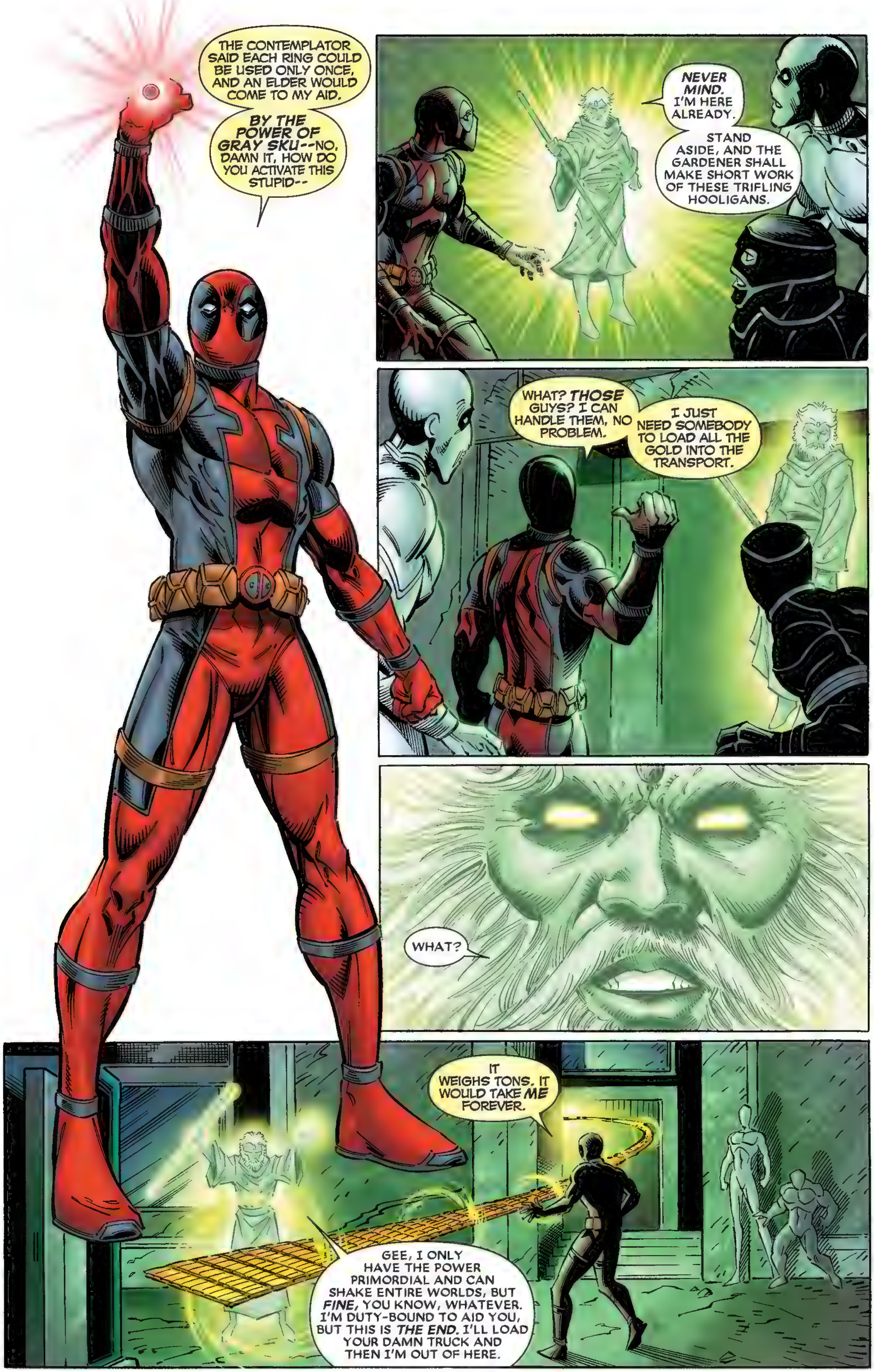

I'M NOT SOME HIRED MERCENARY LIKE YOU. THIS IS *MY* HOME. MY PEOPLE.
NOW *FIGHT* IF YOU HAVE ANY FIGHT LEFT IN YOU.
YOU'RE TOO DAMN GOOD WITH THE SWORD, SO LET'S JUST GET *RID* OF THIS THING.
KLARNG
IF YOU WON'T DUEL ME WITH SWORDS, THEN WHAT--
HEY!
I KNOW YOU WERE EAGER FOR AN HONORABLE DUEL, BUT I'M SURE SOME OLD-FASHIONED FISTICUFFS WILL DO, EH?
WHAP

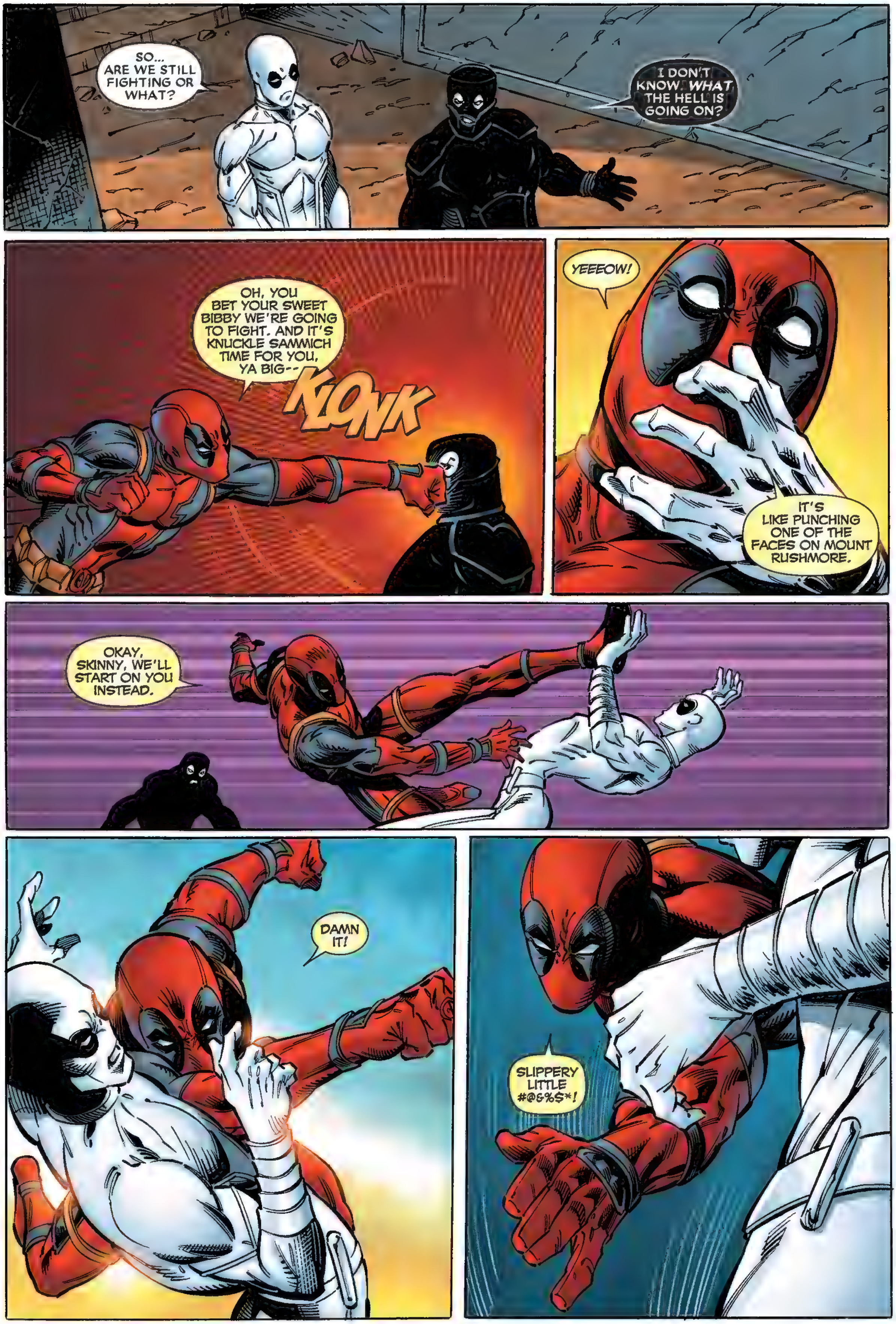

BOOT
STUFF IT, BITCH.
AS A PROFESSIONAL ASS-KICKER, I CAN'T HELP BUT THINK...
THAT IF YOU'D JUST STAY DOWN...
WE'D BE A LITTLE CLOSER...
TO THE END OF ALL THIS NONSENSE.

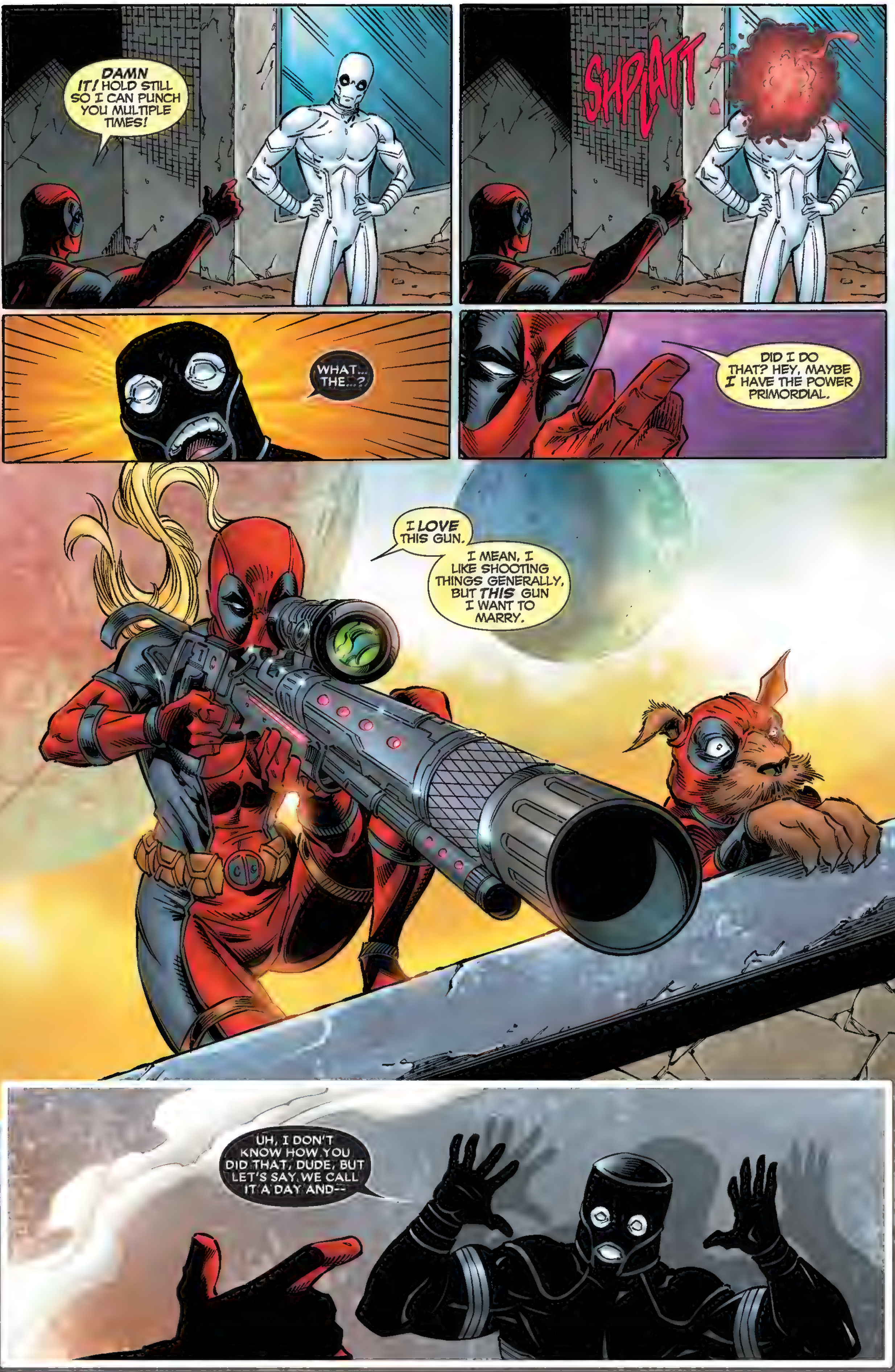

SAY GOODNIGHT, GRACIE.
SMAK
WHAP
WHAT SAY YOU, HONEY? READY FOR THE TEMPLE TO TEMPLE BRAIN ENEMA?


STAY THY HAND!
DO YOU YIELD, DAUGHTER?
I...I...
YES. I YIELD.
I THINK WE'VE SOLVED THE WHOLE WHO'S IN CHARGE OF THE KROOK HOME WORLD ISSUE.
ALSO, WHO IS MORE AWESOME IN THE CHICK VS. CHICK THROW DOWN.
I GRANT YOU MERCY, DAUGHTER. AND FORGIVENESS. BUT YOU MUST OBEY ME WITHOUT QUESTION AND HELP US REBUILD OUR WORLD. THE *RIGHT* WAY.
Y-YES, FATHER. AS YOU WISH.

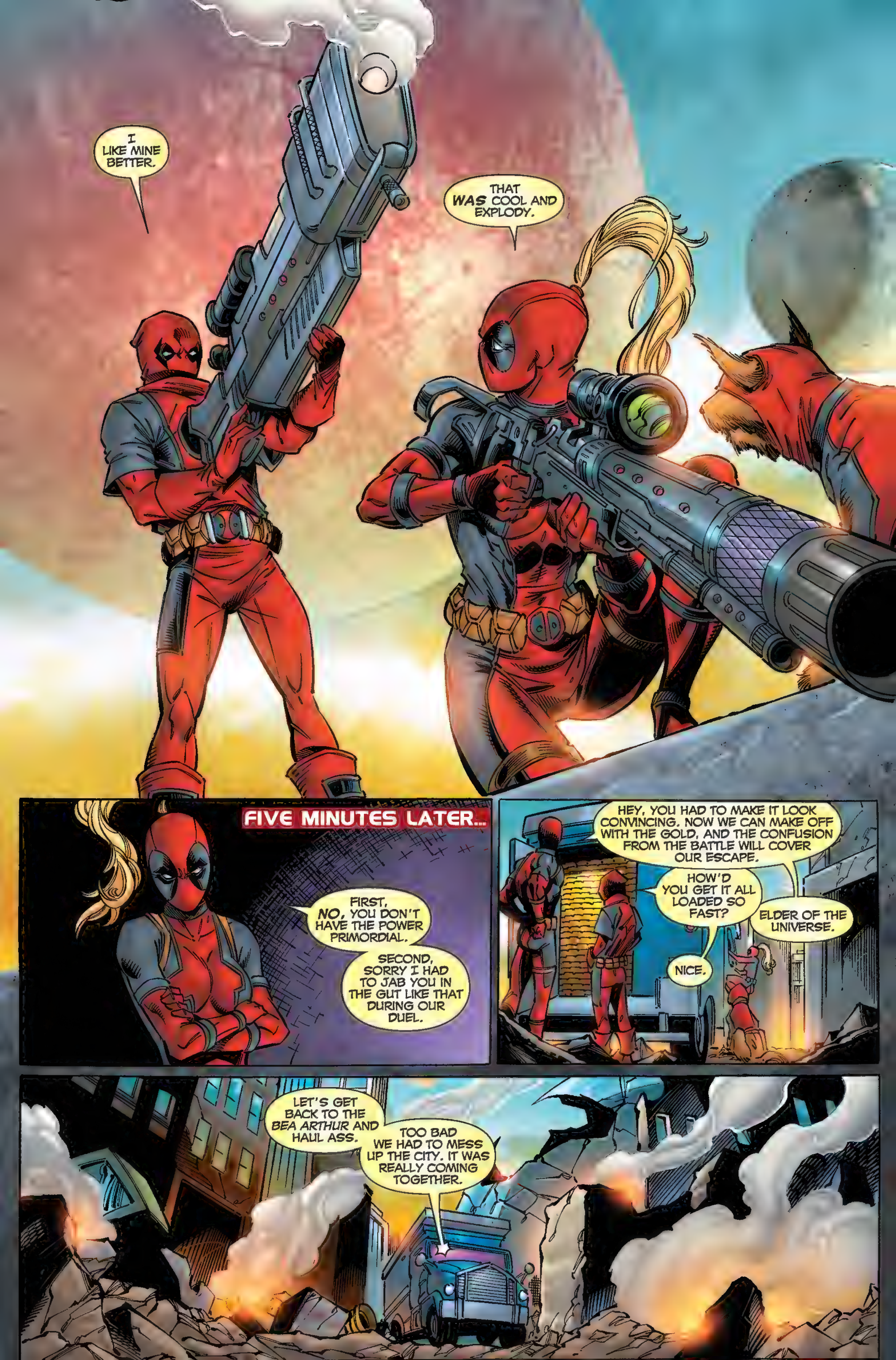

WHEN DID *YOU* GET HERE?
SAYS THE BODILESS FLOATING JACK-O-LANTERN.
JUST IN TIME TO SEE YOU WHALE ON LITTLE GIRL BLUE. YOU NEED TO GET YOUR SHOULDERS INTO THOSE PUNCHES MORE.
DO YOU STILL HAVE THOSE NIFTY PLAYTHINGS THE BROKEN BLADE LEFT US?
LET ME GUESS. DADDY'S LANDED INTO TROUBLE AND WE NEED TO BAIL HIM OUT.
BASICALLY. BUT DON'T WORRY ABOUT OUR BOY, DEADPOOL...
"HE CAN HOLD HIS OWN UNTIL WE GET THERE."
FLY, LITTLE BIRDY!
KRAK
⸗GROAN⸗
WAIT A MINUTE. OF COURSE. THE RING!

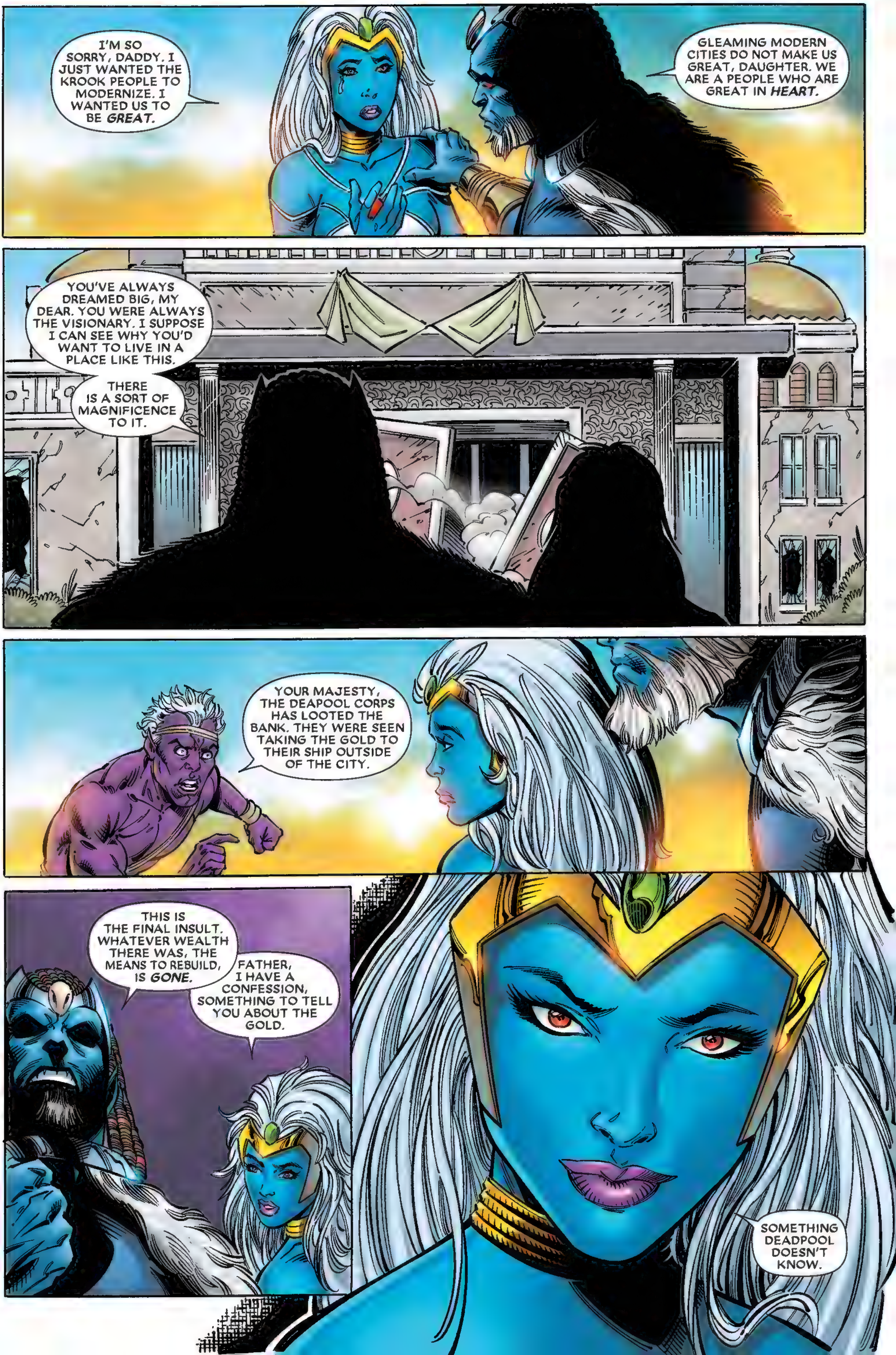

THE CONTEMPLATOR SAID EACH RING COULD BE USED ONLY ONCE, AND AN ELDER WOULD COME TO MY AID.
BY THE POWER OF GRAY SKU--NO, DAMN IT, HOW DO YOU ACTIVATE THIS STUPID--
NEVER MIND. I'M HERE ALREADY.
STAND ASIDE, AND THE GARDENER SHALL MAKE SHORT WORK OF THESE TRIFLING HOOLIGANS.
WHAT? *THOSE* GUYS? I CAN HANDLE THEM, NO PROBLEM.
I JUST NEED SOMEBODY TO LOAD ALL THE GOLD INTO THE TRANSPORT.
WHAT?
IT WEIGHS TONS. IT WOULD TAKE *ME* FOREVER.
GEE, I ONLY HAVE THE POWER PRIMORDIAL AND CAN SHAKE ENTIRE WORLDS, BUT *FINE,* YOU KNOW, WHATEVER. I'M DUTY-BOUND TO AID YOU, BUT THIS IS *THE END.* I'LL LOAD YOUR DAMN TRUCK AND THEN I'M OUT OF HERE.

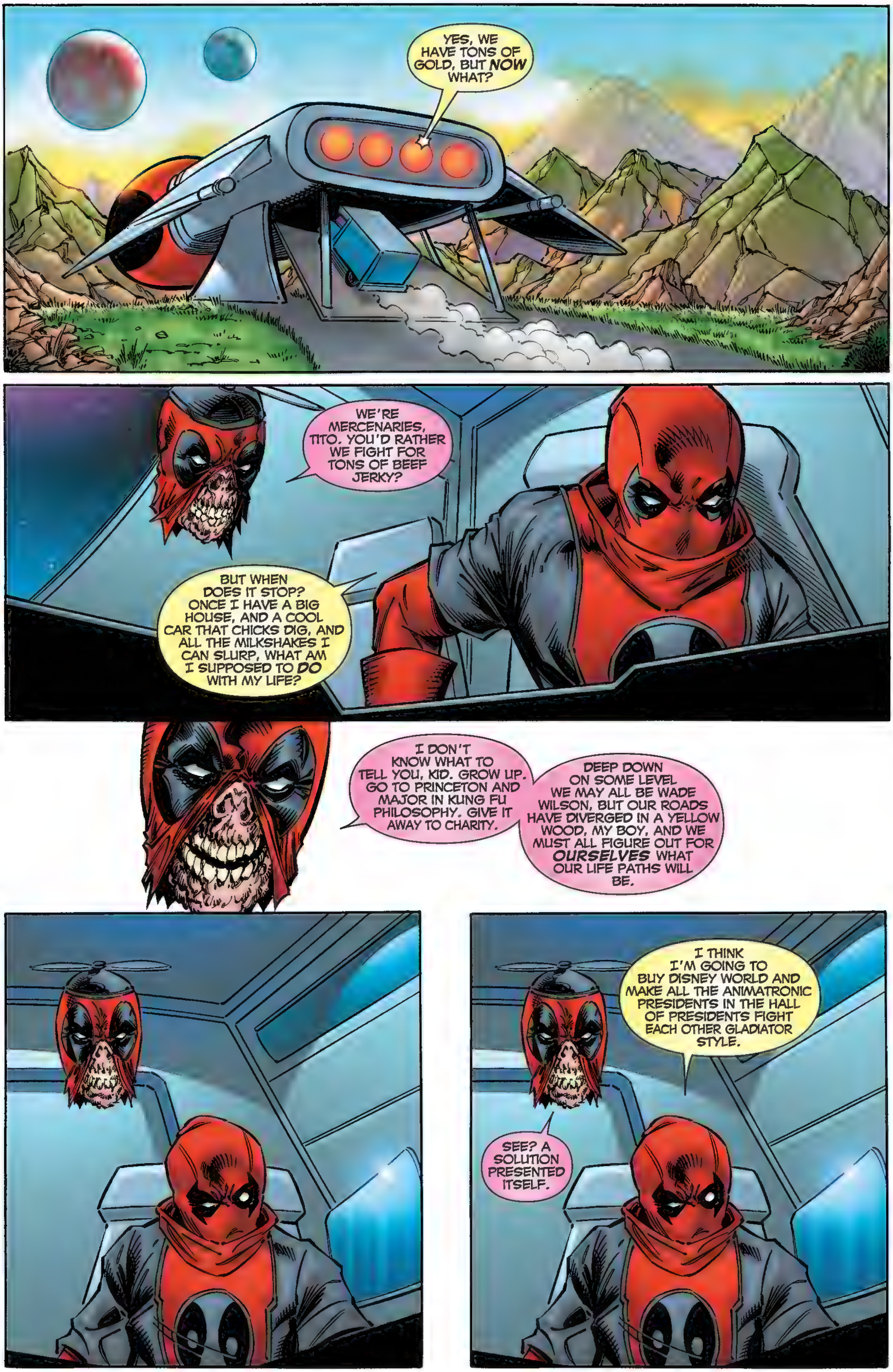

SO... ARE WE STILL FIGHTING OR WHAT?
I DON'T KNOW! *WHAT* THE HELL IS GOING ON?
OH, YOU BET YOUR SWEET BIBBY WE'RE GOING TO FIGHT. AND IT'S KNUCKLE SAMMICH TIME FOR YOU, YA BIG--
KLONK
YEEEOW!
IT'S LIKE PUNCHING ONE OF THE FACES ON MOUNT RUSHMORE.
OKAY, SKINNY, WE'LL START ON YOU INSTEAD.
DAMN IT!
SLIPPERY LITTLE #@&%$*!

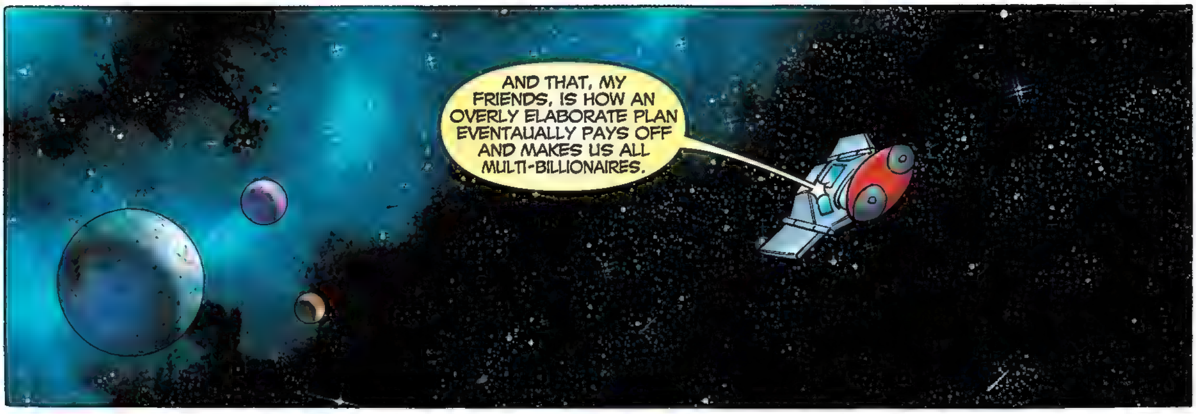

DAMN IT! HOLD STILL SO I CAN PUNCH YOU MULTIPLE TIMES!
SHPLATT
WHAT... THE...?
DID I DO THAT? HEY, MAYBE I HAVE THE POWER PRIMORDIAL.
I LOVE THIS GUN.
I MEAN, I LIKE SHOOTING THINGS GENERALLY, BUT THIS GUN I WANT TO MARRY.
UH, I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU DID THAT, DUDE, BUT LET'S SAY WE CALL IT A DAY AND--

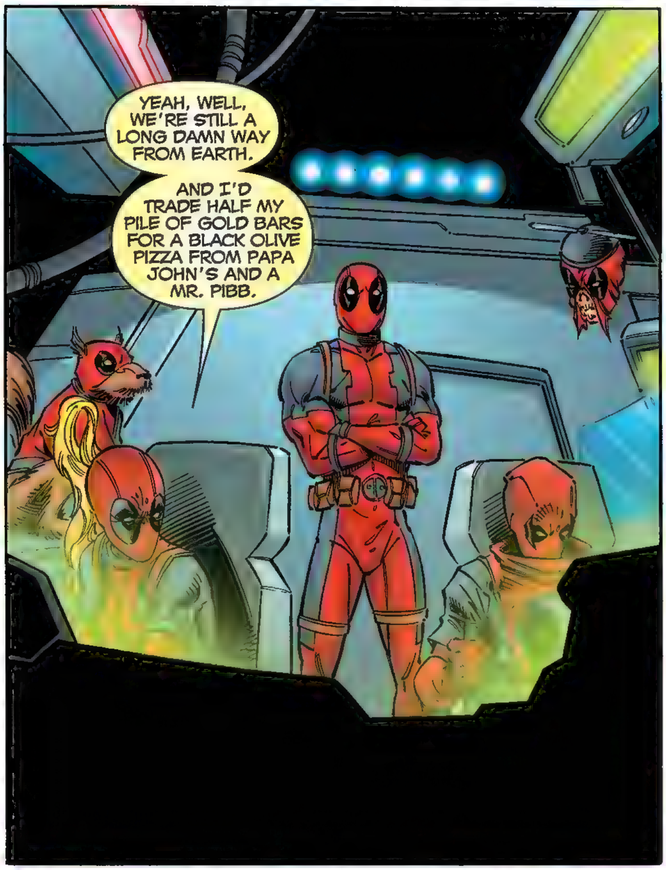
KER-BLAMM!

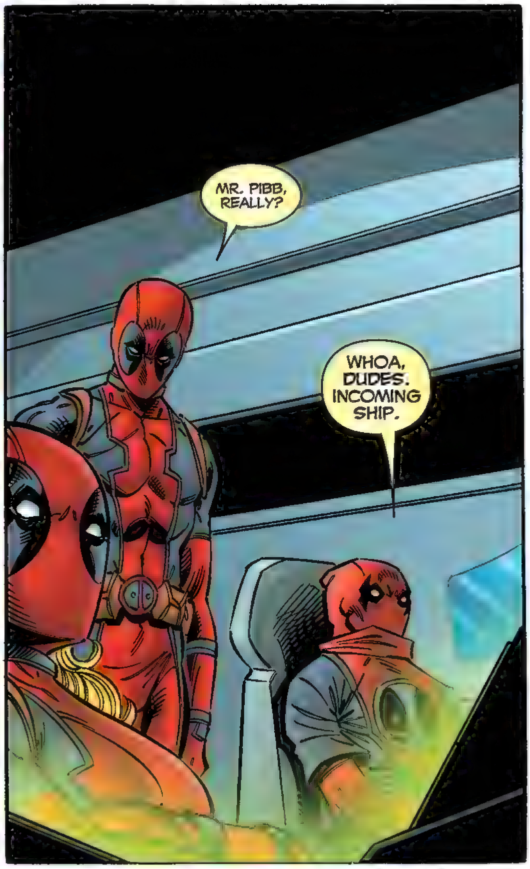

I LIKE MINE BETTER.
THAT *WAS* COOL AND EXPLODY.
FIVE MINUTES LATER...
FIRST, *NO,* YOU DON'T HAVE THE POWER PRIMORDIAL.
SECOND, SORRY I HAD TO JAB YOU IN THE GUT LIKE THAT DURING OUR DUEL.
HEY, YOU HAD TO MAKE IT LOOK CONVINCING. NOW WE CAN MAKE OFF WITH THE GOLD, AND THE CONFUSION FROM THE BATTLE WILL COVER OUR ESCAPE.
HOW'D YOU GET IT ALL LOADED SO FAST?
ELDER OF THE UNIVERSE.
NICE.
LET'S GET BACK TO THE *BEA ARTHUR* AND HAUL ASS.
TOO BAD WE HAD TO MESS UP THE CITY. IT WAS REALLY COMING TOGETHER.

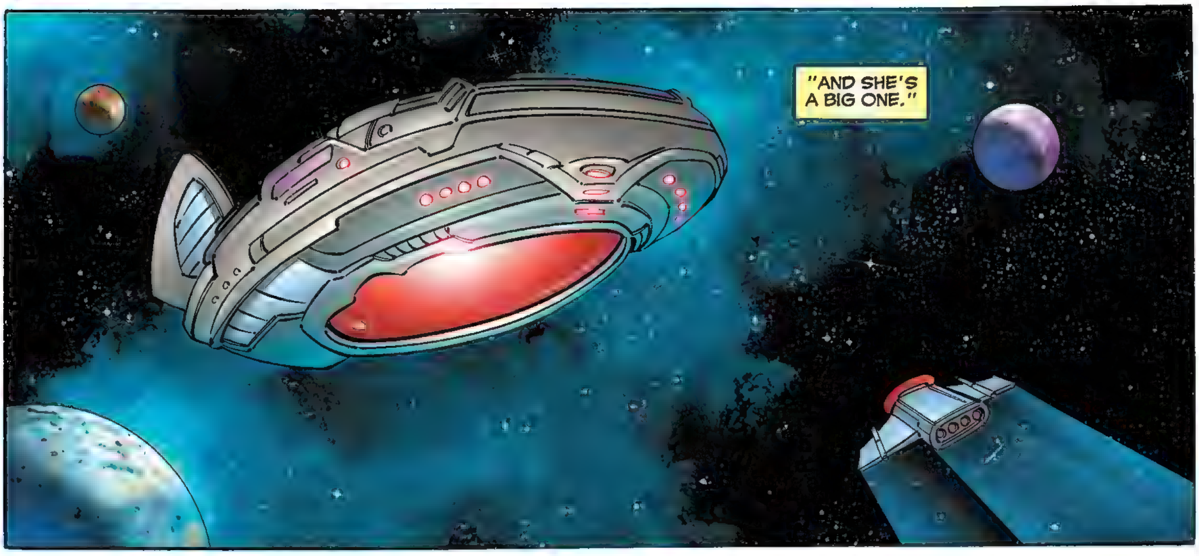

I'M SO SORRY, DADDY. I JUST WANTED THE KROOK PEOPLE TO MODERNIZE. I WANTED US TO BE *GREAT.*
GLEAMING MODERN CITIES DO NOT MAKE US GREAT, DAUGHTER. WE ARE A PEOPLE WHO ARE GREAT IN *HEART.*
YOU'VE ALWAYS DREAMED BIG, MY DEAR. YOU WERE ALWAYS THE VISIONARY. I SUPPOSE I CAN SEE WHY YOU'D WANT TO LIVE IN A PLACE LIKE THIS.
THERE IS A SORT OF MAGNIFICENCE TO IT.
YOUR MAJESTY, THE DEAPOOL CORPS HAS LOOTED THE BANK. THEY WERE SEEN TAKING THE GOLD TO THEIR SHIP OUTSIDE OF THE CITY.
THIS IS THE FINAL INSULT. WHATEVER WEALTH THERE WAS, THE MEANS TO REBUILD, IS *GONE.*
FATHER, I HAVE A CONFESSION, SOMETHING TO TELL YOU ABOUT THE GOLD.
SOMETHING DEADPOOL DOESN'T KNOW.

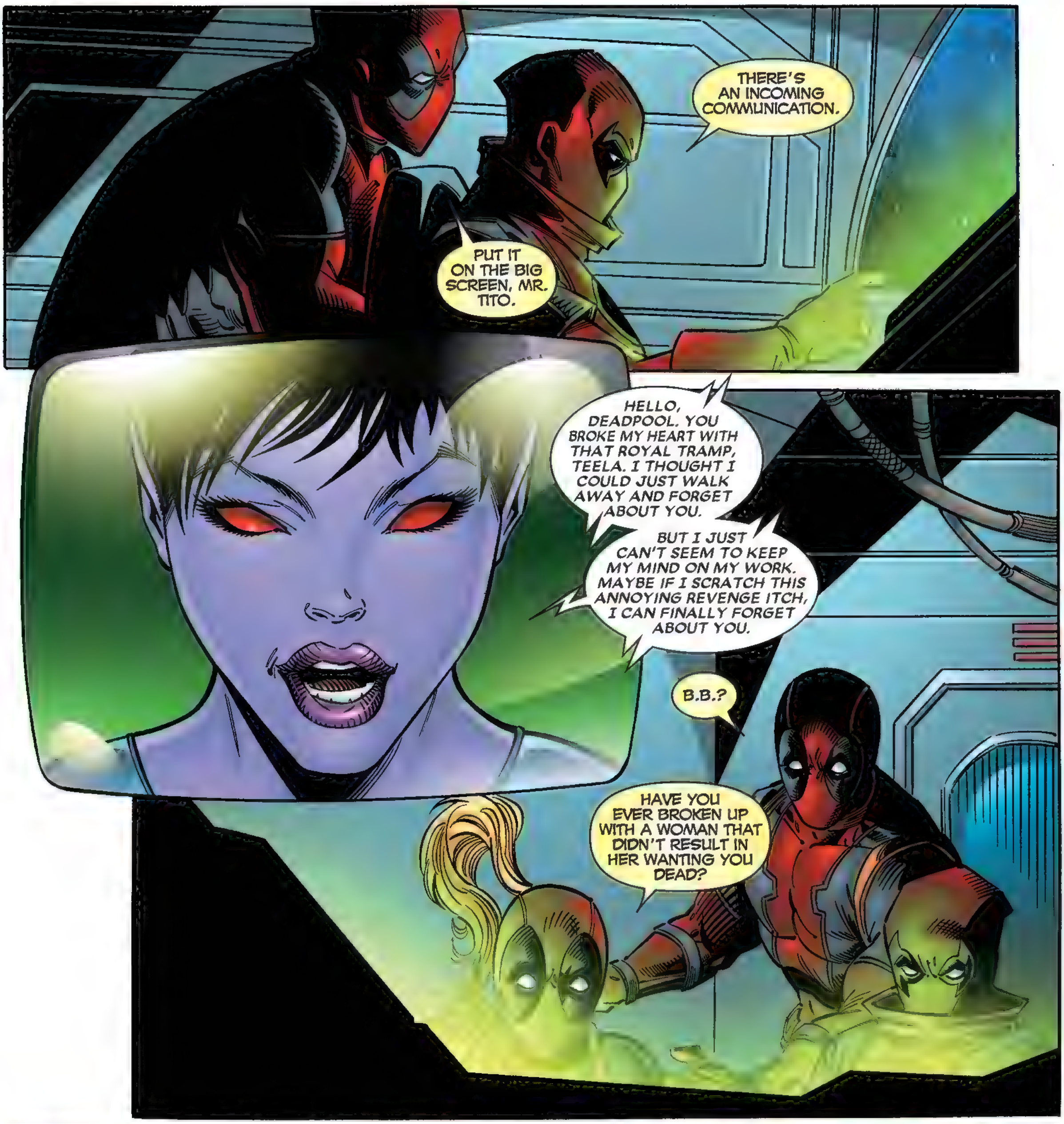

YES, WE HAVE TONS OF GOLD, BUT *NOW* WHAT?
WE'RE MERCENARIES, TITO. YOU'D RATHER WE FIGHT FOR TONS OF BEEF JERKY?
BUT WHEN DOES IT STOP? ONCE I HAVE A BIG HOUSE, AND A COOL CAR THAT CHICKS DIG, AND ALL THE MILKSHAKES I CAN SLURP, WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO *DO* WITH MY LIFE?
I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO TELL YOU, KID. GROW UP. GO TO PRINCETON AND MAJOR IN KUNG FU PHILOSOPHY. GIVE IT AWAY TO CHARITY.
DEEP DOWN ON SOME LEVEL WE MAY ALL BE WADE WILSON, BUT OUR ROADS HAVE DIVERGED IN A YELLOW WOOD, MY BOY, AND WE MUST ALL FIGURE OUT FOR *OURSELVES* WHAT OUR LIFE PATHS WILL BE.
I THINK I'M GOING TO BUY DISNEY WORLD AND MAKE ALL THE ANIMATRONIC PRESIDENTS IN THE HALL OF PRESIDENTS FIGHT EACH OTHER GLADIATOR STYLE.
SEE? A SOLUTION PRESENTED ITSELF.

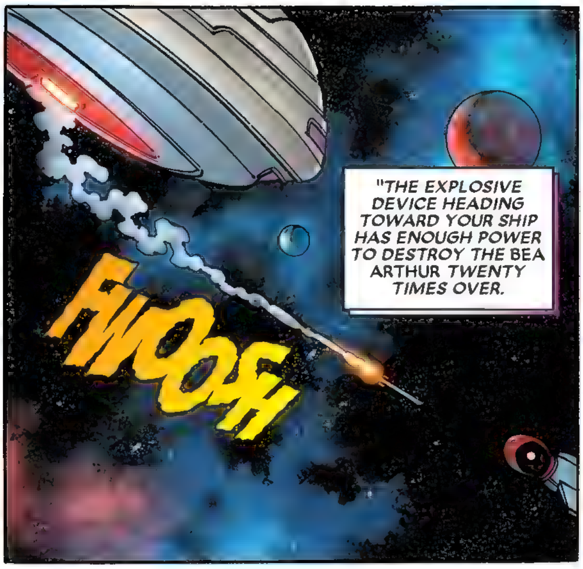

AND THAT, MY FRIENDS, IS HOW AN OVERLY ELABORATE PLAN EVENTAUALLY PAYS OFF AND MAKES US ALL MULTI-BILLIONAIRES.

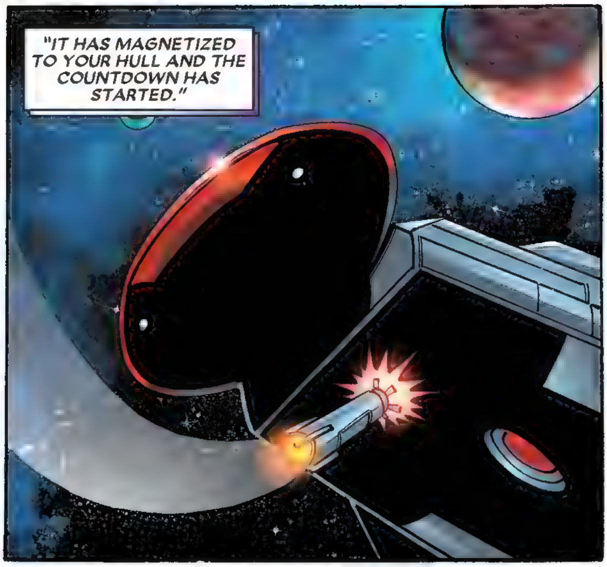

YEAH, WELL, WE'RE STILL A LONG DAMN WAY FROM EARTH.
AND I'D TRADE HALF MY PILE OF GOLD BARS FOR A BLACK OLIVE PIZZA FROM PAPA JOHN'S AND A MR. PIBB.

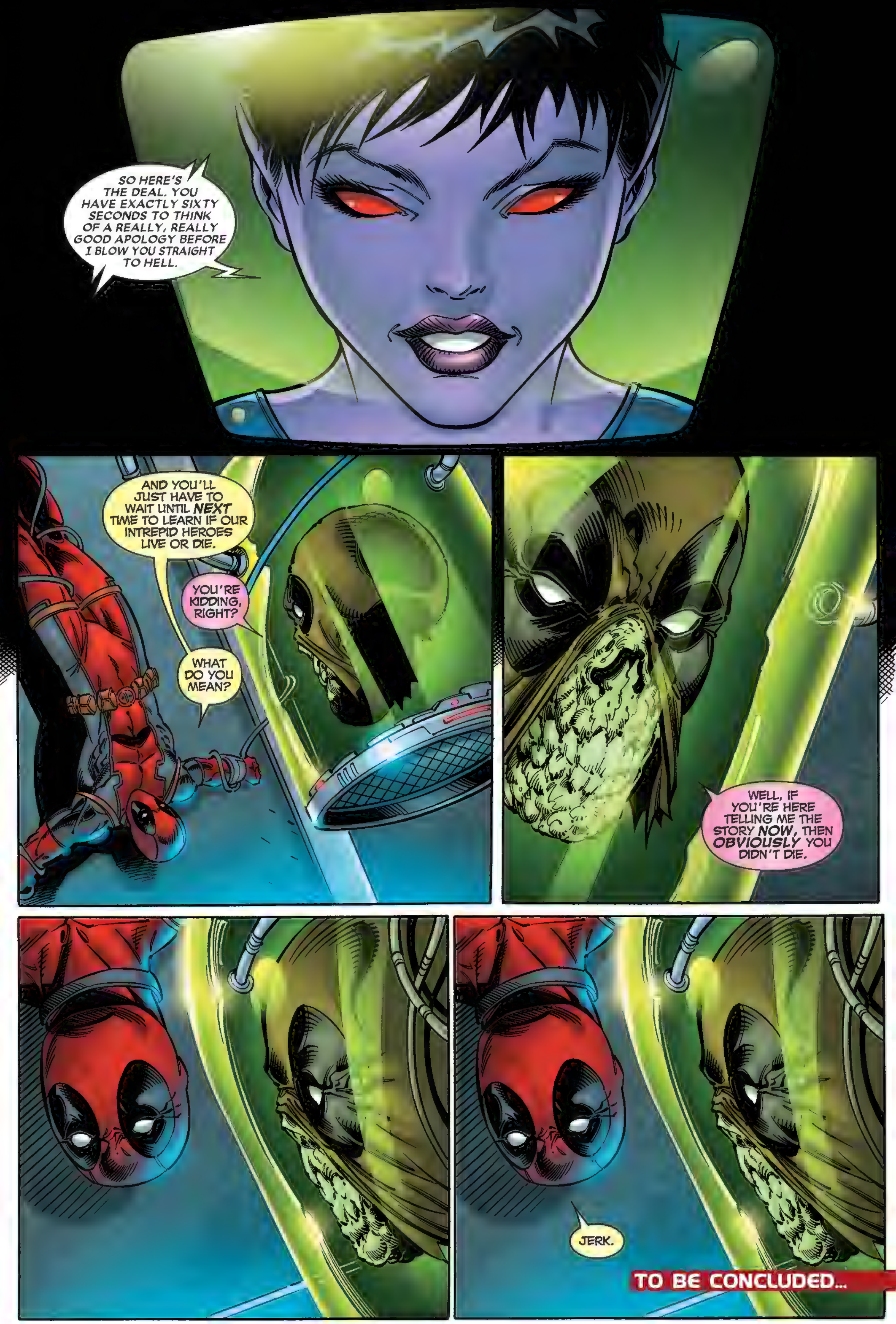

MR. PIBB, REALLY?
WHOA, DUDES. INCOMING SHIP.


"AND SHE'S A BIG ONE."

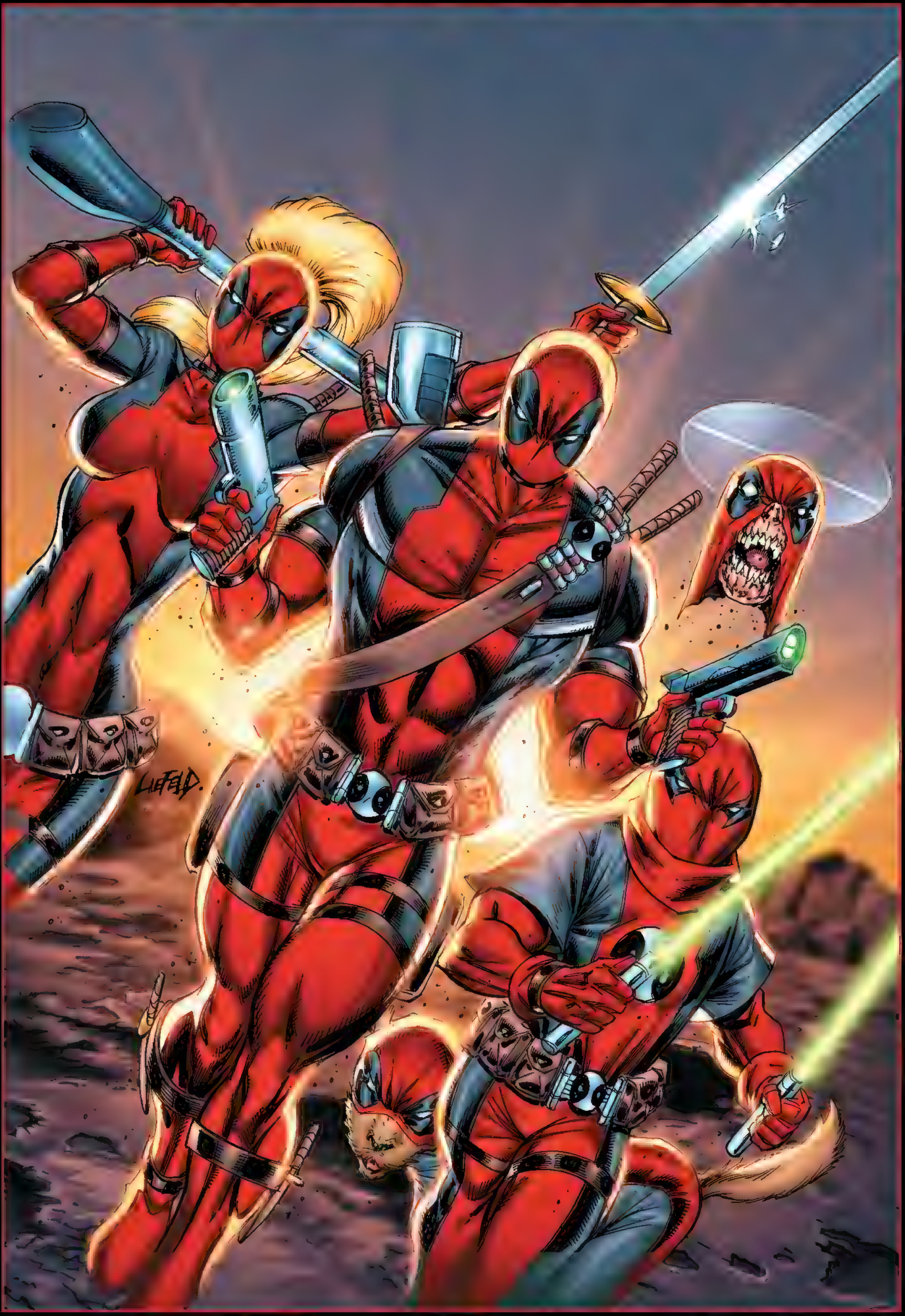

THERE'S AN INCOMING COMMUNICATION.
PUT IT ON THE BIG SCREEN, MR. TITO.
HELLO, DEADPOOL. YOU BROKE MY HEART WITH THAT ROYAL TRAMP, TEELA. I THOUGHT I COULD JUST WALK AWAY AND FORGET ABOUT YOU.
BUT I JUST CAN'T SEEM TO KEEP MY MIND ON MY WORK. MAYBE IF I SCRATCH THIS ANNOYING REVENGE ITCH, I CAN FINALLY FORGET ABOUT YOU.
B.B.?
HAVE YOU EVER BROKEN UP WITH A WOMAN THAT DIDN'T RESULT IN HER WANTING YOU DEAD?


"THE EXPLOSIVE DEVICE HEADING TOWARD YOUR SHIP HAS ENOUGH POWER TO DESTROY THE BEA ARTHUR TWENTY TIMES OVER.
FWOOSH


"IT HAS MAGNETIZED TO YOUR HULL AND THE COUNTDOWN HAS STARTED."


SO HERE'S THE DEAL. YOU HAVE EXACTLY SIXTY SECONDS TO THINK OF A REALLY, REALLY GOOD APOLOGY BEFORE I BLOW YOU STRAIGHT TO HELL.
AND YOU'LL JUST HAVE TO WAIT UNTIL *NEXT* TIME TO LEARN IF OUR INTREPID HEROES LIVE OR DIE.
YOU'RE KIDDING, RIGHT?
WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
WELL, IF YOU'RE HERE TELLING ME THE STORY *NOW*, THEN *OBVIOUSLY* YOU DIDN'T DIE.
JERK.
TO BE CONCLUDED...

NEXT: DON'T MISS THE FINAL ISSUE OF DEADPOOL CORPS!



DEADPOOL CORPS

GISCHLER
MYCHAELS
HAMSCHER
YACKEY

MARVEL
12

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When the Elders of the Universe sensed the coming of a threat of galactic proportions, they asked Deadpool, the Merc with a Mouth, to assemble a team fearless (and stupid) enough to stand against it.

Never one to back down from a mission spelling certain death, Deadpool scoured the Universe and gathered alternate versions of himself:
Lady Deadpool, Kidpool, Dogpool, and Headpool.

Together they form the

DEADPOOL CORPS

The Omega Confederation hired the Deadpool Corps to quickly and quietly quell the rebellion of the indigenous Krook of the resource-rich planet Kagan 7. Deadpool immediately switches sides and ends up sparking a civil war on the planet, fought between the traditional Krook King and his ambitious daughter, Princess Teela.

Erring on the side of greed and lust, Deadpool falls head over heels for the Princess while the rest of the Deadpool Corps side with the rebellious King. The ongoing conflict sends the Omega Corporation into a frenzy as they seek a way to regain control of the planet and take revenge on the Deadpool Corps.

Deadpool meanwhile is busy using the chaos he sowed on the planet to plunder the gold vaults of the capital city. Together with the Corps he makes his escape when he is intercepted by the Black Blade, his old flame. Black Blade is none too pleased with Deadpool's romantic antics on the planet and is seconds away from vaporizing her ex.

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YOU HAVE THIRTY SECONDS TO *APOLOGIZE,* DEADPOOL, BEFORE THE DEVICE BLASTS YOUR SHIP INTO MOLECULES.
APOLOGIZE? LOOK, BABY. YOU GOT THIS ALL TURNED AROUND. I KNOW HOW IT *LOOKED,* BUT WHEN I WAS WOUNDED AND YOU SAW TEELA AND ME TOGETHER, IT WAS JUST--
I ASKED FOR AN APOLOGY, DEADPOOL, NOT AN EXPLANATION. YOU'RE DOWN TO FIFTEEN SECONDS.
I'M SOOOOOO SO SO SO SORRY, HONEY-PANTS! I WAS ONE HUNDRED PERCENT TOTALLY *WRONG* AND YOU WERE *RIGHT* AND I SHOULD BE SPANKED AND *NOT* IN THE GOOD WAY. BECAUSE I *DESERVE* IT, THAT'S WHY.
CLEARLY NOT SINCERE.
I CONCUR.

OKAY, OKAY!
BUT YOU'VE GOT TO NIX THE COUNTDOWN. I DO HAVE TO EXPLAIN.
FINE. I'VE PAUSED IT. FOR NOW.
KLIK
YES, I ADMIT THERE WAS A BRIEF, TORRID FLING BETWEEN ME AND THE PRINCESS. FATE HAD FLUNG US INTO EACH OTHERS' ARMS.
BUT THAT WAS LONG AFTER WE PARTED WAYS, NEVER DARING TO BELIEVE WE WOULD EVER MEET AGAIN.
DARE, CASANOVA. DARE!

BUT **EVERYTHING** CHANGED WHEN YOU WALKED BACK DOWN INTO MY LIFE WITH A CARGO HOLD FULL OF CUTTING-EDGE WEAPONS. YOU WERE MINE AND I WAS YOURS. WE WERE **OURS**, BABY. AND NO PRINCESS, HOWEVER STAGGERINGLY GORGEOUS, COULD MESS THAT UP.
÷SIGH÷
YOU KNOW, I ACTUALLY BELIEVE YOU, DEADPOOL. YOU ARE STRANGE AND UNPREDICTABLE AND THE VERY **DEFINITION** OF A LOOSE CANNON. BUT SOMEHOW I TRUST MY INSTINCTS WHEN I THINK YOU'RE BEING REAL.
BUT YOU'RE **TOO IMPULSIVE**. I'M NOT SURE WE'D BE A GOOD MATCH. I'D ALWAYS BE WAITING FOR THE WORLD TO CAVE IN AS THE RESULT OF ONE OF YOUR WHIMS. YOU KNOW WHAT SORT OF LIFE I LEAD. I NEED AT LEAST **ONE** THING IN MY LIFE TO BE STABLE AND DEPENDABLE.
AND THAT'S NOT YOU.
BUT... BUT...
WE CAN MAKE IT WORK, B.B.! I CAN BE SENSITIVE. I CAN LISTEN TO JOHN TESH. GIVE ME A CHANCE.
GOODBYE, DEADPOOL.

I'LL TRANSMIT THE INSTRUCTIONS FOR DEACTIVATING THE EXPLOSIVE DEVICE. YOU CAN REMOVE IT FROM THE HULL AT YOUR CONVENIENCE.
WHIMPER
ON THE UPSIDE, WE WEREN'T BLASTED INTO A MILLION PIECES.
YEAH, CHIN-UP, SPORT. ACCENTUATE THE POSITIVE. REMEMBER ALL THAT GOLD WE SWIPED? THAT HAS TO SOOTHE YOUR HEART OUCHIE, I'D GUESS.
BESIDES, WE ALL KNOW YOU'D HAVE BLOWN IT WITH HER SOONER OR LATER, ANYWAY.
YOU'RE *PROBABLY* RIGHT. I GUESS IT'S GOOD TO GET THE BAD NEWS OVER WITH AND BE DONE WITH IT. ALL SMOOTH SAILING AND SUNSHINE FROM HERE.

BACK TO THE PRESENT...
AND *THAT'S* WHEN THE OMEGA CONFEDERATION APPEARED AND BLEW OUR ENGINES ALL TO HELL.
WELL, NOTHING TO DO NOW EXCEPT AMUSE OURSELVES WITH SPARKLING CONVERSATION WHILE WAITING TO BE RESCUED.
I *SAID,* NOTHING TO DO NOW EXCEPT AMUSE OURSELVES WITH SPARKLING--
YEAH, I HEARD YOU.
MEANWHILE, I CAN'T HELP BUT WONDER WHAT THE REST OF THE GANG IS UP TO.

MEANWHILE, THIS IS WHAT THE REST OF THE GANG IS UP TO...
SO, LET'S KEEP THIS PLAN SIMPLE. WE FIND DEADPOOL AND THE HEAD, BUST THEM OUT, THEN HAUL ASS BACK TO THE *BEA ARTHUR*.
BUT THE SHIP'S ***BUSTED!***
WHY YA GOTTA COMPLICATE THE PLAN?
UH... I THINK ***THEY*** MIGHT WANT TO COMPLICATE IT.
IT'S THE DEADPOOL CORPS! ***GET 'EM!***
GET 'EM? REALLY? ***WE*** WERE AT THE BRIEFING TOO, BRAD.
YEAH, BRAD! STOP BEING A PILL.
BLAMM

VZZZZWAK
GRRRRRR
SEEMS LIKE WE SPEND A LOT OF TIME BASHING FLUNKIES. THERE'S NO END TO THEM.
BLAMM BLAMM
THEY BELONG TO THE SAME UNION AS STORMTROOPERS AND RED SHIRTS.
BA-BLAMM BLAMM
BLAMM
BA-BLAMM
BLAMM
BLAMM
NICE WORK, ANGELS.

-GROAN-
TELL US WHERE THE HOLDING CELLS ARE AND I PROMISE NOT TO USE MY LASER SWORD TO FLOSS YOUR NEGATIVE ZONE.
ALL THE WAY... DOWN THE... MAIN CORRIDOR. THEN...LEFT. HIT THE LAUNDRY ROOM, YOU'VE...GONE TOO FAR.
FANTASTIC. VERY HELPFUL.
BLAMM
HEY!
WHAT? YOU PROMISED, NOT ME.
YEAH, WELL, MAYBE I WANTED TO ASK HIM MORE QUESTIONS. LIKE IF THERE'S AN ACCESS CODE TO DEADPOOL'S CELL.
HMMMM. A FAIR POINT. CHECK THE STIFFS FOR EXPLOSIVES.
WAY AHEAD OF YOU.
GOOD DOGGIE.

OH, MY GOD. I'VE FIGURED IT OUT.
IF YOU'RE ABOUT TO LAUNCH INTO ANOTHER FLASHBACK STORY, *FORGET IT*. THIS IS THE LAST ISSUE AND WE DON'T HAVE TIME.
ONCE I FINISHED TELLING YOU MY RIVETING TALE, THERE WAS NOTHING TO DO BUT CONTEMPLATE THE UNIVERSE FOR HOURS ON END.
IT'S BEEN TWENTY MINUTES.
I LOOKED DEEP, DEEP WITHIN THE INKY GOO PART OF MY SOUL. BELOW THE LAYERS, PAST THE VOICE BOXES. TOTAL ZEN. AND THERE IT WAS, JUST OVER THE HORIZON OF MY CONSCIOUSNESS. THE *SECRET* TO OUR LIVES, THE MULTIVERSE AND MOST EVERYTHING. THE MEANING OF ALL EXISTENCE IS...
FLA-BOOM
YOUR RIDE'S HERE, MR. WILSON.
WEREN'T YOU SAYING SOMETHING ABOUT THE SECRET OF LIFE?
MEH. I GOT DISTRACTED.

OKAY, NOW WE FIGHT OUR WAY BACK TO THE *BEA ARTHUR* AND GET THE HELL OUT OF HERE.
DID YOU HEAR SOMETHING?
UH, ENGINES **DESTROYED.** NO ESCAPE. DO I HAVE TO KEEP SAYING THIS?
HEAR WHAT?
MEANWHILE, IN ANOTHER PART OF THE SHIP...
THE DEADPOOL CORPS RUNS AMOK ON THE SHIP, SIR. OUR SECURITY FORCES ON THE LOWER DECKS HAVE BEEN *DECIMATED.*
DAMN THEM! I WISHED WE'D NEVER HIRED WILSON AND HIS ILK TO TAME THE KROOK. IT'S BEEN NOTHING BUT TROUBLE. DISPATCH OUR REMAINING TROOPS TO INTERCEPT THE DEADPOOL CORPS.
AND RELEASE THE GRAAG.
THE GRAAG?! BUT...BUT...SIR, THE GRAAG ARE USED FOR PLANETWIDE EXTERMINATION. TO RELEASE THEM ABOARD THE SHIP--
OBEY MY ORDERS, DAMN YOUR EYES. I WANT THE DEADPOOL CORPS DEAD!
DEAD!

MORE OF THESE GUYS, EH?
BLAMMO
DON'T SWEAT IT. THEY GO DOWN PRETTY EASY.
THEY'VE RELEASED THE GRAAG! *RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!*
THEY'VE RELEASED THE WHAT?
UH-OH.
GRRRUUUUUUUAAAAAARRRR!

IT'S THUNDERDOME!
BLAMM
BLAMM
BLAMM
VZZZRRAAP
AAAAAARRRGH!
GRRUUURRAAARR
BLAMM
BLAMM

CHOMP
AAAARGH!
A LITTLE HELP?
I'M ON IT!
VVZAP
OKAY, THAT WAS SOME QUALITY ASS-KICKING, GUYS. NOW LET'S GET ON THE SHIP AND SCOOT.
YOU KNOW, SOMETHING JUST OCCURRED TO ME OUT OF THE BLUE. I *THINK* THE *BEA ARTHUR'S* ENGINES MIGHT BE DAMAGED.
I *HATE* YOU GUYS.
CHILLAX, TITO, YOU'RE FORGETTING ABOUT THE MAGIC WISH RING.
OH, YEAH.

BEHOLD!
I AM THE ELDER OF THE UNIVERSE KNOWN AS THE *GARDENER!* WHAT DIRE THREAT MOVES YOU TO SUMMON ME?
OUR SPACESHIP IS BROKEN.
WHAT?!
I'M *NOT* YOUR COSMIC MECHANIC ON CALL, JACKASS! THOSE RINGS ARE MEANT TO SUMMON ELDERS SHOULD THE UNIVERSE BE IN IMMINENT PERIL. YOU CAN'T JUST CASUALLY--
YOU KNOW WHAT? JUST NEVER MIND. *THERE!* IT'S FIXED. BUT THAT'S IT! COUNT ME OUT OF FUTURE SUMMONINGS. I *KNEW* THE CONTEMPLATOR MADE A MISTAKE GIVING YOU PEOPLE THOSE RINGS.
GOODBYE FOREVER!
OKAY, YOU GUYS GET THE SHIP WARMED UP. I'VE GOT TO CLIMB ONTO THE HULL TO GET SOMETHING AND TAKE CARE OF *ONE* MORE LITTLE ERRAND BEFORE WE GO.

COME ON. WE CAN STILL CATCH THEM. LET'S MOVE!
DAMN IT! THE BASTARDS GOT AWAY.
HEY, SARGE, WHAT'S THIS THING?
BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP
EXPLODE-A-BOOM

I'M GLAD WE WERE ABLE TO MAKE GOOD USE OF THE BROKEN BLADE'S PARTING GIFT.
IF I COULD JUST INSERT A SEAMLESS TRANSITION TO THE NEXT PART OF THE STORY, WE HAVE AN INCOMING COMMUNICATION.
UH... IT'S FROM THE KROOK HOME WORLD.
REALLY? I SORT OF THOUGHT PICKING UP THE PIECES OF THEIR SHATTERED WORLD WOULD KEEP THEM *BUSY* FOR A WHILE.
PUT IT ON THE SCREEN.
HELLO, DEADPOOL. YOU LEFT QUITE A MARK ON THE KROOK HOME WORLD. I HOPE YOU'RE PROUD OF YOURSELF.
OHHHHHH, SURE. BLAME *ME.*
JUST BECAUSE I DID ALL THAT STUFF.
THAT WRECKED YOUR PLANET.
OH, I SEE YOUR POINT NOW.

AS YOU CAN SEE, MY DAUGHTER AND I HAVE RECONCILED OUR DIFFERENCES. NOW THAT WE CAN DISCUSS THE FUTURE OF OUR PEOPLE MORE CALMLY, WE CAN *BOTH* SEE THE ADVANTAGES OF COMPROMISE.
"MANY OF US CHOOSE TO LIVE THE TRADITIONAL KROOK LIFESTYLE, HONORING NATURE, AT ONE WITH THE LAND.
"YET WE ARE PART OF THE LARGER GALAXY NOW. THERE'S NO GOING BACK. WE WILL REBUILD OUR CITY. THE *RIGHT* WAY.
"AND OUR PEOPLE ARE FREE TO LIVE HOW THEY CHOOSE, TRYING A NEW WAY IF THEY WANT, BUT NOT FORGETTING THEIR ROOTS."
HEY, WAITAMINUTE. WE SWIPED THE ENTIRE KROOK GOLD RESERVE. HOW CAN YOU AFFORD TO REBUILD ANYTHING?
YOU PROVIDED ME WITH MUCH AMUSEMENT, DARLING, BUT I NEVER DID *TRUST* YOU. I HAD ALL OF THE GOLD DEPOSITS RELOCATED TO AN UNDERGROUND BUNKER. THE VAULT YOU ROBBED WAS FILLED WITH PAINTED LEAD.
GOODBYE, DEADPOOL.

DAMN IT!
FIRST, I LOSE MY BEST AND MOST PURPLE GIRLFRIEND EVER, AND NOW WE LOSE THE @*%$& GOLD!
YOU SHOULD PROBABLY SAY SOMETHING TO HIM.
I GOT NUTHIN'.
WAIT! I CAN USE THE MAGIC WISH RING!
HEY!
I SUMMON THE MIGHTY ELDER TO CHANGE LEAD INTO GOLD.
AND BE QUICK ABOUT IT.
ENOUGH!

SO LONG, BEA ARTHUR.
YOU HAVE *ABUSED* THE POWER OF THE RINGS. THIS WILL NOT STAND. YOU WERE CHARGED WITH THE SAFETY OF THE MULTIVERSE, AND YOU TURNED THIS POWER TOWARD YOUR OWN ENDS.
I MUST TAKE BACK THE REMAINING RINGS AND SEND YOU EACH BACK TO YOUR HOME DIMENSION WHERE YOU ARE FREE TO MAKE THE BEST LIVES FOR YOURSELVES YOU CAN.
THE UNIVERSE MAY NEVER KNOW THE SERVICE YOU'VE DONE IT. BUT IT'S TIME TO GO.
BUT...BUT... GOLD! HOT ALIEN LADIES! COSMIC HIJINX!
NO, DEADPOOL, IT'S OVER. FAREWELL.

HEY, IT'S OUR APARTMENT.
I never thought we'd be glad to see this craphole again.
ARE WE GLAD?
KICK
Whatchoo talkin' 'bout, Willis?
I MEAN, WE WERE ZOOMING THE COSMOS, MAN. WE HAD OUR OWN SPACESHIP FOR CRYING OUT LOUD.
64
TOMATO KETCHUP
AND NOW WE'RE BACK HERE? A BIT ANTI-CLIMACTIC, DON'T YOU THINK?
Okay, I get what you're saying. I guess we'd better brace ourselves for a long, hard period of adjustment.
HELLO? DINO'S PIZZA?

Period of adjustment: Twenty-eight minutes.
THE END.

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THE AMAZING SPIDER-MAN
AFTER N.R.

DEADPOOL FAMILY

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Pencils: Dominik Stanton
Inks: Robert Campanella

"SHLOCK THERAPY"
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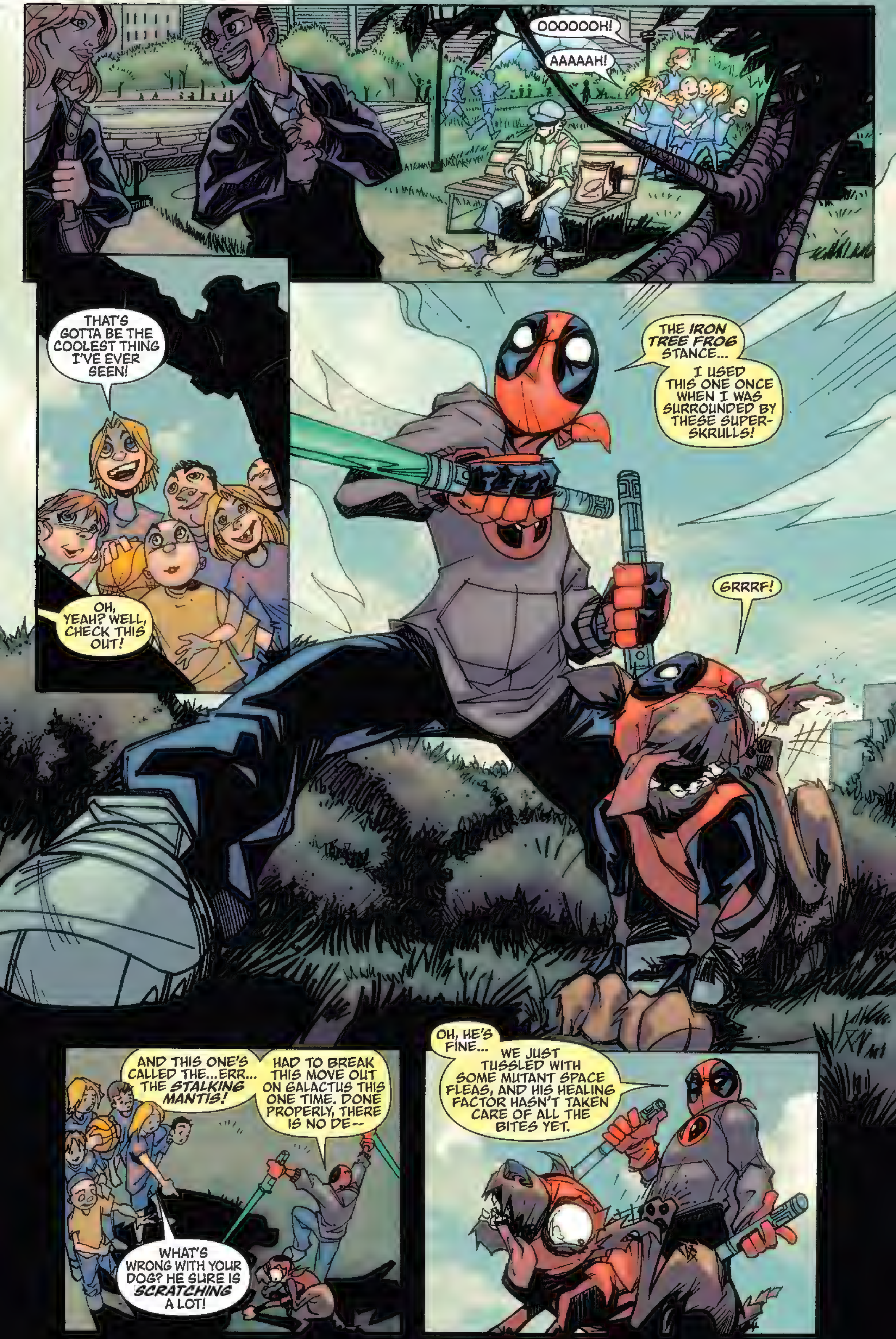
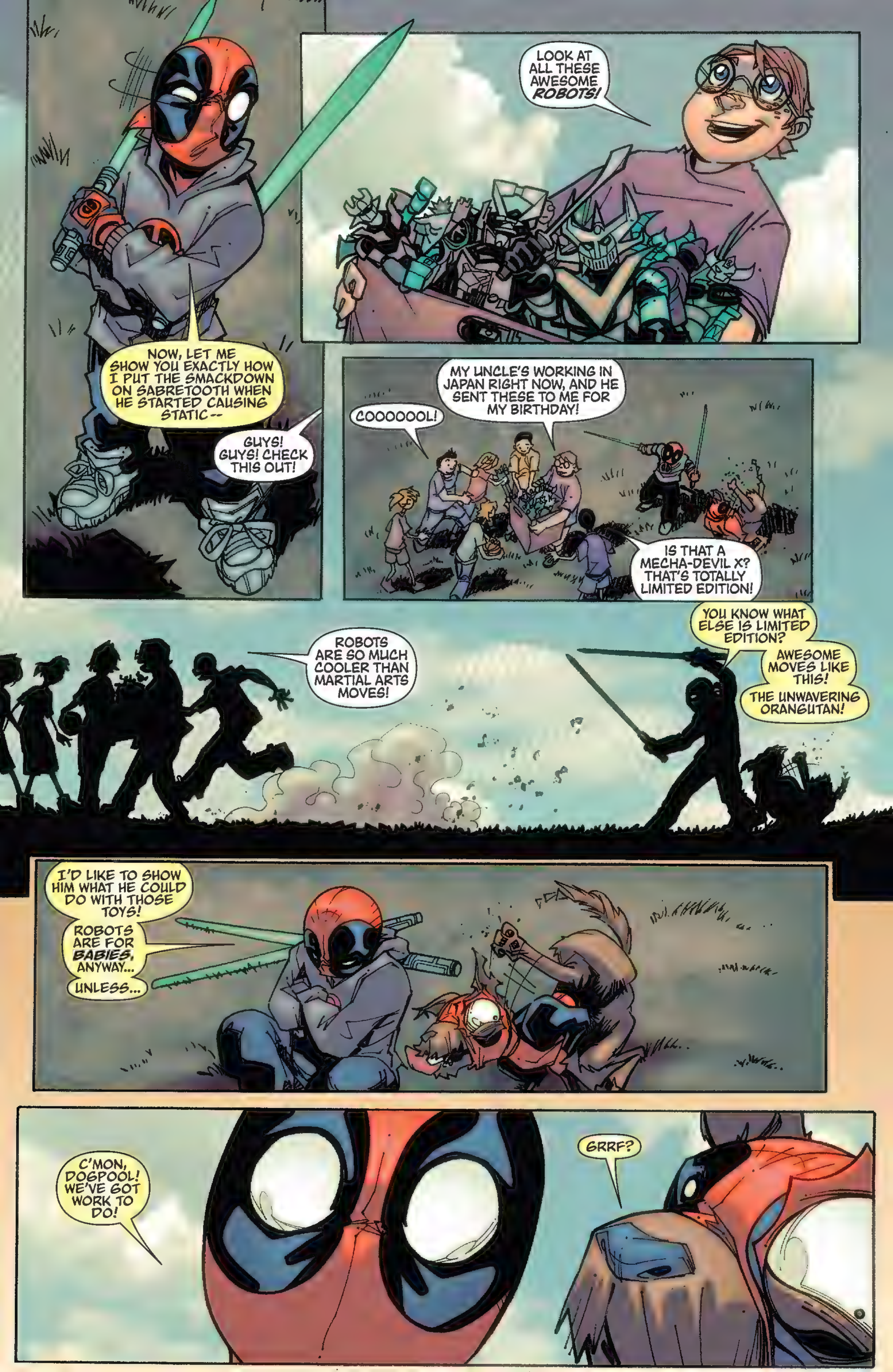
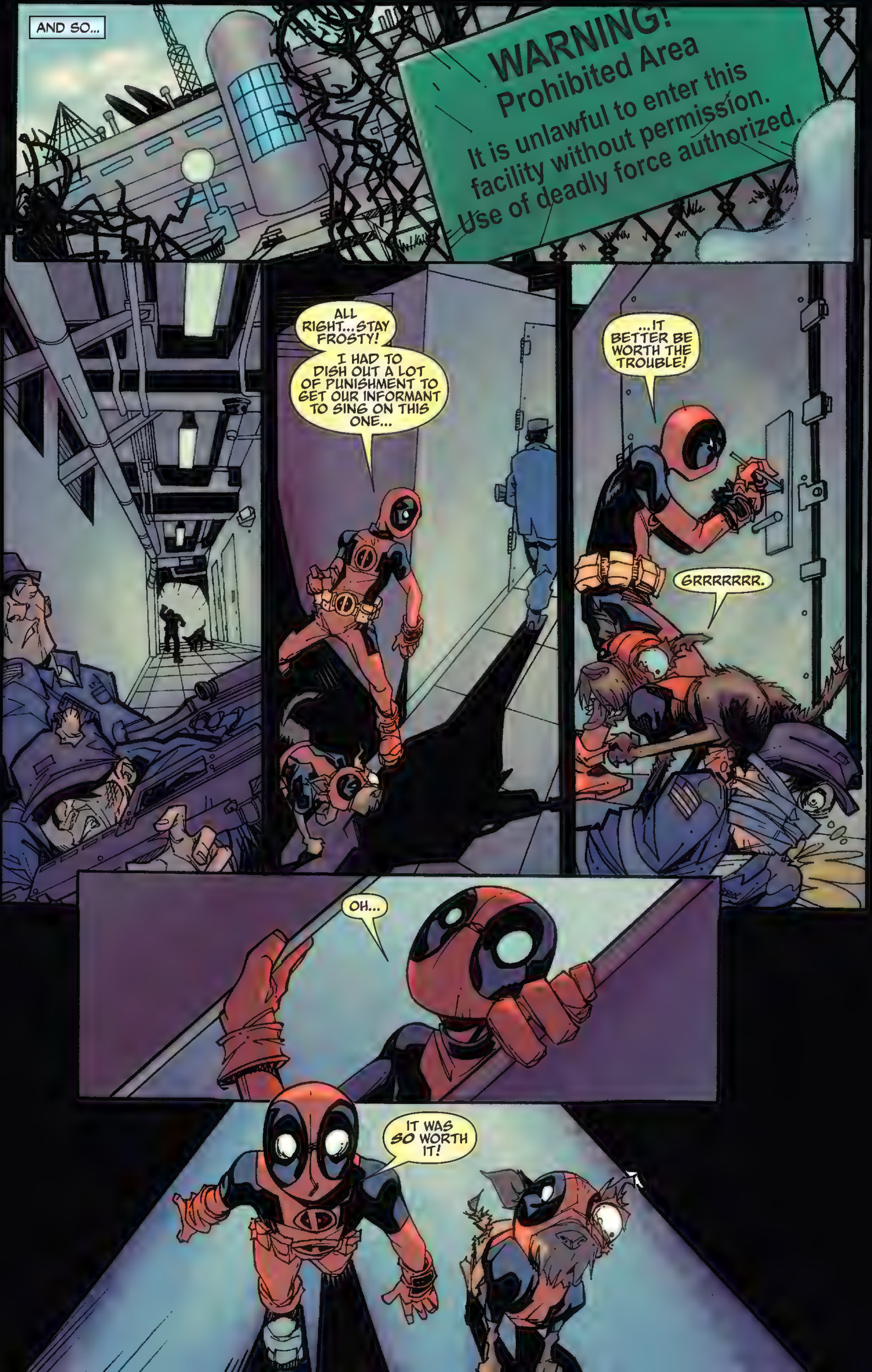
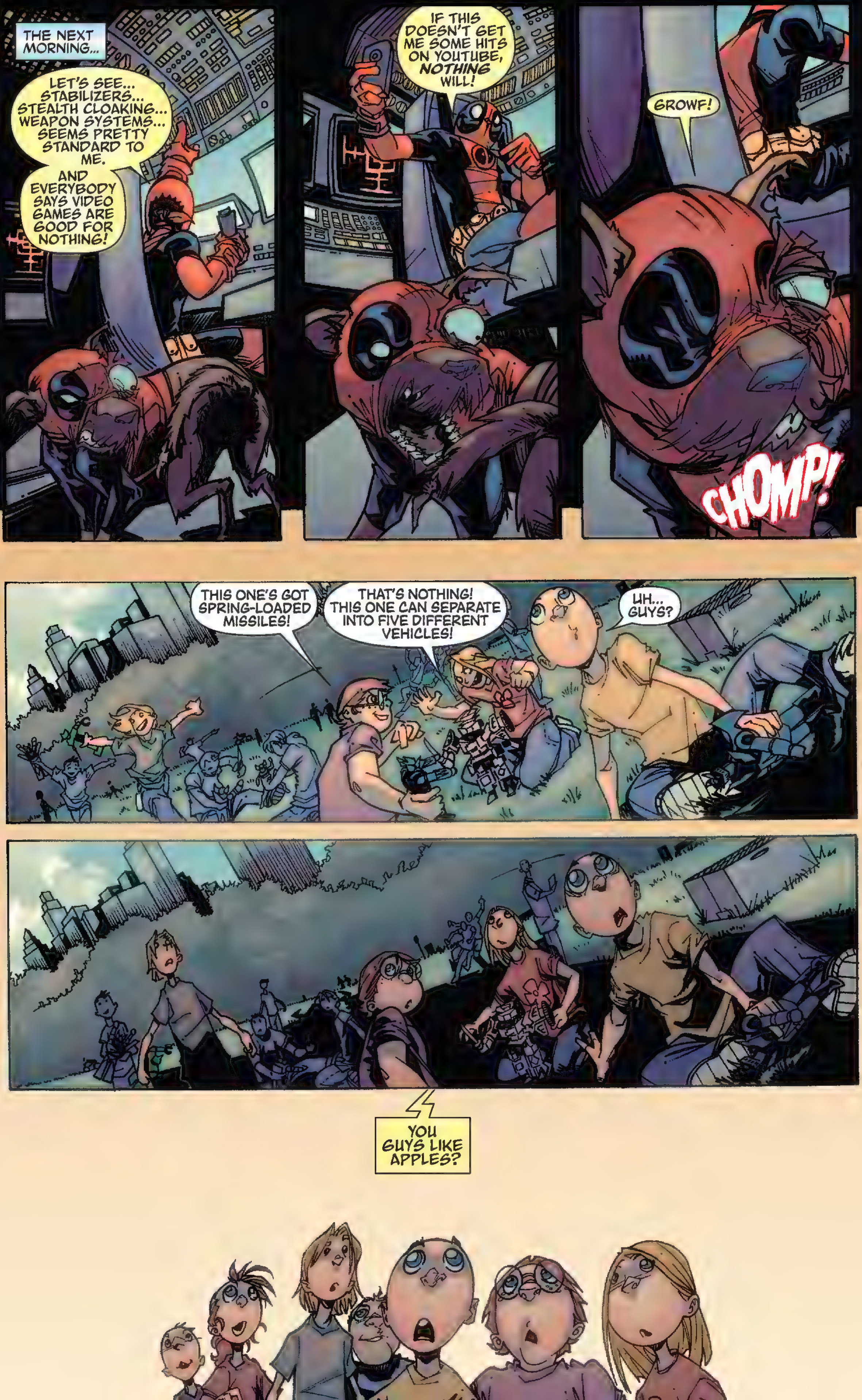
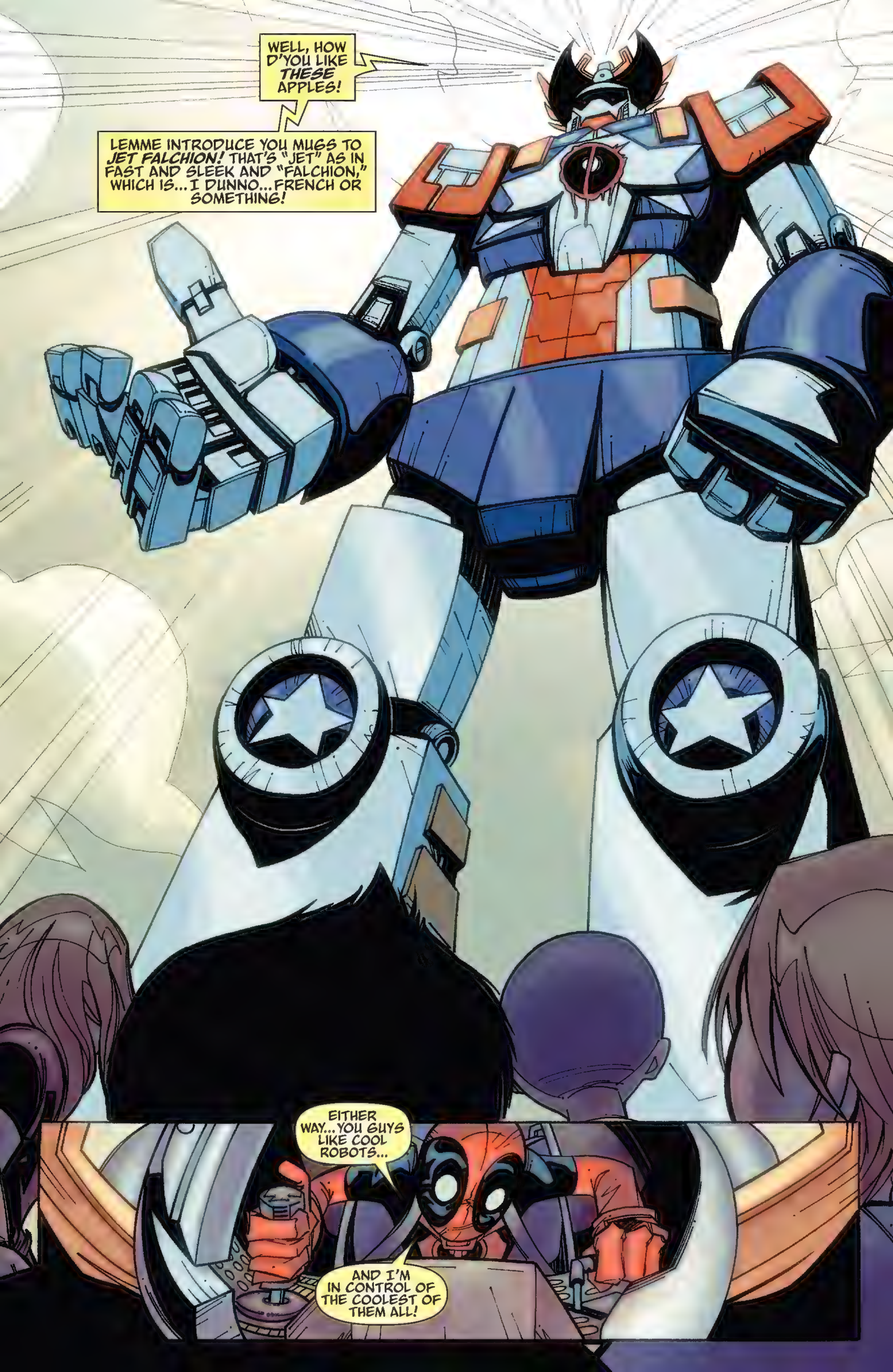
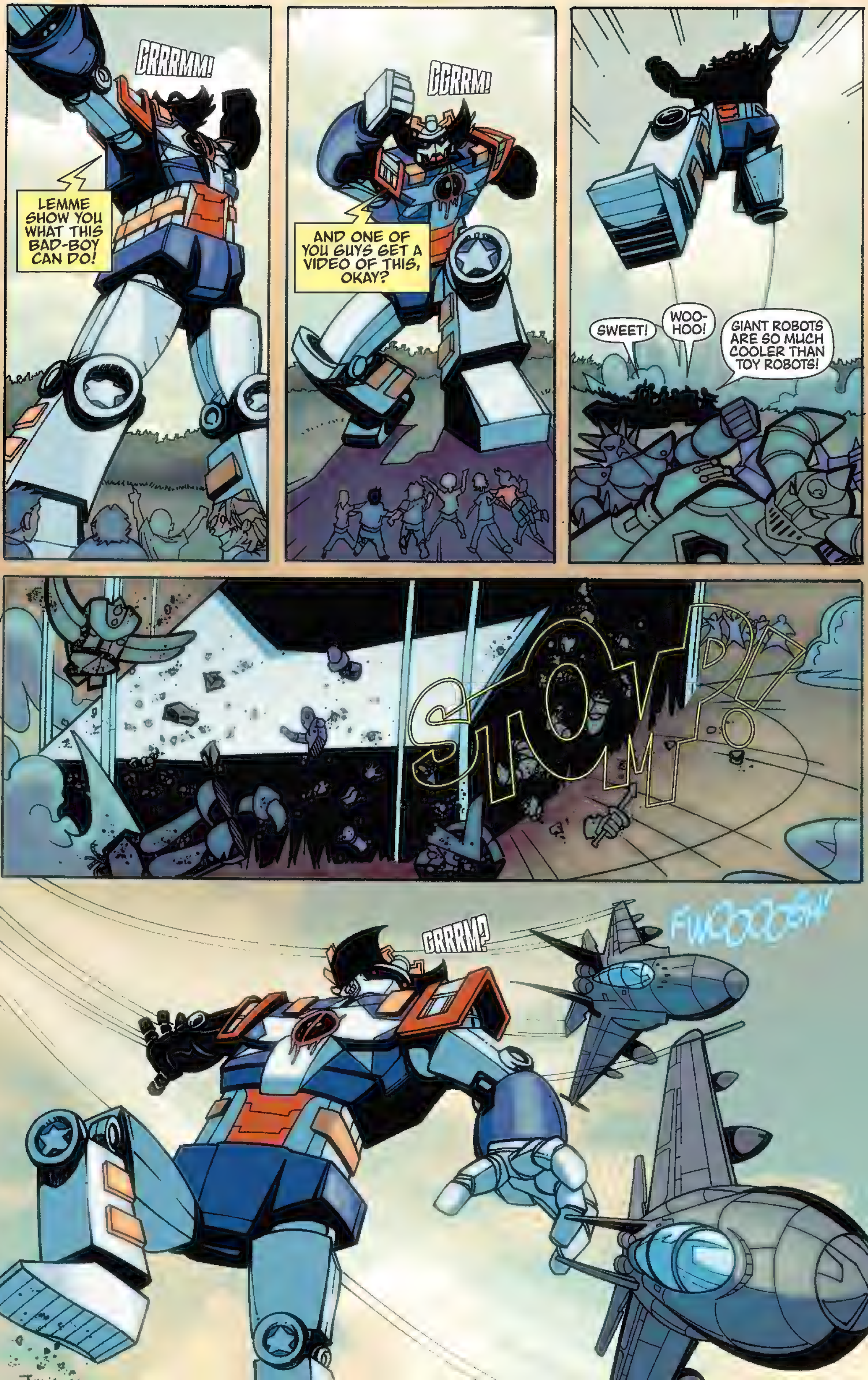

OOOOOOOH!
AAAAAH!
THAT'S GOTTA BE THE COOLEST THING I'VE EVER SEEN!
OH, YEAH? WELL, CHECK THIS OUT!
THE IRON TREE FROG STANCE...
I USED THIS ONE ONCE WHEN I WAS SURROUNDED BY THESE SUPER-SKRULLS!
GRRRF!
AND THIS ONE'S CALLED THE...ERR... THE STALKING MANTIS!
HAD TO BREAK THIS MOVE OUT ON GALACTUS THIS ONE TIME. DONE PROPERLY, THERE IS NO DE--
WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOUR DOG? HE SURE IS SCRATCHING A LOT!
OH, HE'S FINE...
WE JUST TUSSLED WITH SOME MUTANT SPACE FLEAS, AND HIS HEALING FACTOR HASN'T TAKEN CARE OF ALL THE BITES YET.

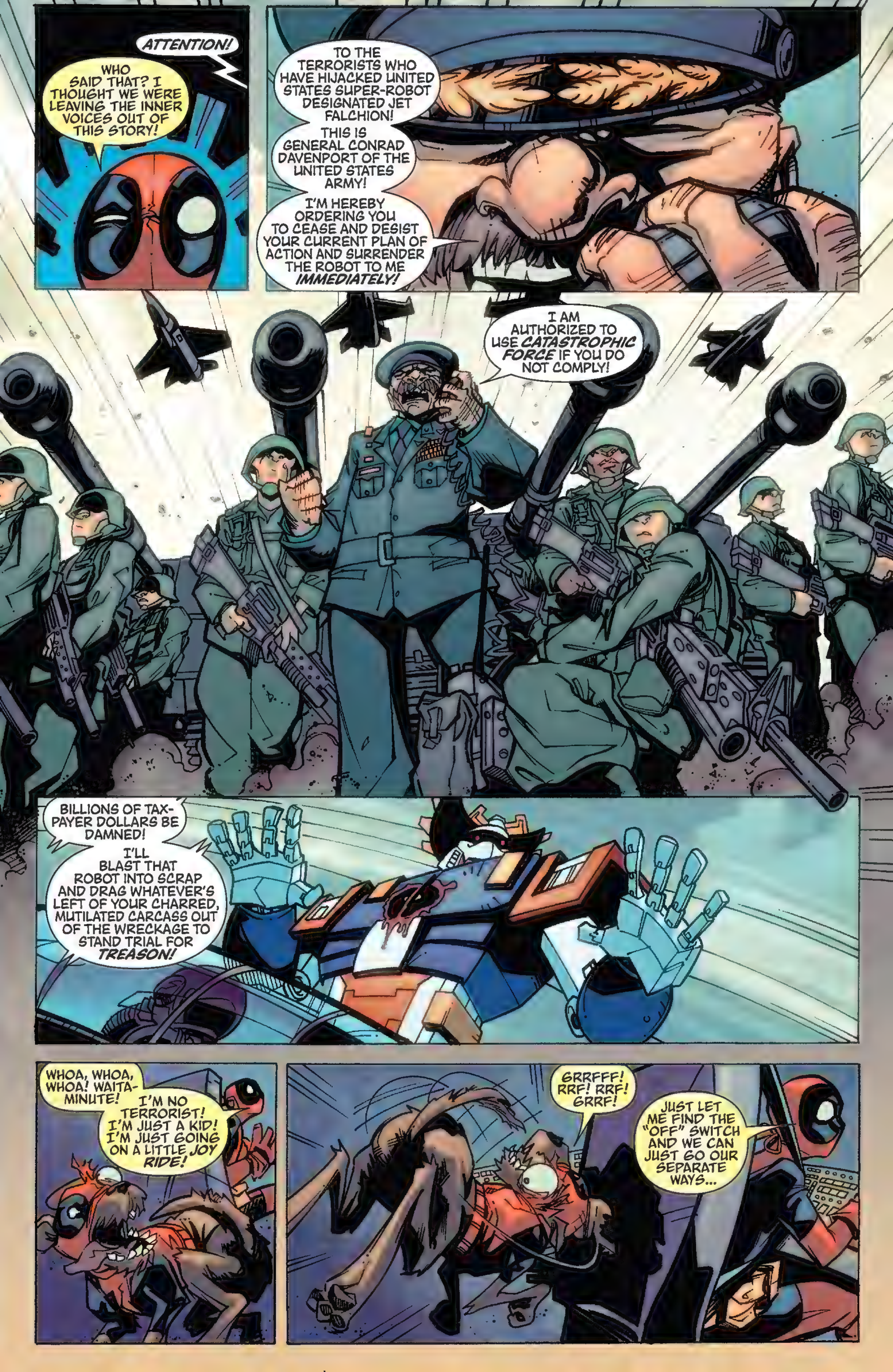

NOW, LET ME SHOW YOU EXACTLY HOW I PUT THE SMACKDOWN ON SABRETOOTH WHEN HE STARTED CAUSING STATIC--
GUYS! GUYS! CHECK THIS OUT!
LOOK AT ALL THESE AWESOME *ROBOTS!*
MY UNCLE'S WORKING IN JAPAN RIGHT NOW, AND HE SENT THESE TO ME FOR MY BIRTHDAY!
COOOOOOL!
IS THAT A MECHA-DEVIL X? THAT'S TOTALLY LIMITED EDITION!
ROBOTS ARE SO MUCH COOLER THAN MARTIAL ARTS MOVES!
YOU KNOW WHAT ELSE IS LIMITED EDITION?
AWESOME MOVES LIKE THIS!
THE UNWAVERING ORANGUTAN!
I'D LIKE TO SHOW HIM WHAT HE COULD DO WITH THOSE TOYS!
ROBOTS ARE FOR *BABIES,* ANYWAY...
UNLESS...
C'MON, DOGPOOL! WE'VE GOT WORK TO DO!
GRRF?

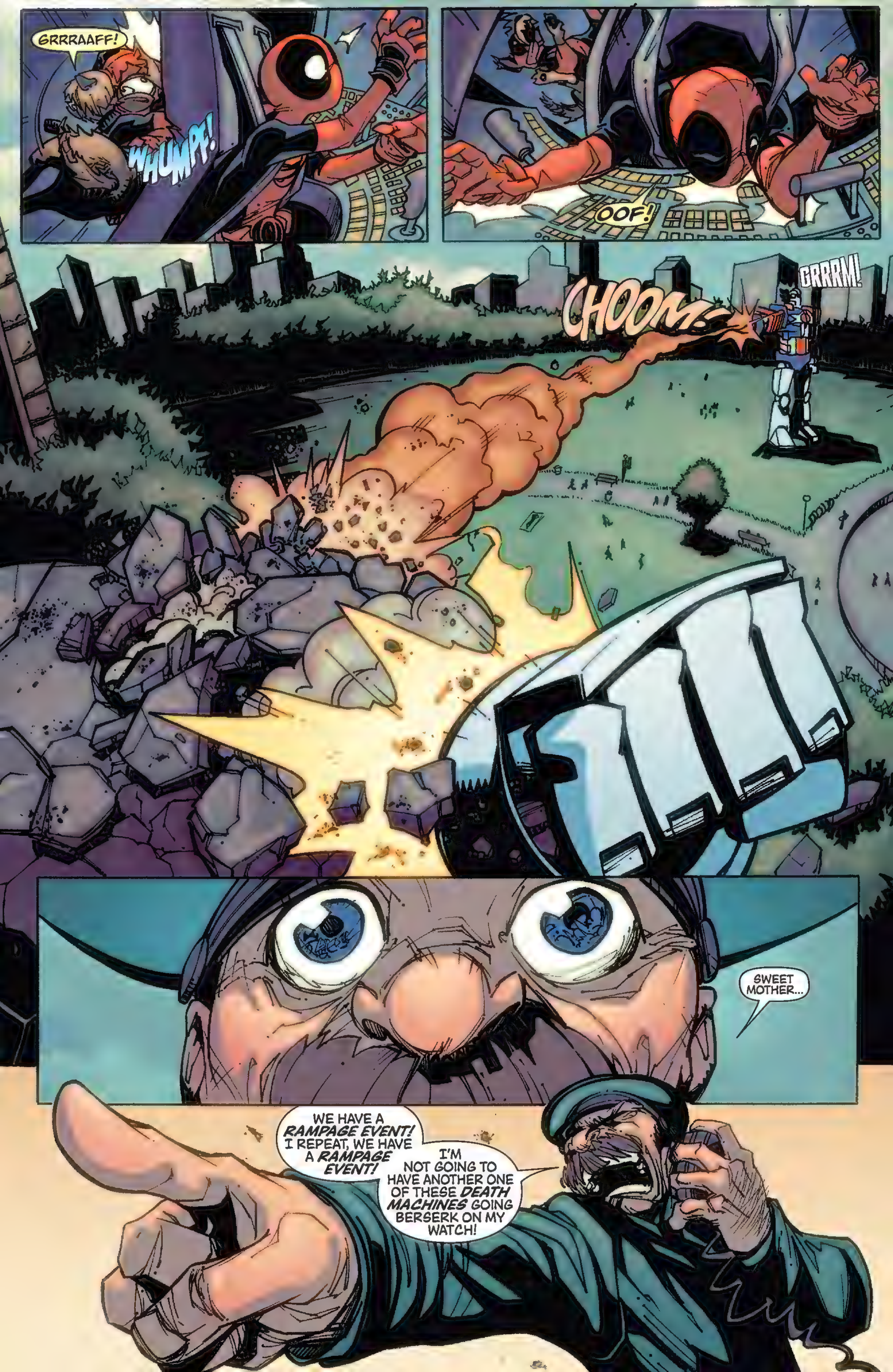

AND SO...
WARNING!
Prohibited Area
It is unlawful to enter this facility without permission.
Use of deadly force authorized.
ALL RIGHT...STAY FROSTY!
I HAD TO DISH OUT A LOT OF PUNISHMENT TO GET OUR INFORMANT TO SING ON THIS ONE...
...IT BETTER BE WORTH THE TROUBLE!
GRRRRRRR.
OH...
IT WAS *SO* WORTH IT!

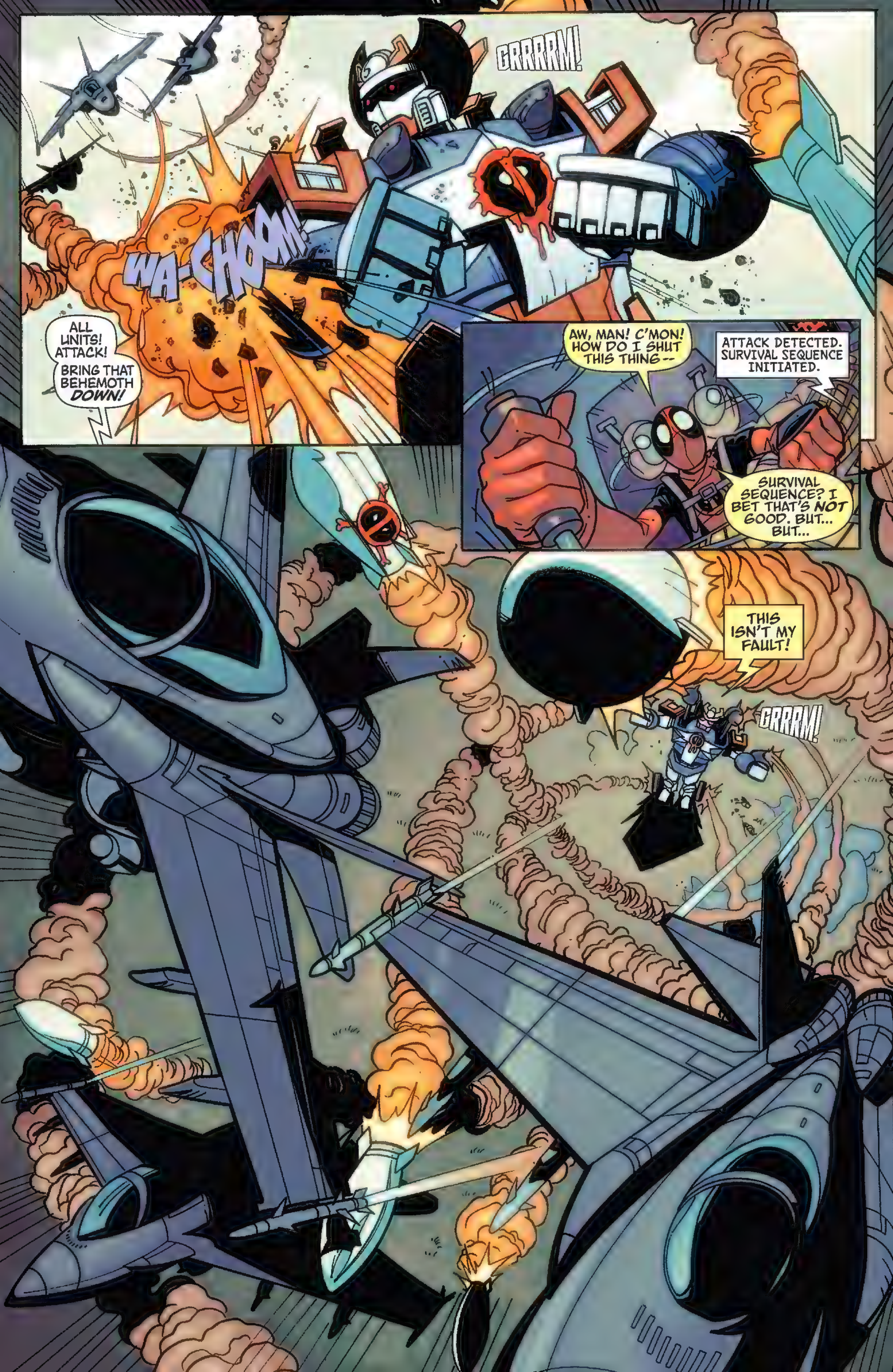

THE NEXT MORNING...
LET'S SEE... STABILIZERS... STEALTH CLOAKING... WEAPON SYSTEMS... SEEMS PRETTY STANDARD TO ME.
AND EVERYBODY SAYS VIDEO GAMES ARE GOOD FOR NOTHING!
IF THIS DOESN'T GET ME SOME HITS ON YOUTUBE, *NOTHING* WILL!
GROWF!
CHOMP!
THIS ONE'S GOT SPRING-LOADED MISSILES!
THAT'S NOTHING! THIS ONE CAN SEPARATE INTO FIVE DIFFERENT VEHICLES!
UH... GUYS?
YOU GUYS LIKE APPLES?

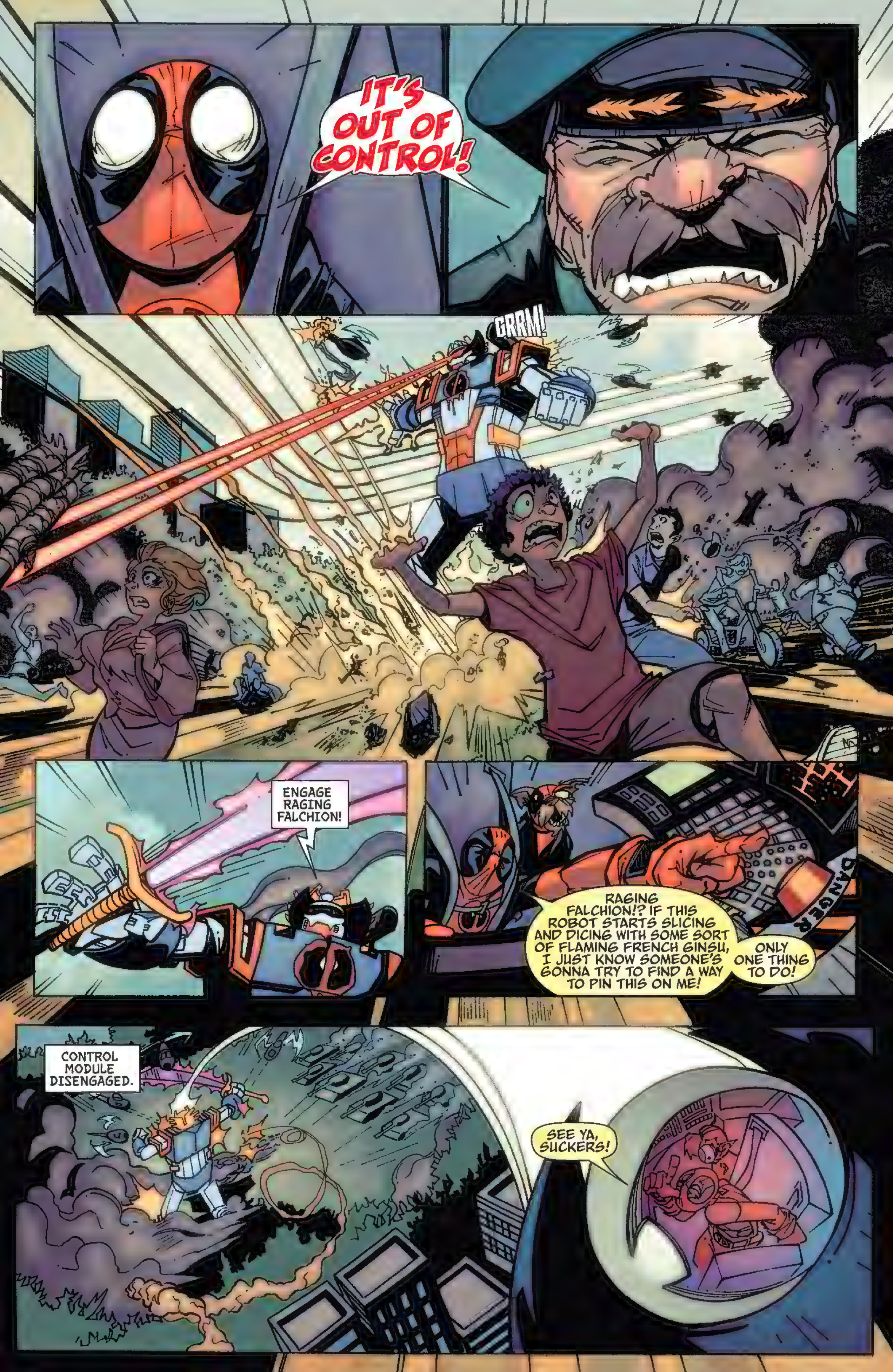

WELL, HOW D'YOU LIKE *THESE* APPLES!
LEMME INTRODUCE YOU MUGS TO *JET FALCHION!* THAT'S "JET" AS IN FAST AND SLEEK AND "FALCHION," WHICH IS... I DUNNO... FRENCH OR SOMETHING!
EITHER WAY... YOU GUYS LIKE COOL ROBOTS...
AND I'M IN CONTROL OF THE COOLEST OF THEM ALL!

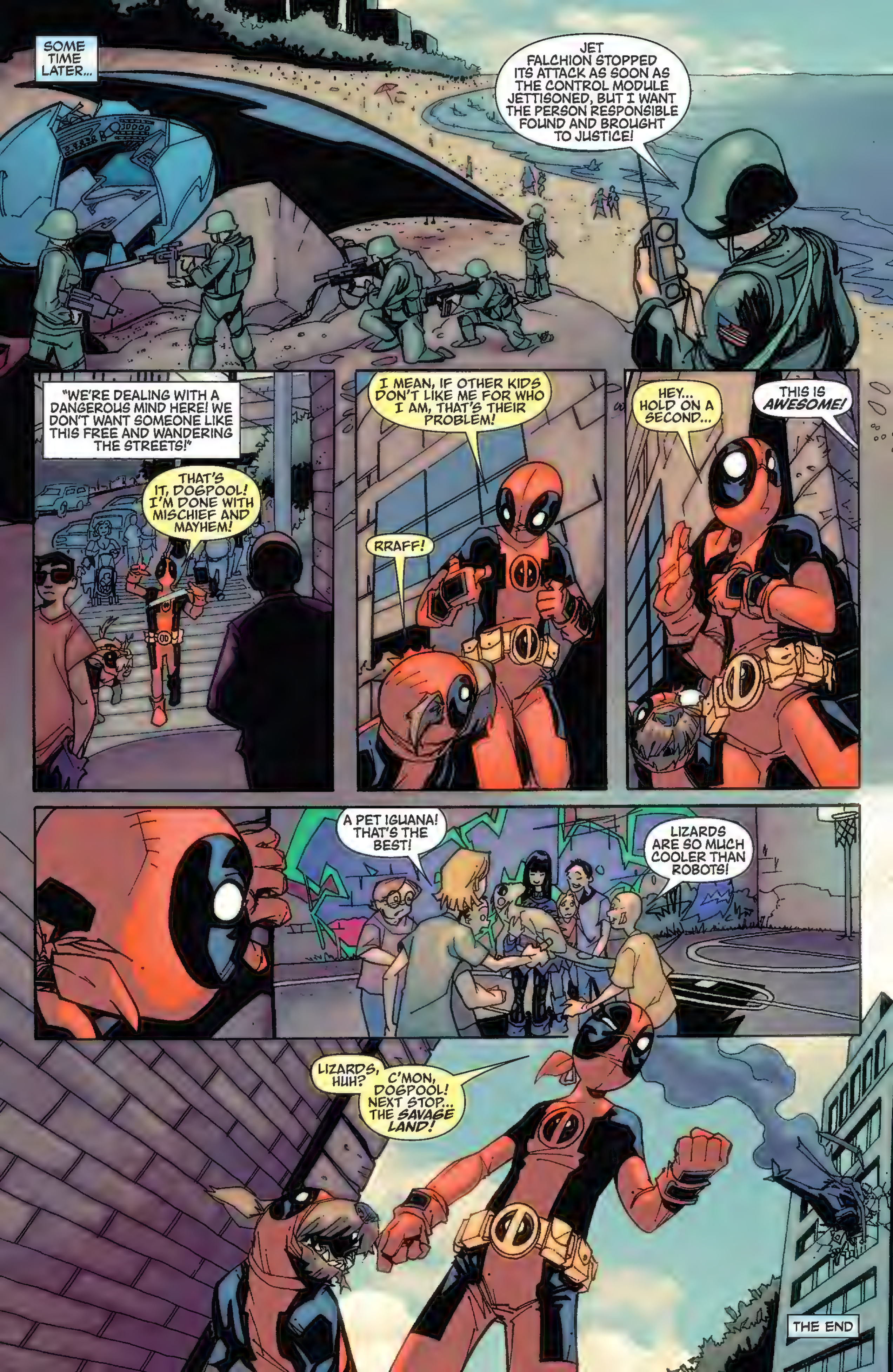

GRRRMM!
LEMME SHOW YOU WHAT THIS BAD-BOY CAN DO!
GGRRM!
AND ONE OF YOU GUYS GET A VIDEO OF THIS, OKAY?
SWEET!
WOO-HOO!
GIANT ROBOTS ARE SO MUCH COOLER THAN TOY ROBOTS!
STOMP!
GRRRM?
FWOOOOSH

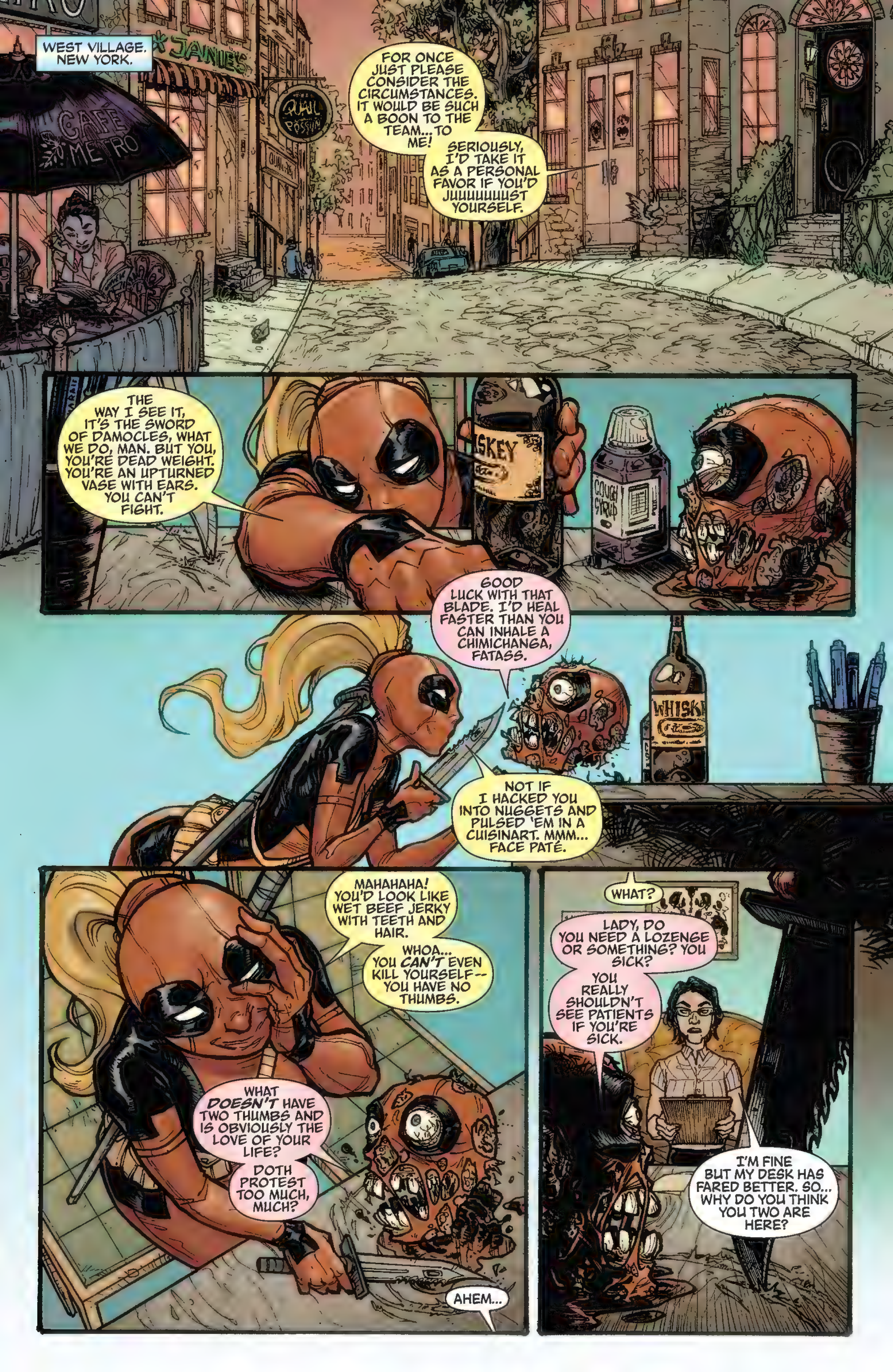

ATTENTION!
WHO SAID THAT? I THOUGHT WE WERE LEAVING THE INNER VOICES OUT OF THIS STORY!
TO THE TERRORISTS WHO HAVE HIJACKED UNITED STATES SUPER-ROBOT DESIGNATED JET FALCHION!
THIS IS GENERAL CONRAD DAVENPORT OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY!
I'M HEREBY ORDERING YOU TO CEASE AND DESIST YOUR CURRENT PLAN OF ACTION AND SURRENDER THE ROBOT TO ME *IMMEDIATELY!*
I AM AUTHORIZED TO USE *CATASTROPHIC FORCE* IF YOU DO NOT COMPLY!
BILLIONS OF TAX-PAYER DOLLARS BE DAMNED!
I'LL BLAST THAT ROBOT INTO SCRAP AND DRAG WHATEVER'S LEFT OF YOUR CHARRED, MUTILATED CARCASS OUT OF THE WRECKAGE TO STAND TRIAL FOR *TREASON!*
WHOA, WHOA, WHOA! WAITA-MINUTE!
I'M NO TERRORIST! I'M JUST A KID! I'M JUST GOING ON A LITTLE *JOY RIDE!*
GRRFFF! RRF! RRF! GRRF!
JUST LET ME FIND THE "OFF" SWITCH AND WE CAN JUST GO OUR SEPARATE WAYS...

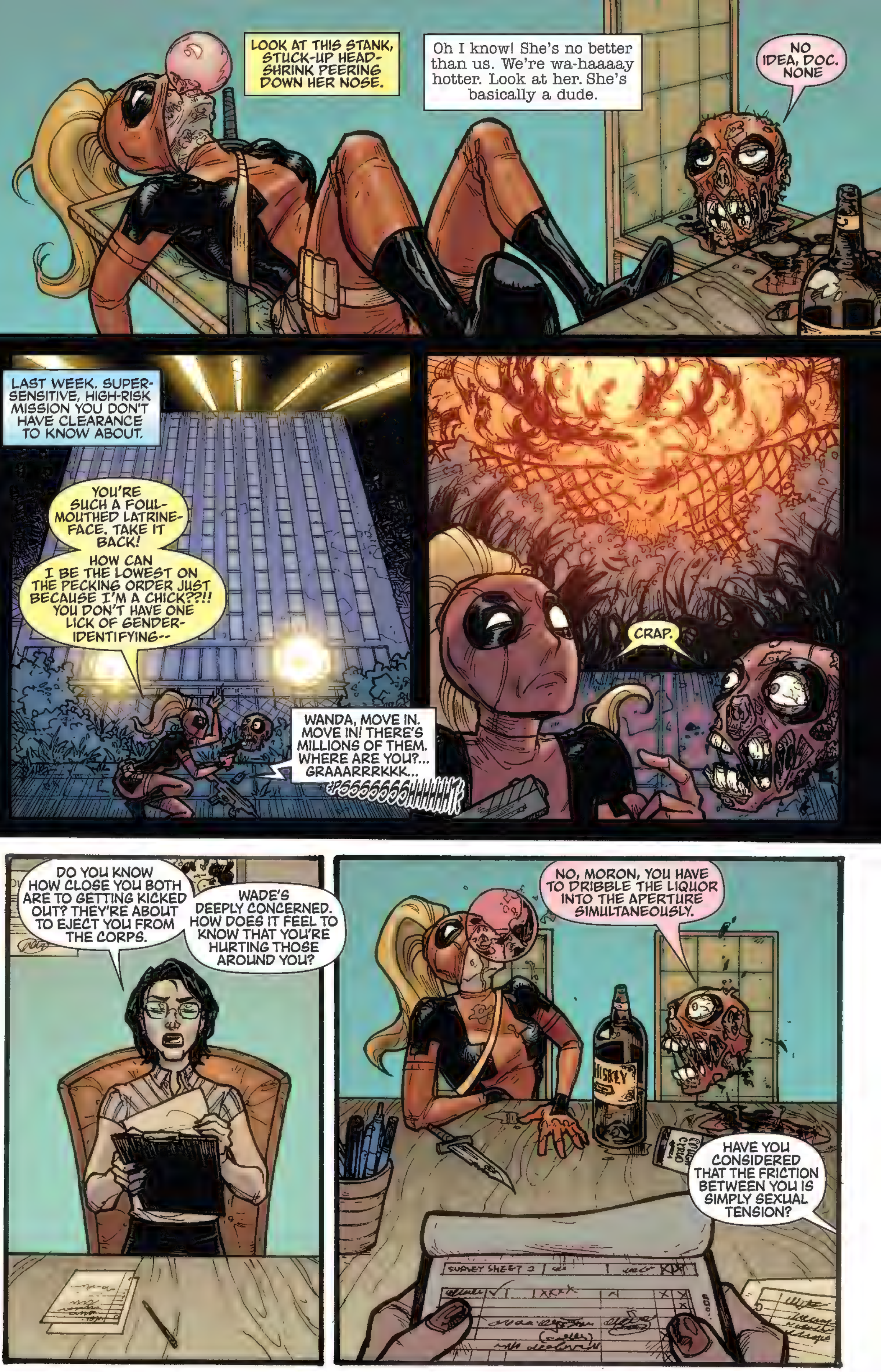

GRRRAAFF!
WHUMPF!
OOF!
CHOOM!
GRRRM!
SWEET MOTHER...
WE HAVE A *RAMPAGE EVENT!* I REPEAT, WE HAVE A *RAMPAGE EVENT!*
I'M NOT GOING TO HAVE ANOTHER ONE OF THESE *DEATH MACHINES* GOING BERSERK ON MY WATCH!

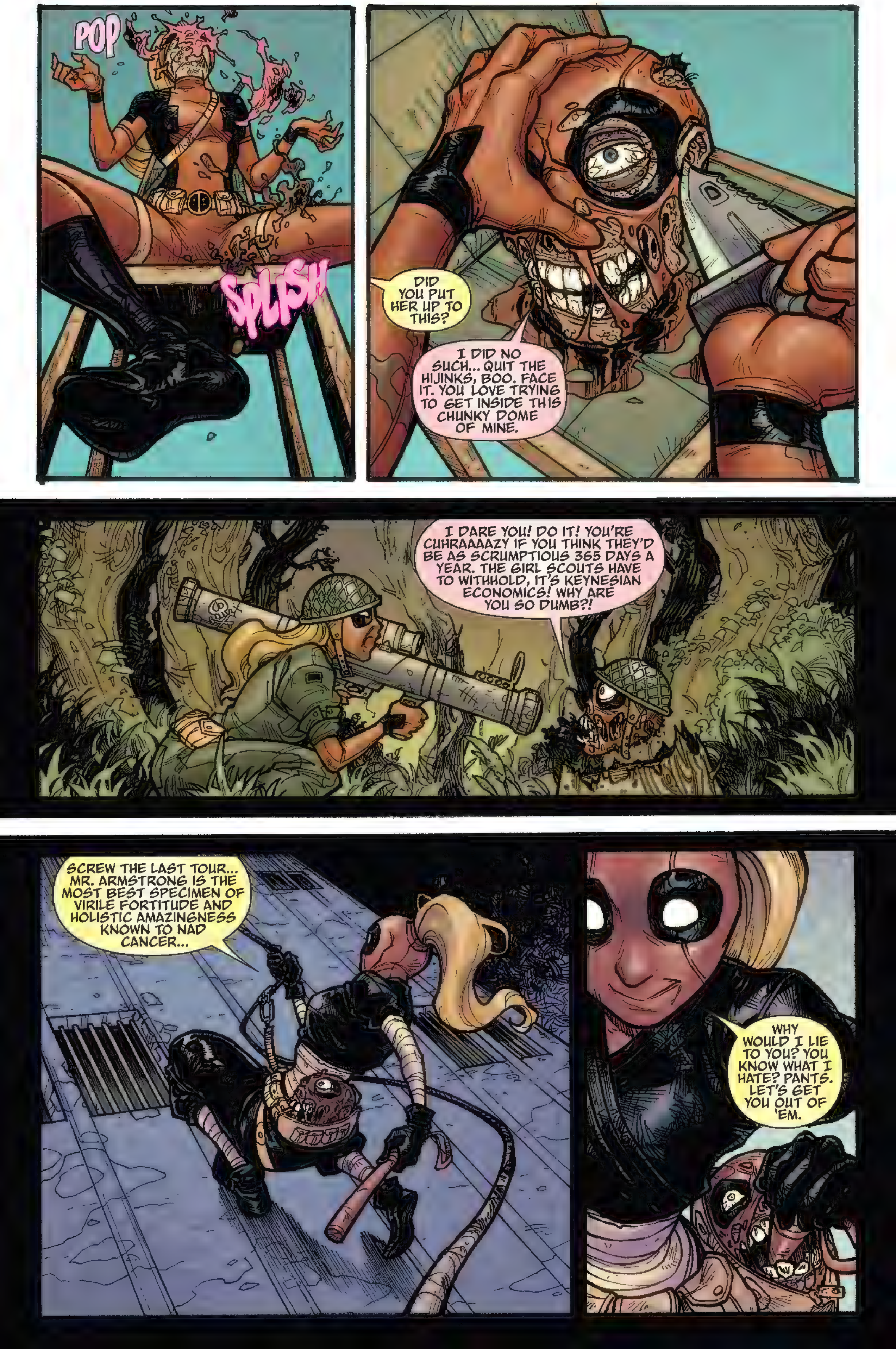

GRRRRM!
WA-CHOOM!
ALL UNITS! ATTACK!
BRING THAT BEHEMOTH *DOWN!*
AW, MAN! C'MON! HOW DO I SHUT THIS THING--
ATTACK DETECTED. SURVIVAL SEQUENCE INITIATED.
SURVIVAL SEQUENCE? I BET THAT'S *NOT* GOOD. BUT... BUT...
THIS ISN'T MY FAULT!
GRRRM!

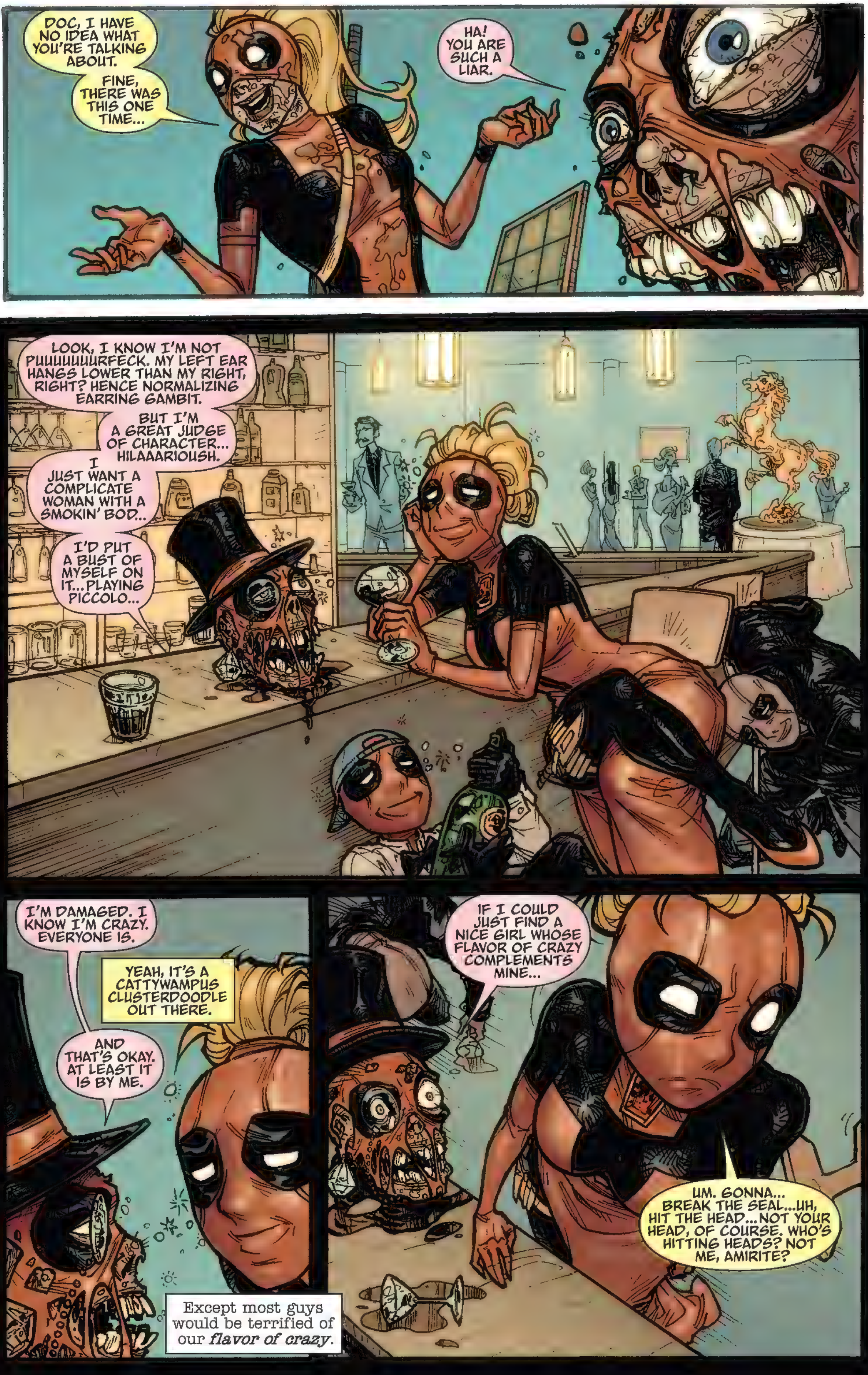

IT'S OUT OF CONTROL!
GRRM!
ENGAGE RAGING FALCHION!
RAGING FALCHION!? IF THIS ROBOT STARTS SLICING AND DICING WITH SOME SORT OF FLAMING FRENCH GINSU, I JUST KNOW SOMEONE'S GONNA TRY TO FIND A WAY TO PIN THIS ON ME!
ONLY ONE THING TO DO!
DANGER
CONTROL MODULE DISENGAGED.
SEE YA, SUCKERS!

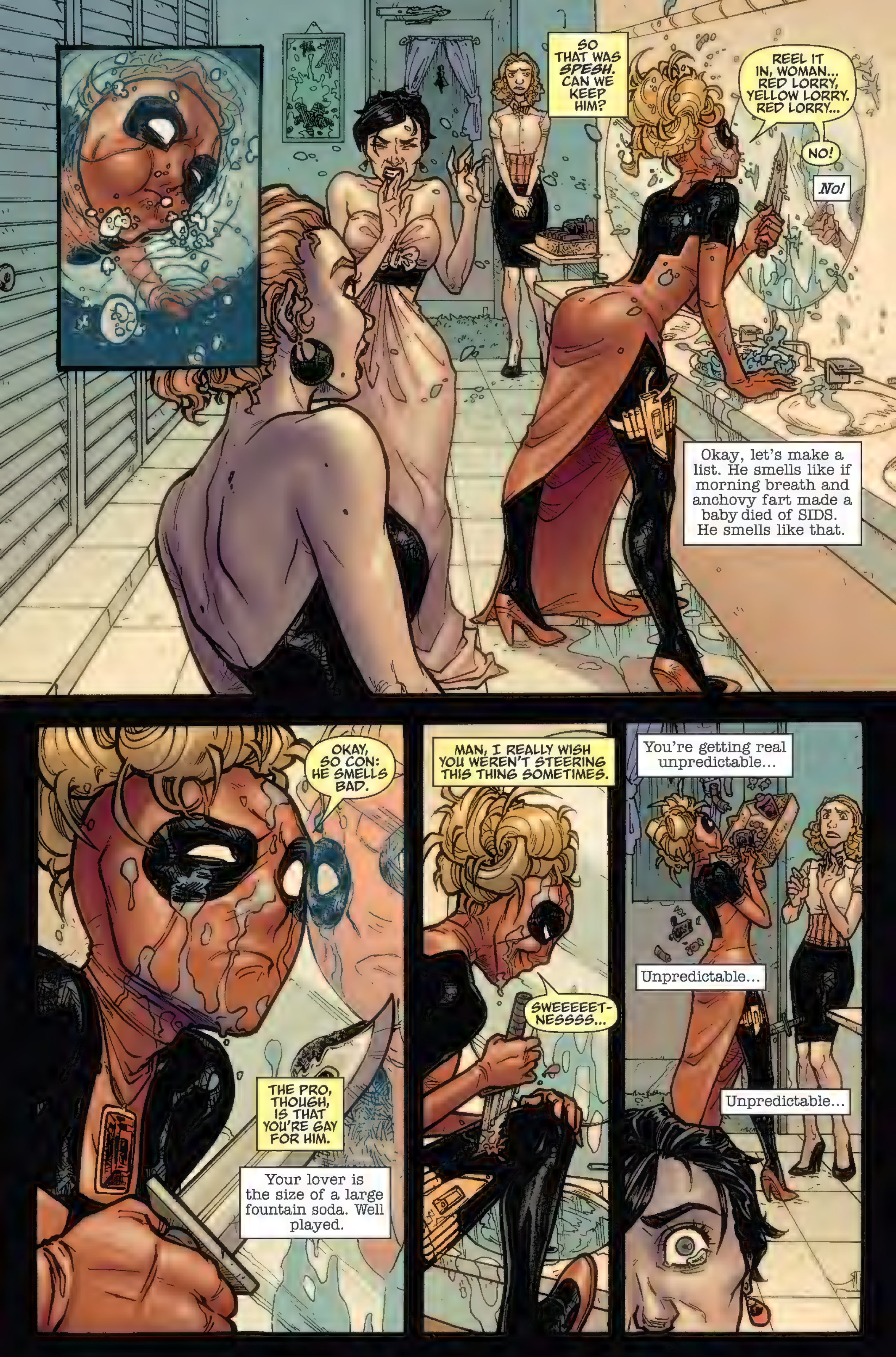

SOME TIME LATER...
JET FALCHION STOPPED ITS ATTACK AS SOON AS THE CONTROL MODULE JETTISONED, BUT I WANT THE PERSON RESPONSIBLE FOUND AND BROUGHT TO JUSTICE!
"WE'RE DEALING WITH A DANGEROUS MIND HERE! WE DON'T WANT SOMEONE LIKE THIS FREE AND WANDERING THE STREETS!"
THAT'S IT, DOGPOOL! I'M DONE WITH MISCHIEF AND MAYHEM!
I MEAN, IF OTHER KIDS DON'T LIKE ME FOR WHO I AM, THAT'S THEIR PROBLEM!
RRAFF!
HEY... HOLD ON A SECOND...
THIS IS *AWESOME!*
A PET IGUANA! THAT'S THE BEST!
LIZARDS ARE SO MUCH COOLER THAN ROBOTS!
LIZARDS, HUH?
C'MON, DOGPOOL! NEXT STOP... THE *SAVAGE LAND!*
THE END

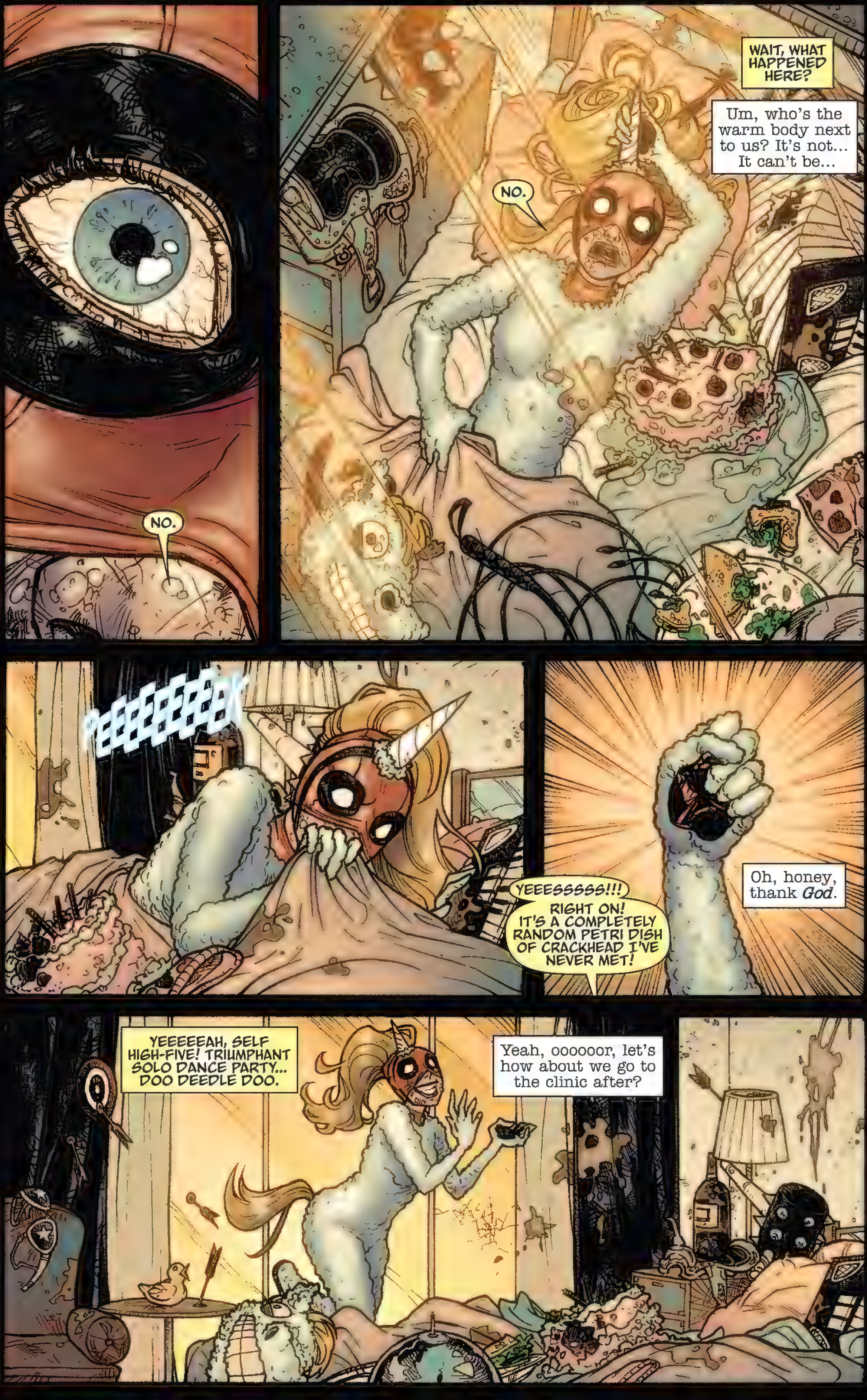

WEST VILLAGE. NEW YORK.
JANIE'S
CAFÉ METRO
QUAIL POSSUM
FOR ONCE JUST PLEASE CONSIDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES. IT WOULD BE SUCH A BOON TO THE TEAM...TO ME!
SERIOUSLY, I'D TAKE IT AS A PERSONAL FAVOR IF YOU'D JUUUUUUUST YOURSELF.
THE WAY I SEE IT, IT'S THE SWORD OF DAMOCLES, WHAT WE DO, MAN. BUT YOU, YOU'RE DEAD WEIGHT. YOU'RE AN UPTURNED VASE WITH EARS. YOU CAN'T FIGHT.
WHISKEY
COUGH SYRUP
GOOD LUCK WITH THAT BLADE. I'D HEAL FASTER THAN YOU CAN INHALE A CHIMICHANGA, FATASS.
WHISKEY
NOT IF I HACKED YOU INTO NUGGETS AND PULSED 'EM IN A CUISINART. MMM... FACE PATÉ.
MAHAHAHA! YOU'D LOOK LIKE WET BEEF JERKY WITH TEETH AND HAIR.
WHOA... YOU *CAN'T* EVEN KILL YOURSELF-- YOU HAVE NO THUMBS.
WHAT *DOESN'T* HAVE TWO THUMBS AND IS OBVIOUSLY THE LOVE OF YOUR LIFE?
DOTH PROTEST TOO MUCH, MUCH?
AHEM...
WHAT?
LADY, DO YOU NEED A LOZENGE OR SOMETHING? YOU SICK?
YOU REALLY SHOULDN'T SEE PATIENTS IF YOU'RE SICK.
I'M FINE BUT MY DESK HAS FARED BETTER. SO... WHY DO YOU THINK YOU TWO ARE HERE?

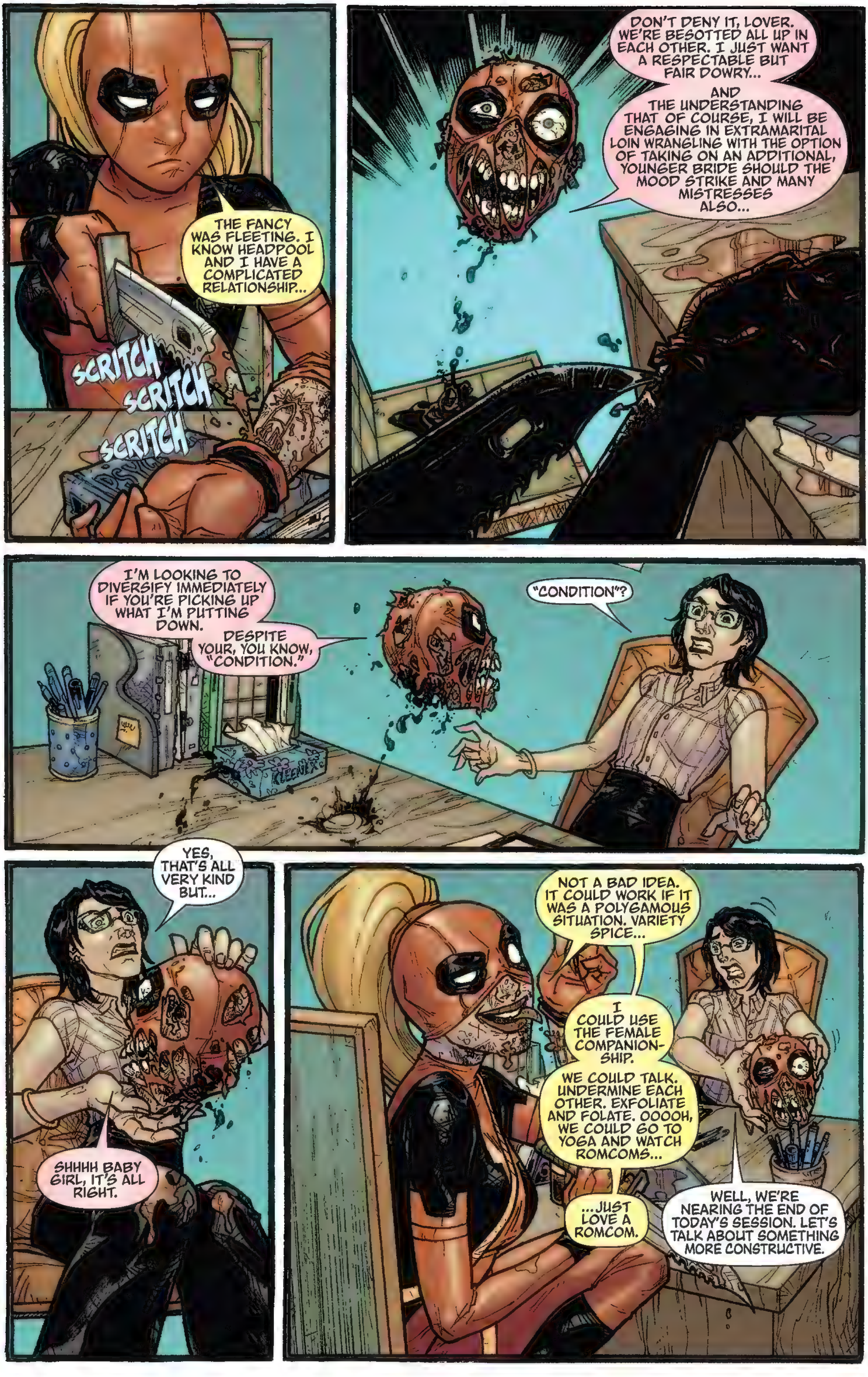

LOOK AT THIS STANK, STUCK-UP HEAD-SHRINK PEERING DOWN HER NOSE.
Oh I know! She's no better than us. We're wa-haaaay hotter. Look at her. She's basically a dude.
NO IDEA, DOC. NONE
LAST WEEK. SUPER-SENSITIVE, HIGH-RISK MISSION YOU DON'T HAVE CLEARANCE TO KNOW ABOUT.
YOU'RE SUCH A FOUL-MOUTHED LATRINE-FACE. TAKE IT BACK!
HOW CAN I BE THE LOWEST ON THE PECKING ORDER JUST BECAUSE I'M A CHICK??!! YOU DON'T HAVE ONE LICK OF GENDER-IDENTIFYING--
WANDA, MOVE IN. MOVE IN! THERE'S MILLIONS OF THEM. WHERE ARE YOU?... GRAAARRRKKK...
SSSSSSSHHHHHH
CRAP.
DO YOU KNOW HOW CLOSE YOU BOTH ARE TO GETTING KICKED OUT? THEY'RE ABOUT TO EJECT YOU FROM THE CORPS.
WADE'S DEEPLY CONCERNED. HOW DOES IT FEEL TO KNOW THAT YOU'RE HURTING THOSE AROUND YOU?
NO, MORON, YOU HAVE TO DRIBBLE THE LIQUOR INTO THE APERTURE SIMULTANEOUSLY.
HISKEY
HAVE YOU CONSIDERED THAT THE FRICTION BETWEEN YOU IS SIMPLY SEXUAL TENSION?
SURVEY SHEET 2

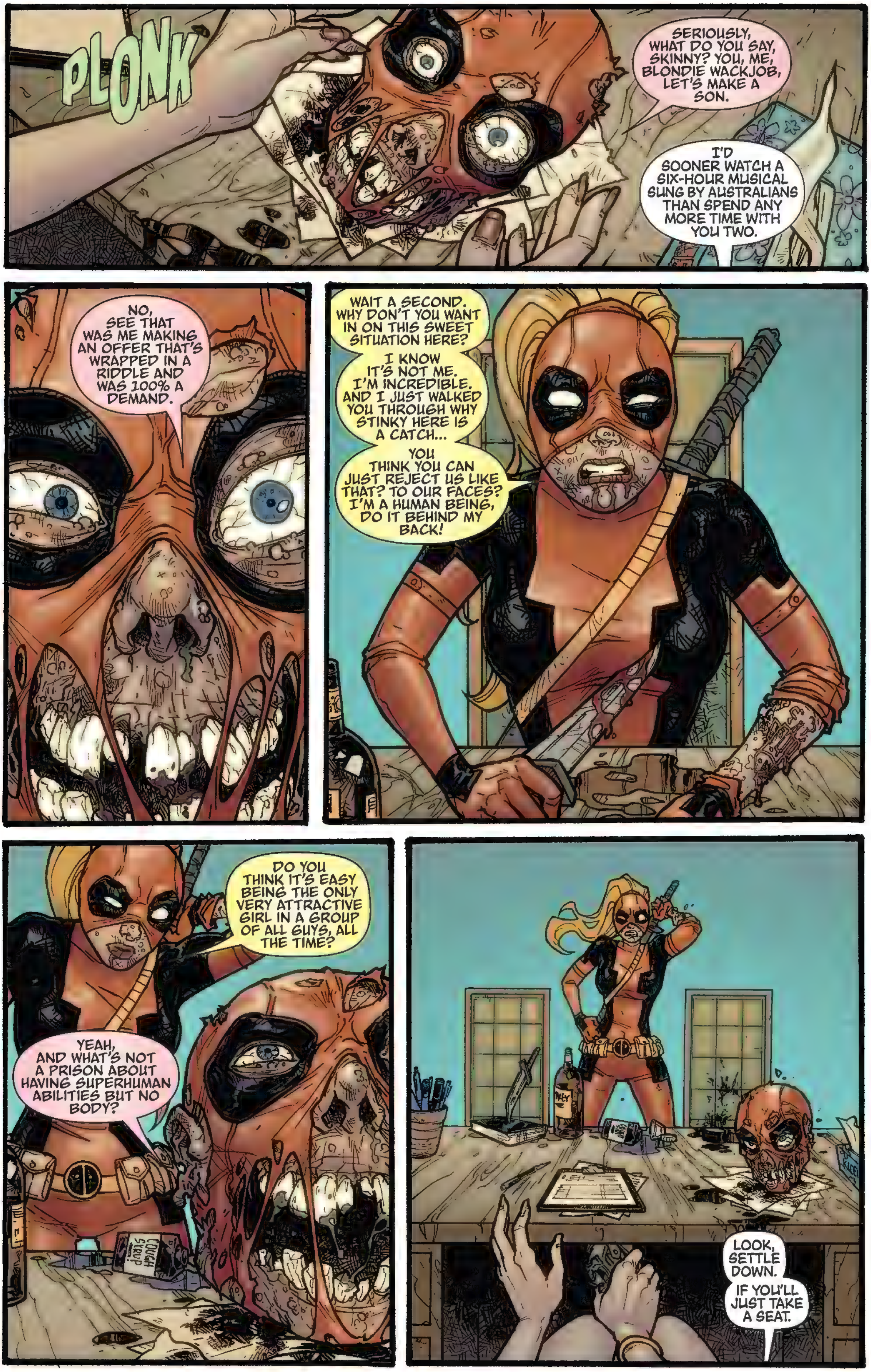

POP
SPLISH
DID YOU PUT HER UP TO THIS?
I DID NO SUCH... QUIT THE HIJINKS, BOO. FACE IT. YOU LOVE TRYING TO GET INSIDE THIS CHUNKY DOME OF MINE.
I DARE YOU! DO IT! YOU'RE CUHRAAAAZY IF YOU THINK THEY'D BE AS SCRUMPTIOUS 365 DAYS A YEAR. THE GIRL SCOUTS HAVE TO WITHHOLD, IT'S KEYNESIAN ECONOMICS! WHY ARE YOU SO DUMB?!
SCREW THE LAST TOUR... MR. ARMSTRONG IS THE MOST BEST SPECIMEN OF VIRILE FORTITUDE AND HOLISTIC AMAZINGNESS KNOWN TO NAD CANCER...
WHY WOULD I LIE TO YOU? YOU KNOW WHAT I HATE? PANTS. LET'S GET YOU OUT OF 'EM.

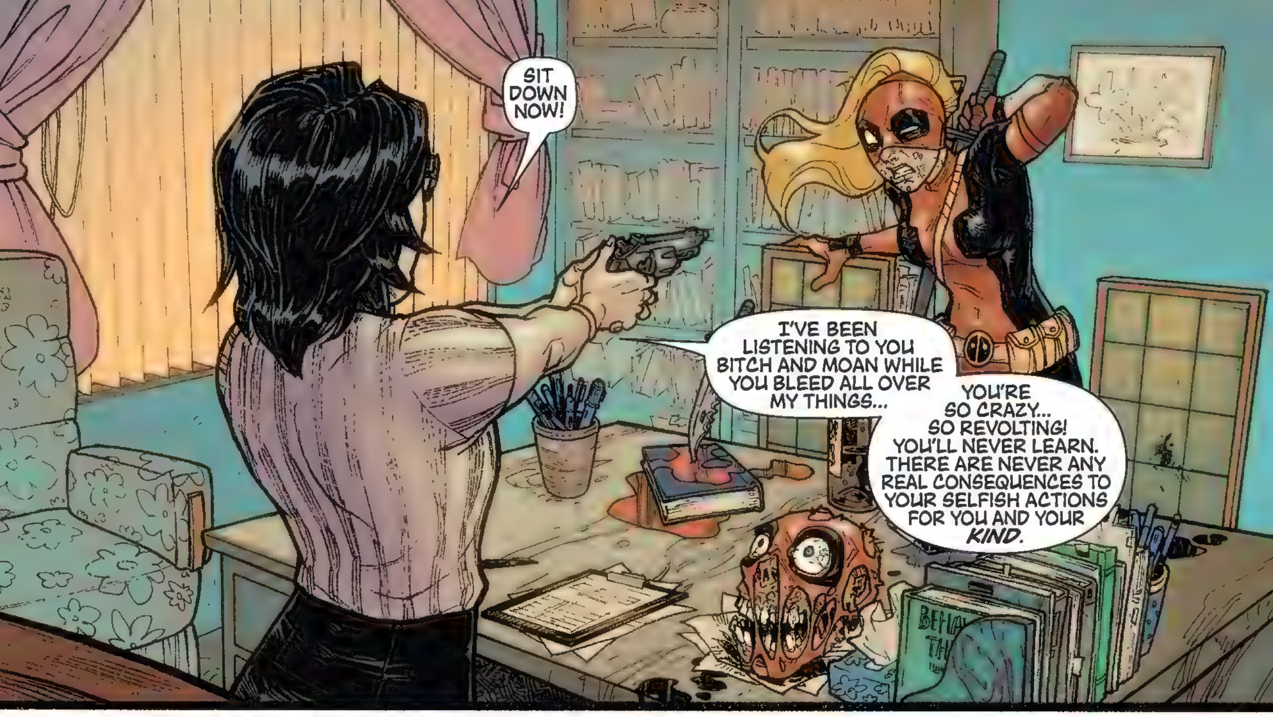

DOC, I HAVE NO IDEA WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT.
FINE, THERE WAS THIS ONE TIME...
HA! YOU ARE SUCH A LIAR.
LOOK, I KNOW I'M NOT PUUUUUUURFECK. MY LEFT EAR HANGS LOWER THAN MY RIGHT, RIGHT? HENCE NORMALIZING EARRING GAMBIT.
BUT I'M A GREAT JUDGE OF CHARACTER... HILAAARIOUSH.
I JUST WANT A COMPLICATE WOMAN WITH A SMOKIN' BOD...
I'D PUT A BUST OF MYSELF ON IT...PLAYING PICCOLO...
I'M DAMAGED. I KNOW I'M CRAZY. EVERYONE IS.
YEAH, IT'S A CATTYWAMPUS CLUSTERDOODLE OUT THERE.
AND THAT'S OKAY. AT LEAST IT IS BY ME.
Except most guys would be terrified of our *flavor of crazy*.
IF I COULD JUST FIND A NICE GIRL WHOSE FLAVOR OF CRAZY COMPLEMENTS MINE...
UM. GONNA... BREAK THE SEAL...UH, HIT THE HEAD...NOT YOUR HEAD, OF COURSE. WHO'S HITTING HEADS? NOT ME, AMIRITE?

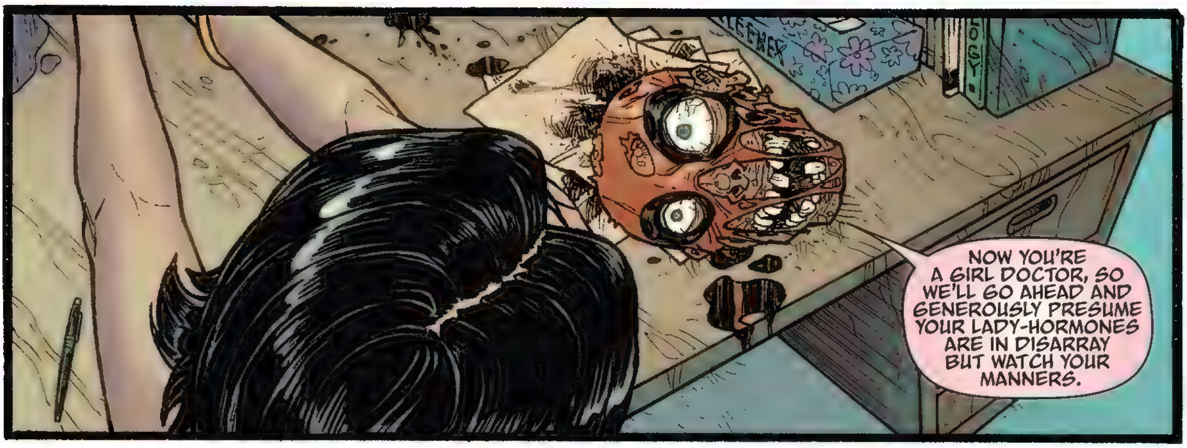

SO THAT WAS *SPESH*. CAN WE KEEP HIM?
REEL IT IN, WOMAN... RED LORRY, YELLOW LORRY. RED LORRY...
NO!
No!
Okay, let's make a list. He smells like if morning breath and anchovy fart made a baby died of SIDS. He smells like that.
OKAY, SO CON: HE SMELLS BAD.
THE PRO, THOUGH, IS THAT YOU'RE GAY FOR HIM.
Your lover is the size of a large fountain soda. Well played.
MAN, I REALLY WISH YOU WEREN'T STEERING THIS THING SOMETIMES.
SWEEEEEET-NESSSS...
You're getting real unpredictable...
Unpredictable...
Unpredictable...

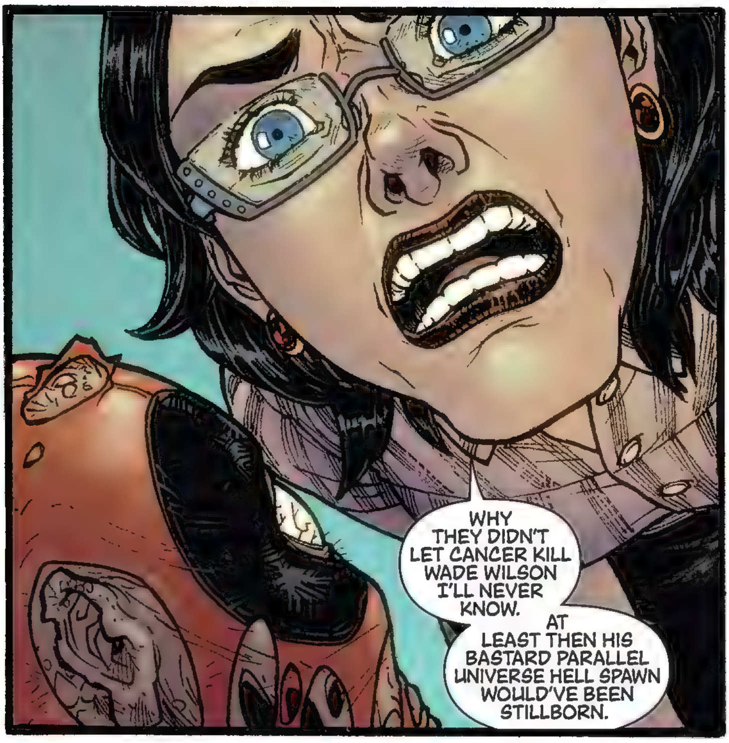

NO.
WAIT, WHAT HAPPENED HERE?
Um, who's the warm body next to us? It's not... It can't be...
NO.
PEEEEEEEEEK
YEEESSSSS!!! RIGHT ON! IT'S A COMPLETELY RANDOM PETRI DISH OF CRACKHEAD I'VE NEVER MET!
Oh, honey, thank *God*.
YEEEEEAH, SELF HIGH-FIVE! TRIUMPHANT SOLO DANCE PARTY... DOO DEEDLE DOO.
Yeah, ooooooor, let's how about we go to the clinic after?

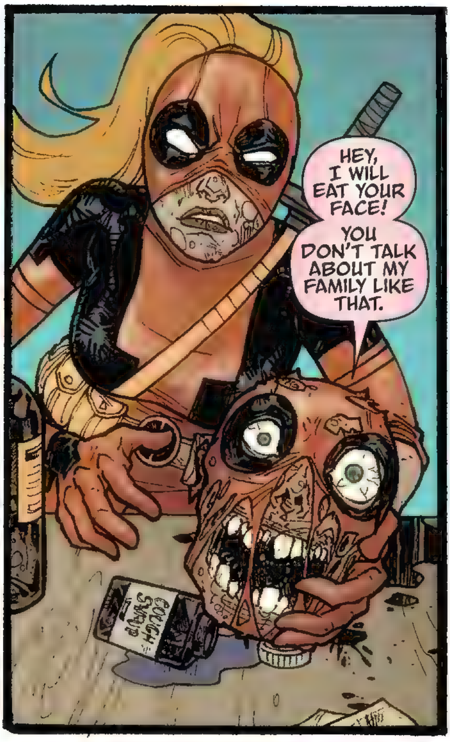

THE FANCY WAS FLEETING. I KNOW HEADPOOL AND I HAVE A COMPLICATED RELATIONSHIP...
SCRITCH
SCRITCH
SCRITCH
DON'T DENY IT, LOVER. WE'RE BESOTTED ALL UP IN EACH OTHER. I JUST WANT A RESPECTABLE BUT FAIR DOWRY...
AND THE UNDERSTANDING THAT OF COURSE, I WILL BE ENGAGING IN EXTRAMARITAL LOIN WRANGLING WITH THE OPTION OF TAKING ON AN ADDITIONAL, YOUNGER BRIDE SHOULD THE MOOD STRIKE AND MANY MISTRESSES ALSO...
I'M LOOKING TO DIVERSIFY IMMEDIATELY IF YOU'RE PICKING UP WHAT I'M PUTTING DOWN.
DESPITE YOUR, YOU KNOW, "CONDITION."
"CONDITION"?
KLEENEX
YES, THAT'S ALL VERY KIND BUT...
SHHHH BABY GIRL, IT'S ALL RIGHT.
NOT A BAD IDEA. IT COULD WORK IF IT WAS A POLYGAMOUS SITUATION. VARIETY SPICE...
I COULD USE THE FEMALE COMPANION-SHIP.
WE COULD TALK. UNDERMINE EACH OTHER. EXFOLIATE AND FOLATE. OOOOH, WE COULD GO TO YOGA AND WATCH ROMCOMS...
...JUST LOVE A ROMCOM.
WELL, WE'RE NEARING THE END OF TODAY'S SESSION. LET'S TALK ABOUT SOMETHING MORE CONSTRUCTIVE.

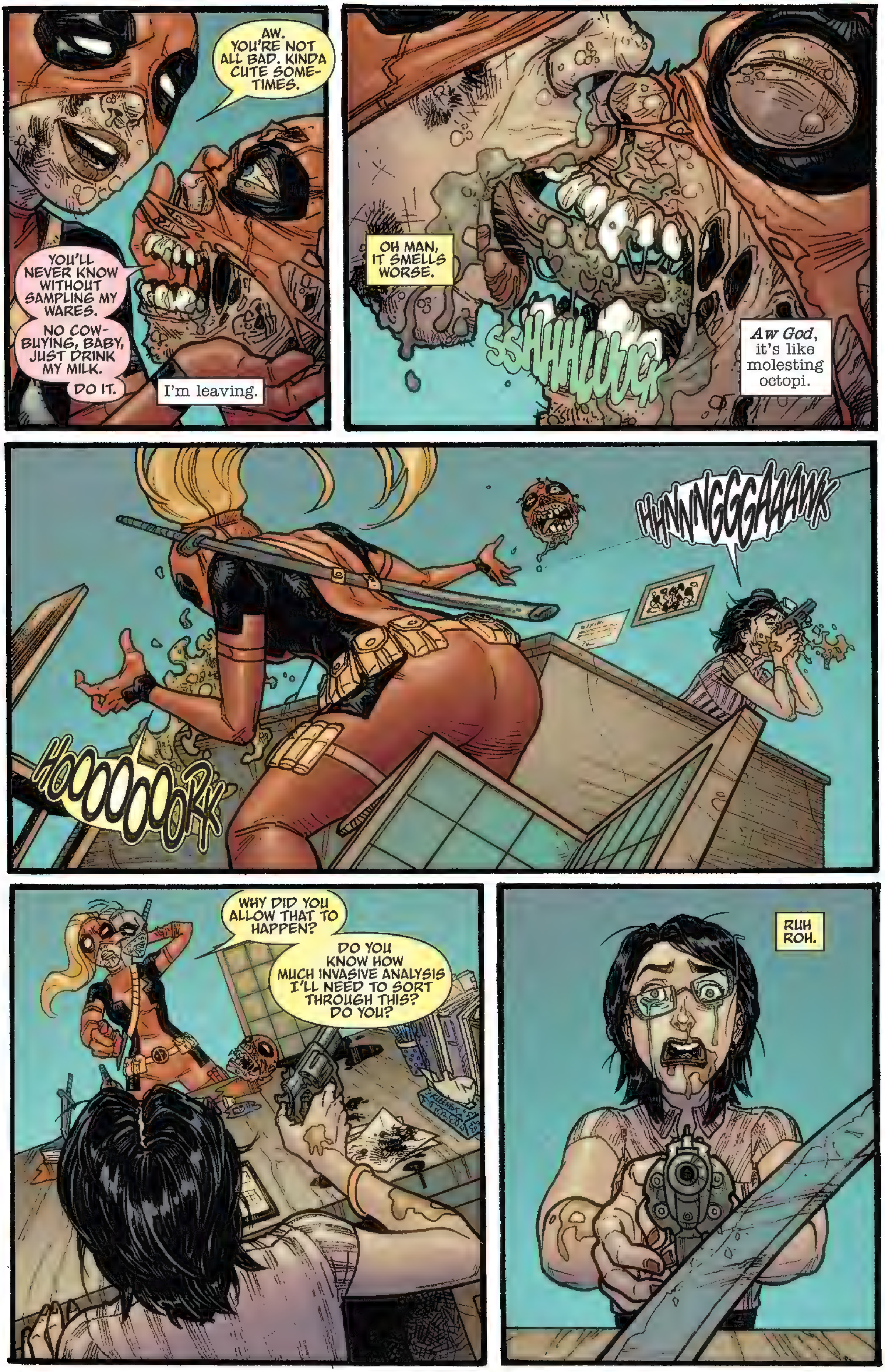

PLONK
SERIOUSLY, WHAT DO YOU SAY, SKINNY? YOU, ME, BLONDIE WACKJOB, LET'S MAKE A SON.
I'D SOONER WATCH A SIX-HOUR MUSICAL SUNG BY AUSTRALIANS THAN SPEND ANY MORE TIME WITH YOU TWO.
NO, SEE THAT WAS ME MAKING AN OFFER THAT'S WRAPPED IN A RIDDLE AND WAS 100% A DEMAND.
WAIT A SECOND. WHY DON'T YOU WANT IN ON THIS SWEET SITUATION HERE?
I KNOW IT'S NOT ME. I'M INCREDIBLE. AND I JUST WALKED YOU THROUGH WHY STINKY HERE IS A CATCH...
YOU THINK YOU CAN JUST REJECT US LIKE THAT? TO OUR FACES? I'M A HUMAN BEING, DO IT BEHIND MY BACK!
DO YOU THINK IT'S EASY BEING THE ONLY VERY ATTRACTIVE GIRL IN A GROUP OF ALL GUYS, ALL THE TIME?
YEAH, AND WHAT'S NOT A PRISON ABOUT HAVING SUPERHUMAN ABILITIES BUT NO BODY?
COUGH SYRUP
LOOK, SETTLE DOWN.
IF YOU'LL JUST TAKE A SEAT.

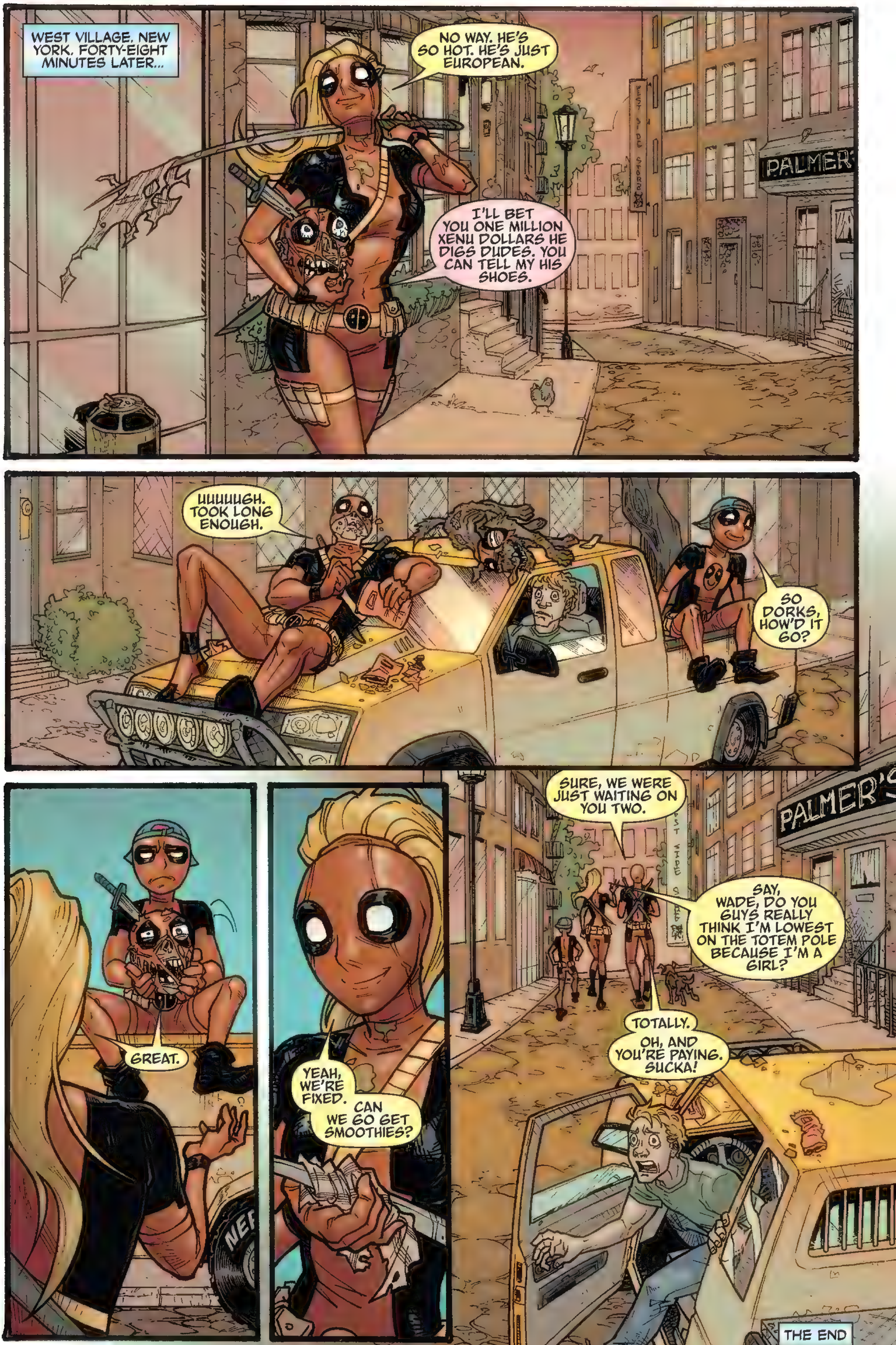

SIT DOWN NOW!
I'VE BEEN LISTENING TO YOU BITCH AND MOAN WHILE YOU BLEED ALL OVER MY THINGS...
YOU'RE SO CRAZY... SO REVOLTING! YOU'LL NEVER LEARN. THERE ARE NEVER ANY REAL CONSEQUENCES TO YOUR SELFISH ACTIONS FOR YOU AND YOUR *KIND*.

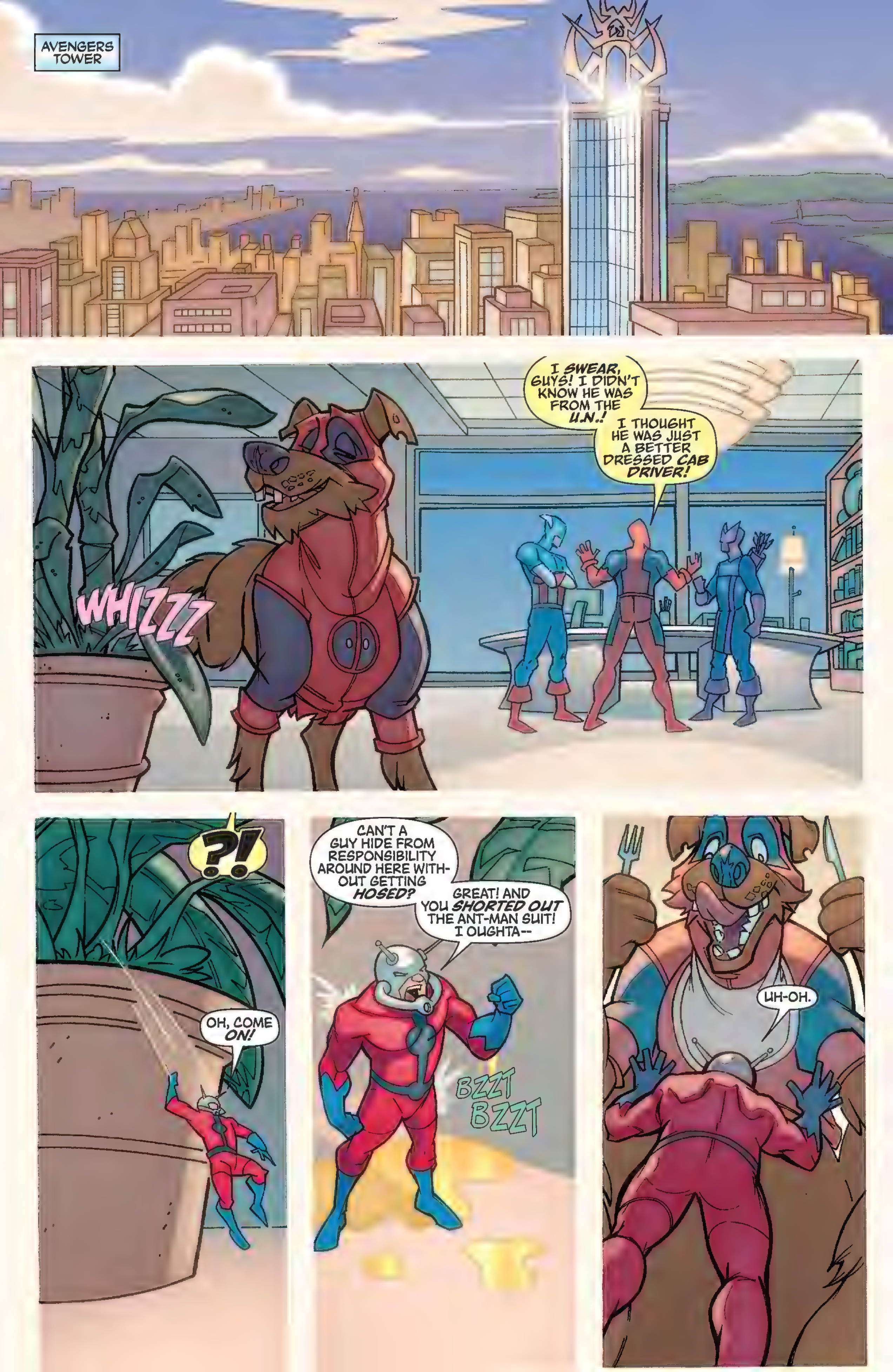

NOW YOU'RE A GIRL DOCTOR, SO WE'LL GO AHEAD AND GENEROUSLY PRESUME YOUR LADY-HORMONES ARE IN DISARRAY BUT WATCH YOUR MANNERS.

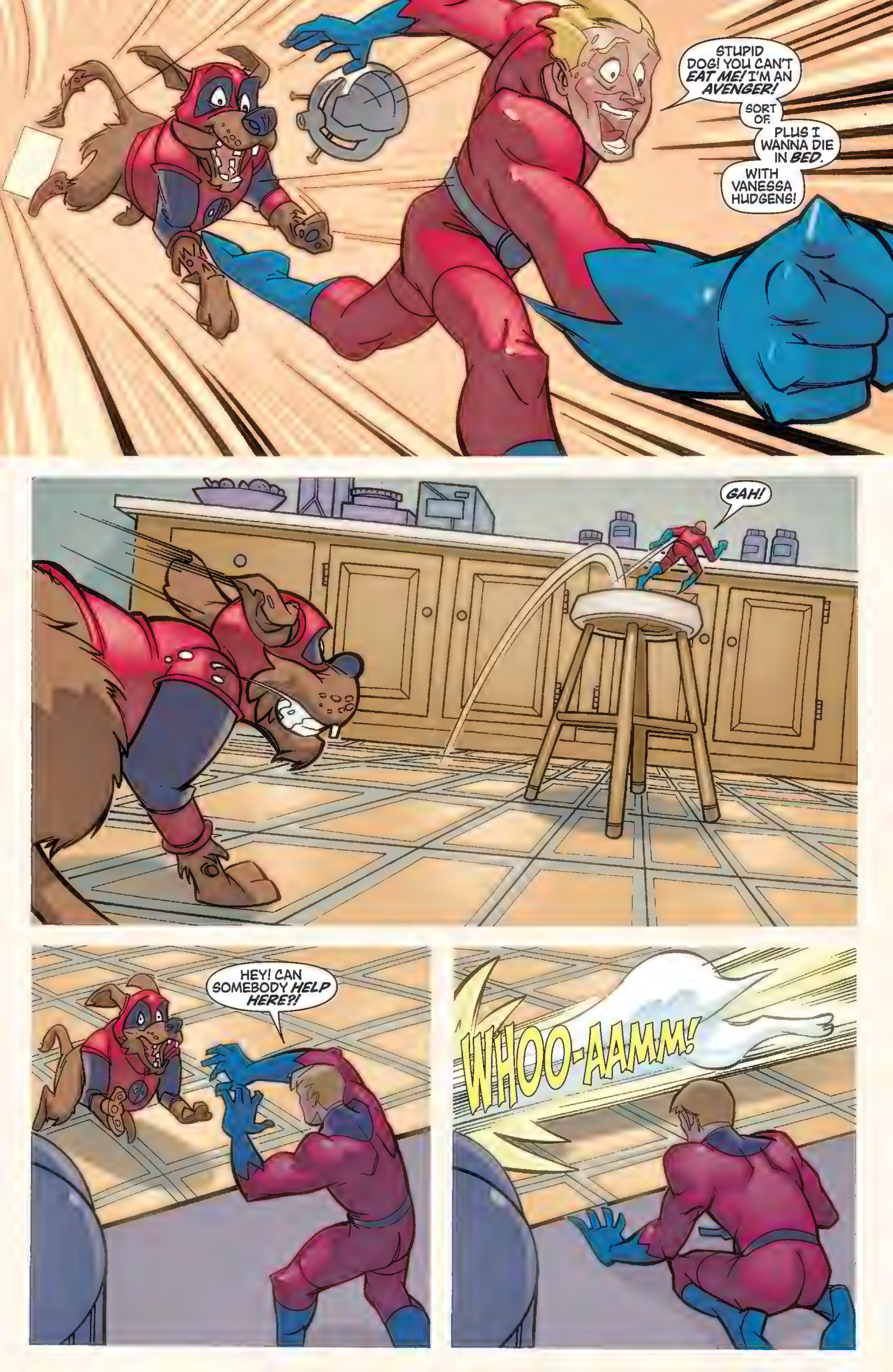

WHY THEY DIDN'T LET CANCER KILL WADE WILSON I'LL NEVER KNOW.
AT LEAST THEN HIS BASTARD PARALLEL UNIVERSE HELL SPAWN WOULD'VE BEEN STILLBORN.

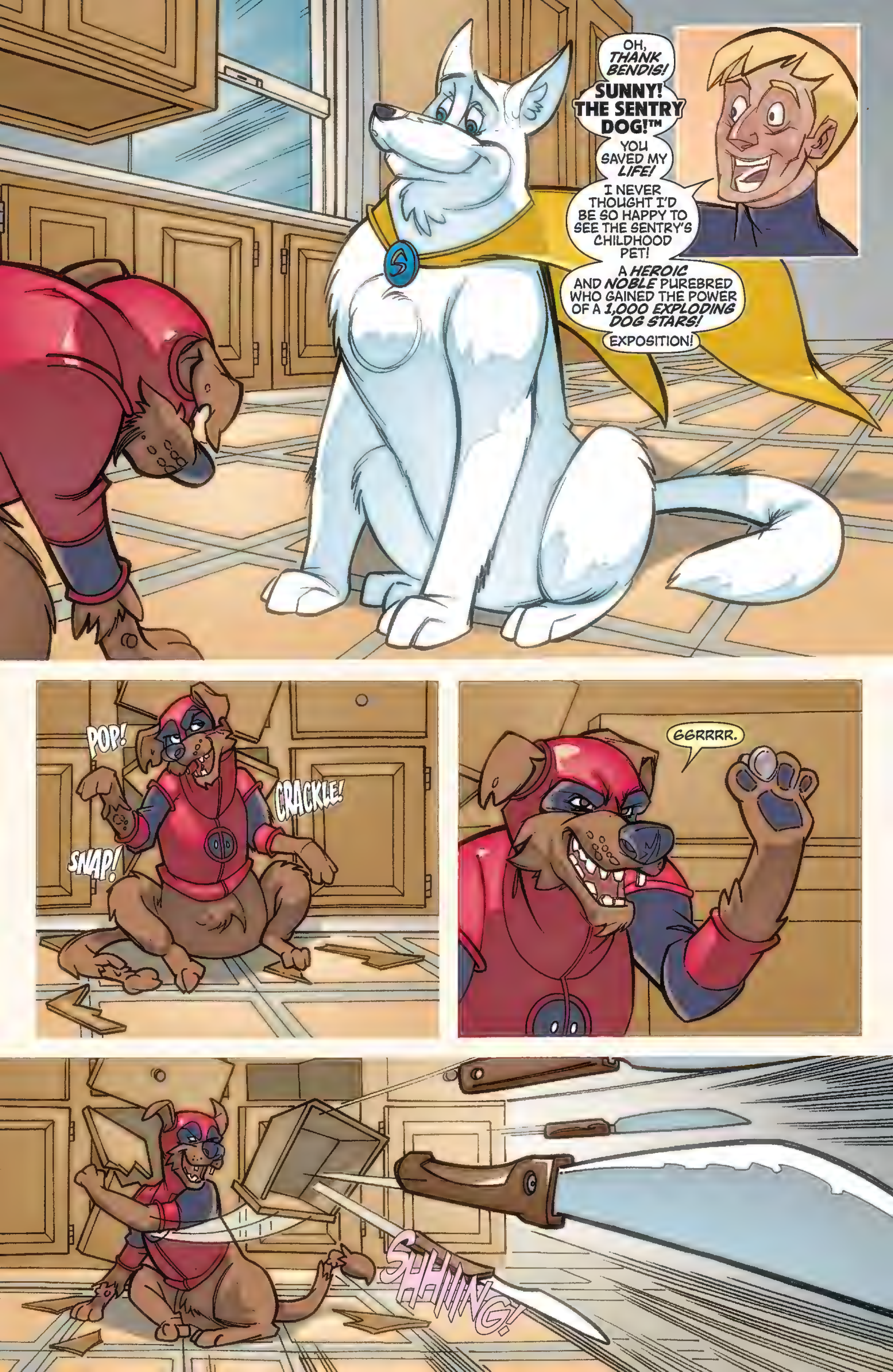

HEY, I WILL EAT YOUR FACE!
YOU DON'T TALK ABOUT MY FAMILY LIKE THAT.
COUGH SYRUP

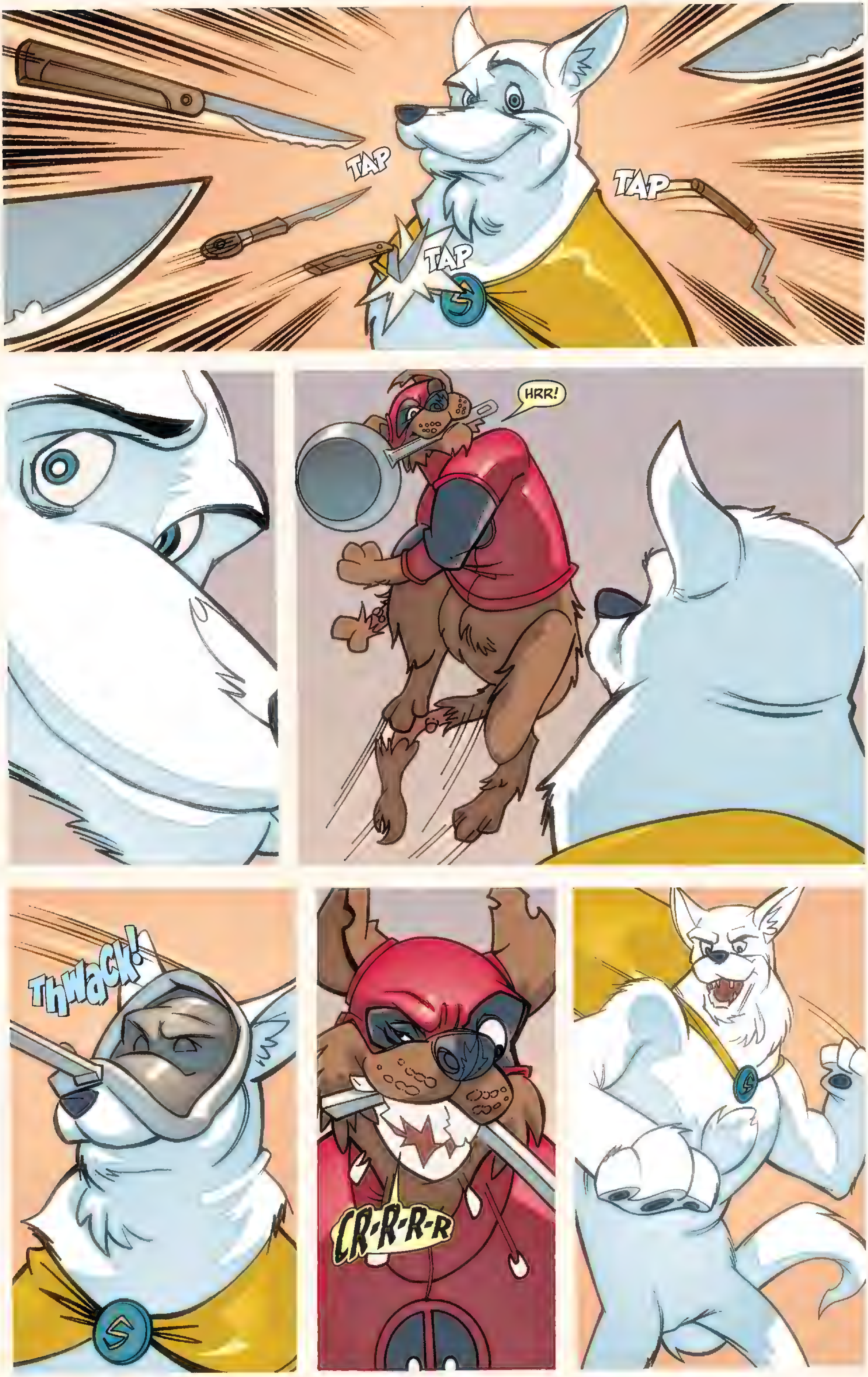

AW. YOU'RE NOT ALL BAD. KINDA CUTE SOMETIMES.
YOU'LL NEVER KNOW WITHOUT SAMPLING MY WARES.
NO COW-BUYING, BABY, JUST DRINK MY MILK.
DO IT.
I'm leaving.
OH MAN, IT SMELLS WORSE.
SSHHHLUUCK
Aw God, it's like molesting octopi.
HHNNNGGGAAAWK
HOOOOOORK
WHY DID YOU ALLOW THAT TO HAPPEN?
DO YOU KNOW HOW MUCH INVASIVE ANALYSIS I'LL NEED TO SORT THROUGH THIS? DO YOU?
RUH ROH.

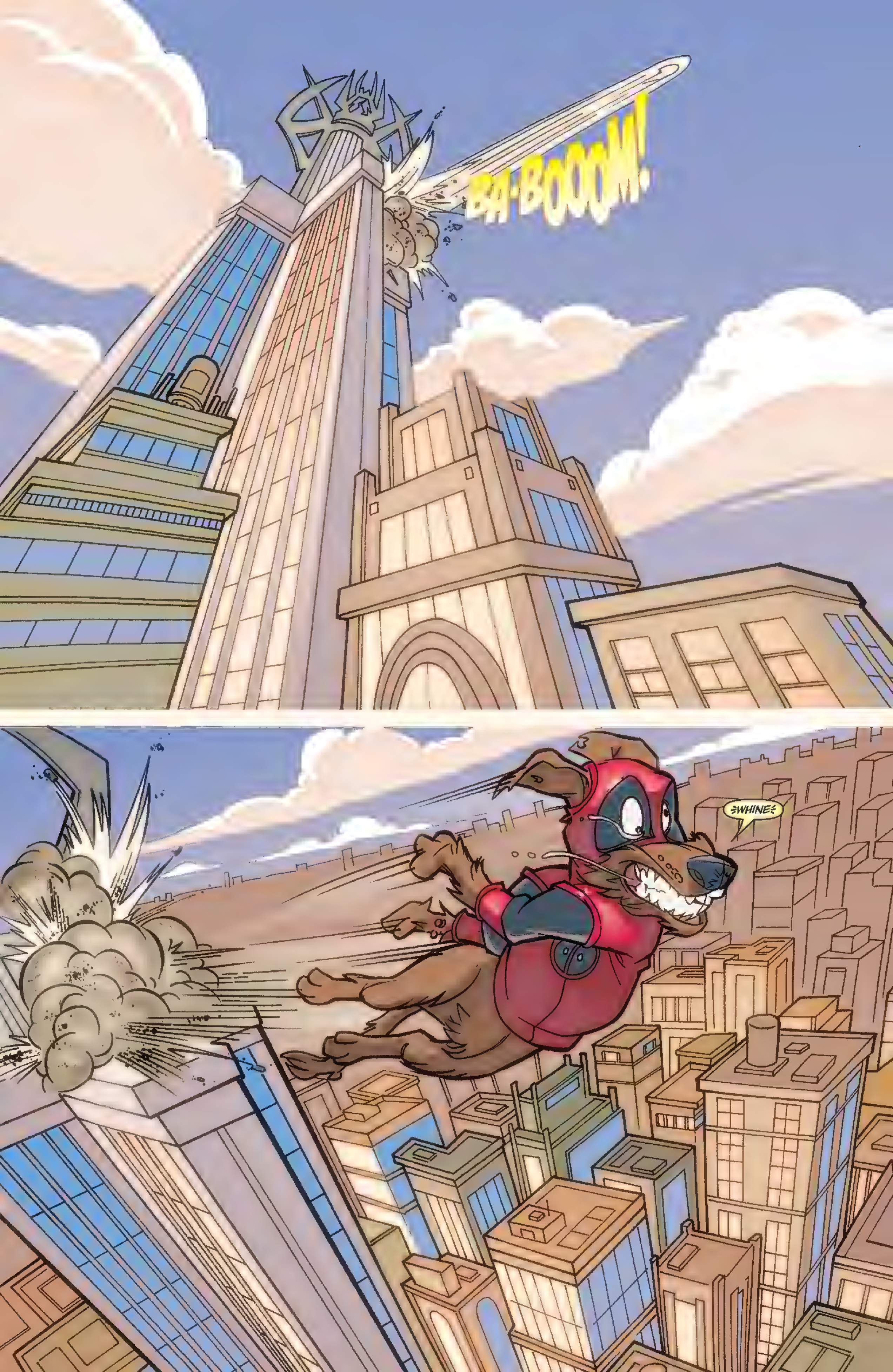

WEST VILLAGE. NEW YORK. FORTY-EIGHT MINUTES LATER...
NO WAY. HE'S SO HOT. HE'S JUST EUROPEAN.
I'LL BET YOU ONE MILLION XENU DOLLARS HE DIGS DUDES. YOU CAN TELL MY HIS SHOES.
PALMER
WEST SIDE STORE
UUUUUGH. TOOK LONG ENOUGH.
SO DORKS, HOW'D IT GO?
GREAT.
YEAH, WE'RE FIXED. CAN WE GO GET SMOOTHIES?
SURE, WE WERE JUST WAITING ON YOU TWO.
PALMER'S
SAY, WADE, DO YOU GUYS REALLY THINK I'M LOWEST ON THE TOTEM POLE BECAUSE I'M A GIRL?
TOTALLY. OH, AND YOU'RE PAYING. SUCKA!
THE END

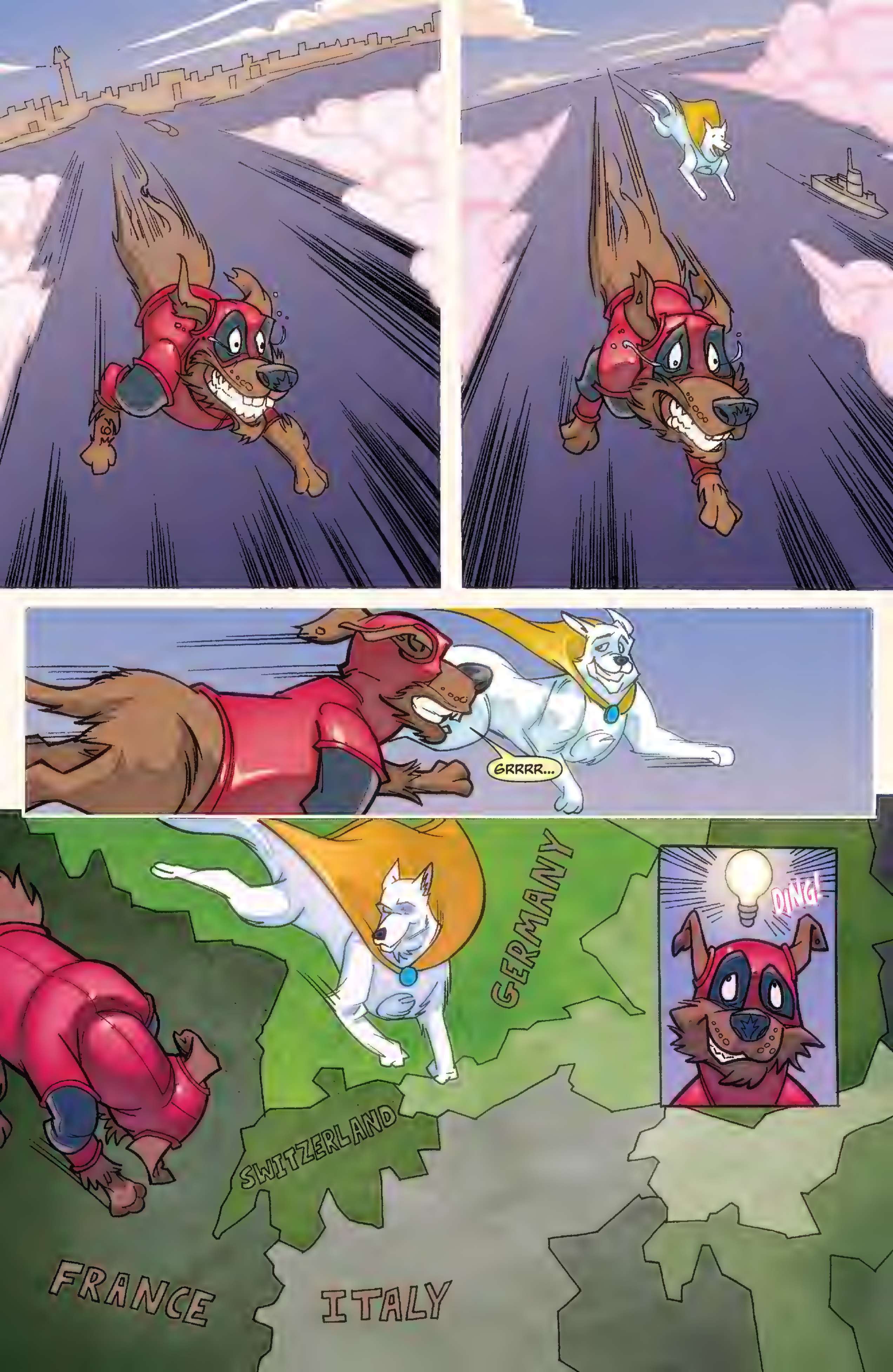

AVENGERS TOWER
I SWEAR, GUYS! I DIDN'T KNOW HE WAS FROM THE U.N.!
I THOUGHT HE WAS JUST A BETTER DRESSED CAB DRIVER!
WHIZZZ
?!
OH, COME ON!
CAN'T A GUY HIDE FROM RESPONSIBILITY AROUND HERE WITHOUT GETTING HOSED?
GREAT! AND YOU SHORTED OUT THE ANT-MAN SUIT! I OUGHTA--
BZZT BZZT
UH-OH.

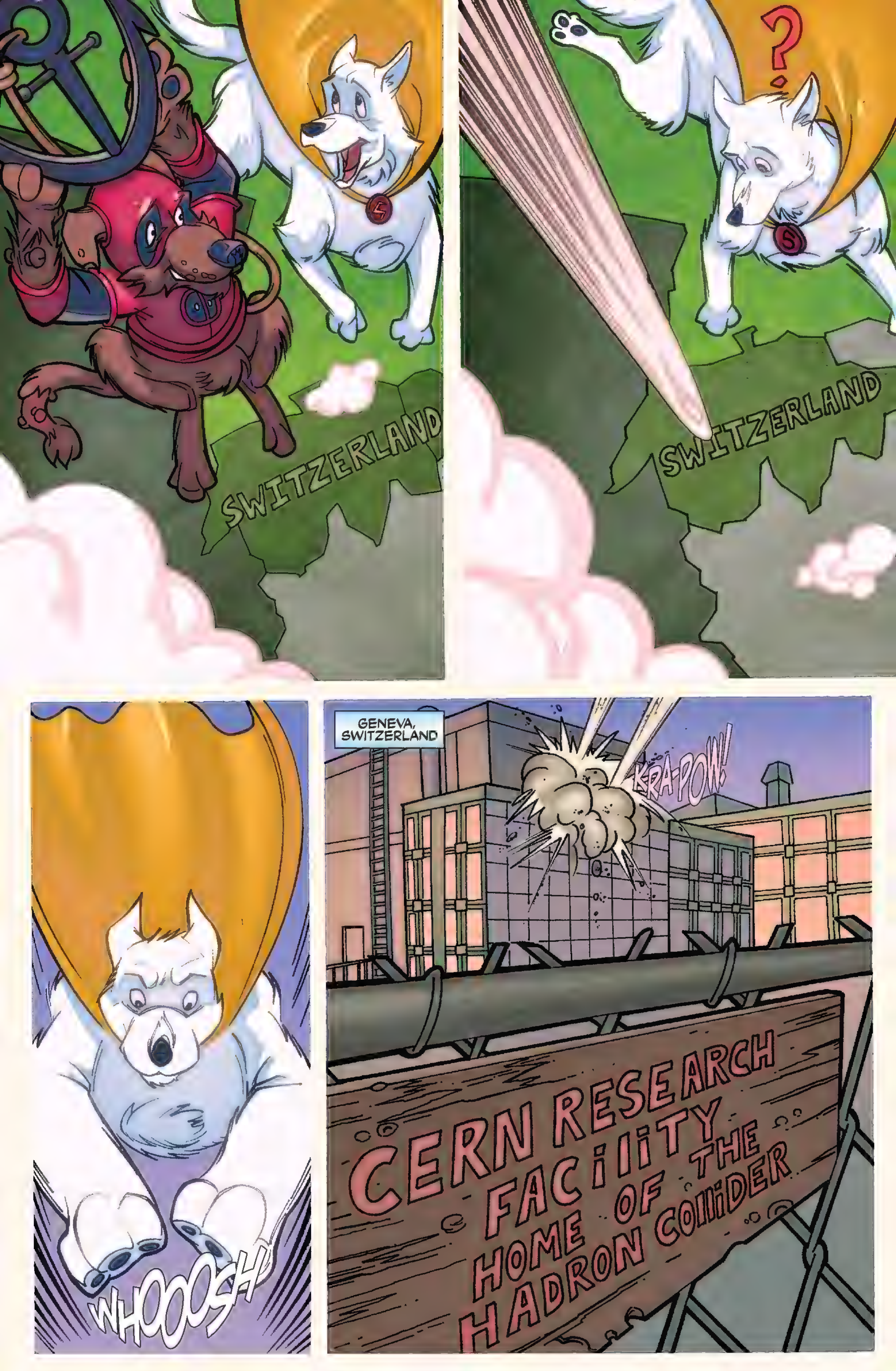

STUPID DOG! YOU CAN'T *EAT ME!* I'M AN *AVENGER!*
SORT OF.
PLUS I WANNA DIE IN *BED*.
WITH VANESSA HUDGENS!
GAH!
HEY! CAN SOMEBODY *HELP HERE?!*
WHOO-AAMM!

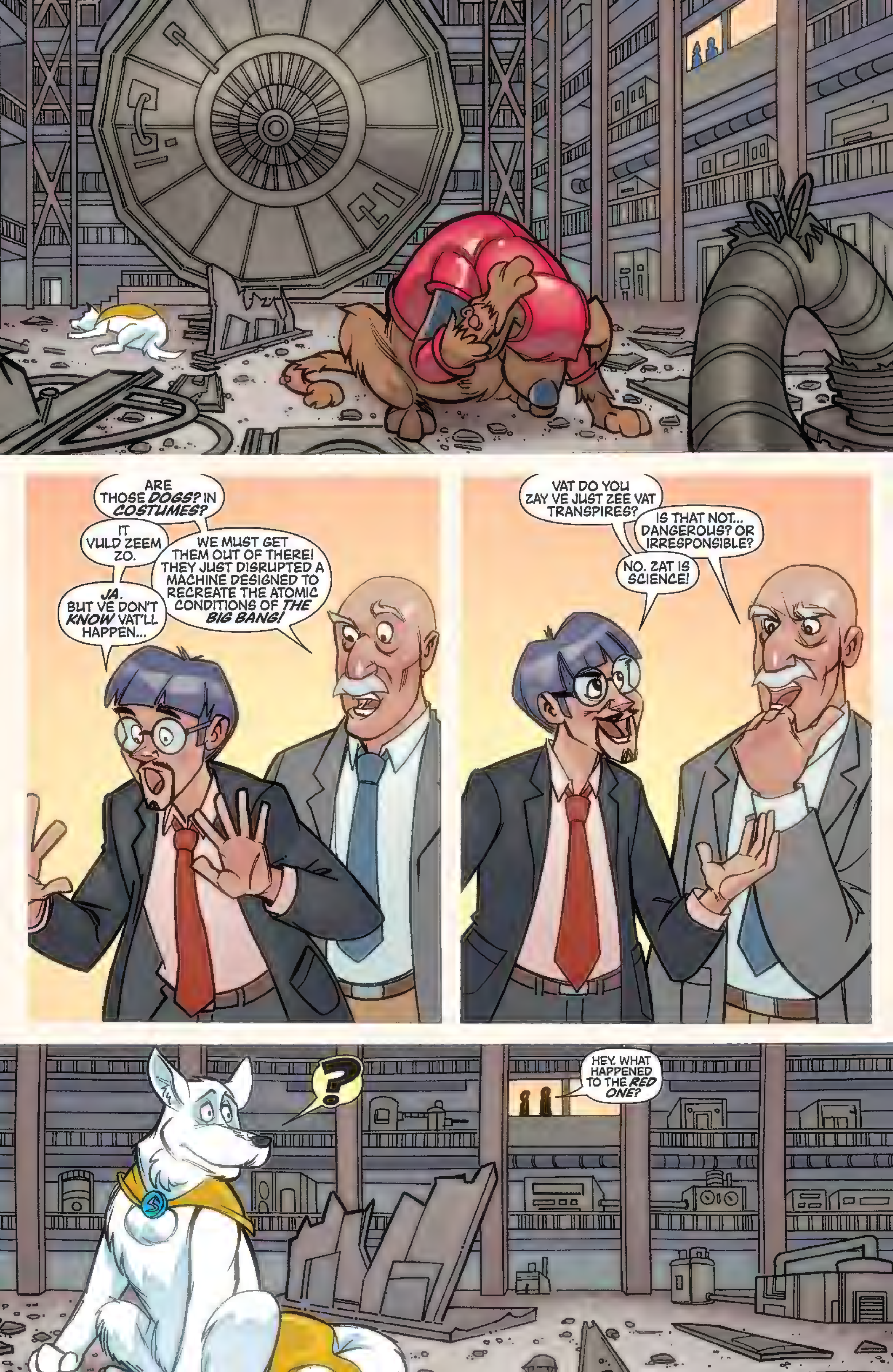

OH, *THANK BENDIS!* **SUNNY! THE SENTRY DOG!™** YOU SAVED MY *LIFE!* I NEVER THOUGHT I'D BE SO HAPPY TO SEE THE SENTRY'S CHILDHOOD PET! A *HEROIC* AND *NOBLE* PUREBRED WHO GAINED THE POWER OF A *1,000 EXPLODING DOG STARS!* EXPOSITION!
POP!
CRACKLE!
SNAP!
GGRRRR.
SHHIIING!

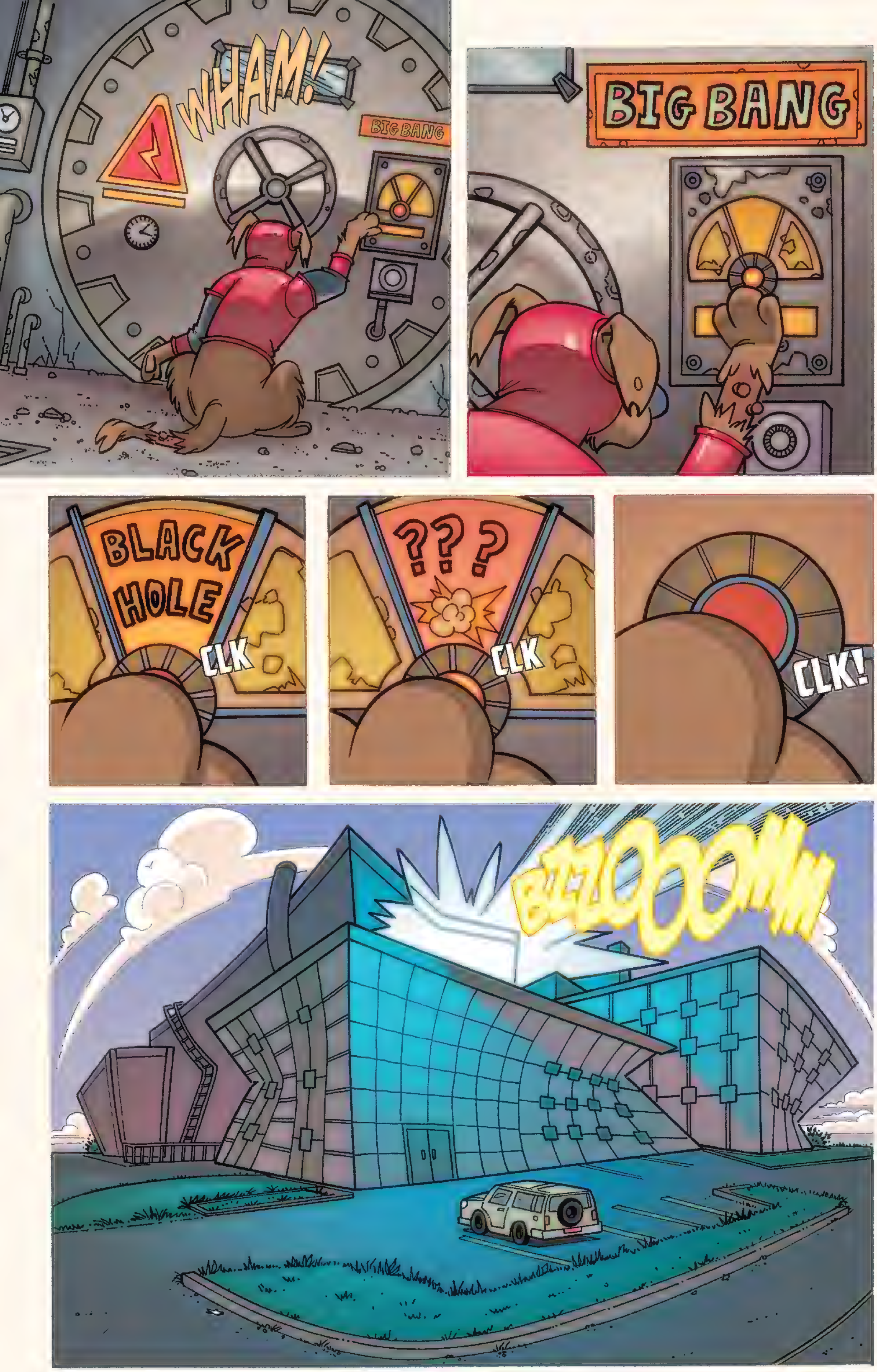

TAP
TAP
TAP
HRR!
THWACK!
CR-R-R-R

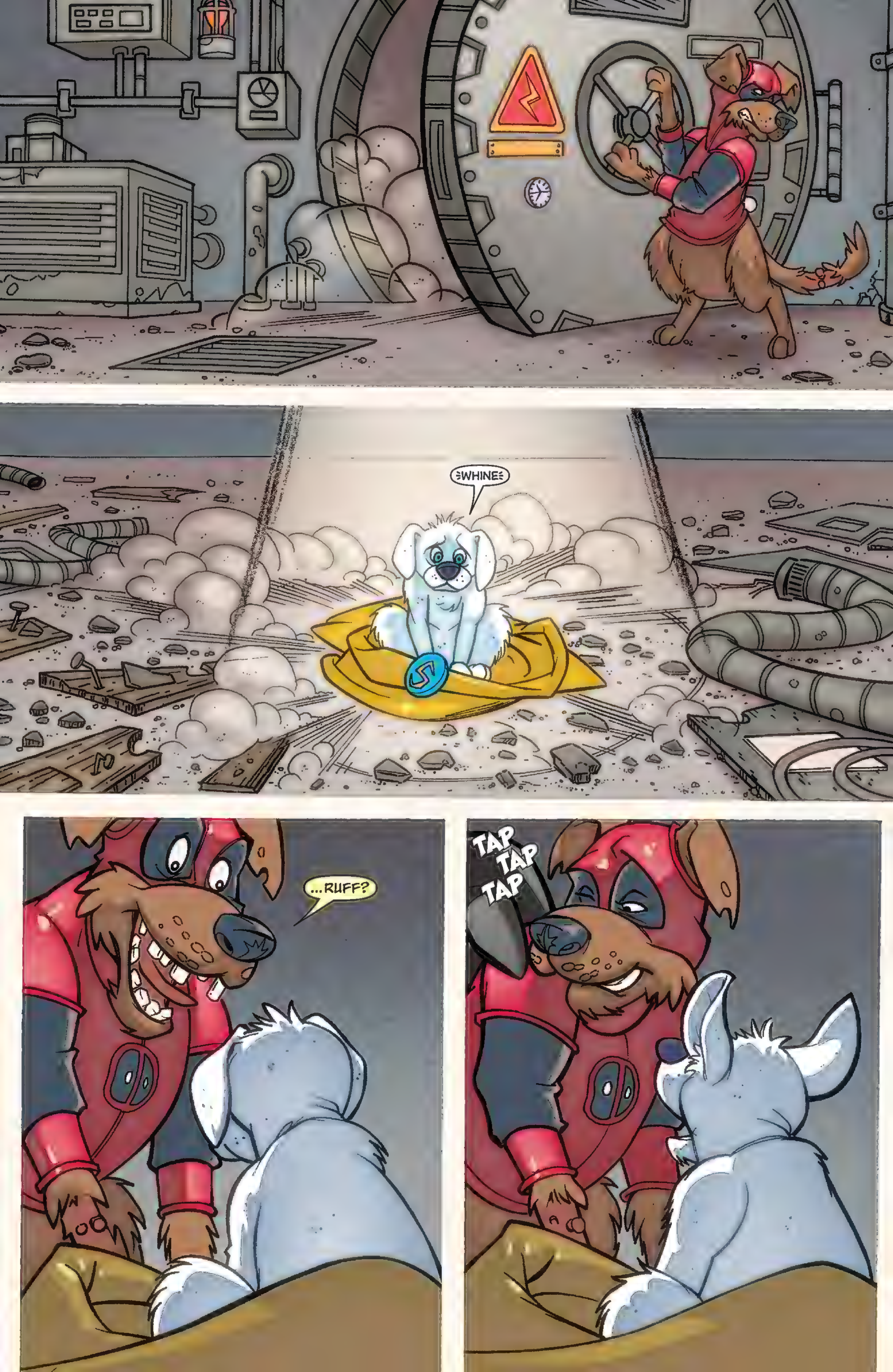

BA-BOOOM!
WHINE

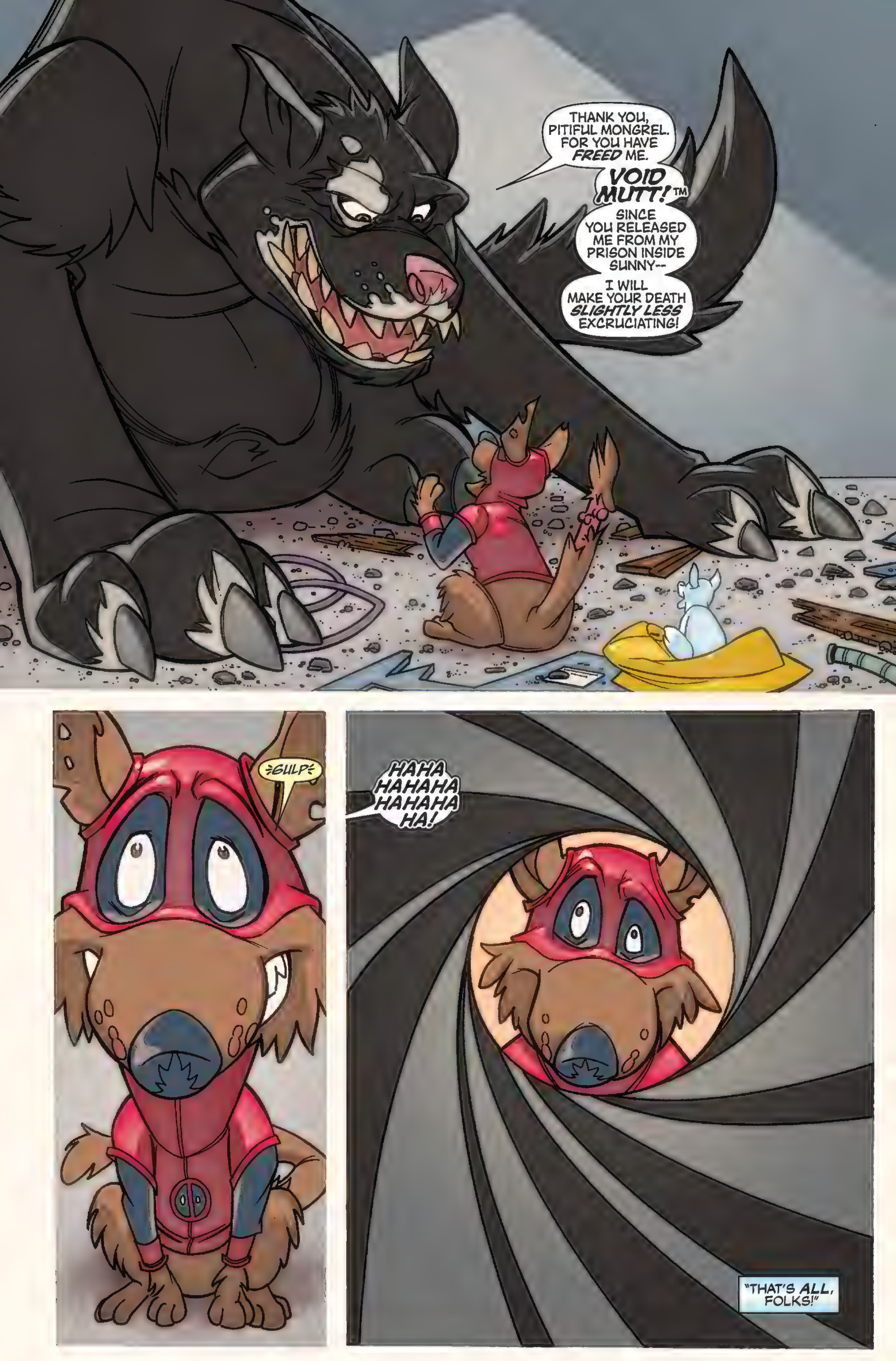

GRRRR...
GERMANY
DING!
SWITZERLAND
FRANCE
ITALY


SWITZERLAND
?
SWITZERLAND
WHOOOSH
GENEVA, SWITZERLAND
KRA-POW!
CERN RESEARCH FACILITY
HOME OF THE HADRON COLLIDER


ARE THOSE *DOGS?* IN *COSTUMES?*
IT VULD ZEEM ZO.
WE MUST GET THEM OUT OF THERE! THEY JUST DISRUPTED A MACHINE DESIGNED TO RECREATE THE ATOMIC CONDITIONS OF *THE BIG BANG!*
JA. BUT VE DON'T *KNOW* VAT'LL HAPPEN...
VAT DO YOU ZAY VE JUST ZEE VAT TRANSPIRES?
IS THAT NOT... DANGEROUS? OR IRRESPONSIBLE?
NO. ZAT IS SCIENCE!
?
HEY. WHAT HAPPENED TO THE *RED ONE?*

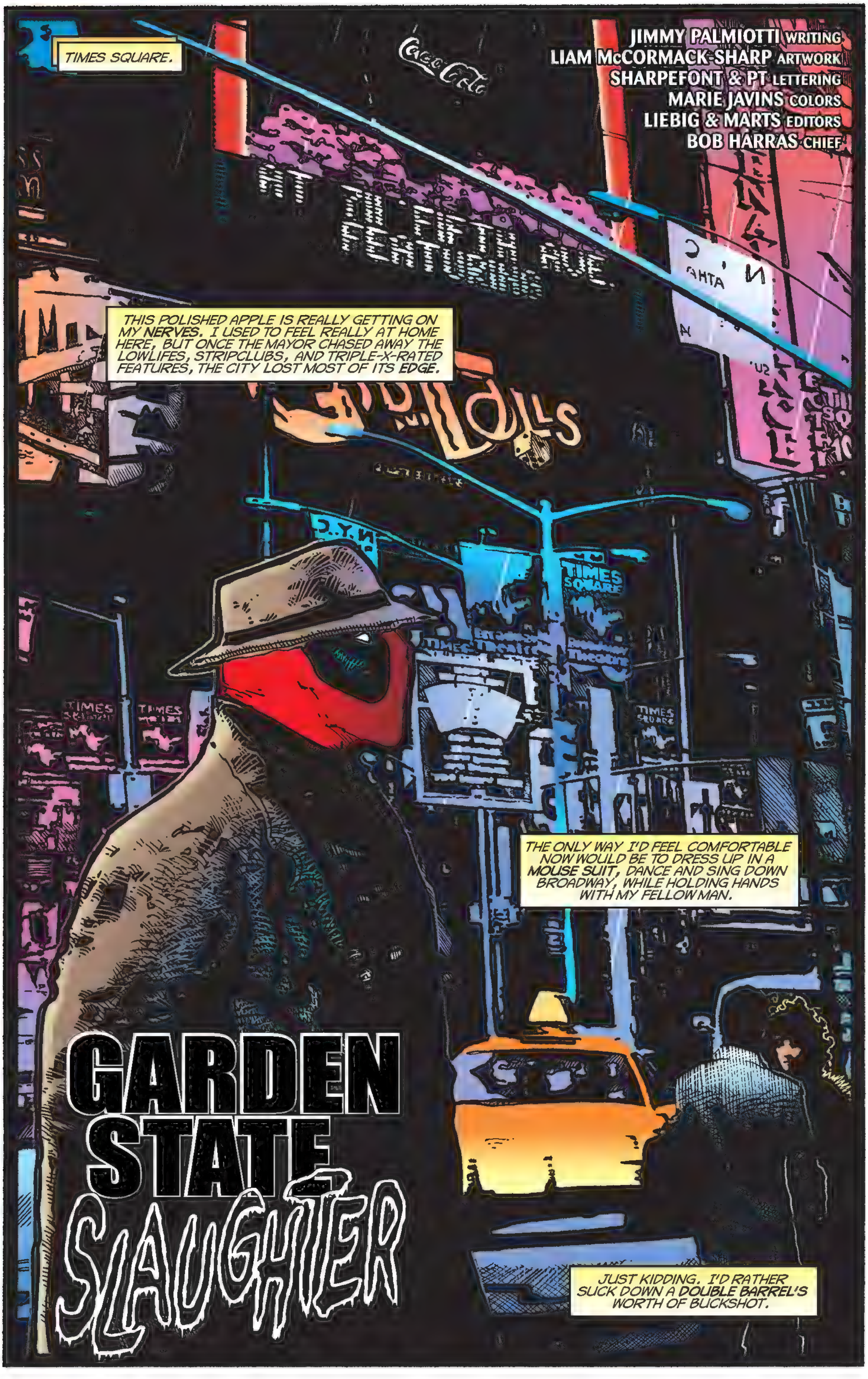

WHAM!
BIG BANG
BIG BANG
BLACK HOLE
CLK
???
CLK
CLK!
BZZOOOMM

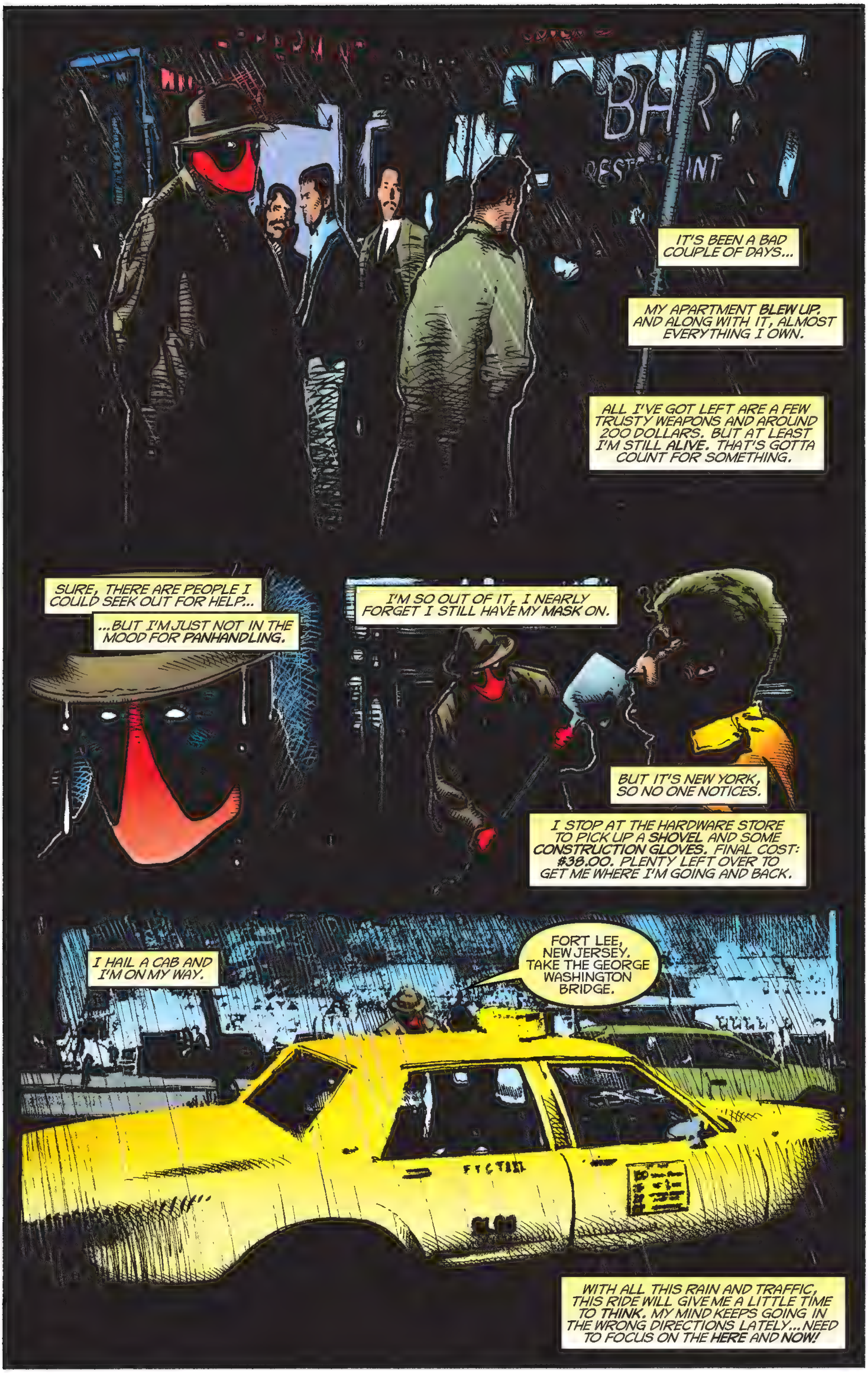

WHINE
...RUFF?
TAP
TAP
TAP

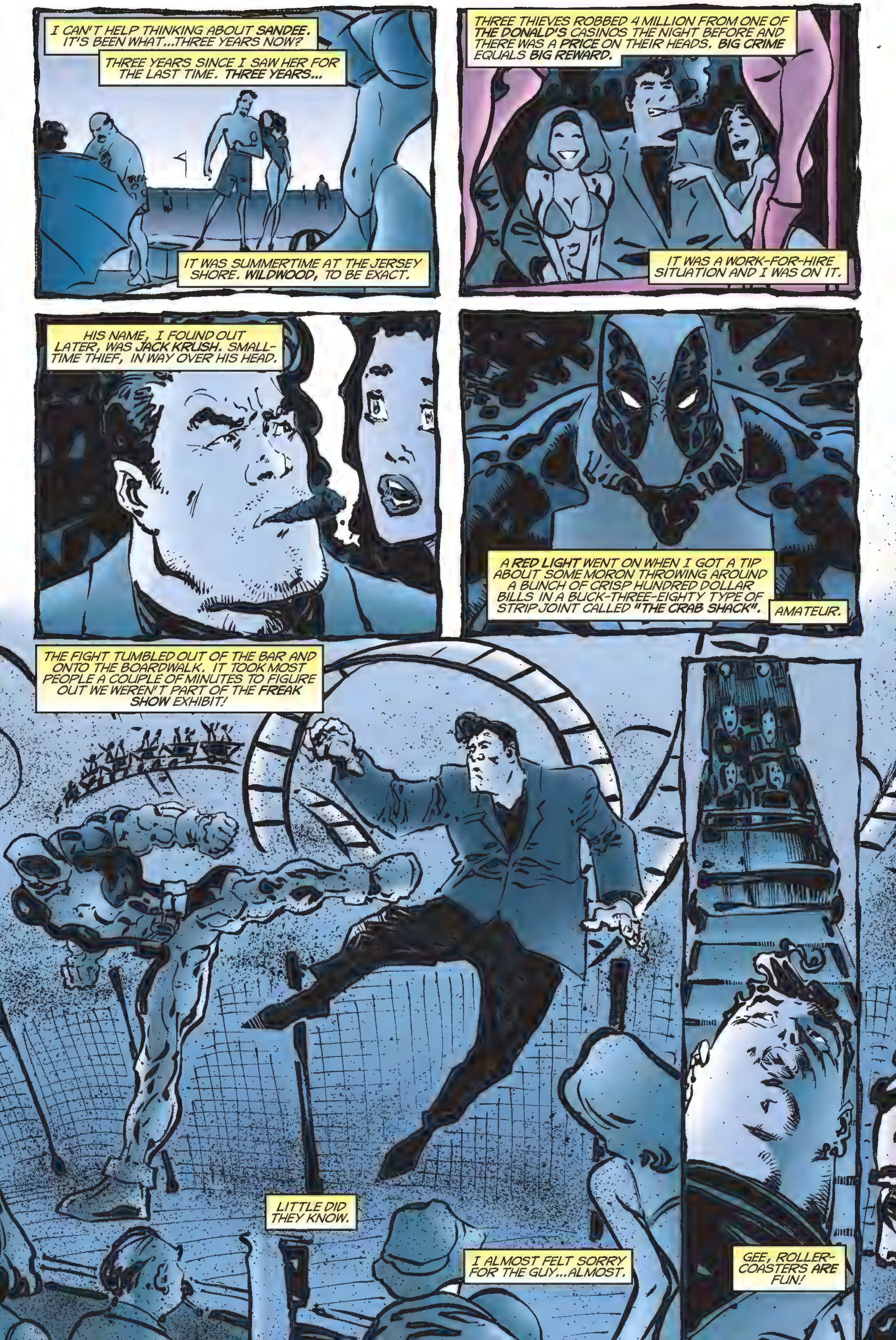

THANK YOU, PITIFUL MONGREL. FOR YOU HAVE *FREED* ME.
VOID MUTT!™
SINCE YOU RELEASED ME FROM MY PRISON INSIDE SUNNY--
I WILL MAKE YOUR DEATH *SLIGHTLY LESS* EXCRUCIATING!
GULP
HAHA HAHAHA HAHAHA HA!
"THAT'S *ALL*, FOLKS!"

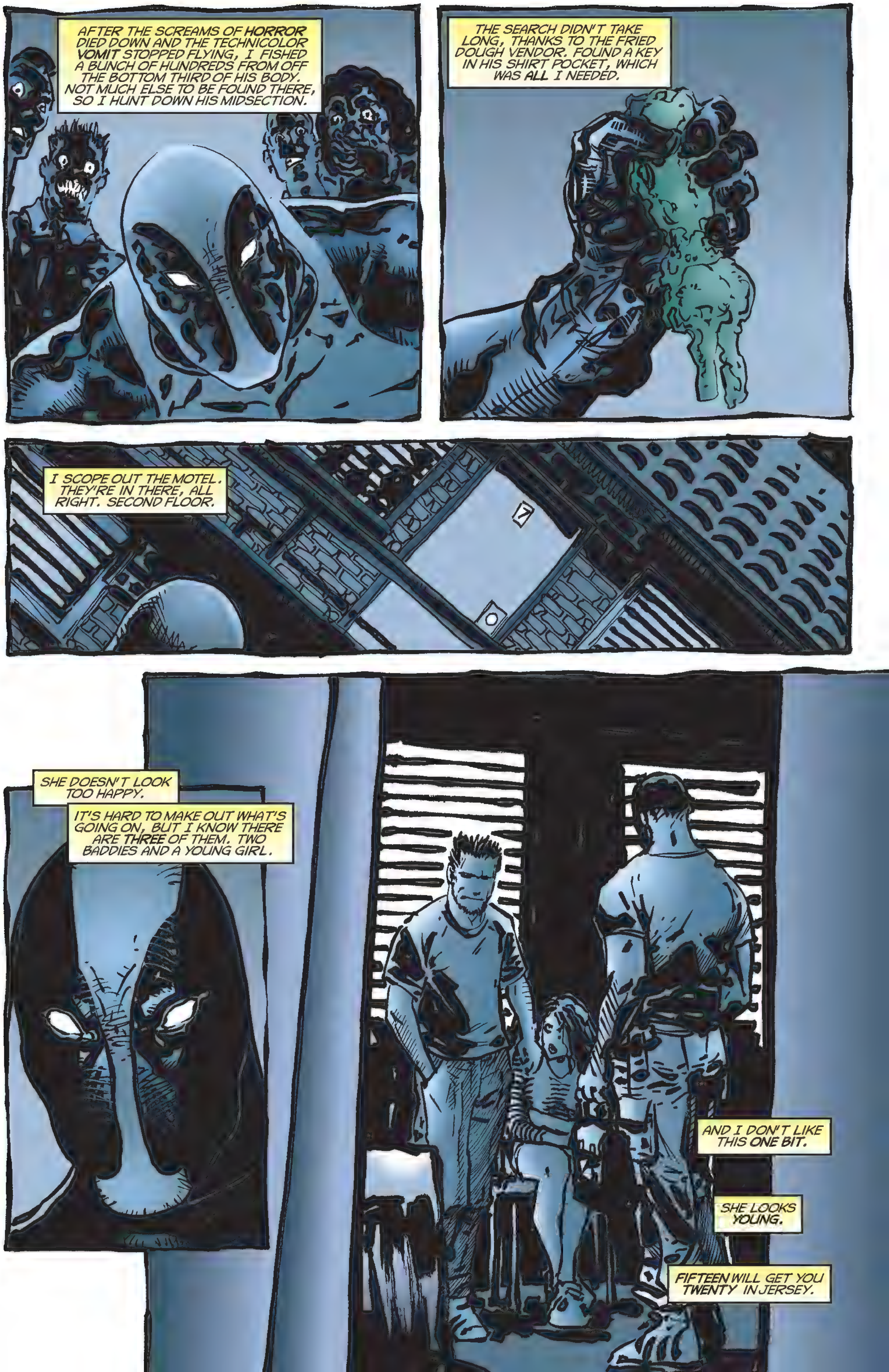
GARDEN STATE SLAUGHTER

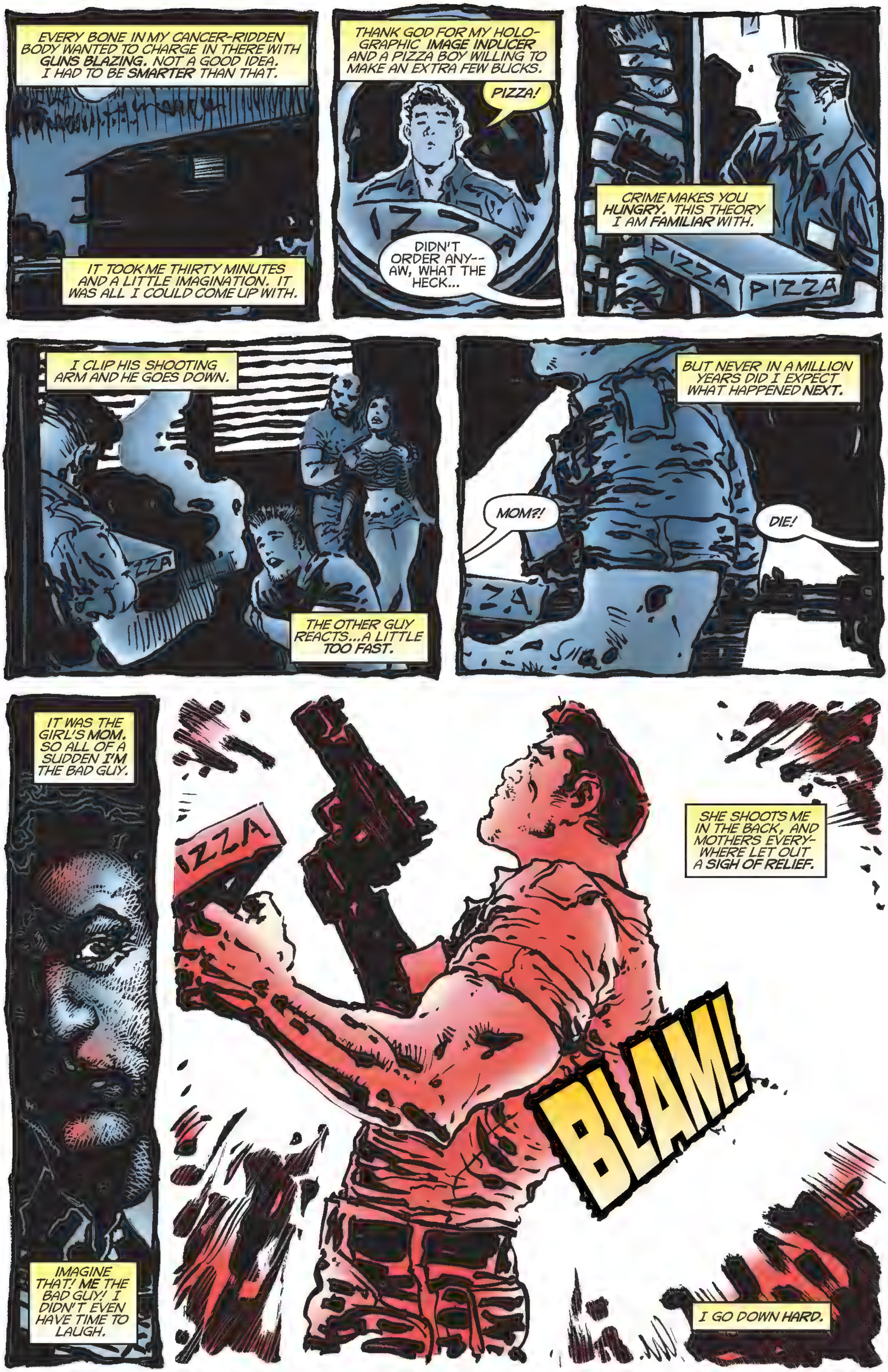
JIMMY PALMIOTTI WRITING
LIAM McCORMACK-SHARP ARTWORK
SHARPEFONT & PT LETTERING
MARIE JAVINS COLORS
LIEBIG & MARTS EDITORS
BOB HARRAS CHIEF

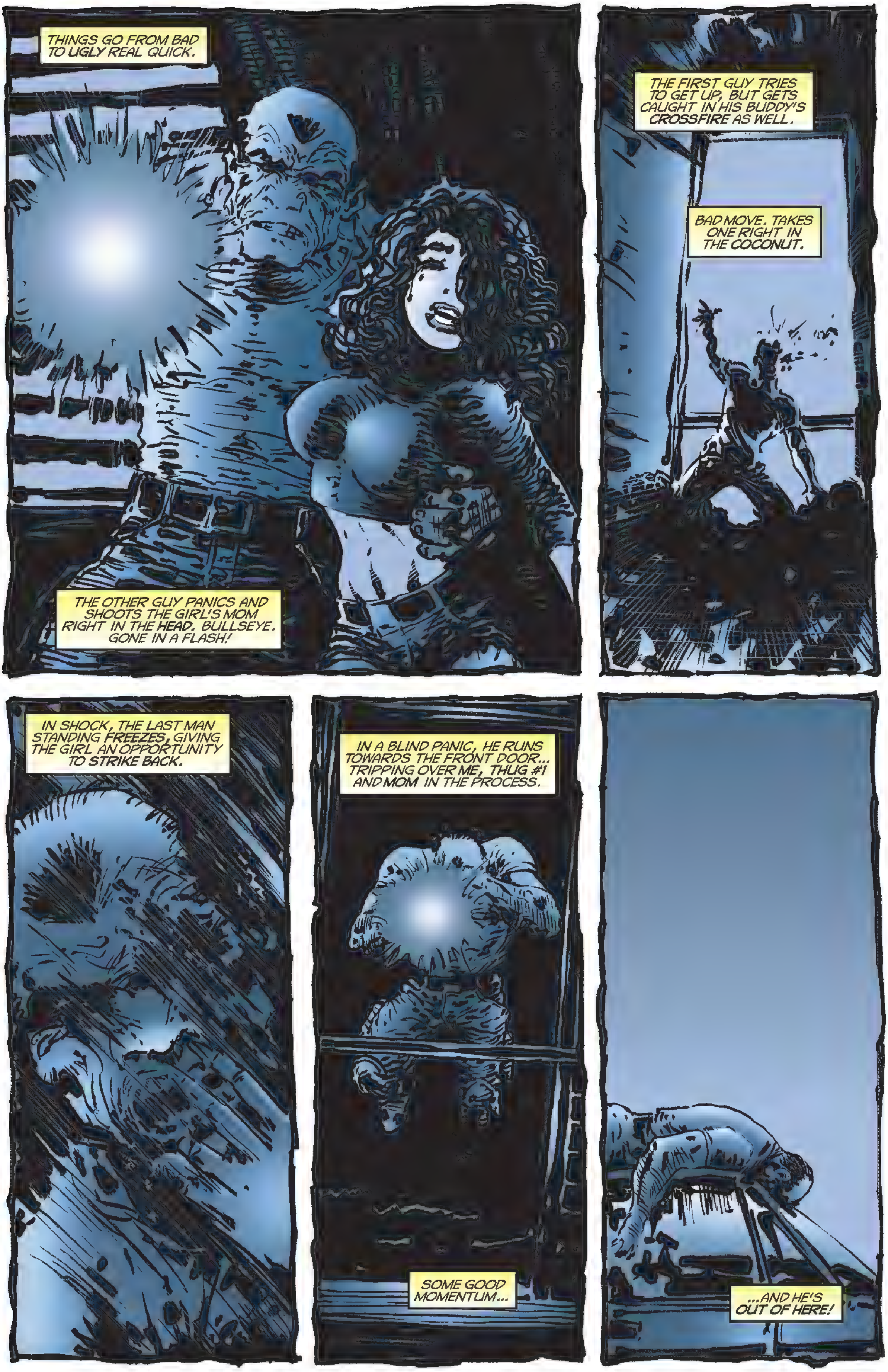

TIMES SQUARE.
THIS POLISHED APPLE IS REALLY GETTING ON MY NERVES. I USED TO FEEL REALLY AT HOME HERE, BUT ONCE THE MAYOR CHASED AWAY THE LOWLIFES, STRIPCLUBS, AND TRIPLE-X-RATED FEATURES, THE CITY LOST MOST OF ITS EDGE.
THE ONLY WAY I'D FEEL COMFORTABLE NOW WOULD BE TO DRESS UP IN A MOUSE SUIT, DANCE AND SING DOWN BROADWAY, WHILE HOLDING HANDS WITH MY FELLOW MAN.
JUST KIDDING. I'D RATHER SUCK DOWN A DOUBLE BARREL'S WORTH OF BUCKSHOT.
Coca-Cola
FIFTH AVE.
FEATURING
DOLLS
TIMES SQUARE

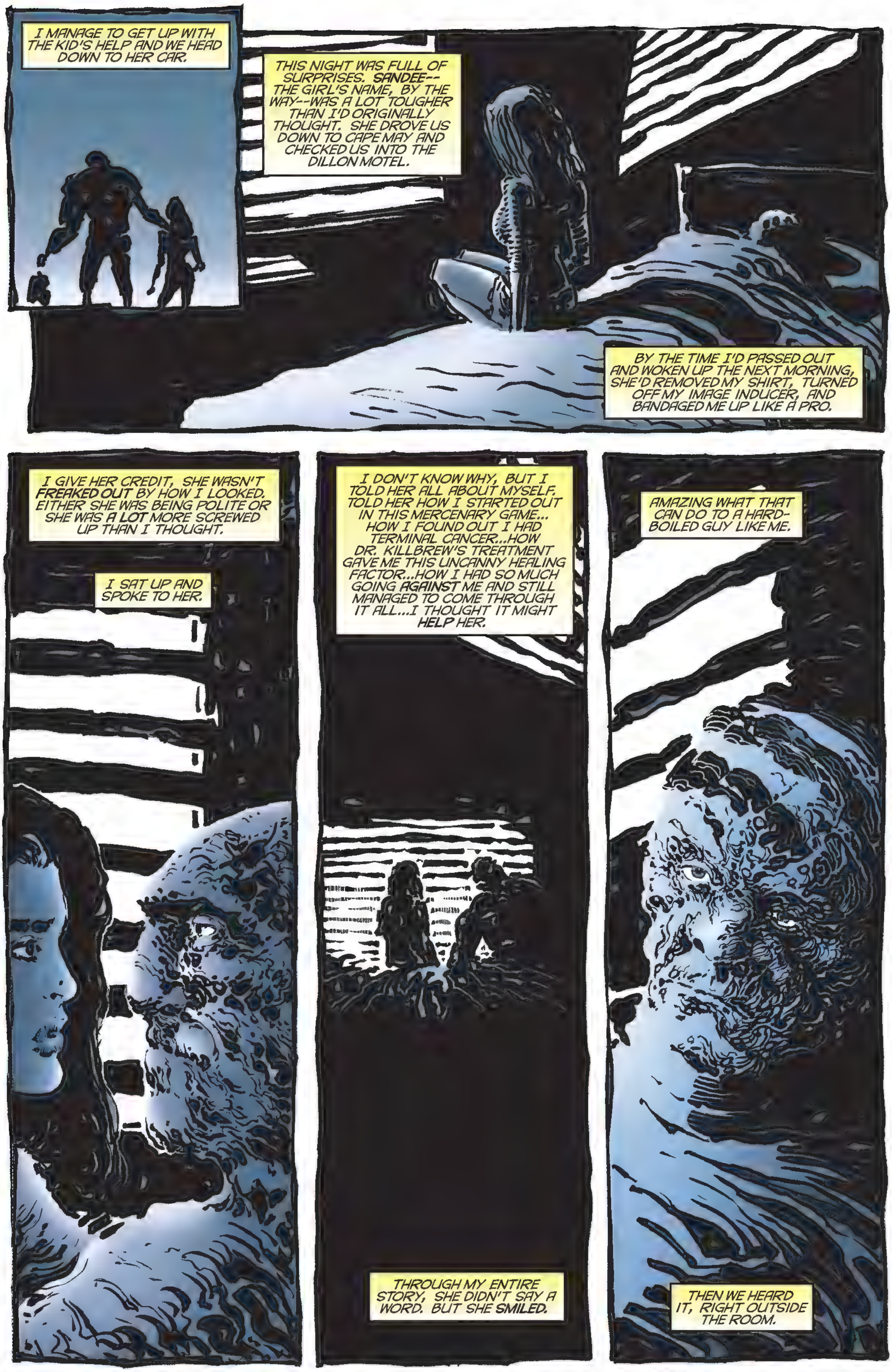

IT'S BEEN A BAD COUPLE OF DAYS...
MY APARTMENT **BLEW UP.** AND ALONG WITH IT, ALMOST EVERYTHING I OWN.
ALL I'VE GOT LEFT ARE A FEW TRUSTY WEAPONS AND AROUND 200 DOLLARS. BUT AT LEAST I'M STILL **ALIVE**. THAT'S GOTTA COUNT FOR SOMETHING.
SURE, THERE ARE PEOPLE I COULD SEEK OUT FOR HELP...
...BUT I'M JUST NOT IN THE MOOD FOR **PANHANDLING.**
I'M SO OUT OF IT, I NEARLY FORGET I STILL HAVE MY **MASK** ON.
BUT IT'S NEW YORK, SO NO ONE NOTICES.
I STOP AT THE HARDWARE STORE TO PICK UP A **SHOVEL** AND SOME **CONSTRUCTION GLOVES.** FINAL COST: **$38.00.** PLENTY LEFT OVER TO GET ME WHERE I'M GOING AND BACK.
I HAIL A CAB AND I'M ON MY WAY.
FORT LEE, NEW JERSEY. TAKE THE GEORGE WASHINGTON BRIDGE.
WITH ALL THIS RAIN AND TRAFFIC, THIS RIDE WILL GIVE ME A LITTLE TIME TO **THINK**. MY MIND KEEPS GOING IN THE WRONG DIRECTIONS LATELY... NEED TO FOCUS ON THE **HERE** AND **NOW!**

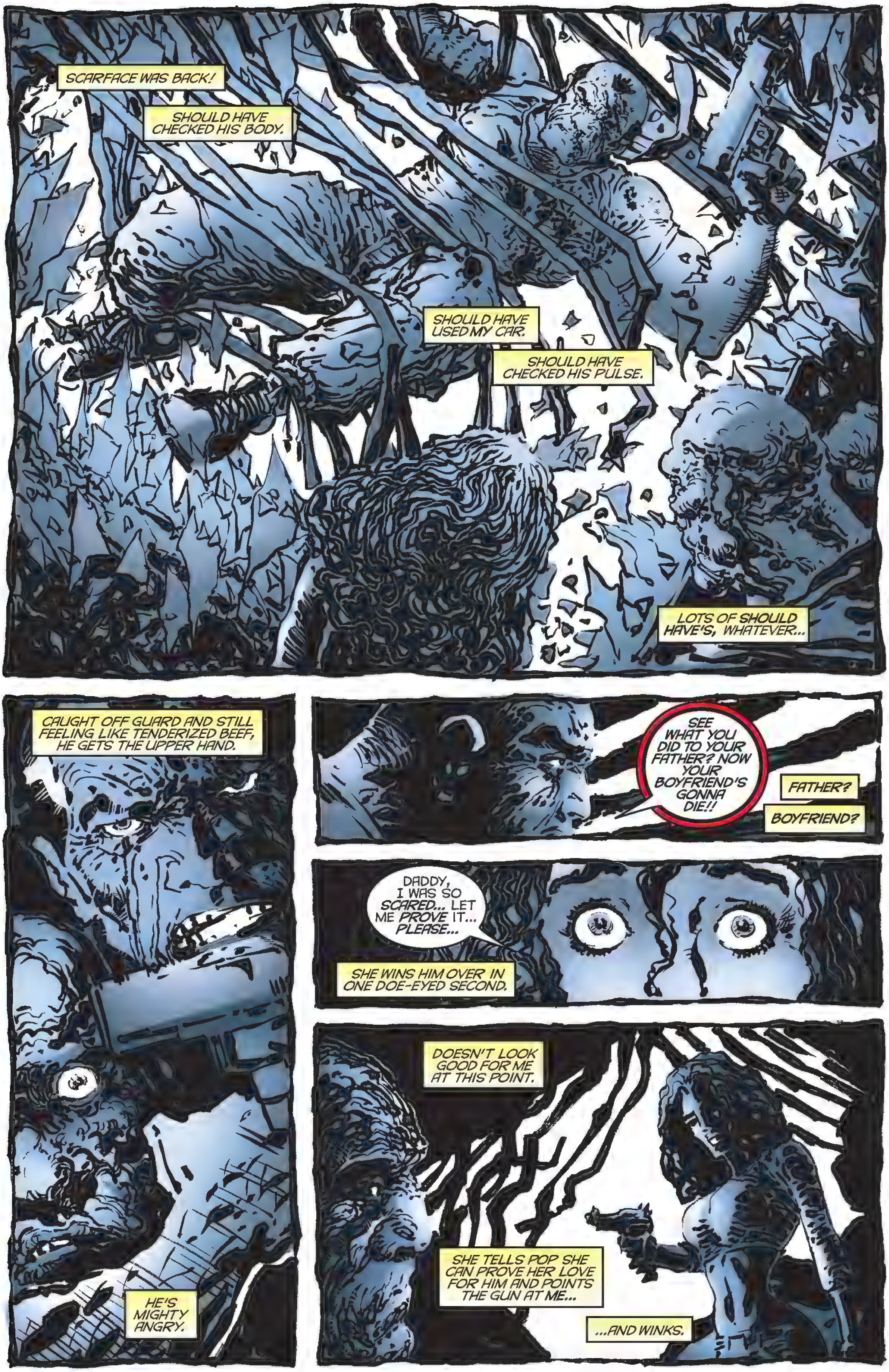

I CAN'T HELP THINKING ABOUT SANDEE. IT'S BEEN WHAT...THREE YEARS NOW?
THREE YEARS SINCE I SAW HER FOR THE LAST TIME. THREE YEARS...
IT WAS SUMMERTIME AT THE JERSEY SHORE. WILDWOOD, TO BE EXACT.
THREE THIEVES ROBBED 4 MILLION FROM ONE OF THE DONALD'S CASINOS THE NIGHT BEFORE AND THERE WAS A PRICE ON THEIR HEADS. BIG CRIME EQUALS BIG REWARD.
IT WAS A WORK-FOR-HIRE SITUATION AND I WAS ON IT.
HIS NAME, I FOUND OUT LATER, WAS JACK KRUSH. SMALL-TIME THIEF, IN WAY OVER HIS HEAD.
A RED LIGHT WENT ON WHEN I GOT A TIP ABOUT SOME MORON THROWING AROUND A BUNCH OF CRISP HUNDRED DOLLAR BILLS IN A BUCK-THREE-EIGHTY TYPE OF STRIP JOINT CALLED "THE CRAB SHACK".
AMATEUR.
THE FIGHT TUMBLED OUT OF THE BAR AND ONTO THE BOARDWALK. IT TOOK MOST PEOPLE A COUPLE OF MINUTES TO FIGURE OUT WE WEREN'T PART OF THE FREAK SHOW EXHIBIT!
LITTLE DID THEY KNOW.
I ALMOST FELT SORRY FOR THE GUY...ALMOST.
GEE, ROLLER-COASTERS ARE FUN!

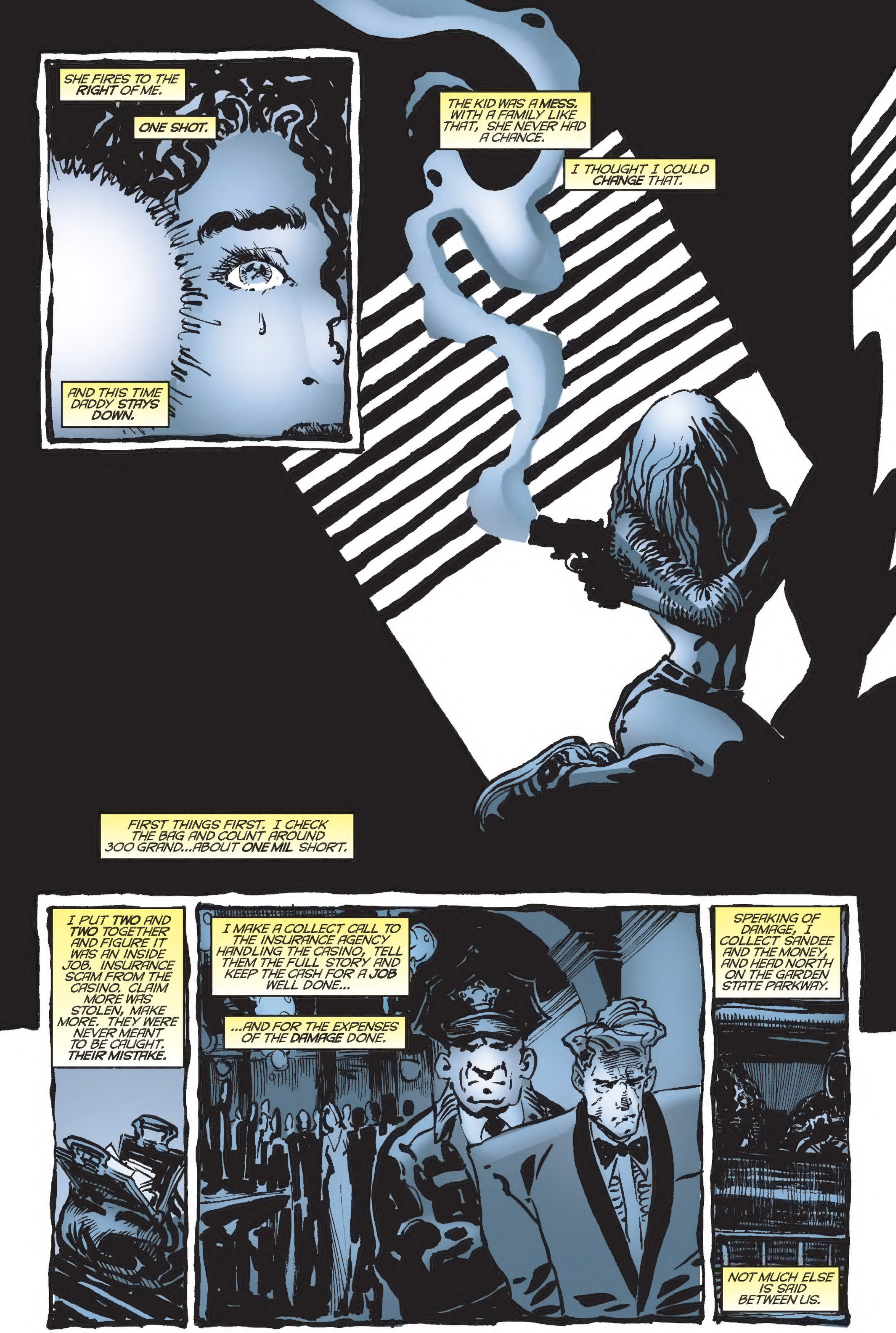

AFTER THE SCREAMS OF HORROR DIED DOWN AND THE TECHNICOLOR VOMIT STOPPED FLYING, I FISHED A BUNCH OF HUNDREDS FROM OFF THE BOTTOM THIRD OF HIS BODY. NOT MUCH ELSE TO BE FOUND THERE, SO I HUNT DOWN HIS MIDSECTION.
THE SEARCH DIDN'T TAKE LONG, THANKS TO THE FRIED DOUGH VENDOR. FOUND A KEY IN HIS SHIRT POCKET, WHICH WAS ALL I NEEDED.
I SCOPE OUT THE MOTEL. THEY'RE IN THERE, ALL RIGHT. SECOND FLOOR.
7
SHE DOESN'T LOOK TOO HAPPY.
IT'S HARD TO MAKE OUT WHAT'S GOING ON, BUT I KNOW THERE ARE THREE OF THEM. TWO BADDIES AND A YOUNG GIRL.
AND I DON'T LIKE THIS ONE BIT.
SHE LOOKS YOUNG.
FIFTEEN WILL GET YOU TWENTY IN JERSEY.

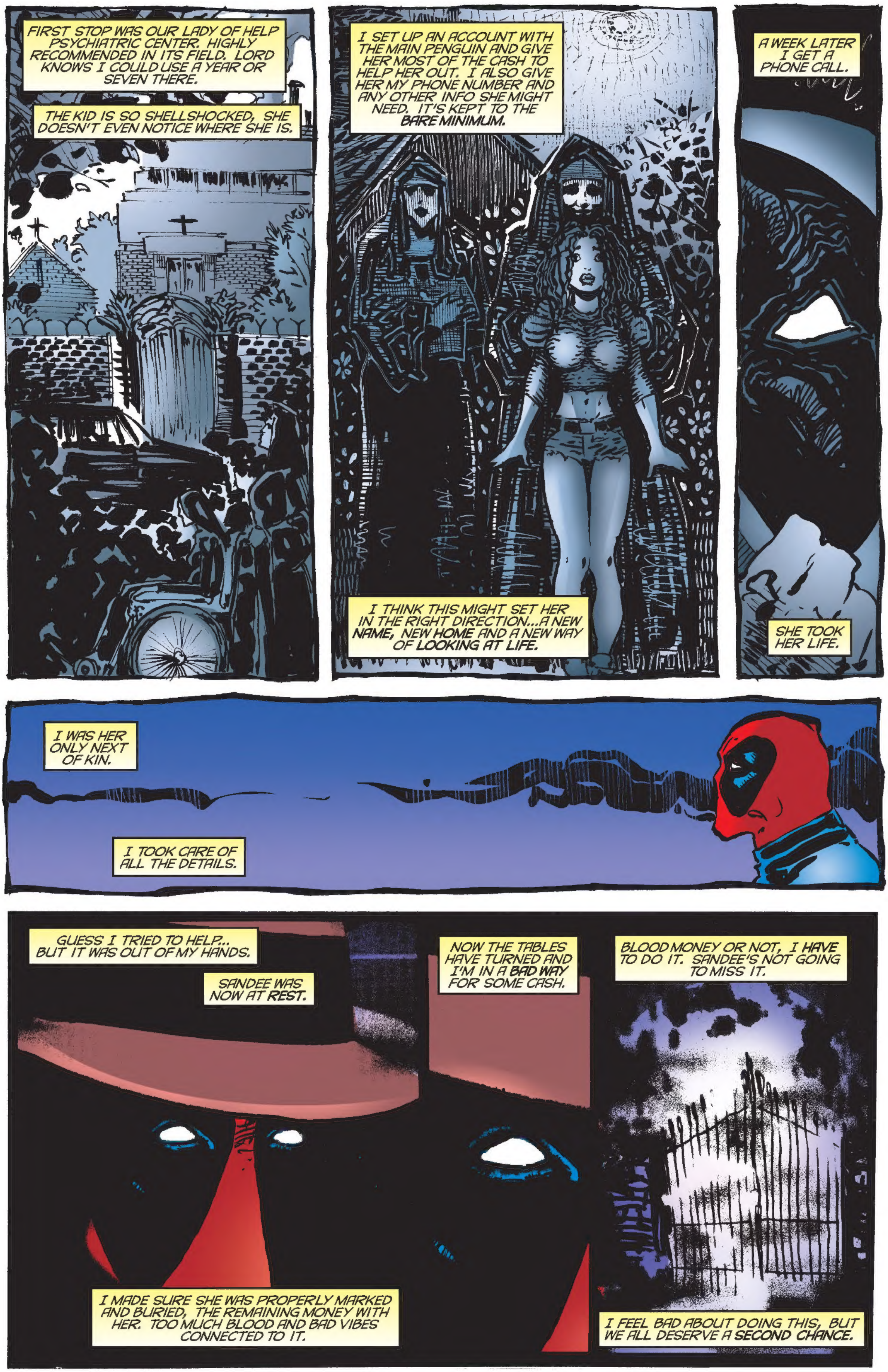

EVERY BONE IN MY CANCER-RIDDEN BODY WANTED TO CHARGE IN THERE WITH **GUNS BLAZING**. NOT A GOOD IDEA. I HAD TO BE **SMARTER** THAN THAT.
IT TOOK ME THIRTY MINUTES AND A LITTLE IMAGINATION. IT WAS ALL I COULD COME UP WITH.
THANK GOD FOR MY HOLOGRAPHIC **IMAGE INDUCER** AND A PIZZA BOY WILLING TO MAKE AN EXTRA FEW BUCKS.
PIZZA!
DIDN'T ORDER ANY-- AW, WHAT THE HECK...
CRIME MAKES YOU **HUNGRY**. THIS THEORY I AM **FAMILIAR** WITH.
PIZZA PIZZA
I CLIP HIS SHOOTING ARM AND HE GOES DOWN.
THE OTHER GUY REACTS...A LITTLE TOO FAST.
BUT NEVER IN A MILLION YEARS DID I EXPECT WHAT HAPPENED **NEXT**.
MOM?!
DIE!
IT WAS THE GIRL'S **MOM**. SO ALL OF A SUDDEN **I'M** THE BAD GUY.
IMAGINE THAT! **ME** THE BAD GUY! I DIDN'T EVEN HAVE TIME TO LAUGH.
SHE SHOOTS ME IN THE BACK, AND MOTHERS EVERYWHERE LET OUT A **SIGH OF RELIEF**.
BLAM!
I GO DOWN HARD.

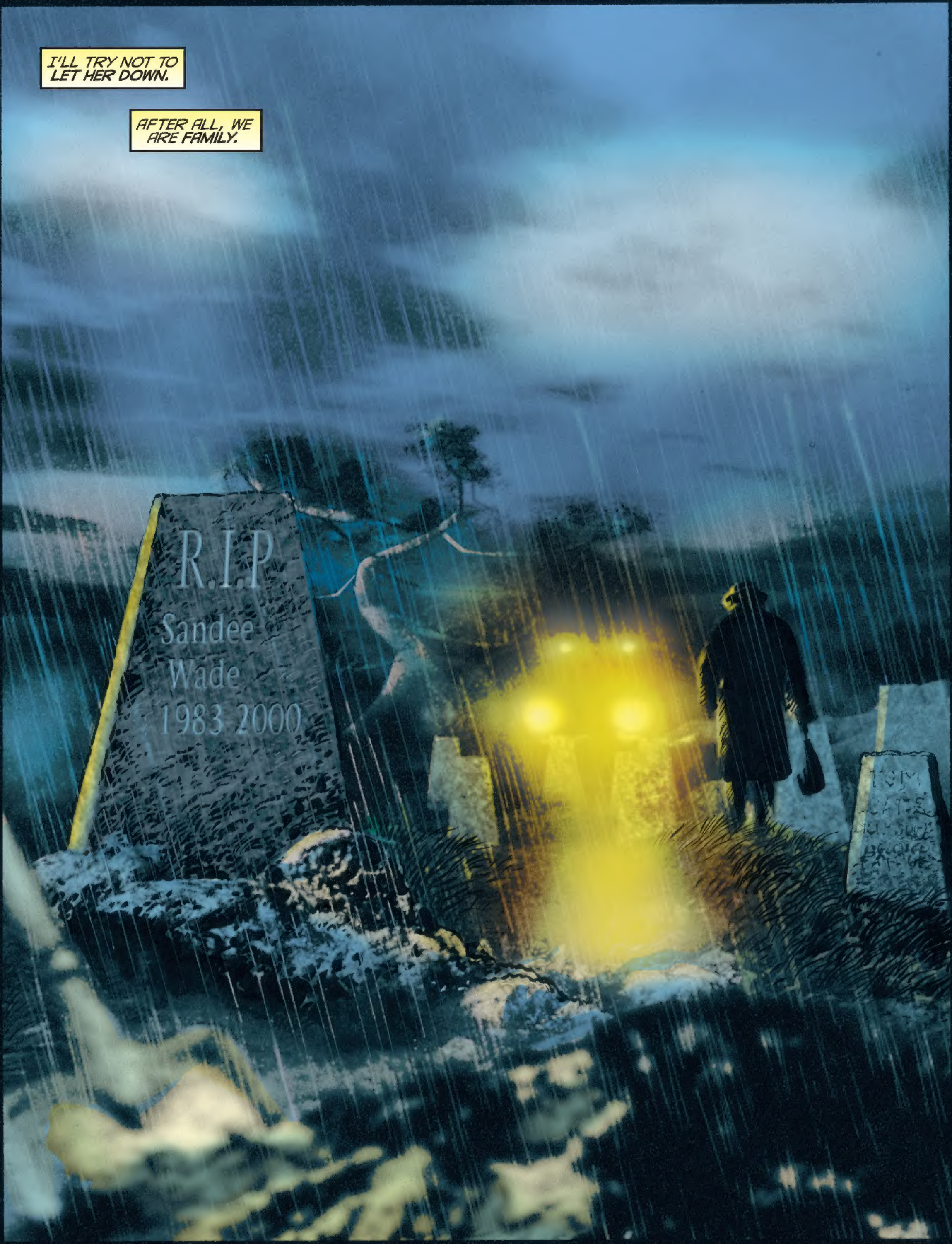

THINGS GO FROM BAD TO UGLY REAL QUICK.
THE OTHER GUY PANICS AND SHOOTS THE GIRL'S MOM RIGHT IN THE HEAD. BULLSEYE. GONE IN A FLASH!
THE FIRST GUY TRIES TO GET UP, BUT GETS CAUGHT IN HIS BUDDY'S CROSSFIRE AS WELL.
BAD MOVE. TAKES ONE RIGHT IN THE COCONUT.
IN SHOCK, THE LAST MAN STANDING FREEZES, GIVING THE GIRL AN OPPORTUNITY TO STRIKE BACK.
IN A BLIND PANIC, HE RUNS TOWARDS THE FRONT DOOR... TRIPPING OVER ME, THUG #1 AND MOM IN THE PROCESS.
SOME GOOD MOMENTUM...
...AND HE'S OUT OF HERE!


I MANAGE TO GET UP WITH THE KID'S HELP AND WE HEAD DOWN TO HER CAR.
THIS NIGHT WAS FULL OF SURPRISES. **SANDEE**--THE GIRL'S NAME, BY THE WAY--WAS A LOT TOUGHER THAN I'D ORIGINALLY THOUGHT. SHE DROVE US DOWN TO CAPE MAY AND CHECKED US INTO THE DILLON MOTEL.
BY THE TIME I'D PASSED OUT AND WOKEN UP THE NEXT MORNING, SHE'D REMOVED MY SHIRT, TURNED OFF MY IMAGE INDUCER, AND BANDAGED ME UP LIKE A PRO.
I GIVE HER CREDIT, SHE WASN'T **FREAKED OUT** BY HOW I LOOKED. EITHER SHE WAS BEING POLITE OR SHE WAS **A LOT** MORE SCREWED UP THAN I THOUGHT.
I SAT UP AND SPOKE TO HER.
I DON'T KNOW WHY, BUT I TOLD HER ALL ABOUT MYSELF. TOLD HER HOW I STARTED OUT IN THIS MERCENARY GAME... HOW I FOUND OUT I HAD TERMINAL CANCER...HOW DR. KILLBREW'S TREATMENT GAVE ME THIS UNCANNY HEALING FACTOR...HOW I HAD SO MUCH GOING **AGAINST** ME AND STILL MANAGED TO COME THROUGH IT ALL...I THOUGHT IT MIGHT **HELP** HER.
THROUGH MY ENTIRE STORY, SHE DIDN'T SAY A WORD. BUT SHE **SMILED**.
AMAZING WHAT THAT CAN DO TO A HARD-BOILED GUY LIKE ME.
THEN WE HEARD IT, RIGHT OUTSIDE THE ROOM.


SCARFACE WAS BACK!
SHOULD HAVE CHECKED HIS BODY.
SHOULD HAVE USED MY CAR.
SHOULD HAVE CHECKED HIS PULSE.
LOTS OF SHOULD HAVE'S, WHATEVER...
CAUGHT OFF GUARD AND STILL FEELING LIKE TENDERIZED BEEF, HE GETS THE UPPER HAND.
HE'S MIGHTY ANGRY.
SEE WHAT YOU DID TO YOUR FATHER? NOW YOUR BOYFRIEND'S GONNA DIE!!
FATHER?
BOYFRIEND?
DADDY, I WAS SO SCARED... LET ME PROVE IT... PLEASE...
SHE WINS HIM OVER IN ONE DOE-EYED SECOND.
DOESN'T LOOK GOOD FOR ME AT THIS POINT.
SHE TELLS POP SHE CAN PROVE HER LOVE FOR HIM AND POINTS THE GUN AT ME...
...AND WINKS.


SHE FIRES TO THE **RIGHT** OF ME.
ONE SHOT.
AND THIS TIME DADDY **STAYS** DOWN.
THE KID WAS A **MESS.** WITH A FAMILY LIKE THAT, SHE NEVER HAD A CHANCE.
I THOUGHT I COULD **CHANGE** THAT.
FIRST THINGS FIRST. I CHECK THE BAG AND COUNT AROUND 300 GRAND...ABOUT **ONE MIL** SHORT.
I PUT **TWO** AND **TWO** TOGETHER AND FIGURE IT WAS AN INSIDE JOB. INSURANCE SCAM FROM THE CASINO. CLAIM MORE WAS STOLEN, MAKE MORE. THEY WERE NEVER MEANT TO BE CAUGHT. **THEIR MISTAKE.**
I MAKE A COLLECT CALL TO THE INSURANCE AGENCY HANDLING THE CASINO, TELL THEM THE FULL STORY AND KEEP THE CASH FOR A **JOB** WELL DONE...
...AND FOR THE EXPENSES OF THE **DAMAGE** DONE.
SPEAKING OF DAMAGE, I COLLECT SANDEE AND THE MONEY, AND HEAD NORTH ON THE GARDEN STATE PARKWAY.
NOT MUCH ELSE IS SAID BETWEEN US.


FIRST STOP WAS OUR LADY OF HELP PSYCHIATRIC CENTER. HIGHLY RECOMMENDED IN ITS FIELD. LORD KNOWS I COULD USE A YEAR OR SEVEN THERE.
THE KID IS SO SHELLSHOCKED, SHE DOESN'T EVEN NOTICE WHERE SHE IS.
I SET UP AN ACCOUNT WITH THE MAIN PENGUIN AND GIVE HER MOST OF THE CASH TO HELP HER OUT. I ALSO GIVE HER MY PHONE NUMBER AND ANY OTHER INFO SHE MIGHT NEED. IT'S KEPT TO THE **BARE MINIMUM.**
I THINK THIS MIGHT SET HER IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION...A NEW **NAME,** NEW **HOME** AND A NEW WAY OF **LOOKING AT LIFE.**
A WEEK LATER I GET A PHONE CALL.
SHE TOOK HER LIFE.
I WAS HER ONLY NEXT OF KIN.
I TOOK CARE OF ALL THE DETAILS.
GUESS I TRIED TO HELP... BUT IT WAS OUT OF MY HANDS.
SANDEE WAS NOW AT **REST.**
I MADE SURE SHE WAS PROPERLY MARKED AND BURIED, THE REMAINING MONEY WITH HER. TOO MUCH BLOOD AND BAD VIBES CONNECTED TO IT.
NOW THE TABLES HAVE TURNED AND I'M IN A **BAD WAY** FOR SOME CASH.
BLOOD MONEY OR NOT, I **HAVE** TO DO IT. SANDEE'S NOT GOING TO MISS IT.
I FEEL BAD ABOUT DOING THIS, BUT WE ALL DESERVE A **SECOND CHANCE.**


I'LL TRY NOT TO LET HER DOWN.
AFTER ALL, WE ARE FAMILY.
R.I.P
Sandee Wade
1983 2000

THE END

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